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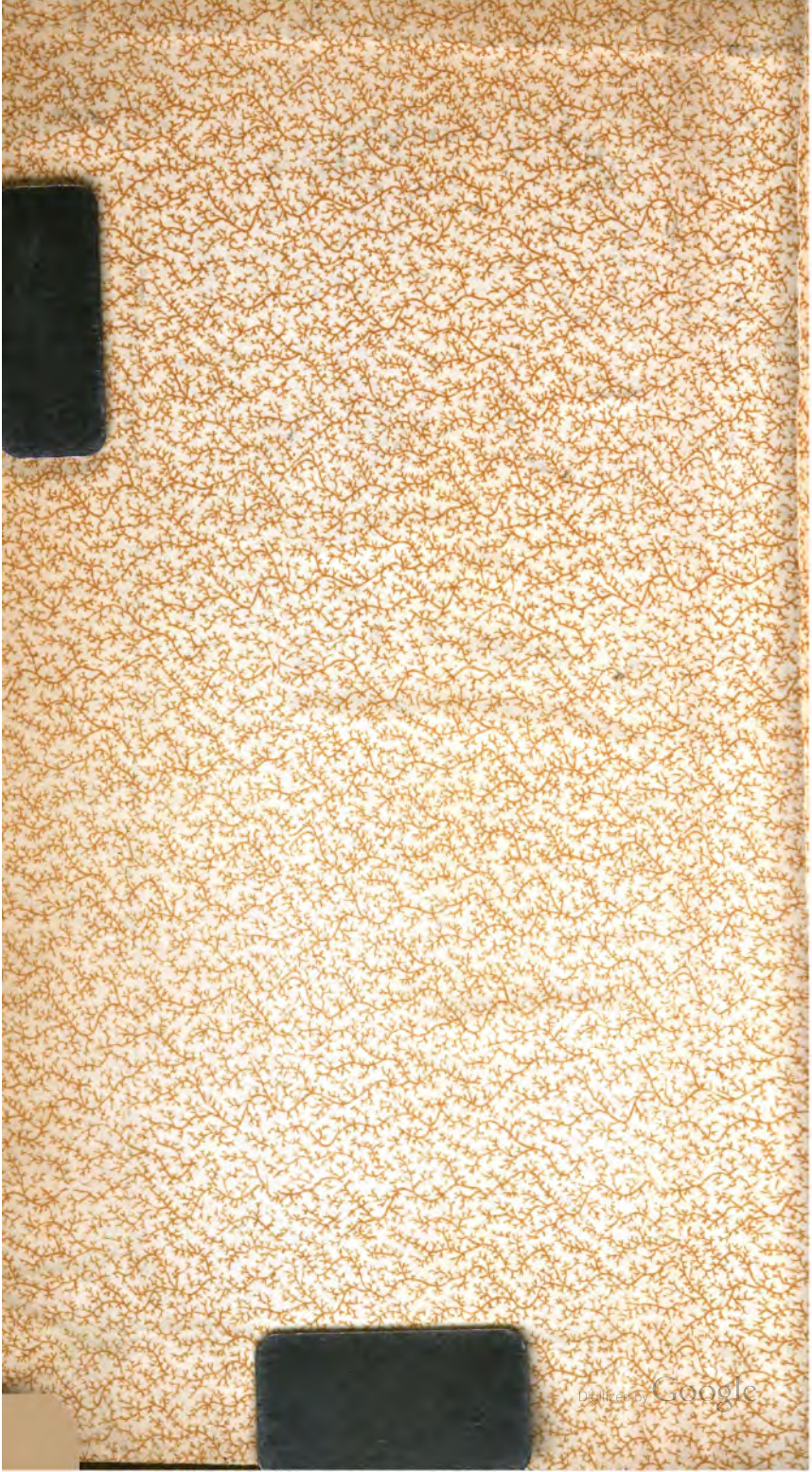
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WASHINGTON IRVING.

John Murray, Publisher, No. 142, Strand.

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1832.

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THE

Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT,

AND

INSTRUCTION:

CONTAINING

ORIGINAL ESSAYS;

HISTORICAL NARRATIVES; BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS; SKETCHES OF SOCIETY; TOPOGRAPHICAL DESCRIPTIONS; NOVELS AND TALES; ANECDOTES;

SELECT EXTRACTS

FROM

NEW AND EXPENSIVE WORKS;

POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED;

The Spirit of the Public Journals;

DISCOVERIES IN THE ARTS AND SCIENCES;

USEFUL DOMESTIC HINTS;

&c. &c. &c.

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VOL. XX.

London:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. LIMBIRD, 143, STRAND,
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1832.

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PREFACE.

The completion of the Twentieth Volume of this Miscellany presents us with another cause for self-gratulation, and thankful acknowledgement to the reading public. This continued and unimpaired success amidst a myriad of new-born aspirants, is the best proof of our maintenance of public esteem; and so long as our efforts are guided by the same singleness of purpose that first directed them, we shall hope for a continuance of such favour. A multitude of contemporaries "whet each other;" "thinking nurseth thinking;" and, in like manner, reading nurseth reading, and awakens a spirit of inquiry, untiring and exhaustless, among all concerned in pursuit and wholesome gratification.

In a retrospect of the hundreds of competitors who have started for the prize of public patronage since our outset, we shall not, perhaps, be accused of vanity in placing to our own account the first appropriation of such means as may have contributed to the partial success of our contemporaries. We owe them nothing but good will; for we rather regard things poetically than politically, and we are anxious to inform and amuse the reader—not to perplex, by constantly reminding him of his uncheery lot in life.

Ten years' establishment in periodical literature may give us a sort of patriarchal feeling towards others; for, with one exception THE MIRROR is the oldest weekly journal of the metropolis. In this comparatively long career, our best energies have been directed to the progressive improvement of each department of the work. The plan of embellishment, which may be said to have originated with THE MIRROR, has been extended and improved, until few subjects are incapable of successful illustration in its pages; due regard being paid to nicety of execution, as well as attractive design. So much for the present state of our "representative system."

The selection of materials for each sheet of THE MIRROR has been regulated by a desire to extend useful information, and to cultivate healthful indications of public taste. In a journal, like the present, mainly devoted to the accumulation of facts, errors and misstatements are inevitable; but, our own diligence, aided by sharp-sighted Correspondents, has, from time to time, guided us to accuracy in most cases, and directed fruitful inquiry upon matters of no ordinary interest or character. Scientific information, really made popular, and of ready, practical utility, has uniformly found admission in our pages; and, above all, subjects of natural history have received especial attention, in graphic illustrations—which part of our plan has been adopted by every cheap journal of the last four years; or, from the first pictorial description of the Zoological Gardens, before the publication of the catalogue by the Society; while it is a source of gratification to know that within the above period, natural history, from being almost confined to public museums and private cabinets, has become the most popular study and amusement of the present day.

Upon the continued cheapness of our little work, we do not intend to touch, more than by reference to the enlargement of the letter-press as commenced with the present volume. The alteration has, we believe, received general approbation; and, either with regard to the extent of the letter-press,

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or the condensed character of its subject-matter, we have still the satisfaction of knowing THE MIRROR to continue, as it has often been characterized by contemporaries, "the cheapest publication of the day." Its other merits we are content to leave to the discernment of each reader.

Our future volume will be conducted upon the plan of its predecessors, with such improvements as time and occasion may suggest. To one point, economy of space, we promise our best consideration; though we may not succeed in rivalling Mr. Newberry, who, the good humoured Geoffrey Crayon tells us, was the first that ever filled his mind with the idea of a good and great man. He published all the picture books of his day; and, out of his abundant love for children, he charged "nothing for either paper or print, and only a half-penny for the binding."* Rest unto his soul, say we.

This lengthened, but we hope not ill-timed reference to our whole course of Twenty Volumes has left us but little occasion to speak of the present portion, individually; although we trust this reference would be somewhat supererogatory, from the unusual number of Illustrations, and a copious Index to the main subjects, of the volume.

To conclude. We thank all Correspondents for their contributions, and invite their cordial co-operation with our ensuing efforts. So now "*plaudite! valete!*"

December 26, 1832.

* Bracebridge Hall, vol. i.

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NOTICES

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

AND HIS WORKS.

WASHINGTON IRVING was born, in the State of New York, in the year 1782, and is, consequently, in his fifty-first year. His early life cannot better be told than in his own graceful language, prefixed to the most celebrated of his writings as "the author's account of himself."

"I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighbouring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, from whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

"This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth.

"Farther reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely influenced by a love of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification; for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aërial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad, deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine:—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery." *

Mr. Irving began his career, as an author, in periodical literature. His first work was a humorous journal, entitled "Salmagundi, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq. and Others," originally published in numbers in New York, where it met with a very flattering reception. The date of the first paper is Saturday, January 24, 1827.

Salmagundi has been several times reprinted in this country; and it may be acceptable to know, that the cheapest, if not the most elegant, edition may be purchased for twenty-pence. It would be difficult to explain the merits of Salmagundi to the reader, as they are of the most varied character; but, it may be remarked generally, that a vein of quaint humour and human kindness pervades these early papers, which will bring the reader and writer to the best possible terms.

* Sketch Book, vol. i.

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This lively miscellany was followed by a humorous History of New York, with the somewhat droll *nom* of Dedrick Knickerbocker as its author. It possesses considerable merit, with a nice perception of the ludicrous; but, on its first appearance, this recommendation was generally overlooked, whether from the local interest of the subject, or the want of due judgment in its readers, it is difficult to determine.

About this period Mr. Irving's name was heard in England, almost for the first time; his only claims to public notice resting entirely on Salmagundi, and the History of New York. He was indebted for his introduction to the acquaintance of European readers, to a young fellow-countryman of high attainments, who alludes to the above works and their author in the following terms:—"Mr. Irving has shown much talent and great humour in his Salmagundi and Knickerbocker, and they are exceedingly pleasant books, especially to one who understands the local allusions."

A few years subsequent to the publication of Knickerbocker, Mr. Irving visited England, or the "land of wonders," as he facetely terms our favoured isle. During his stay, he wrote a series of papers, illustrative of English manners, which were chiefly printed in America. These papers were afterwards published in a collected form, in England, under the title of "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent." and dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, "in testimony of the admiration and affection of the author." In the advertisement to the Sketch-Book, Mr. Irving thus modestly refers to its origin:

"The author is aware of the austerity with which the writings of his countrymen have hitherto been treated by British critics: he is conscious, too, that much of the contents of his papers can be interesting only in the eyes of American readers. It was not his intention, therefore, to have them reprinted in this country. He has, however, observed several of them from time to time inserted in periodical works of merit, and has understood that it was probable they would be republished in a collective form. He has been induced, therefore, to revise and bring them forward himself, that they may at least come correctly before the public. Should they be deemed of sufficient importance to attract the attention of critics, he solicits for them that courtesy and candour which a stranger has some right to claim, who presents himself at the threshold of a hospitable nation."

Mr. Irving's solicitations were not made in vain, as the rapid sale of several editions must have convinced him; while every journalist in the empire hailed the work as the most beautiful specimen of Transatlantic talent which had been recognised in this country.

The two volumes of the Sketch-Book appeared at different periods; and, at the conclusion of the second, we find the following apologetic postscript: "The author is conscious of the numerous faults and imperfections of his work; and, well aware how little he is disciplined and accomplished in the arts of authorship. His deficiencies are also increased by a diffidence arising from his peculiar situation. He finds himself writing in a strange land, and appearing before a public, which he has been accustomed, from childhood, to regard with the highest feelings of awe and reverence. He is full of solicitude to secure their approbation, yet finds that very solicitude continually embarrassing his powers, and depriving him of that ease and confidence which are necessary to successful exertion. Still the kindness with which he is treated encourages him to go on, hoping that, in time, he may acquire a steadier footing; and thus he proceeds, half venturing, half shrinking, surprised at his own good fortune, and wondering at his own temerity."

The success of the Sketch-Book was followed by the almost equal fortune of "Bracebridge Hall, or the Humorists;" a series of scenes of Old English life, as displayed in one of those venerable halls, that rise, here and there, in a British landscape, as monuments of the hospitality of our ancestors, and better times. In the autobiographical chapter of this work, the writer thus pleasantly refers to his previous success, as "a matter of marvel, that a man, from the wilds of America, should express himself in tolerable English. I was looked upon as some-

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thing new and strange in literature,—a kind of demi-savage, with a feather in his hand, instead of his head; and there was a curiosity to hear what such a being had to say about civilized society." In referring the circumstances under which he writes his second work on English manners, he says: "Having been born and brought up in a new country, yet educated from infancy in the literature of an old one, my mind was filled with historical and poetical associations, connected with places, and manners, and customs of Europe; but which could rarely be applied to those of my own country. To a mind thus peculiarly prepared, the most ordinary objects and scenes, on arriving in Europe, are full of strange matter, and interesting novelty. England is as classic ground to an American, as Italy is to an Englishman; and Old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome." There is, also, great amiability in the concluding paragraph:—"I have always had an opinion, that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good humour with one another. I may be wrong in my philosophy; but I shall continue to practise it until convinced of its fallacy. When I discover the world to be all that it has been represented by sneering cynics and whining poets, I will turn to and abuse it also; in the meanwhile, worthy reader, I hope you will not think lightly of me, because I cannot believe this to be so very bad a world as it is represented."

Soon after the publication of Bracebridge Hall, Mr. Irving left this country, where he had passed two years with literary and pecuniary advantage. He quitted England with a pathetic farewell; declaring that if, as he is accused, he views it with a partial eye, he shall never forget that it is his "fatherland." On the consanguinity of England and America too, and the cultivation of good feeling between them, he thus touchingly expresses himself in Bracebridge Hall: "We ask nothing from abroad that we cannot reciprocate. But with respect to England, we have a warm feeling of the heart, the glow of consanguinity that still lingers in our blood. Interest apart, past differences forgotten, we extend the hand of old relationship. We merely ask, do not estrange us from you, do not destroy the ancient tie of blood, do not let scoffers and slanderers drive a kindred nation from your side. We would fain be friends, do not compel us to be enemies." There is a manly affection in these sentiments which is truly admirable.

Mr. Irving's works, with the exception of his early efforts,* had been the result of his love of travel: indeed, he describes himself as a traveller who has "surveyed most of the terrestrial angles of the globe." In similar vein, he next produced two volumes of "Tales of a Traveller," narrating legends of the continent, with masterly sketches of the scenery of the respective countries; the incidents of the Tales being fraught with points of grotesque humour, and abounding with pathos and poetic feeling.

To these Tales succeeded a work of greater importance in literature than either of Mr. Irving's previous undertakings. We allude to a History of the Life and Voyages of Columbus, in four vols. 8vo., which appeared in the year 1828. Mr. Irving, at the time this work was first suggested to him, in the winter of 1825-6, was at Bordeaux; and, being informed that a biography was about to appear at Madrid, containing many important and some new documents relative to Columbus, he set off for the Spanish capital, to undertake the translation of the work. Mr. Irving, however, meeting with numerous aids at Madrid, resolved on producing an original history, which he has presented to the public with extreme diffidence: "all that I can safely claim," he observes, "is, an earnest desire to state the truth, an absence from prejudices respecting the nations mentioned in my history, a strong interest in my subject, and a zeal to make up by assiduity for many deficiencies of which I am conscious." This work has been abridged by Mr. Irving to one of the volumes of the Family Library. As we have intimated to the reader, it is of higher pretensions than either of the author's previous writings: a clever critic refers to it as "a spirited and interesting work, in which every thing is as judiciously reasoned as it is beautifully and

* Among Mr. Irving's early effusions are Lines written on the Falls of the River Pasaic, which are not printed in the author's works, but will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. ii. p. 452.

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forcibly expressed," and as "much more grave in its character and laborious in its execution than any of his preceding ones."*

Mr. Irving's next production was "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," in which the author's knowledge of Spanish history is made to shine in detailing the chivalrous glories of the New World.

In the spring of the present year it appears that Mr. Irving touched "the golden shores of old romance," and published Tales of the Alhambra; the origin of which work is thus told by the author. A few years since, Mr. Wilkie, the distinguished R.A. and Mr. Irving were fellow travellers on the continent. In their rambles about some of the old cities of Spain, they were struck with scenes and incidents which reminded them of passages in the Arabian Nights. Mr. Wilkie urged his companion to write something that should illustrate those peculiarities, "something in the Haroun Alraschid style" that should have a dash of that Arabian spice which pervades everything in Spain. Mr. Irving set about his task with enthusiasm: his study was the spacious Alhambra itself, and the governor gave the author and his companion, permission to occupy his vacant apartments in the Moorish palace: Mr. Wilkie soon returned to England, leaving Mr. Irving at the Alhambra, where he remained "for several months, spell-bound in the old enchanted pile." The result was two volumes of legends and traditions, which for interesting incident, and gracefulness of narrative, have few parallels in our romance-writing.† They are dedicated, in good taste, to the ingenious originator, Mr. Wilkie.

In person, Mr. Irving is of middle height; and, according to a contemporary, of "modest deportment and easy attitude, with all the grace and dignity of an English gentleman."‡ Another describes him as "a most amiable man, and great genius, but not lively in conversation." His features have a pleasing regularity, and are lit up, at every corner, with that delightful humour which flows in a rich vein throughout his writings, and forms their most attractive charm.

Having noticed Mr. Irving's principal works, we have left but little occasion to speak of his general style. A contemporary has denominated him the "Goldsmith of the age;" and of Goldsmith we must remember that, in his epitaph, Dr. Johnson observes: "he left no species of writing untouched, and adorned all to which he applied himself"—a tribute which can scarcely be appropriately paid to any writer of our time. However, we know not any author that Mr. Irving so much resembles as Goldsmith: although no imitator, his style and language forcibly remind us of that easy flow so peculiar to the Citizen of the World. But, we have higher warrant for this parallel. "It seems probable," observes a critical writer of considerable acumen, "that Mr. Irving might prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith, whose turn of mind he very much inherits, and of whose style he particularly reminds us. Like him, too, Mr. Irving possesses the art of setting ludicrous perplexities in the most irresistible point of view, and we think equals him in the variety of humour."§

To conclude, we find the literary character of Mr. Irving illustrated in a contemporary journal, with unusual spirit. "There never was a writer," observes the editor, "whose popularity was more matter of feeling, or more intimate than Washington Irving, perhaps, because he appeared at once to our simplest and kindliest emotions. His affections were those of 'hearth and home;' the pictures he delighted to draw were those of natural loveliness, linked with human sympathies; and a too unusual thing with the writers of our time—he looked upon God's works, and 'saw that they were good.' * * * With him the wine of life is not always on the lees. An exquisite vein of poetry runs through every page,—and of poetry, his epithets who does not remember—'the shark, glancing like a spectre through the blue seas.'"‖

* New Monthly Magazine.

† For Two Illustrations and Notice of this interesting work, see *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 337 to 342; whence the above origin of the work has been quoted.

‡ Fraser's Magazine.

§ Quarterly Review.—Such is the variety displayed in the Salmagundi; the papers were supposed to be the joint efforts of several literati.

‖ Literary Gazette.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 556.] SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1832. [Price 2d

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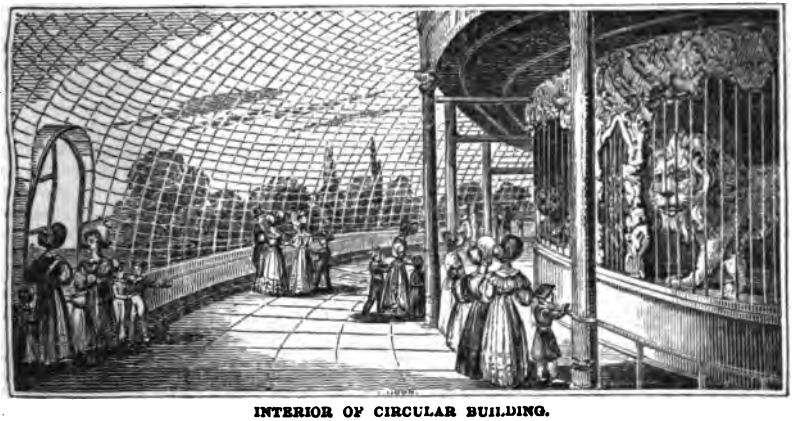

INTERIOR OF CIRCULAR BUILDING.

ROCKWORK FOR BEAVERS, &c.

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SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

[Although the reader will scarcely fail to recognise the typographical amendments contemplated in the Preface to our last volume, we may be allowed to point attention to the most important change. To give our souls "elbow-room," we have widened our columns so as to add upwards of two pages throughout each sheet of our future volumes: that is sixteen pages of the size of the present will be found to contain as much as eighteen pages the size of those in our last volume. But the page has not been widened like the citizen's back---at the expense of the corporation --or of the public. The whole of the type is new, having been cast, as the prospectus says, expressly for this work; its face is as brilliant as our hopes, and so, now, with the reader's permission,

Flow on thou shining river.]

We commenced our last volume with three Vignette Views in the Surrey Zoological Gardens. The season was then cold and ungenial, the trees leafless; in short, it was about mid-winter, but the magic pencil of our artist invested his scenes with all the pride of summer. Upon the present occasion, our Engravings need not the aid of his creative fancy. The Gardens are now

made glorious by the summer sun

—the weather and the public are all propitious, and hundreds of gaily dressed folks are flocking to inspect the zoological and botanical curiosities of the place.

During the six months since our last visit, Mr. Cross has been indefatigable. The grounds have been laid out under the superintendance of Mr. Henry Phillips, the author of *Sylva Florifera*, and it is almost impossible to give the reader an idea of their beauty and variety. The avenues to the various buildings are planted with forest-trees, and each tree and new plant has its name affixed on a tally; a botanical garden, on a small scale, is, moreover talked of.

But we are forgetting the zoological tenants. The visiter enters by a broad walk, beside which Parrots, Maccaws, and Cockatoos are uncaged on perches; so that we may almost say with Montgomery:—

The blossoms swung like blossoms on the trees.

To the right is a semicircular glazed house containing many beautiful foreign birds, and two Boas, which, from their torpidity, appear nearly as harmless as their shaggy namesakes that encircle many a fair neck. The movable aviaries are too numerous to describe; but we must notice, in one of them, a fine pair of Great Crowned Pigeons from New Guinea; their front colour is a bright slate, as is that of their crests of fine silky feathers. We next pass the circular Confectionary room, and reach the curvilinear glazed building of 300 feet in diameter. (*See the Cut.*) This has been planned by Mr. Henry Phillips; of the execution we spoke in *The Mirror*, No. 528. There are four entrances to this well-contrived building. Immediately within the wall, and all throughout the circle, is a channel of water containing gold and silver fish; from the margin of which plants are to be trained up within the glass. Next is a circular range of seats, then a broad walk, and in the centre of the building are placed the cages of carnivorous quadrupeds, as Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Hyænas, &c. The Lions are especially worth notice: they are African and Asiatic, and the contrast between a pair from the country of the Persian Gulf with their African neighbours, is very striking. A sleek Lynx from Persia, with its exquisite tufted ears, and a docile Puma, will receive the distant caresses of visiters. The fronts of the cages are ornamented with painted rock-work, and our artist has endeavoured to convey an idea of the lordly Lion in his embellished dwelling. The whole building is admirably ventilated.

Another addition is an octagonal walled enclosure, the entrances to which are surmounted by pairs of magnificent horns. Here are cages for large birds, as the Ostrich, Emu, and Cassowary; and foreign *pecora*, as the Llama and Camel, and a pair of Gnus of great beauty.

Next is an enclosure containing two pair of fine Pelicans, and the solitary kennels of an Alpine and Cuban Dog: the Armadillo house, with a pair of eight-banded inmates: near the latter a sty or cage is preparing for Porcupines. At this extremity of the grounds, is the Deer paddock, with about forty specimens, among which the Axis or spotted varieties are very beautiful. We now reach a picturesque group of rock-work, (*See the third Cut*), the lower part of which is intended for Beavers. the upper craigs being at present occupied by Vultures and Eagles. The rock-work consists chiefly of granite, with a few masses of the rock of Gibraltar.

Of the lake, hermitage, and boathouse we have already spoken. The long, or rather semicircular, glazed building is now finished for the Monkeys, as is an adjoining house for large birds of prey: here we should notice a fine Ruppell Vulture, from Senegal, (named after Major Ruppell, the celebrated traveller in Africa,) a chanting Falcon from Brazil, and a white Hawk, from New Holland, the latter especially rare in this country.

Among the improvements we ought not to omit the affixing of the scientific and popular names to the abodes of the respective animals. This is one of the beneficial results of the honorary aid of Messrs. Swainson and Gray, the distinguished zoologists.

By the way, there has been in these grounds a Fancy Fair with the laudable object of aiding the funds for the repair of the Ladye Chapel of St. Saviour's Southwark. We anxiously hope the *faire ladyes* were successful in their appeal to the fancy of their visiters.

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THE LATE MR. COLTON.

(To the Editor.)

HAVING observed in several papers and periodicals, (amongst which is *The Mirror*, No. 553,) sketches of "the late Mr. Colton," and none of these tending, in my opinion, to convey a correct idea of the character of this extraordinary man; allow me to offer you a slight sketch of the latter period of his life.

I am aware I shall be met by many with the squeamish proverb, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; though I am not disposed at this moment to enter on a discussion of the merits of this received axiom. Shakspeare tells us "The evil that men do, lives after them."

Mr. Colton, or as he was vulgarly called, Parson Colton, arrived in Paris in the year 1825 or 1826, from America, to which country he sailed from England shortly previous to the murder of Weare. He was at that time in possession of very little money; this small stock he increased by borrowing upon the security of some valuable jewellery which he took out from his creditors in this country. With this sum he commenced his career as player at the public gaming-tables in Paris, more particularly that at 154 in the Palais Royal. The system upon which he played was at once bold and original, and attended with great success. I have good authority (his own) for stating, he was at one period a winner of upwards of £10,000. He subsequently lost nearly half this sum, and he expended the remainder in paintings by the ancient masters, of which, in the year 1828, he had a splendid collection. These pictures he intended for the English market; but in the latter part of the same year, he became unfortunate at the gambling tables, and they were parted with by degress, the proceeds lost, and their late owner in a short time, reduced to beggary, or nearly so. His last literary labour, if it is worthy of the name, was a history of the Three Days of July, published by Galignani.

In person, Mr. Colton was ungainly; he stooped much, his gait was slovenly, and his dress mean and dirty; the reason he assigned for not removing the dirt that accumulated on the lower part of his trousers and upon his boots, was that none but shoeblacks looked below the knee in so dirty a city as Paris. As if fond of contradiction, he wore at the same time a ridiculous superfluity of jewellery; his unwashed hands were adorned with rings, and his shirt, which probably had not visited his *blanchisseuse* for a fortnight, was garnished with numerous brooches and pins of considerable value. A heavy gold chain secured his watch in his waistcoat pocket, and he carried two massive gold boxes, one for snuff, though he took none himself, and the other for tobacco. His face was pale and emaciated, the cheek bones being remarkably prominent; his left arm was considerably contracted, as he was fond of saying, from a pistol wound received in a duel. His habits were low; when not at the gaming house, he was to be found in one of the lower English houses, smoking and drinking, entertaining his pot companions, and acting what is vulgarly called, the "king of the company." He possessed a fund of anecdote and wit, and had his manners been more polished, and his character less exceptionable, his society would doubtless have been much courted.

His lodgings, which were in the Palais Royal, above the Café Phœnix, were particularly filthy; his bedroom, into which all visiters were shown, was truly disgusting; though he had at the same time two sitting-rooms, handsomely furnished, which were constantly locked, and into which he himself perhaps did not enter once in a month. An anecdote, which he related to me, will tend to illustrate his character and style of living. A pair of his pantaloons became much worn in the pockets, and he took them to a tailor to be repaired. They were brought home when he was absent, and left below with the porter, who gave them to him on his return. The following morning the *tailleur* called while Colton was still in bed, for the cash; he was shown into the bedroom by the miserable little urchin who attended daily to light the fire, &c., and demanded in payment twenty *sous*; this was resisted on the part of Colton as exorbitant, and the *tailleur*, vexed at having parted with his work before payment, seized a pair that were at the bedside, (imagining them the same that he had stitched,) and was about to quit the room with them as security, when the reverend gentleman, drawing a pistol from under his pillow, and presenting it at the terrified mender of garments, swore he would favour him with the contents unless the pantaloons were replaced: this was of course complied with, and our indignant *tailleur* immediately proceeded to *Monsieur le Commissaire*, who dispatched messengers to require the attendance of the party who had thus threatened the life of a Citizen of Paris. Colton then explained that the pantaloons of which the plaintiff had taken possession, were those he had worn on the preceding day, and contained cash that he had brought from the gaming-house to the amount of nearly £2,000. He was of course discharged on payment of the twenty *sous* to the tailor.

Although generally considered mean, I have much pleasure in stating that I have known him perform many acts of charity, frequently giving a dinner to some one of his reduced countrymen, (of whom there are too many in Paris,) and occasionally assisting

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them with small sums of money. It has been stated that the dread of an operation which became necessary for a complaint under which he laboured, was the cause of his suicide; this I much doubt, since I have never met with a man of greater fortitude and stronger nerve. I am rather disposed to think that the depressed state of his finances, severing the only hold he had on his dissolute associates, and the attention paid too often to wealth, though accompanied by vice, having disappeared, he found himself pennyless and despised; he was without religious consolation; his health declined, his spirits were broken; he was, and felt himself, alone in the world, without friends and without commiseration, and in a moment of desperation he put a period to his reckless existence.

Your correspondent, *Enort*, has certainly viewed the sunny side of his character; and that too I am disposed to think, with a burning glass. I have passed many hours in his society, pleased with his wit and epigrammatic sallies, but strive in vain to call to my recollection "the spontaneous flow of his Latin, his quotations from the ancient and modern poets, and his masterly and eloquent developement of every subject that his acute intellect chose to dilate upon." His conversation was ever *egotistical* in the extreme: the bold assertion that his *Lacon* was the most clever work in the English language, was ever on his lips, and I regret to add, obscenity and irreligion too often supplied the place of wit or rational converse.

Palace Row, New Road. W. W.

KING KENULPH'S DAUGHTER.

This is little better than a versified *fact*. The outline may be found in Sir Robert Atkyns' *History of Gloucestershire*, p. 435.

KING KENULPH he died, as kings have died,
The will of the Lord be done;
And he left to the care of his daughter fair,
Queen Quendred, an infant son.
The daughter gazed at her brother king,
Her eye had an evil mote;
And then she played with his yellow hair,
And patted his infant throat;
And then she muster'd a bloody mind,
And whisper'd a favour'd slut,
While patting the infant monarch's throat,
It would not be much to cut.
The favour'd gipsey noted the hint,
And she thought it not amiss,
She hied to the infant's governor,
And gave him a loving kiss.
The kiss of woman's a wond'rous juice,
That poisoneth pious minds,
It worketh more than the wrath of hell,
And the eye of justice blinds.
So they cut the infant monarch's throat,
They buried him in the wood,
The Mistress Quendred liv'd as a queen,
And they thought the deed was good.
Now mark, how ill is a crime conceal'd,
Bad deeds will never accord,
The murder never beheld at home,
Was to light elsewhere restor'd.
They wash'd their hands in the monarch's blood,
And the world roll'd on the same,
Till swift to the holy shrine at Rome,
A fluttering dove there came.
A dove, a peaceful, timorous bird,
That carried a parchment scroll,
And in letters of gold, the crime it told,
That blasted a sister's soul.
That fluttering dove flew round the shrine,
Wh re the Pope by chance was led,
And he let the scribbled parchment fall
On his holiness' bald head.
Now the Pope was very sore perplex'd,
At the words the dove had scrawl'd,
For he could not read the pig-squeak tongue,
Which is now old English call'd.
He questioned the French ambassador,
The news of that scroll to speak,
Who bowing observed, "it was not *French*,
He never had learn'd the *Greek*."
He ask'd a monk from *Byzantium*,
A monk as fat as a tench,
He merely remark'd "it was not *Greek*,
He never had learn'd the *French*."
He question'd the grave Lord Cardinal,
He ordered the monks to pray'rs,
The monks ne'er knew what language it was,
When they saw it was not theirs.
But there chanced to be an Englishman,
At Rome, on a trading hope,
The tale of blood and the letters gold,
He read to the holy Pope.
'Twas how King Kenulph an infant son,
Bequeath'd to his daughter's care,
And how the daughter slaughter'd the son,
It clearly mention'd where.
Then the Pope cried, "Heaven's will be done,"
And a loud Hosanna sung,
The incense fumed to the lofty dome,
Like ray-beam drapery hung.
And they canoniz'd the holy dove,
Like the soul of a martyr dead,
The deed is still in the calendar,
In capital letters red.
Now when to Britain the tidings came
Of her island's perish'd hope,
The monks took hatchets to *Winchcomb Wood*,
And they glorified the Pope.
And after many a night of toil,
They struck at the infant's bone,
Beneath a tree, where an awful owl
Was screeching a midnight groan.
They bore the bones by the moonlight ray,
To the convent's holy shrine,
And from the psaltry sang a psalm,
The psalm one hundred and nine.
The queen, she hearken'd the pious tones,
As they pass'd the palace by,
It seem'd the saints and the morning stars
Were chorussing in the sky.
But when she hearken'd the deed was known,
And her coming hour of strife,
And how they had found the royal bones
From which she had taken the life,
She got King David's psalter book,
And turn'd to the psalm they sung,
And began to read it contrariwise,
Though it blister'd on her tongue.
And she mock'd the monkish melody,
With a heart like boiling pitch,
And the clouds went shudd'ring as they heard
Like a broom beneath a witch.
When she had gotten to verse the twelfth,
'Twas the twelfth verse from the end,
Her breast upheav'd a horrible groan,
And she gave the psalm a rend.
The lofty turret quiver'd with fear,
The floor of the chapel shook,
Her eyeballs fell from her burning brow,
And blooded the psalter book.
And thrice she groan'd and thrice she sigh'd,
And thrice she bowed her head,
And a heavy fall and a light'ning flash
Was the knell of a sinner dead.

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And forth from her eyeless sockets flew
A furious flame around,
And blood stream'd out of her spirting mouth,
Like water upon the ground.
The magpie chatter'd above the corpse,
The owl sang funeral lay,
The twisting worm pass'd over her face,
And it writhed and turn'd away.
The jackdaws caw'd at the body dead,
Expos'd on the churchyard stones,
They wagg'd their tails in scorn of her flesh,
And turn'd up their bills at her bones.
The convent mastiff trotting along,
Sniff'd hard at the mortal leaven,
Then bristled his hair at her brimstone smell,
And howl'd out his fears to heaven.
Then the jackdaw screech'd his joy,
That he spurn'd the royal feast,
And keen'd all night to the grievous owl,
And the howling mastiff beast.
Loud on that night was the thunder crash,
Sad was the voice of the wind,
Swift was the glare of the lightning flash,
And the whizz it left behind.
At morn when the pious brothers came
To give the body to ground,
The skull, the feet, and palms of her hands
Were all that they ever found.
Then the holy monks with ominous shake
Of the head, looked wond'rous sly,
While the breeze that waved their whiten'd locks,
Bore a pray'r for her soul on high.

P. S.

Spirit of Discovery.

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

[THERE is a touching interest in the following narrative of the surrender of certain tribes of the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land to the British authorities. Some time since a war of extermination was commenced against them by the colonists; but, happily for humanity, this atrocious attack, which future historians may varnish over with "civilization," was a signal failure; and the poor, simple creatures were still left to enjoy the woods and caves and painted skins of savage life; not, however, without having fiercely retaliated upon the colonists for the cruel treatment which they experienced.]

The Oyster Bay and Big River tribes, the most sanguinary in the island, have surrendered themselves to Mr. Robinson, by whose conciliatory intervention the desirable event has been mainly brought about. On the 7th of January, Mr. Robinson made his triumphant entry into Hobart Town with his party of blacks, amounting in all to forty. They walked very leisurely along the road, followed by a large pack of dogs, and were received by the inhabitants on their entry into town with the most lively curiosity and delight. Soon after their arrival they walked up to the Government House, and were introduced to his Excellency, and the interview that took place was truly interesting. They are delighted at the idea of proceeding to Great Island, where they will enjoy peace and plenty uninterrupted. The great susceptibility which they one and all evinced of the influence of music when the band struck up, which Colonel Logan had purposely ordered down, clearly showed the numerous spectators the power of this agent of communication, even in the savage breast. After, in the greatest good humour, and with an evident desire to make themselves agreeable, going through various feats of their wonderful dexterity, they proceeded on board the Swan River packet, until the Tamar is ready to proceed with them to Great Island. The women were frightfully ornamented with human bones hung round them in various fantastic forms, even to the rows of teeth and skulls. Some of these were the remains of enemies, and white persons whom they had killed, but more as the mementos of the affection which they bore to the husband or children whom they had lost. They each carried a handful of spears. They wore the usual kangaroo skin cloak thrown over the back or shoulder, and thickly smeared with red ochre and grease. Their hair as well as skin was also thickly coated with the same, the hair being carefully dressed or formed by its help into neat little knots or globules all round the head. One of the men has lost his arm, being the same who about two years ago was caught in the rat trap that happened to be set in the flour cask in Mr. Adey's stockkeeper's hut. They surrendered to Mr. Robinson (who, however, very prudently did not take possession of them) six stand of arms, which they had taken from the whites they had murdered, or stolen from the huts. Three of them were ready loaded, and the muzzles carefully stuffed with pieces of blanket, and one is the same which was so recently borne by the late unfortunate Mr. Parker. The inside of several of their bark huts, which Mr. Robinson entered, was very ingeniously ornamented with rude delineations of kangaroos, emus, and other animals. The removal of these blacks will be of essential benefit both to themselves and the colony. The large tracts of pasture that have so long been deserted, owing to their murderous attacks on the shepherds and the stockhuts, will now be available, and a very sensible relief will be afforded to the flocks of sheep that had been withdrawn from them, and pent up on inadequate ranges of pasture—a circumstance which indeed has tended materially to impoverish the flocks and keep up the price of butcher's meat.

The dogs which these poor people have nursed and bred up in order to assist them in hunting the kangaroo, have latterly become so numerous and wild as to be a very serious and alarming nuisance to the settlers, committing on many farms nightly ravages on their flocks. In the neighbourhood of Benlomond they are particularly troublesome, and

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are so wild and savage as to set even men at defiance. Notwithstanding this, however, the numbers of the kangaroo seem daily and rapidly to increase. Whether this arises from the latterly diminished slaughter among them, owing to the decrease of the blacks who formerly fed upon them, or from the effects of the Dog Act, which induced many to destroy their dogs and to desist from the chase, or from the relish which the animal itself has acquired for the corn and other artificial food it finds upon the cultivated farms, we cannot say, but certain it is, that not only patches, but whole acres of corn in many situations are this year destroyed by their nightly inroads, coming as they do in droves of fifties and hundreds. As an instance we may mention that on Mr. Gunn's farm at the Coal River alone, a fine field of five acres of wheat has lately been completely eaten down by them. Many persons are in consequence falling on the expedient of catching them in wires and pitfalls in order to diminish them.

The ravages committed by the opossums, in like manner, are almost equally ruinous to the hopes of the farmer, in addition to the attacks of bandicoots, kangaroo rats, and the other almost innumerable (and certainly as yet unknown to naturalists) species of small quadrupeds that every where inhabit the wild bush and underwood of this island. Mr. Nicholas, of the Clyde, accompanied by his servant, lately, in the course of half a dozen evenings, and within the range of a moderate-sized field, killed no less than 340 of these opussums in the immediate vicinity of his own house.

[The beneficial result of this surrender need not be explained. The lives and properties of the settlers will now be secure, and the wild natives become useful members of society. The passing of man from the opposite states of barbarism and civilization is one of the most pathetic episodes in the drama of human life. In the *Morning Herald*, where we find the above extract from a recent *Hobart Town Courier*, it is pertinently observed, "When we find one of those natives of Van Diemen's Land had lost an arm which had been torn off in a trap, and that the wound was healed, the question naturally suggests itself, after all that we have heard of late about 'anatomical science,' what is the science of the wilderness that performed such a cure?" We fear it will puzzle the heads of all the colleges in Europe to solve this problem.]

The Public Journals.

LORD BYRON.

[The *New Monthly Magazine* promises an abundance of light, summer reading in Lady Blessington's Conversations with Lord Byron. They are of that gay, jaunty character which editors, booksellers, and readers think so peculiarly adapted for the season. Here are a few specimens:]

JOURNAL OF CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

By the Countess of Blessington.

*** Our readers will recollect those letters in the second volume of Moore's Byron, addressed to Lady B———, which confer such additional value on that work. The whole of the journal, in which those letters, given by Lady B——— to Mr. Moore, were entered, (and which journal was never shown to Mr. Moore, nor indeed till now confided to any one,) is in our hands, and will appear, from time to time, in the *New Monthly*, till concluded. It is full of the most varied interest, and we believe that it will be found to convey at least as natural and unexaggerated an account of Lord Byron's character as has yet been presented to the public.

Genoa, April 1st, 1823.—Saw Lord Byron for the first time. The impression for the first few minutes disappointed me, as I had, both from the portraits and descriptions given, conceived a different idea of him. I had fancied him taller, with a more dignified and commanding air; and I looked in vain for the hero-looking sort of person with whom I had so long identified him in imagination. His appearance is, however, highly prepossessing; his head is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; the nose is large and well shaped, but from being a little *too thick*, it looks better in profile than in front-face: his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face, the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full, and finely cut. In speaking, he shows his teeth very much, and they are white and even; but I observed that even in his smile—and he smiles frequently—there is something of a scornful expression in his mouth that is evidently natural, and not, as many suppose, affected. This particularly struck me. His chin is large and well shaped, and finishes well the oval of his face. He is extremely thin, indeed so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person—and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally: he uses a good deal of oil in it, which makes it look still darker. His countenance is full of expression, and changes with the subject of conversation; it gains on the beholder the more it is seen, and leaves an agreeable impression. I should say that melancholy was its prevailing character,

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as I observed that when any observation elicited a smile—and they were many, as the conversation was gay and playful—it appeared to linger but for a moment on his lip, which instantly resumed its former expression of seriousness. His whole appearance is remarkably gentlemanlike, and he owes nothing of this to his toilette, as his coat appears to have been many years made, is much too large—and all his garments convey the idea of having been purchased ready made, so ill do they fit him. There is a *gaucherie* in his movements, which evidently proceeds from the perpetual consciousness of his lameness, that appears to haunt him; for he tries to conceal his foot when seated, and when walking, has a nervous rapidity in his manner. He is very slightly lame, and the deformity of his foot is so little remarkable that I am not now aware which foot it is. His voice and accent are peculiarly agreeable, but effeminate—clear, harmonious, and so distinct, that though his general tone in speaking is rather low than high, not a word is lost. His manners are as unlike my preconceived notions of them as is his appearance. I had expected to find him a dignified, cold, reserved, and haughty person, resembling those mysterious personages he so loves to paint in his works, and with whom he has been so often identified by the good-natured world; but nothing can be more different; for were I to point out the prominent defect of Lord Byron, I should say it was flippancy, and a total want of that natural self-possession and dignity which ought to characterize a man of birth and education.

April 2nd.—We had scarcely finished our *déjeuné à la fourchette* this day when Lord Byron was announced: he sent up two printed cards, in an envelope addressed to us, and soon followed them. He appeared still more gay and cheerful than the day before—made various inquiries about all our mutual friends in England—spoke of them with affectionate interest, mixed with a badinage in which none of their little defects were spared; indeed candour obliges me to own that their defects seemed to have made a deeper impression on his mind than their good qualities (though he allowed all the latter) by the *gusto* with which he entered into them.

He talked of our mutual friend Moore, and of his *Lalla Rookh*, which he said, though very beautiful, had disappointed him, adding, that Moore would go down to posterity by his *Melodies*, which were all perfect. He said that he had never been so much *affected* as on hearing Moore sing some of them, particularly "When first I met Thee," which, he said, made him shed tears: "But," added he, with a look full of archness, "it was after I had drunk a certain portion of very potent white brandy." As he laid a peculiar stress on the word *affected*, I smiled, and the sequel of the white brady made me smile again: he asked me the cause, and I answered that his observation reminded me of the story of a lady offering her condolence to a poor Irishwoman on the death of her child, who stated that she had never been more affected than on the event; the poor woman, knowing the hollowness of the compliment, answered with all the quickness of her country, "Sure, then, Ma'am, that is saying a great deal, for you were always affected." Lord Byron laughed, and said my *apropos* was very wicked—but I maintained it was very just. He spoke much more warmly of Moore's social attractions as a companion, which he said were unrivalled, than of his merits as a poet.

When Lord Byron came to dine with us on Thursday, he arrived an hour before the usual time, and appeared in good spirits. He said that he found the passages and stairs filled with people, who stared at him very much; but he did not seem vexed at this homage, for so it certainly was meant, as the Albergo della Ville, where we resided, being filled with English, all were curious to see their distinguished countryman. He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, expressed pleasure at partaking of a plum pudding, *à l'Anglaise*, made by one of our English servants; was helped twice, and observed, that he hoped he should not shock us by eating so much: "But," added he, "the truth is, that for several months I have been following a most abstemious *régime*, living almost entirely on vegetables; and now that I see a good dinner, I cannot resist temptation, though to-morrow I shall suffer for my gormandize, as I always do when I indulge in luxuries." He drank three glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered it a *jour de fête*, he would eat, drink, and be merry.

He talked of Mr.———, who was then our Minister at Genoa. "H———," said he, "is a thorough good-natured and hospitable man, keeps an excellent table, and is as fond of good things as I am, but has not my forbearance. I received, some time ago, a *Pâte de Perigord*, and finding it excellent, I determined on sharing it with H———; but here my natural selfishness suggested that it would be wiser for me, who had so few dainties, to keep this for myself, than to give it to H———, who had so many. After half an hour's debate between selfishness and generosity, which do you think (turning to me) "carried the point?"—I answered, "Generosity, of course."—"No, by Jove!" said he, "no such thing; selfishness in this case, as in most others, triumphed; I sent the *pâté* to my friend H———, because I felt another dinner off it would play the deuce with me; and so you see, after all, he owed the *pâté*

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more to selfishness than generosity." Seeing us smile at this, he said:—"When you know me better, you will find that I am the most selfish person in the world; I have, however, the merit, if it be one, of not only being perfectly conscious of my faults, but of never denying them; and this surely is something, in this age of cant and hypocrisy."

In all his conversations relative to Lady Byron, and they are frequent, he declares that he is totally unconscious of the cause of her leaving him, but suspects that the illnatured interposition of Mrs. Charlemont led to it. It is a strange business! He declares that he left no means untried to effect a reconciliation, and always adds with bitterness, "A day will arrive when I shall be avenged. I feel that I shall not live long, and when the grave has closed over me, what must she feel?" All who wish well to Lady Byron must desire that she should not survive her husband, for the all-atoning grave that gives oblivion to the errors of the dead, clothes those of the living in such sombre colours to their own too-late awakened feelings, as to render them wretched for life, and more than avenges the real, or imagined wrongs of those we have lost for ever.

When Lord Byron was praising the mental and personal qualifications of Lady Byron, I asked him how all that he now said agreed with certain sarcasms supposed to bear a reference to her, in his works. He smiled, shook his head, and said they were meant to spite and vex her, when he was wounded and irritated at her refusing to receive or answer his letters; that he was not sincere in his implied censures, and that he was sorry he had written them; but notwithstanding this regret, and all his good resolutions to avoid similar sins, he might on renewed provocation recur to the same vengeance, though he allowed it was petty and unworthy of him. Lord Byron speaks of his sister, Mrs. Leigh, constantly, and always with strong expressions of affection; he says she is the most faultless person he ever knew, and that she was his only source of consolation in his troubles on the separation.

Byron is a great talker, his flippancy ceases in a *tête-à-tête*, and he becomes sententious, abandoning himself to the subject and seeming to think aloud, though his language has the appearance of stiffness, and is quite opposed to the trifling chit-chat that he enters into when in general society. I attribute this to his having lived so much alone, as also to the desire he now professes of applying himself to prose writing. He affects a sort of Johnsonian tone, likes very much to be listened to, and seems to observe the effect he produces on his hearer. In mixed society his ambition is to appear the man of fashion, he adopts a light tone of badinage and persiflage that does not sit gracefully on him, but is always anxious to turn the subject to his own personal affairs, or feelings, which are either lamented with an air of melancholy, or dwelt on with playful ridicule, according to the humour he happens to be in.

Byron has remarkable penetration in discovering the characters of those around him, and he piques himself extremely on it: he also thinks he has fathomed the recesses of his own mind; but he is mistaken: with much that is *little* (which he suspects) in his character, there is much that is *great*, that he does not give himself credit for: his first impulses are always good, but his temper, which is impatient, prevents his acting on the cool dictates of reason; and it appears to me, that in judging himself, Byron mistakes temper for character, and takes the ebullitions of the first, for the indications of the nature of the second. He declares, that in addition to his other failings, avarice is now established. This new vice, like all the others, he attributes to himself, he talks of as one would name those of an acquaintance, in a sort of deprecating, yet half mocking tone; as much as to say, you see I know all my faults better than you do, though I don't choose to correct them: indeed, it has often occurred to me, that he brings forward his defects, as if in anticipation of some one else exposing them, which he would not like; as though he affects the contrary, he is jealous of being found fault with, and shows it in a thousand ways.

He affects to dislike hearing his works praised or referred to; I say affects, because I am sure it is not real or natural; as he who loves praise, as Byron evidently does, in other things, cannot dislike it for that in which he must be conscious it is deserved. He refers to his feats in horsemanship, shooting at a mark, and swimming, in a way that proves he likes to be complimented on them; and nothing appears to give him more satisfaction than being considered a man of fashion, who had great success in fashionable society in London, when he resided there. He is peculiarly compassionate to the poor; I remarked that he rarely, in our rides, passed a mendicant without giving him charity, which was invariably bestowed with gentleness and kindness; this was still more observable if the person was deformed, as if he sympathised with the object.

Byron is very fond of gossiping, and of hearing what is going on in the London fashionable world; his friends keep him *au courant*, and any little scandal amuses him very much. I observed this to him one day, and added, that I thought his mind had been too great to descend to such trifles! he laughed

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and said with mock gravity, "Don't you know that the trunk of an elephant that can lift the most ponderous weights, disdains not to take up the most minute? This is the case with my *great* mind, (laughing anew,) and you must allow the simile is worthy the subject. Jesting apart, I do like a little scandal--I believe all English people do. An Italian lady, Madame Benzoni, talking to me on the prevalence of this taste among my compatriots, observed, that when she first knew the English, she thought them the most spiteful and ill-natured people in the world, from hearing them constantly repeating evil of each other; but having seen various amiable traits in their characters, she had arrived at the conclusion, that they were not naturally *mechant;* but that living in a country like England, where severity of morals punishes so heavily any dereliction from propriety, each individual, to prove personal correctness, was compelled to attack the *sins* of his or her acquaintance, as it furnished an opportunity of expressing their abhorrence by words, instead of proving it by actions, which might cause some self-denial to themselves. This," said Byron, "was an ingenious, as well as charitable supposition; and we must all allow that it is infinitely more easy to decry and expose the sins of others, than to correct our own; and many find the first so agreeable an occupation, that it precludes the second—this, at least, is my case."

"The Italians do not understand the English," said Byron; "indeed, how can they? for they (the Italians) are frank, simple, and open in their natures, following the bent of their inclinations, which they do not believe to be wicked; while the English, to conceal the indulgence of theirs, daily practise hypocrisy, falsehood, and uncharitableness; so that to *one* error is added many crimes." Byron had now got on a favourite subject, and went on decrying hypocrisy and cant, mingling sarcasms and bitter observations on the false delicacy of the English. It is strange, but true as strange, that he could not, or at least did not, distinguish the distinction between cause and effect, in this case. The respect for virtue will always cause spurious imitations of it to be given; and what he calls hypocrisy, is but the respect to public opinion that induces people, who have not courage to correct their errors, at least to endeavour to conceal them; and Cant is the homage that Vice pays to Virtue.* We do not value the diamond less, because there are so many worthless imitations of it, and Goodness loses nothing of her intrinsic value because so many wish to be thought to possess it. That nation may be considered to possess the most virtue, where it is the most highly appreciated; and that the least, where it is so little understood, that the semblance is not even assumed.

Byron is, I believe, sincere in his belief in supernatural appearances; he assumes a grave and mysterious air when he talks on the subject, which he is fond of doing, and has told me some extraordinary stories relative to Mr. Shelley, who, he assures me, had an implicit belief in ghosts. He also told me that Mr. Shelley's spectre had appeared to a lady, walking in a garden, and he seemed to lay great stress on this. Though some of the wisest of mankind, as witness Johnson, shared this weakness in common with Byron; still there is something so unusual in our matter-of-fact days in giving way to it, that I was at first doubtful that Byron was serious in his belief. He is also superstitious about days, and other trifling things,—believes in lucky and unlucky days,—dislikes undertaking any thing on a Friday, helping or being helped to salt at table, spilling salt or oil, letting bread fall, and breaking mirrors; in short, he gives way to a thousand fantastical notions, that prove that even *l'esprit le plus fort* has its weak side.

* Rouchefoucault.

ODE TO THE GERMANS.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

The Spirit of Britannia
Invokes across the main,
Her sister Allemania
To burst the Tyrant's chain;
By our kindred blood she cries,
Rise Allemanians, rise,
And hallowed thrice the band
Of our kindred hearts shall be,
When your land shall be the land
Of the free—of the free!

With Freedom's lion-banner
Britannia rules the waves
Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOUR*
Is still the camp of slaves.
For shame, for glory's sake,
Wake, Allemanians, wake,
And the tyrants now that whelm
Half the world, shall quail and flee,
When your realm shall be the realm
Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thunder†
That shakes the battle-field,
Yet to break your bonds asunder
No martial bolt has peal'd.
Shall the laurell'd land of Art
Wear shackles on her heart?
No! the clock ye framed to tell
By its sound, the march of time,
Let it clang Oppression's knell
O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The Press's magic letters
That blessing ye brought forth,
Behold! it lies in fetters
On the soil that gave it birth:
But the trumpet must be heard
And the charger must be spurr'd;
For your father Armin's Sprite
Calls down from heaven, that ye
Shall gird you for the fight
And be free!—and be free!

Metropolitan.

* Ehrenbreitstein, signifies in German, "*the broad stone of honour.*"

† Germany invented gunpowder, clock-making, and printing.

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GAZEL.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Haste, Maami; the spring is nigh,
Already, in th' unopened flowers
That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
Can see the blush of future bowers;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet, frozen on its way,
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
Upon its path exulting springs,
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay,
Enough if they awhile remain;
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
From time to time, and come again.
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart
Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
With passion for the nightingale;
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!

Metropolitan.

Notes of a Reader.

ADVICE, BY A MAN OF THE WORLD.

[We quoted *Contarini Fleming* in our last volume, but were silent on its character. It is purely metaphysical, and metaphysics, at this season, may be "like pork in the dog-days;" but there are certain portions which strike out ideas so forcibly, and illustrate the *communia* of life with such vigour, as to tempt any lounging reader. Contarini is stated to be Mr. D'Israeli, the younger—Vivian Grey and the Young Duke,—with much more of the crust and wing of age and experience than was found in either of the fashionable novels. The real charm of Contarini is in its abstractedness, and consists in being pleased and puzzled at the same moment. The embellishment which the playful genius of the writer has gracefully, not tawdrily, thrown over his pages will attract, but the main purpose and merit of the work lies in its undercurrents, or, rather it would consist in this feature if the judgment of the writer were still more matured. Perhaps Mr. D'Israeli, who began the world of letters as a writer of fashionable novels, may leave us a work on metaphysics.

In the opening chapter of Contarini Fleming, Mr. D'Israeli explains his object as follows:—]

I am desirous of writing a book which shall be all truth, a work of which the passion, the thought, the action, and even the style, should spring from my own experience of feeling, from the meditations of my own intellect, from my own observation of incident, from my own study of the genius of expression.

[We can only admit a passage which appears to us to contain much world-knowledge and wholesome experience—what half the coroneted heads in Europe lack most lamentably. It is the advice tendered to Contarini by his father, previous to the youth of promise repairing to the University:]

I wish you to mix as much as is convenient with society. I apprehend that you have, perhaps, hitherto indulged a little too much in lonely habits. Young men are apt to get a little abstracted, and occasionally to think that there is something singular in their nature, when the fact is, if they were better acquainted with their fellow creatures, they would find they were mistaken. This is a common error, indeed the commonest. I am not at all surprised that you have fallen into it. All have. The most practical business-like men that exist have many of them, when children, conceived themselves totally disqualified to struggle in the world. You may rest assured of this. I could mention many remarkable instances. All persons, when young, are fond of solitude, and, when they are beginning to think, are sometimes surprised at their own thoughts. There is nothing to be deplored, scarcely to be feared, in this. It almost always wears off; but sometimes it happens, that they have not judicious friends by them to explain, that the habits which they think peculiar are universal, and, if unreasonably indulged, can ultimately only turn them into indolent, insignificant members of society, and occasion them lasting unhappiness.

But to enter society with pleasure, you must be qualified for it. I think it quite time for you to make yourself master of some accomplishments. Decidedly you should make yourself a good dancer. Without dancing, you can never attain a perfectly graceful carriage, which is of the highest importance in life, and should be every man's ambition. You are yet too young fully to comprehend, how much in life depends upon manner. Whenever you see a man, who is successful in society, try to discover what makes him pleasing, and, if possible, adopt his system. You should learn to fence. For languages, at present, French will be sufficient. You speak it fairly: try to speak it elegantly. Read French authors. Read Rouchefoucault. The French writers are the finest in the world, for they clear our heads of ridiculous ideas. Study precision.

Do not talk too much at present, do not *try* to talk. But whenever you speak, speak with self-possession. Speak in a subdued tone, and always look at the person whom you are addressing. Before one can engage in general conversation with any effect, there is a certain acquaintance with trifling, but amusing subjects, which must be first attained. You will soon pick up sufficient by

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listening and observing. Never argue. In society, nothing must be discussed: give only results. If any person differ with you—bow and turn the conversation. In society, never think—always be on the watch, or you will miss many opportunities, and say many disagreeable things.

Talk to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school. This is the way to gain fluency—because you need not care what you say, and had better not be sensible. They too will rally you on many points, and, as they are women, you will not be offended. Nothing is of so much importance, and of so much use, to a young man entering life, as to be well criticised by women. It is impossible to get rid of those thousand bad habits, which we pick up in boyhood, without this supervision. Unfortunately, you have no sisters. But never be offended if a woman rally you. Encourage her. Otherwise, you will never be free from your awkwardness, or any little oddities, and certainly never learn to dress.

You ride pretty well, but you had better go through the manège. Every gentleman should be a perfect cavalier.

As you are to be at home for so short a time, and for other reasons, I think it better that you should not have a tutor in the house. Parcel out your morning, then, for your separate masters. Rise early and regularly, and read for three hours. Read the Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz—the Life of Richelieu — everything about Napoleon, — read works of that kind. Read no history: nothing but biography, for that is life without theory. Then fence. Talk an hour with your French master, but do not throw the burden of the conversation upon him. Give him an account of something. Describe to him the events of yesterday, or give him a detailed account of the constitution. You will have then sufficiently rested yourself for your dancing. And after that ride and amuse yourself as much as you can. Amusement to an observing mind is study.

I pursued the system which my father had pointed out, with exactness, and soon with pleasure. I sacredly observed my hours of reading, and devoted myself to the study of the lives of what my father considered really great men—that is to say, men of great energies, and violent volition, who look upon their fellow creatures as mere tools, with which they can build up a pedestal for their solitary statue, and who sacrifice every feeling which should sway humanity, and every high work which genius should really achieve, to the short-sighted gratification of an irrational and outrageous selfism. As for my manners, I flattered myself that they advanced in measure with my mind, although I already emulated Napoleon. I soon overcame the fear which attended my first experiments in society, and by scrupulously observing the paternal maxims, I soon became very self-satisfied. I listened to men with a delightful mixture of defference and self-confidence: were they old, and did I differ with them, I contented myself by positively stating my opinion in a most subdued voice, and then either turning the subject, or turning upon my heel. But as for women, it is astonishing how well I got on. The nervous rapidity of my first rattle soon subsided into a continuous flow of easy nonsense. Impertinent and flippant, I was universally hailed an original and a wit. But the most remarkable incident was, that the baroness and myself became the greatest friends. I was her constant attendant, and rehearsed to her flattered ear all my evening performance. She was the person with whom I practised, and as she had a taste in dress, I encouraged her opinions. Unconscious that she was at once my lay figure and my mirror, she loaded me with presents, and announced to all her coterie, that I was the most delightful young man of her acquaintance.

From all this it may easily be suspected, that at the age of fifteen I had unexpectedly become one of the most affected, conceited, and intolerable atoms that ever peopled the sunbeam of society.

[This gem is from a volume of Songs and other small Poems, by Barry Cornwall. It is one of the prettiest poetical *bijoux* of the season, and shall receive more attention in our next.]

PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently,—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are We,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)
Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, *our* content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are We,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime:—
Touch us *gently*, gentle Time!

THE SPIRIT OF SONG-WRITING.

Song-writing is the most difficult species of poetry; failure is not to be recovered—one slip ruins the whole attempt. A good song is a little piece of perfection, and perfection does not grow in every field. There must be felicity of idea, lightness of tone, exquisiteness or extreme naturalness and propriety of expression; and this within the compass of a few verses. And this is not all; the writer must betray a sustained tone of enthusiasm: the song should have neither beginning nor

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end,—it must seem a snatch from out of a continuous strain of melody—something that swells upon the ear, as if the previous parts had been unheard, and which dies away as if the air had carried its notes afar, and the sounds were wafted along to other lands. Men of genius are now and then born song-writers; such were Horace and Burns, such is Béranger. England has not had hers yet, and perhaps never may have. Englishmen are not nationally calculated to make song-writers; but individual genius makes light of running counter to a whole nation of habits, and there is no saying that we may not have our true lyricist yet. Song-writing is most likely to spring up among people greatly susceptible of the charms of music, and inventive of airs which, by some peculiar charm they possess, spread over all the country, sink deep in the memory, and come spontaneously on the thoughts in moments of sadness or joy, and, in short, become what are called national. National songs go with national airs, and spring up with circumstances. The English have few native airs, and as few native songs of any excellence. When an Englishman is in love, does he sing? In camp, what wretched braying goes by that name! at table, what have we of the generous, jovial sort? Generally speaking, our table songs — always excepting our glees — are pieces of bald sentiment, when they are English; but more generally, they are borrowed from the Scotch, the Irish, and other national song-writers. Gaiety, and that gaiety showing itself musically, is not *English*: when we are poetically given, it is in the sad piping strain of the forlorn, deserted, or hopeless lover. Gaiety is not English: we can be sentimental, tender, witty, pretty, pompous, and glorious in our songs; but we ever want the essential quality of gaiety — gaiety of heart—the dancing life of the spirit, that makes the voice hum, the fingers crack merrily, and the feet fidget restlessly on the ground.—*Spectator Newspaper.*

LORD BYRON'S EARLY POEMS.

[The following specimens are from the Seventh Volume of the elegant Edition of Lord Byron's Life and Works, now in the course of publication, under the editorship of Mr. Moore:]

THE ADIEU.

Written under the impression that the Author would soon die.

Adieu, thou hill! * where early joy
Spread roses o'er my brow;
Where science seeks each loitering boy
With knowledge to endow.
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes,
Partners of former bliss or woes;
No more through Ida's path we stray;
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell
Unconscious of the day.

* Harrow.

Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,
Ye spires of Granta's vale,
Where learning robed in sable reigns,
And melancholy pale.
Ye comrades of the jovial hour,
Ye tenants of the classic bower,
On Cama's verdant margin placed,
Adieu! while memory still is mine,
For offerings on oblivion's shrine,
These scenes must be effaced.

Adieu, ye mountains of the clime,
Where grew my youthful years;
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime
His giant summit rears.
Why did my childhood wander forth
From you, ye regions of the North,
With sons of pride to roam?
Why did I quit my Highland cave,
Marr's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,
To seek a Sotheron home?

Hall of my sires! a long farewell;
Yet why to thee adieu?
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,
Thy towers my tomb will view;
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,
And former glories of thy hall
Forgets its wonted simple note;
But yet the lyre retains the strings,
And sometimes on Æolian wings,
In dying strains may float.

Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,
While yet I linger here,
Adieu! you are not now forgot,
To retrospection dear.
Streamlet † along whose rippling surge,
My youthful limbs were wont to urge
At noontide heat their pliant course;
Plunging with ardour from the shore,
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,
Deprived of active force.

And shall I here forget the scene,
Still nearest to my breast?
Rocks rise, and rivers roll between
The spot which passion blest;
Yet, Mary, ‡ all thy beauties seem
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,
To me in smiles display'd:
Till slow disease resigns his prey
To Death, the parent of decay,
Thine image cannot fade.

And thou, my friend! § whose gentle love
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,
How much thy friendship was above
Description's power of words!
Still near my breast thy gift I wear,
Which sparkled once with feeling's tear,
Of Love, the pure, the sacred gem;
Our souls were equal, and our lot
In that dear moment quite forgot;
Let Pride alone condemn!

All, all is dark and cheerless now!
No smile of Love's deceit
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,
Can bid Life's pulses beat:
Not e'en the hope of future fame
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,
Or crown with fancied wreaths my head.
Mine is a short inglorious race,
To humble in the dust my face,
And mingle with the dead.

Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart:
On him who gains thy praise,
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,
Consumed in glory's blaze;
But me she beckons from the earth,
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,

† The river Grete at Southwell.
‡ Mary Duff.
§ Eddlestone, the Cambridge chorister.

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My life a short and vulgar dream:
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,
My hopes recline within a shroud,
My fate is Lethe's stream.

When I repose beneath the sod,
Unheeded in the clay,
Where once my playful footsteps trod,
Where now my head must lay;
The meed of pity will be shed
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,
By nightly skies and storms alone;
No mortal eye will deign to steep
With tears the dark sepulchral deep
Which hides a name unknown.

Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;
To Him address thy trembling prayer:
He who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

Father of Light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calms't the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.
1807. [Now first published.]

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Thou power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days,
Young offspring of Fancy, 'tis time we should part,
Then rise on the gale this the last of my lays,
The coldest effusion which springs from my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no more,
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore thee to sing;
The feelings of childhood, which taught thee to soar,
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude flowing lyre,
Yet even these themes are departed for ever;
No more beam the eyes which my dream could inspire,
My visions are flown, to return—alas, never!

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens the bowl,
How vain is the effort delight to prolong!
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in my soul,
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert alone,
Of kisses and smiles which they now must resign?
Or dwell with delight on the hours that are flown?
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived but to love?
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!
But how can my numbers in sympathy move,
When I scarcely can hope to behold them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers have done,
And raise my loud harp to the fame of my sires?
For glories like theirs, oh, how faint is my tone!
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my fires!

Untouch'd, then, my lyre shall reply to the blast;
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours are o'er;
And those who have heard it will pardon the past,
When they know that its murmurs shall vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be forgot,
Since early affection and love is o'ercast:
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy my lot,
Had the first strain of love been the dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now can ne'er meet;
If our songs have been languid, they surely are few:
Let us hope that the present at least will be sweet;
The present—which seals our eternal Adieu.
1807. [Now first published.]

Retrospective Gleanings.

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

The death of William, almost every reader knows, was occasioned by a hurt in the belly from the pummel of his saddle, while reducing the town of Mantes to ashes, at Rouen on Sep. 9, 1086, in the 63rd year of his age and 21st of his reign.

The king's decease was the signal for general consternation throughout the metropolis of Normandy. The citizens, panic struck, ran to and fro as if intoxicated, or as if the town were upon the point of being taken by assault. Each asked counsel of his neighbour, and each anxiously turned his thoughts to the concealing of his property. When the alarm had in some measure subsided, the monks and clergy made a solemn procession to the abbey of St. George, where they offered their prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed duke: and Archbishop William commanded that the body should be carried to Caen, to be interred in the church of St. Stephen, which William had founded. But the lifeless king was now deserted by all who had participated in his bounty. Every one of his brethren and relations had left him; nor was there even a servant to be found to perform the last offices to his departed lord. The care of the obsequies was finally undertaken by Herluin, a knight of that district, who, moved by the love of God and the honour of his nation, provided at his own expense, embalmers and bearers, and a hearse, and conveyed the corpse to the Seine, whence it was carried by land and water to the place of its destination.

Upon the arrival of the funeral train at Caen, it was met by Gislebert, bishop of Evreux, then abbot of St. Stephen's, at the head of his monks, attended by a numerous throng of clergy and laity; but scarcely had the bier been brought within the gates, when the report was spread that a dreadful fire had broken out in another part of the town, and the duke's remains were a second time deserted. The monks alone remained; and, fearful and resolute, they bore their founder "with candle, with book, and with knell," to his last home. Ordericus Vitalis enumerates the principal prelates and barons assembled upon this occasion; but he makes no mention of the Conqueror's son Henry, who, according to William of Jumieges, was the only one worthy of succeeding such a father. Mass had now been performed, and

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the body was about to be committed to the ground, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," when, previously to this closing part of the ceremony, Gislebert mounted the pulpit, and delivered an oration in honour of the deceased. He praised his valour, which had so widely extended the limits of the Norman dominion; his ability, which had elevated the nation to the highest pitch of glory; his equity in the administration of justice; his firmness in correcting abuses; and his liberality towards the monks and clergy; then finally addressing the people, he besought them to intercede with the Almighty for the soul of their prince. At this moment, one Asselin, an obscure individual, starting from the crowd, exclaimed with a loud voice, "the ground upon which you are standing was the site of my father's dwelling. This man, for whom you ask our prayers, took it by force from my parent; by violence he seized, by violence he retained it; and, contrary to all law and justice, he built upon it this church, wherein we are assembled. Publicly, therefore, in the sight of God and man, do I claim my inheritance, and protest against the body of the plunderer being covered with my turf." The appeal was attended with instant effect: bishops and nobles united in their entreaties with Asselin; they admitted the justice of his claim; they pacified him; they paid him sixty shillings on the spot by way of recompense for the place of sepulture; and, finally, they satisfied him for the rest of the land.

But the remarkable incidents doomed to attend upon this burial were not yet at an end; for at the time when they were laying the corpse in the sarcophagus, and were bending it with some force, which they were compelled to do, in consequence of the coffin having been made too short, the body, which was extremely corpulent, burst, and so intolerable a stench issued from the grave, that all the perfumes which arose from all the censers of the priests and acolytes were of no avail; and the rites were concluded in haste, and the assembly, struck with horror, returned to their homes.

The latter part of this story accords but ill with what De Bourgueville relates. We learn from this author, that four hundred and thirty years subsequent to the death of the Conqueror, a Roman cardinal, attended by an archbishop and bishop, visited the town of Caen, and that his eminence having expressed a wish to see the body of the duke, the monks yielded to his curiosity, the tomb was opened, and the corpse discovered in so perfect a state that the cardinal caused a portrait to be taken from the lifeless features. It is not worth while now to inquire into the truth of this story, or the fidelity of the resemblance. The painting has disappeared in the course of time: it hung for awhile against the walls of the church, opposite to the monument, but it was stolen during the tumults caused by the Huguenots, and was broken into two pieces, in which state De Bourgueville saw it a few years afterwards, in the hands of a Calvinist, one Peter Hode, the gaoler at Caen, who used it in the double capacity of a table and a door. The worthy magistrate states, that he kept the picture, "because the abbey-church was demolished."

He was himself present at the second violation of the royal tomb, in 1572; and he gives a piteous account of the transaction. The monument raised to the mémory of the Conqueror, by his son, William Rufus, under the superintendance of Lanfranc, was a production of much costly and elaborate workmanship; the shrine, which was placed upon the mausoleum, glittered with gold and silver and precious stones. To complete the whole, the effigy of the king had been added to the tomb at some period subsequent to its original erection. A monument like this naturally excited the rapacity of a lawless banditti, unrestrained by civil or military force, and inveterate against every thing that might be regarded as connected with the Catholic worship. The Calvinists were masters of Caen, and, incited by the information of what had taken place at Rouen, they resolved to repeat the same outrages. Under the specious pretext of abolishing idolatrous worship, they pillaged and ransacked every church and monastery: they broke the windows and organs, destroyed the images, stole the ecclesiastical ornaments, sold the shrines, committed pulpits, chests, books, and whatever was combustible, to the fire; and finally, after having wreaked their vengeance upon every thing that could be made the object of it, they went boldly to the town-hall to demand the wages for their labours. In the course of these outrages the tomb of the Conqueror at one abbey and that of Matilda, his queen, at the other, were demolished. And this was not enough; but a few days afterwards, the same band returned, allured by the hopes of farther plunder. They dug up the coffin: the hollow stone rang to the strokes of their daggers: the vibration proved that it was not filled by the corpse, and nothing more was wanting to seal its destruction.

De Bourgueville, who went to the spot and exerted his eloquence to check this last act of violence, witnessed the opening of the coffin. It contained the bones of the king, wrapped up in red taffety, and still in tolerable preservation; but nothing else. He collected them with care, and consigned them to one of the monks of the abbey, who kept them in his chamber, till the Admiral de Chatillon entered Caen at the head of his mercenaries, on which occasion the whole abbey was plundered, and the monks put to flight, and the bones

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lost. "Sad doings these," says De Bourgueville, "*et bien peu réformez!*" He adds that one of the thigh-bones was preserved by the Viscount of Falaise, who was there with him, and begged it from the rioters, and that this bone was longer by four fingers' breadth than that of a tall man. The bone thus preserved, was reinterred, after the cessation of the troubles: it is the same that is alluded to in the inscription, which also informs us that a monument was raised over it in 1642, but was removed in 1742, it being then considered as an incumbrance in the choir.

The melancholy end of the Conqueror, the strange occurrences at his interment, the violation of his grave, the dispersion of his remains, and the demolition and final removal of his monument, are circumstances calculated to excite melancholy emotions in the mind of every one, whatever his condition in life. In all these events, the religious man traces the hand of retributive justice; the philosopher regards the nullity of sublunary grandeur; the historian finds matter for serious reflection; the poet for affecting narrative; and the moralist for his tale.

J. R. S.

The Sketch-Book.

THE PICNIC AT TEMPE.

It was the most sultry of the dog-days—Jupiter sat lolling in his arm chair vainly endeavouring to get a quiet nap, and a little further sat Minerva, lulling her father to sleep, as *she* thought, and keeping him awake, as *he* thought, by the whirring noise of her spinning-wheel. At length Venus entered the saloon in which they were sitting, and the noise she made effectually aroused the Thunderer. "Venus, my darling, where's your mother-in-law?" said Jupiter raising himself on his elbow.

"In her dressing room," replied Venus, "trying on some of my new beautifying inventions."

"Ah," smiled Jupiter, "you women are never easy but when you're beautifying yourselves: well, go and tell her I think we may as well take a trip down to Tempe, by way of employment this hot day; and send Iris to tell all the other gods to meet us there."

Away tripped Venus to execute her commission, and the Thunderer turned again to doze; but suddenly a thought struck him: "Here, Pallas, go and borrow Mars's curricle for Juno and myself to ride in, for it is much too hot to think of walking, such a day as this, and tell him to put some bottles of nectar in the driving box, d'ye hear?"

In a short time the curricle made its appearance, and Jove and Juno mounted. But Mars's vehicle was constructed for a single gentleman, and not for man and wife, who being rather too heavy for it, broke it down as they descended Olympus, and rolled to the foot of the mountain amidst the suppressed laughter of the other gods, who were winging their way down. Iris was despatched to procure a fresh supply of nectar, which Bacchus declared would nearly exhaust his stock. At last the table was spread in the most delightful part of Tempe, and the top of Ossa was occupied by Hercules with his club to see that no mortal intruded on the revels of the gods, when Jupiter discovered something at a distance running at full speed towards them. "Heyday! what have we here?" he exclaimed; "as I live, my old friend Cerberus, with a note in his jaws; why what can Pluto have got to say? Here, Cer! Cer! Cer! good dog!" The breathless animal dropped the letter at Jupiter's feet and then took his seat on the ground, panting, as well he might, after so long a journey.

"Here's a pretty note," said Jupiter, and he proceeded to read it aloud for the amusement of the company—

"Dear Jove,

"Knowing you are going to have a feast at Tempe I have sent my favourite Cerberus to pick up the crumbs as he gets but poor living in the shades here at Tartarus. Proserpine sends her love to Ceres.

"Yours ever,

"PLUTO."

N.B. "Send Cerberus back at night."

"Faugh! how it stinks of brimstone!" said Jupiter, "we'll give poor Cerberus a meal though, for he looks woefully thin; I should not think Pluto gave him much from his appearance." So down they sat, Cerberus and Jove's eagle being installed under the table, while Minerva's owl, Juno's peacock, and the protegés of the other immortals were left to pick up what they could outside. They had not sat long before the noise of a vast contention was heard, and the cause being sought, it was discovered to be a bone which Jupiter had thrown under the table, and which was violently contested by Cerberus and the eagle. Peace was restored by the expulsion of the offending eagle, as Jove said he ought to know better, having come from Olympus, while Cerberus was brought up in Tartarus. All went on quietly for a time, when Cerberus unfortunately squatted himself down on Jupiter's thunderbolt, which its master had dropped under the table, and giving a most terrific yell, rushed between the legs of Mercury's chair, and upset him in a twinkling, while, almost before he could rise, poor Cerberus was treading the "facilis descensus Averni," with his posteriors sadly blackened by the accident; and roaring with pain as the gods were with laughter. Dinner passed on without any more accidents, and when the ladies retired, Vulcan and Mars sat down to

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écarté, at which the former proved the winner. Apollo drily remarked, (having just finished his daily journey and joined the gods) that Vulcan had netted Mars's cash as well as himself. Mars rose in a great rage, when Jupiter recommended him not to be nettled, which only made him ten times more so. A quarrel was the consequence; and Jupiter thinking it best to return before bloodshed was committed, asked Apollo to yoke his team again, and drive them home, which he readily consented to do: that night seemed unusually light to the inhabitants of the hemisphere, and many learned heads were puzzled to discover the cause of the phenomenon, but though many explanations were given, the real reason remained undiscovered to this day —in which I have the pleasure of laying it before my readers. REX.

The Gatherer.

Early Rising. — It cannot be denied that early rising is conducive both to the health of the body and the improvement of the mind. It was an observation of Swift, that he never knew any man come to greatness and eminence who lay in bed of a morning. Though this observation of an individual is not received as an universal maxim, it is certain that some of the most eminent characters which ever existed, accustomed themselves to early rising. It seems, also, that people in general rose earlier in former times than now. In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were opened at four in the morning; at present, a shopkeeper is scarcely awake at seven.* The King of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his bedchamber at the same hour in the evening. During the reign of Henry VIII. fashionable people in England breakfasted at seven in the morning, and dined at ten in the forenoon. In Elizabeth's time, the nobility, gentry, and students, dined at eleven in the forenoon, and supped between five and six in the afternoon. SWAINE.

Dick's Coffee-house, Temple Bar.—The Rev. James Miller wrote a comedy, in the year 1737, entitled "*The Coffee House.*" "This piece met with no kind of success, from a supposition, how just (says Baker,) I cannot pretend to determine, that Mrs. Yarrow and her daughter, who kept Dick's coffee-house, near Temple Bar, and were at that time celebrated toasts, together with several persons who frequented that house, were intended to be ridiculed by the author. This he absolutely denied as being his intention; when the piece came out, however, the engraver who had been employed to compose a frontispiece, having inadvertently fixed on that very coffee-house for the scene of his drawing, the Templars, with whom the abovementioned ladies were great favourites, became, by this accident, so confirmed in their suspicions, that they united to damn the piece, and even extended their resentment to every thing which was suspected to be this author's, for a considerable time after."

P. T. W.

Heroic Women.—Browella *heide* or *heath*, is a plain in the province of Smaland, in Sweden, celebrated for being the place where the Danes were totally routed by the heroine, Blenda, who commanded the Smaland women, in defence of their husbands, who were engaged in another expedition. As a recompense for their bravery, the women of Smaland were honoured with extraordinary privileges, and wore a kind of martial head-dress; and they have still an equal share of inheritance with the men. P. T. W.

Ancient Roundelaye for Foure Personnes.

1st. SING we the good fellowes roundelaye,
And I the cittern will blithele playe
2nd. I'll sing tenor.
3rd. The treble for me.
1st. And what shalle the bass of our music be?
4th. The wintry winde as it rushes and roars
At the windowes and roofe, and the welle fast'ned doore.
2nd. But the wine and the sack, and the canary are bright,
They're the good fellowes starres that shine out thro' the nighte.
You're a knave if you quit them till morning.
1st. to 2nd. You're a knave.
4th. to 3rd. You're a knave.
3rd. to 1st. You're a knave.
Omnes. He's a knave who forsakes them till morn.

P.S. The point of this song consists in each singer being called a knave in turn. M L. E.

Ecstacy of Michael Angelo. — When the bronze gates of the baptistry of the church of Florence were produced, Michael Angelo cried out with emotion, at the sight of them, "that they deserved to be the gates of Paradise." Casts of these gates may be seen in the Royal Academy, London.

Power of Knowledge over Brute Force.— There is a popular story, that a student from Oxford was attacked by a wild boar, which issued from the adjoining forest of Shotover, when he escaped by cramming down the throat of the brute, a volume of Aristotle.

A difference.—A gentleman whose tallness always excites great curiosity in the streets of London, was accosted by a very little fellow, who gently pulling him by one of the flaps of his coat, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, said to him, "My dear sir, I hope we shall never quarrel in our lives, but there is a great *difference* between us."

* Our correspondent is here somewhat in error: shops in Paris may be seen *set out* by seven o'clock in the morning.—ED. M.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 696, New Market, Leipsic; G. B. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 557.] SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1832. [Price 2d.

BIRTHPLACE OF BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.

The above cottage stands in the village of Cherryburn, near Ovingham, on the banks of the Tyne, about twelve miles west of Newcastle.

In this humble dwelling, hitherto of "unlettered fame," was born, August 12, 1753, Thomas Bewick, the celebrated artist and engraver on wood; or more strictly speaking, the reviver of this branch of art. His whole life was one of untiring industry and ardent attachment to the object of his study—the only sure passport to success—which it is truly delightful to contemplate: from the first dawnings of his early genius to the enthusiasm that led him to examine proofs of wood-engravings on the morning of his death. His life is exemplary, inasmuch as it illustrates the homely maxim, that every man is the architect of his own fortune. Apart from this consideration, the memory of Bewick should be cherished by all our readers; since he re-invented the ingenious means by which we are enabled to embellish unsparingly each of our weekly sheets.*

Of Bewick's genius, and personal habits, many interesting particulars have been preserved. From his earliest years he delighted, above all things, in observing the habits of animals; and it was his fondness for this study that gave rise, while he was yet a boy, to his first attempts in drawing. Long before he had received instruction in that art, he used to delineate his favourites of the lower creation with great accuracy and spirit. His introduction to the regular study of his future profession was purely accidental. He was in the habit of exercising his genius by covering the walls and doors of the houses in his native village with his sketches in chalk. Some of these performances one day chanced to attract the attention of a Mr. Beilby, a copper-plate engraver of Newcastle, as he was passing through Cherryburn; and he was so much struck with the talent they displayed that he sought out the young artist, and obtained his father's consent to take him with him to be his apprentice. This was in the year 1767. In the following year Bewick executed his first wood-cut for Dr. Hutton's Treatise on Navigation, the diagrams for which work were, at the suggestion of Mr. Beilby, engraved on wood, and printed with the letter-press, instead of being on copper and stitched in with the sheets. Bewick executed the whole of the cuts for Dr. Hutton's work with so much accuracy, and a finish so greatly be-

* *The Mirror*, it will be remembered, was the first work of its class that presented this economical attraction to the public: the Engravings throughout the Series number upwards of Eight Hundred.

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yond what had usually been attained in that species of work, that Mr. Beilby advised him to give his chief attention henceforward to wood-engraving, and make it his profession. He did so during the remainder of his apprenticeship, at the expiration of which he repaired to London, and obtained employment in his trade. He soon returned to the country, and in 1777 he entered into partnership with his former master, Mr. Beilby. Bewick with his taste for rural scenery and enjoyments and the observation of nature, doubtless found little to interest him in London; nor even after he had obtained his highest celebrity, did he ever again think of establishing himself in the metropolis. He spent the remainder of his life in his native district.

At the time of Bewick's first entering into active life, the art of wood-engraving had fallen into the lowest repute. Few of its specimens were superior to the pictures on street ballads of the present day. To explain Bewick's improvements would occcupy too much of our space, but, we may observe, generally that the engravings of the above period were mere patches of black and white, till Bewick introduced those beautiful reliefs, or varieties of light and shade which principally form the pictorial effect of an engraving. By this means he raised wood-engraving from a state of contempt to the rank of one of the *fine arts*.

The first specimen of his talents by which Bewick made himself publicly known was a cut of an old hound, for which, in 1755, he received a premium from the Society of Arts. The block had been cut for an edition of Gay's fables; the complete work appeared in 1779, and immediately attracted general attention by the striking superiority of its embellishments, which were all from wood-cuts executed by Bewick and his younger brother John, who, when Beilby and he entered into partnership, had become their apprentice. From this time the reputation of the artist went on increasing steadily, and he produced a succession of works which very soon gave altogether a new character to his art itself.

Bewick's principal work, or that which established his fame, was his *History of Quadrupeds*, which appeared in 1790. He had been employed many years in preparing this publication, all the cuts in which were not only engraved by himself or his brother, but were all copied from his own drawings. He had cultivated his early talent for the delineation of animals with unwearied industry: he had not the advantages of academical studies, which education in the metropolis migh have afforded him, but *he drew from life*, taking sketches of all the striking specimens that came under his notice, and visiting whatever menageries of exotic animals were brought to Newcastle.* Thus he studied assiduously *from nature*, and to this course may be attributed the excellence of the cuts in the *History of Quadrupeds*. Many of the vignettes also, with which this publication was adorned, had uncommon merit as original sketches; for Bewick did not confine his pencil to the mere delineation of animals. His vignettes have been said to partake of his determinate propensity to morality, tenderness, and humour; each telling articulately its own tale,† and bearing in every line a lesson.

A catalogue of Bewick's various works will not be expected in this brief sketch. He did not confine himself to animal engraving; for in the years 1795 and 1796, were published by Mr. Bulmer, of Newcastle, the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village*, by Goldsmith; Parnell's *Hermit*; and Somerville's *Clara*; with cuts by Bewick. In 1797, appeared the first volume of his *History of British Birds*: in 1818, he completed his first volume of *Fables of Æsop* and others. In 1820, Mr. Charnley, of Newcastle, published a volume of Fables, as a vehicle for the impressions of the earlier blocks, both of head-pieces and vignettes, engraved by Bewick when very young, all previous to the year 1785, and for various publications. This collection amounted to upwards of twelve hundred.‡ This volume contains an impression of the celebrated Old Hound, and five portraits, on wood, copies at different periods of Bewick's portrait; that facing the title, from a painting of James Ramsay, is considered the nearest likeness.

It may now be interesting to note a few traits of the genius and personal habits of Bewick, as they have been sketched by his friend, Mr. Dovaston. This gentleman observes:

"It has been said that Linnæus did more in a given time than ever did any one man. If the surprising number of blocks of every description, for his own and others' works, cut by Bewick, be considered, though perhaps he may not rival our beloved naturalist, he may be counted among the indefatigably industrious. And amid all this he found ample time for reading and conviviality. I have seen him picking, chipping, and finishing a block, talking, whistling, and sometimes singing, while his friends have been drinking

* In the Museum at Newcastle, are many of the identical specimens from which Bewick drew his figures for the wood-cuts of his zoological works.

† See a paper on "the Life, Genius, and Personal Habits of Bewick," in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. iii.; by his friend, John F. Dovaston, Esq., A.M., of Westonfelton, near Shrewsbury. "There is a vein of generous enthusiasm—a glow of friendship—a halo of the finest feelings of our nature—throughout and around this memoir, which has the sincerity and singleness of heart of—A FRIEND.

‡ In Mr. Dovaston's paper is a misprint, which it may be as well to notice here. It is stated that Bewick cut the Old Exchange, at Newcastle, (the vignette of the above volume) in 1719.

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wine at his profusely hospitable table. At nights, after a hard day's work, he generally relieved his powerful mind in the bosom of his very amiable family."

"It has been supposed by many, and publicly asserted by a few, that Bewick never wrote his own works, but was wholly and solely employed on the designs; to this I have his positive contradiction, which would be enough; but that in addition to his own Memoir, which I have read in his own MS., I have seen him compose, extract, and translate passages for each bird he has engraved while I was in his house. If his works have any great defect, 'tis the defect of omission; every one laments he has given so little of the history of each bird. I have often offered him to rewrite the whole of the birds wherewith from early and lasting habits I was well acquainted, their characters and manners, interspersed with anecdotes and poetry, particularly from good old Chaucer, the bard of birds, and passages of every bearing brought together, flinging over the whole what may be called the poetic bloom of nature, in which none have so sweetly succeeded as honest White of Selborne. But this he always resolutely refused; alleging that his descriptions, whether original, copied, or compared, were unimpeachably accurate; and that was enough. And not only did he write his own language, but I often thought his talent in that department not surpassed even by the other effusions of his genius; witness his unparalleled Preface to his Fables, and his other Introductions. He said, even to the last, he felt no deficiency of his imaginative powers, in throwing-off subjects for his *tail*-pieces (as I named them), which were always his favourite exercise; the bird or figure he did as a task, but was relieved by working the scenery and back-ground; and after each figure he flew to the tail-piece with avidity, for in the inventive faculty his imagination revelled."

Mr. Dovaston visited Bewick, at Buxton, in 1827. Here he relates

"There were three windows in the front room, the ledges and shutters whereof he had pencilled all over with funny characters, as he saw them pass to and fro, visiting the well. These people were the source of great amusement: the probable histories of whom, and how they came by their ailings, he would humorously narrate, and sketch their figures and features in one instant of time. I have seen him draw a striking likeness on his thumb-nail in one moment; wipe it off with his tongue, and instantly draw another. We dined occasionally at the public table; and one day, over the wine, a dispute arose between two gentlemen about a bird; but was soon terminated by the one affirming he had compared it with the figure and description of Bewick, to which the other replied that Bewick was next to Nature. Here the old gentleman seized me by the thigh with his very hand-vice of a grasp; and I contrived to keep up the shuttlecock of conversation playfully to his highest satisfaction, though they who praised him so ardently, little imagined whose ears imbibed all their honest incense."

Bewick's observations on the Dove would alone prove him to have been a close observer of nature:

"He said, of all birds he thought the dove tribe most beautiful. Their outline presents every possible variety of the line of beauty; their colours are brilliant and varied; their notes amorous and soothing; their manners gentle and affectionate; their flight both rapid and graceful; and, in all times and nations, they have been emblems of peace, love, and fidelity. They have moreover, many qualities and habits exclusively peculiar to their tribe; they drink differently (by immersion), and have no gall." The "peace, fidelity, and love" of the Dove have, however, been much questioned by naturalists.

Every one will admire the simplicity of mind and heart in the following opinions of Bewick, in his chat with Mr. Dovaston. Paradise, he said, was of every man's own making; all evil caused by the abuse of free-will; happiness equally distributed, and in every one's reach. "Oh!" said he, "this is a bonny world as God made it; but man makes a packhorse of Providence." He held that innumerable things might be converted to our use that we ignorantly neglect, and quoted with great ardour, the whole of Friar Lawrence's speech in Romeo and Juliet to that effect. Again, Mr. Dovaston says, "Every body loved Bewick; all animals love him; and frequently of mornings I found him in the inn-yard, among the dogs, ducks, or pigs, throwing them pieces of biscuit, and talking to them, or to the boors, beside them, waiters, *chay*-boys, or boots." "Frequently," observes Mr. D., "as I walked with him along the streets of Newcastle, it was gratifying to witness how much and how generally his character and talents were respected." Of all esteem there is none more gratifying than that shown to a good man in his native place.

Bewick's powers of whistling appear to have been extraordinary. "His ear," says the agreeable reminiscent already quoted, "(as a musical feeling is called) was so delicately acute, and his inflexorical powers so nice and rapid, that he could run in any direction or modulation, the diatomic or chromatic scale, and even split the quarter-notes of the enharmonic; neither of which, however, did he understand scientifically, though so consummately elegant his execution: and his musical memory was so tenacious that he could whistle through the melodies of whole overtures; and these, he said, he could obtain having once heard from the orchestra of a

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playhouse, or a holiday band, in both of which he took extreme delight." Bewick's contempt for luxury was remarkable. He generally slept, even in the depth of winter, with the windows of his chamber open, though in consequence he sometimes, on awakening, found the snow lying on his bed-clothes. For money, which men in general prize so highly, Bewick had all the indifference of a philosopher.

But we must let Mr. Dovaston tell Bewick's last labours, and the close of his well-spent life:

"Having exhausted the quadrupeds and British birds as vehicles to his art, instruction, and amusements, he, late in life, took up a fervent resolution to engrave all the British *Fishes*, and write their histories. To this his mind was well trained, having been ever a lover of the fountains and rills, the still pools and broad waters, the majestic rivers and the mighty ocean. Here he felt the seeds of his talent stirring all a-life, where he should have to display the beauties of the finny tribe, and treat of the wonders of the great deep. When I was last in Northumberland, they showed me *thirty* fishes he had cut by way of trial, with the spirit and execution whereof himself was well satisfied, and his judicious friends enraptured; together with more than a hundred tail-pieces, conceived and cut, 'ay, every inch,' with all his usual imaginative appropriation and power. His art here got entirely into a new element; for, as he was forced to show the fishes *out* of water, he was deprived of his favourite excellence, *motion*; yet such motion as a fish new-landed *has*, he has given with elasticity and life: brilliance to the scaly, and lubricity to the smooth; so as to remind the naturalist of excellent old Chaucer's touches of nature, where

"They swommin full of smale fishes lighte,
With finnis rede, and scalis silver brighte."

A single impression of his John Dorée sold lately in London for ten guineas. And when they do come out, though every admirer will lament he was, long ere completion, called to his blessed account, their sorrow will be softened at beholding with what effect and spirit his animated graver has been caught up by his son."

In the summer of 1828, Bewick visited London about his works. "He was," says Mr. Dovaston, "very honourably received by many learned societies and individuals, of whom, and of whose collections, he wrote in raptures. On his return, the London and provincial papers had many paragraphs respecting this visit, his reception, and his life; to amend the errors of which statements, I must have been writing one at the very hour of his death; for I had not time to stop its insertion in one of the Shrewsbury papers, when I received a short, but most affectionate and affecting letter from his son, informing me, 'as his father's most valued friend,' that he expired, in full possession of his fine and powerful mental faculties, in quiet and cheerful resignation, on the 8th of November, 1828, in the 76th year of his age. On the morning of his death he had the satisfaction of seeing the first proof-impression of a series of large wood-engravings he had undertaken, in a superior style, for the walls of farm-houses, inns, and cottages, with a view to abate cruelty, mitigate pain, and imbue the mind and heart with tenderness and humanity; and this he called his last legacy to suffering and insulted Nature."

Manners and Customs.

FUNERAL GARLANDS.

Mr. Rhodes, in his interesting *Excursions in Derbyshire*, notices the following rite at the village of Hathersage: "In this church we observed the traces of a custom that once generally prevailed in various parts of the kingdom, but is now almost totally disused; when unmarried women died, they were usually attended to the grave by the companions of their early years, who, in performing the last sad offices of friendship, accompanied the bier of the deceased with garlands tastefully composed of wreaths of flowers and every emblem of youth, purity, and loveliness, that imagination could suggest. When the body was interred, the garlands were borne into the church, and hung up in a conspicuous station, in memory of the departed. In Hathersage Church there were several of these memorials of early dissolution, but only one of a recent date: the others were covered with dust, and the hand of time had destroyed their freshness."

In Mr. Tymms's *Family Topographer*, vol. ii. we read—"In Stockton Church, Wilts, is a piece of iron frame-work, with some remains of faded ribbon depending from it. It is the last remain of the custom of carrying a garland decorated with ribbons before the corpse of a young unmarried woman, and afterwards suspending it in the church. This instance occurred about thirty years ago."

THE DRUIDS AND THEIR TIMES.

Translated from the Notes to Oberon, Uber das romantische Epos. By C. M. Wieland.

The people were, during this period, in a state of the most abject vassalage; two classes alone possessing all rank and dignity, and for the most part all the riches of the country. These were the Druids and the warriors. The former composed an order consisting of three classes, Druids, Prophets, and Bards; all of whom were subject to the power of the Arch-Druid. To this order appertained the knowledge of all the sciences which were then un-

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derstood. The Druids were the expounders of religious mysteries, the framers of laws, the pronouncers of judgments, and the arbitrators of rewards or punishments. The immunity which they enjoyed from war, allured many young men to enrol themselves in this order. Their education was a poetical one, for it was necessary to learn by rote several thousand verses, in which all the knowledge then extant was contained.

Kings were the servants of the Druids; and could not, without their sanction, declare war or conclude peace; nor even assemble a council. In reality, the Druids possessed the kingly power, and those who bore the name of royalty, were the mere agents who executed their commands. The first had all the authority; the latter only the odium, which attached itself to the office of the sovereign. In matters of little importance, they yielded to the monarch a trifling pre-eminence. He was permitted to wear seven different colours in his cloak, while they were modestly content with six. But even in things of imaginary importance, the Druids took care, that while they conceded but little to their king, no one should be nearly equal to them in dignity. Persons of the highest rank were only allowed to wear four colours, and the inferior grades proportionally fewer. The Druids wore long garments reaching to their heels; all others had them so short that they scarcely covered the knees. Their hair was kept short, the rest of the nation wore theirs long; while they suffered their beard to grow, others were obliged to submit their chins to the knife. They carried in their hand a white staff, called "*Slatan drui eachd,*" or magic wand, and hung around their necks an amulet in the form of an egg, set in gold. The object of these distinctions appears to have been, that no one might fail to recognise a Druid at the first glance, and pay him the respect which his office was supposed to demand.

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

The Chase.

..... "It is past eleven," answered Lieutenant ———, as he descended the companion way, after giving some orders on deck; "a regular gale this, by Jupiter; but we are spinning away ten knots, off and on."

I stirred the fire in the cabouse, which threw a flickering light around the cabin,—now revealing the half-concealed face of a sick or sleeping passenger in the larboard tier of berths, then sinking as suddenly into gloom. The Lieutenant, Major F——, and myself, barring the boy, were the only souls astir aft below hatches. We were soon engaged in the agreeable discussion of grog and small talk. Nothing interrupted our conversation. The heavy lashing and rush of the weltering sea on the quarters—the groaning and straining of the vessel—the regular strokes of the engines which boomed indistinctly yet surely on the ear, were alike unattended to. Impelled by that mighty power, we almost bid defiance to wind and weather. As the glass circulated, the Lieutenant amused us in his own dry way with some early recollections of service; and knowing that the Major had been quartered in the Emerald Isle in "Ninety-eight," I pressed him to give us some memento of that eventful period. "Come F——, spin us a yarn, as our topmen used to say round the galley-fire, during the night-watch," added the Lieutenant.

"Now you mention ninety-eight," he replied, "I remember a 'beautiful bit of a story,' as Pat would say, which occurred that autumn; its hero was a brother officer, a particular friend of mine—it may serve to keep you awake."

Here it is:

Lieutenant Smyth had entered the army only a few months, when his regiment was suddenly ordered to march from very pleasant quarters in Devonshire to the north-west of Ireland. The change at any time would have been unpleasant, but the service they were entering upon was particularly irksome and jarring to the feelings. Grumbling, in a military man, is, however, downright folly, and they soon made themselves tolerably at home in their new quarters. It is needless to dwell upon the disturbed and distracted state of the country, or on the military movements of the time. After the regiment had been quartered at the town of —— for some months, Smyth obtained a week's leave of absence from the commanding officer, having received a pressing invitation to visit a gentleman's family, to whom he had letters of introduction, and who resided more than twenty miles from ——. This town bordered on a very wild, hilly moorland track of country, then, and perhaps now, the refuge of numerous bands of smugglers, and then also a hiding-place for a number of unfortunate people with arms in their hands. The road—if such it could be called—to his friend's house ran principally along the borders of this territory, though it sometimes diverged into it for several miles. However, matters had been tolerably quiet in the immediate district about —— for some time, and he resolved to go, especially as there was capital sporting at L——. It is unimportant to enter into a narration of all his sporting feats—how many birds he bagged, or how many salmon he caught, or *ought* to have caught, had it not been for some "untoward" occurrence, specifying the exact weight of the missing fish to an ounce—as fishermen ge-

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nerally do. On the fourth afternoon after his arrival, a letter was put into his hands, (just as the cloth was drawn, and the party were going to discuss the superlative merits of some genuine *poteen*,) which the servant said had been brought by a man, who waited in the hall. It was from Colonel ——, and briefly stated that peremptory orders had just been received from head-quarters, that all officers absent on leave should instantly return to duty. This was a disagreeable piece of intelligence, particularly at that hour, but *necessitas non habet legem*, as Dr. Birch used to tell our hero at school—the orders were imperative. Long and loud were the laments and remonstrances of the party, we are assured. After ordering Dart to be saddled, the Lieutenant stepped into the hall to have a moment's survey of the bearer of the letter, who the Colonel informed him in a postcript was a man well acquainted with the country, and would safely guide him back to ——. He found a tall, lumbering sort of fellow, one of the "finest pisantry in the world," whose appearance was not much in his favour. He started on seeing Smyth, who fancied that he discovered something deeper in the glance of his eye than his bogtrotting bearing first betokened. But it was only transitory; the fellow had a straight-forward story to tell, and of course Colonel —— would send a trustworthy messenger. Dart was soon ready at the door, and away they marched on their journey to ——. Five and twenty miles across a country—and such a country on an autumn night, was not a very cheering prospect. The guide did not belie his active appearance, but though Symth repeatedly endeavoured to keep up a conversation, he seemed to shrink from inquiry, and went doggedly on his way, returning at last merely monosyllabic replies when addressed.

It was an autumnal evening;—the sky looked wild and stormy, though the air was densely still, and save when a momentary breeze swept by, as the night was setting in, a general hush prevailed. A general character of intense loneliness pervaded the district they were traversing. Now and then a mountain stream would flash along the bosom of a valley and relieve the mind of the traveller; but rocks and mountains, heaths and dreary wilds succeeded with unwearying sameness. Time was creeping on. After passing over this wild, irregular district they at last entered into a dark valley, which seemed of some extent. The Lieutenant thought that he had been certainly led a very different route to his friend's house, from that which his guide was now leading him, and as the gloom was increasing, he seriously expostulated with the man on the subject. He replied that five miles were saved by cutting across the moors, on which they would enter after clearing the valley. A shade of suspicion now crossed over the Lieutenant's mind. There was something remarkable in the man's silence, and he resolved when they entered on the moors to put spurs to his horse and leave the rest to fate. The road which had been on the ascent for some time, now became exceedingly bad, and indeed almost impassable. Large masses of rock were scattered over the path, and deep hollow chasms, the effect of the violent storms which descend in these wilds, were continually endangering both horse and man. At length they began to descend. The moors lay at the foot of the hill. On this side, however, the road became worse and worse, and the night darker, so that although Dart had hitherto avoided danger with the remarkable sagacity which horses possess in such cases, his rider was obliged to descend, and lead the way himself. The Lieutenant had not gone far before he was suddenly felled to the ground by a blow aimed from behind. The violence of the shock fell principally on his shoulders, though there was no doubt his assailant had intended it for his head. He was a powerful and active young man, and a desperate struggle commenced between them. They continued for several minutes in this death-wrestle, during which time they had imperceptibly drawn close to the edge of a tremendous precipice which bounded the road. Smyth already heard just below them the wild screaming of some ravens, who had been disturbed by the encounter; when he made a desperate effort on the very brink of the precipice—tore from his assailant's murderous grasp—and in another instant there was a void before him; a wild shriek of despair arose in the night blast, as the wretch bounded from crag to crag—and then there was a death-like stillness.

Smyth paused not to reflect. Dart was no where visible. He, therefore, descended as fast as possible, and after one or two falls occasioned by his impatience and the darkness of the night, at last entered on what appeared to be a vast moor. In a short time the moon rose. Two immense parallel masses of dense clouds stretched across the entire horizon; the upper limb of the planet, of a deep crimson, was alone visible betwixt them, and shed a sombre light over the waste. He thought he had seldom seen any thing so impressive; combined with the low moaning of the night-breeze, which rose and sank at intervals, with a wild and wailing murmur. The light was so indistinct that he could discover nothing of his horse, and in the lawless state of the country no time was to be lost in getting to a place of safety. But, the direction?

After wandering on for several miles, he at last struck on a path, and following it a short way, his attention was attracted to a glow of light, which rose just before him, on what appeared to be the surface of the moor.

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He cautiously advanced several steps, and perceived that the light rose near the edge of a declivity, and the noise of human voices was now distinctly apparent. Little doubt could exist that it was a haunt either of smugglers or insurgents, with the description of some of which the situation accurately corresponded. It would have been more prudent to have instantly retreated; but the organ of inquisitiveness was, we presume, very fully developed in Smyth; he stepped forward a little to have a better survey of the locale, when the ground or rather turf roof of a sort of outhouse, suddenly gave way under him, and he gently descended among some hay, with which the place was nearly filled. It may be supposed his curiosity received a sudden check by this adventure. An imperfectly constructed partition divided him from the party whose voices he had heard aloft. You might have heard his heart beat for two or three minutes, as it was very probable that the noise of his fall would have disturbed the inmates—but the conversation went on in the same monotonous tone.

"Och, Brine Morrice, *avic*, sure an that thief o' the worl', Will Guire, hasn't been after letten' the soger-officer com' over him?"

"Bad luck to him, Misthress Burke, *agra*, in troth I was jist awond'ring what keeps Tom Daly and the b'ys out—and them were to have had the red-coat these three hours agone!"

"Hisht jewel, I heard a noise—och, *musha*, its the b'ys sure enough—and the ——— Saxon with 'em, I'll be bail!"

At this moment several men arrived in front of the edifice, and, to the horror of Smyth proceeded first to the outhouse: the door was banged open, and after muttering something, a heavy substance was thrown in and the door again pulled to. Presently they entered the kitchen, and Smyth's heart beat high when his own name was mentioned. In the confusion of voices, he could not make out much of their brogue, but it appeared that the messenger sent by Colonel —— had been waylaid, and the fellow that attempted his life was sent in his stead: this party had arranged to meet him at a certain place, on his return, but after waiting three hours, apprehending treachery, they came away. He could make out little else, except a volley of outlandish oaths at their unsuccessful trip. It appeared evident from this that the temptation of plunder had induced the guide to make the attack beforehand.

Every moment, however, that Smyth lingered in this den lessened his chance of escape. Immediately above him hung a piece of rope, and after a violent effort, he succeeded in getting his head once more into the fresh air; but just as he clambered out upon the turf, the noise aroused the dogs in the kitchen, and their furious barking, accompanied by a great stir amongst the men, gave wings to Smyth's feet, and he plunged forward at random again into the waste. At that moment the moon fell full upon his path, though dense masses of clouds were sailing across the sky. He soon found they had struck on his track, and already the yelling of dogs and men boomed distinctly on his ears. By that instinct with which men are often gifted in such cases, the footsteps of his pursuers already trod, as it were, upon his heart. The voices of the bloodhounds which were considerably in advance of the men, had an awful effect in the stillness of the night. His strength now began to give way—his heart beat thicker—he almost grew desperate, and more than once resolved to make a stand, and sell his life dearly. From the rapidity of the chase, a considerable distance had been traversed, and the sky which had long been threatening, now began to exhibit warnings of a storm. The moon was obscured by a vast gathering of clouds, and the deep stillness which had prevailed in the earlier part of the evening was succeeded by violent gusts of wind and large pattering drops. It was a dreary moment. The dogs were fast drawing on their victim, and nothing but despair and death stared him in the face. The ground now began to get irregular and varied, and a hope arose in his heart that he was getting on the verge of the moors. Still he was entirely ignorant as to the direction. The clouds then burst with a violence which their threatening aspect had long foretold, and in an instant Smyth was drenched to the skin; the ground became slippery, and the footing was precarious. Still he burst wildly onwards; he fancied he heard the noise of running water—he redoubled his now slackening speed, and in another instant came to the banks of what appeared a small river. He dashed into the rapid stream, and instead of crossing ran up the opposite side in the shallow part, knowing that the dogs would thus be thrown off the scent. He had not advanced far before they arrived at the brink he had left, and by their increased yelling, showed that they were at fault. He sustained many a severe and dangerous fall amongst the slippery stones in the river; but hope had sprung up in his heart, and it was not without a fervent prayer that he heard the shouts and yells of his pursuers wax fainter and fainter. In about half an hour he reached a small lake or *tarn*, as it is called in the north, which appeared to be the source of the stream. Here he had breathing time; but he was chilled with wet, and altogether in a dismal condition. He more than once thought he heard the voices of men and dogs in the blast; but their search was in vain, for about daybreak he reached a place of safety more dead than alive.

Here the loud snoring of Lieutenant ——, put an end to the narration.

VYVYAN.

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STUPENDOUS BRIDGE IN SPAIN.

Bridges are amongst the noblest, if not the most ancient, triumphs of human art. Many of the specimens of former ages are admired for their massive solidity, as well as for the beauty of their architectural decoration. The present bridge, a fabric of the last century, has neither of these attractions, though it is constructed upon the best principle of modern bridge-building—that of having one single arch. Péronnet and De Chezi, two celebrated engineers, who are regarded as the founders of a new school of bridge architecture in France, made it their study to render the piers as light, and the arches as extended and lofty as possible; and the above bridge is a handsome structure of this class. It has been objected that the modern French bridges have not that character of strength and solidity which the ancient bridges possessed, and that in the latter, the eye is generally less astonished, but the mind more satisfied, than in the former. To these objections the Spanish bridge is by no means liable, as we shall proceed to show from its details.

The present bridge extends across the river, Guadiaro, in the South of Spain, and connects the romantic city of Ronda with its suburbs. The situation of the city, encircled by Guadiaro, is described by Mr. Jacob,* as follows:—

"It is placed on a rock, with cliffs, either perpendicular and abrupt towards the river, or with broken craggs, whose jutting prominences, having a little soil, have been planted with orange and fig trees. A fissure in this rock, of great depth, surrounds the city on three sides, and at the bottom of the fissure the river rushes along with impetuous rapidity. Two bridges are constructed over the fissure; the first is a single arch, resting on the rocks on the two sides, the height of which from the water is one hundred and twenty feet. The river descends from this to the second bridge, whilst the rocks on each side as rapidly increase in height; so that from this second bridge to the water, there is the astonishing height of two hundred and eighty feet. The highest tower in Spain, the Giralda, in Seville, or the Monument, near London Bridge, if they were placed on the water, might stand under this stupendous arch, without their tops reaching to it."

"The mode of constructing this bridge is no less surprising than the situation in which it is placed, and its extraordinary elevation; it is a single arch of one hundred and ten feet in diameter; it is supported by solid pillars of masonry, built from the bottom of the river, about fifteen feet in thickness, which are fixed into the solid rock on both sides, and on which the ends of the arch rest; other pillars are built to support these principal ones, which are connected with them by other small arches. But as it is difficult to describe such an edifice, I must refer to the sketch I have made of it." *(See the Cut.)*

"A bridge was built on this spot in 1735, but the key-stone not having been properly secured, it fell down in 1741, by which fifty persons were killed. The present bridge was finished in 1774, by Don Joseph Martin Aldeheula, a celebrated architect of Malaga; and appears so well constructed as to bid defiance almost to time itself."

"It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it: from below it appears suspended in the air; and when upon the bridge, the river beneath appears no longer a mighty torrent, but resembles a rippling brook. When standing on the bridge, the optical delusion is very singular: the torrent of water appears to run up a hill towards the bridge, and the same phenomenon takes place when viewed in either direction."

* Travels in the South of Spain. By William Jacob, Esq., M.P., F.R.S. 4to., 1811.

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"One of the streets of the city is built almost close to the edge of the precipice, and stairs are hewn out of the solid rock, which lead to nooks in the lower precipices, in which, though there is very little soil, gardens have been formed, where fig and orange trees grow with considerable luxuriance, and greatly contribute to the beauty of the scenery. From the situation of Ronda on the top of a rock, water is scarce, and stairs are constructed down to the river, by which means the inhabitants are supplied. We descended by one flight of three hundred and fifty steps, and at the bottom found a fine spring, in a large cave, which, after turning a mill at its source, contributes to increase the waters of the Guadiaro. From this spot, our view of the lofty bridge was most striking and impressive, and the houses and churches of the city, impending over our heads on both banks, had a most sublime effect. Beyond the bridge, the river takes a turn to the right, and passes under the Alameyda, from which, the precipice of five hundred feet is very bold and abrupt, though interspersed with jutting prominences, covered with shrubs and trees".

Fine Arts.

STATUE OF MR. CANNING.

This colossal bronze statue to the memory of George Canning, has lately been placed in Old Palace Yard, Westminster; the cost being defrayed by public subscription. The artist is Mr. Westmacott. The figure is to be admired for its simplicity, though, altogether, it has more stateliness than natural ease. The likeness is strikingly accurate, and bears all the intellectual grandeur of the orator. Some objection may be taken to the disposal of the robes, and the arrangement of the toga is in somewhat too theatrical a style. We should, at the same time recollect, that the representation of a British senator in the costume of a Roman is almost equally objectionable. It would surely be more consistent that statues should be in the costume of the period and of the country in which the person lived. We know this will be opposed on the score of classic taste, which, in this instance, it seems difficult to reconcile with common sense.

The statue is placed on a granite pedestal, and stands within a railed enclosure, planted with trees and shrubs, and adjoining the footway of Palace Yard. The bronze appears to have been tinted with the view of obtaining the green rust which is so desirable on statues. The effect is not, however, so good as could be wished: the green colour being too light, and at some distance not sufficiently perceptible from the foliage of the trees which rise around the figure.

The situation of the statue has been judiciously chosen, being but a short distance from the senate wherein Canning built up his earthly fame. The association is unavoidable; and scores of patriotic men who pass by this national tribute to splendid talent may feel its inspiring influence. Still, rather than speculate upon Mr. Canning's political career, we quote Lord Byron's manly eulogium on the illustrious dead: "Canning," said Byron, in his usual energetic manner, "is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, and a statesman." Again,

Yet something may remain, perchance, to chime
With reason, and what's stranger still, with rhyme;
Even this thy genius, CANNING! may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never, even in that dull house, could'st tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame;
Our last, our best, our only Orator,
Ev'n I can praise thee.

It may be interesting to observe that the colour so much admired on bronze statues is fine dark green from the oxide formed upon the metal, which, being placed without doors, is more liable to be corroded by water holding in solution the principles of the atmosphere; "and the rust and corrosion, which are made poetically, qualities of time, depend upon the oxydating powers of water, which, by supplying oxygen in a dissolved or condensed state enable the metal to form new combinations." —*Sir H. Davy.*

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The Public Journals.

RHYMING RUMINATIONS ON OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

Oh! ancient London Bridge,
And art thou done for?
To walk across thee were a privilege
That some unborn enthusiasts would run for.
I have crossed o'er thee many and many a time,
And hold my head the higher for having done it;
Considering it a prime
And rare adventure—worthy of a sonnet
Or little flight in rhyme,
A monody, an elegy, or ode,
Or whatsoever name may be bestowed
On this wild rhapsody of lawless chime—
When I have done it.

How many busy hands, and heads, and hearts—
What quantities of great and little people
As thick as shot;
Some of considerable pride and parts,
And high in their own eyes as any steeple,
Though now forgot!
How many dogs, and sheep, and pigs, and cattle,
How many trays of hot-cross buns and tarts,
How many soldiers ready armed for battle,
How many cabs, and coaches, drags, and carts,
Bearing the produce of a thousand marts,
How many monarchs poor, and beggars proud,
Bishops too humble to be contumacious;
How many a patriot—many a watchman loud—
Lawyers too honest, ay, and thieves too gracious:
In short, how great a number
Of busy men—
As well as thousand loads of human lumber
Have past, old fabric, o'er thee!
How can I then
But heartily deplore thee!

Milton himself thy path has walked along,
That noble, bold, and glorious politician,
That mighty prince of everlasting song!
That bard of heaven, earth, chaos, and perdition!
Poor hapless Spenser, too, that sweet musician
Of fiery land,
Has crossed thee, mourning o'er his sad condition,
And leaning upon sorrow's outstretched hand.
Oft, haply, has great Newton o'er thee stalked
So much entranced,
He knew not haply if he ran or walked,
Hopped, waddled, leaped, or danced.

Along thee, too, Johnson has sideways staggered,
With the old wolf inside of him unfed;
And Savage roamed, with visage lean and haggard,
Longing for bread.
And next in note,
Dear worthy Goldsmith with his gaudy coat,
Unheeded by the undiscerning folks;
There Garrick too has sped,
And, light of heart, he cracked his playful jokes—
Yet though he walked, on Foote he cracked them not;
And Steele, and Fielding, Butler, Swift, and Pope—
Who filled the world with laughter, joy, and hope;
And thousands, that throw sunshine on our lot,
And, though they die, can never be forgot.

These comets of their day
Have passed away,
Their dust is now to kindred dust consigned;
Down at death's knees e'en they were forced to bow,
Yet each has left an honour'd name behind—
And so, old bridge, hast thou;
Thou hast outlasted many a generation;
And well nigh to the last looked well and hearty;
Thou hast seen much of civil perturbation,
And hast supported many a different party.
Yet think not I deride:
Many great characters of modern days,
(The worthy vicars of convenient Brays)
Have thought it no disgrace to change their side.

And yet now many a luckless boat,
How many a thoughtless, many a jovial crew,
How many a young apprentice of no note;
How many a maiden fair and lover true—
Have passed down thy Charybdis of a throat,
And gone, Oh! dreadful Davy Jones, to you!
The coroner for Southwark, or the City,
Calling a jury with due form and fuss,
To find a verdict, amidst signs of pity,
In phrase poetic—thus:—
"Found
Drown'd!"

Monthly Magazine.

TRUE STORIES OF MAGIC IN THE EAST.

By Charles Macfarlane, Esq.

When that enterprising, intelligent, and inquisitive traveller, Mr. R——— was travelling in Egypt some few years ago, his curiosity was excited by the extraordinary stories current about magic and magicians, and by degrees, despite of a proper Christian education, he became enamoured of the secret sciences. He even made some advances in them, under proper masters, and would have made more, had he not met an Italian who was supposed to be a proficient in the learning of Egypt. But this worthy bade him look at his worn body, his haggard, harrowed countenance, and awfully warned him, as he valued quiet days, and slumbering nights, to shun the dangerous pursuits in which he had engaged. Mr. R—— took his advice, and thought little more of the matter, until some time after when he was staying with his friend Mr. S—— at the ——. consulate at Alexandria. Mr. S—— almost as intelligent a gentleman as Mr. R——, had lost some silver spoons, and it was determined perhaps to frighten the servants of the house into confession, or perhaps, (and what is just as likely,) for a frolic and the indulgence of Mr. R——'s well known curiosity, to summon a conjuror, or wise man. There happened to be a famous magician, lately arrived from distant parts of Africa, then at hand, and he came at their call. This man asked for nothing but an innocent boy under ten years of age, a virgin, or a woman quick with child. The first of the three was the easiest to be procured, and a boy was brought in from a neighbouring house, who knew nothing at all of the robbery; in case his age should not be guarantee sufficient, a sort of charm was wrought, which proved to the professor's satisfaction that he was free from sin. The magician then recited divers incantations, drew a circle on the floor, and placed the boy, who was rather frightened, in the middle of the circle. Other incantations were then muttered. The next thing the magician did, was to pour a dark liquid, like ink, into the hollow of the boy's hand; he then burned something which produced a smoke like incense, but bluer and thicker, and then he desired the boy to look into the palm of his hand, and to tell him what he saw. The boy did as he was bid, but said he saw nothing. The magician bade him look again; this second time the boy started back in terror,

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and said he saw in the palm of his hand a man with a bundle. "Look again," said the magician, "and tell me what there is in the bundle."

"I cannot see," said the boy, renewing the investigation, "but stop," he added after a moment, "there's a hole in the handkerchief, and I see the ends of some silver spoons peeping out!"

"Look again—look again, and tell me what you see."

"He is running away between my fingers!" replied the boy.

"Before he goes describe his dress, person, and countenance."

The boy looked again into his hand.

"Ay, tell us how he is dressed," cried Mr. S——, who had become more than half serious, and anxious to know who had purloined his spoons.

The boy turned his head immediately and said,

"He is gone!"

"To be sure he is," said the necromancer angrily, "the Christian gentleman has destroyed the spell; tell us how he was dressed?"

"The man with a bundle had on a Frank coat and a Frank hat," said the boy unhesitatingly—and here his revelations ended.

Though much mortified at the interruption of which he had been the cause, Mr. S—— had the satisfaction to learn that his plate had not been stolen by an unbelieving Egyptian or Arab, but by a Christian and a Frank, and, with his friend Mr. R——— to enjoy the conviction, that in the singular scene they had witnessed there could be no collusion, as the innocent boy (they were certain) had never seen the necromancer until summoned to the ——— consulate to make a looking-glass of his hand.

Some recent French publication has trumped up a story about Bonaparte and the magicians, when that extraordinary man was in Egypt, and separated from the fair Josephine, who was then, though his wife, supposed to be the object of his amorous affections; and they make the conqueror—the victor of the battle of the Pyramids, turn pale, and then yellow with jealousy, at the revelations which were made to him by the wise men of Egypt. But besides the characters of Napoleon and of Josephine, I have other grounds (not necessary to explain here) for believing that the whole of this incident, is but a parody of the following well known story.

An honest Neapolitan trader who happened to be for some months on the coast of Africa, about Tunis, and in Egypt, became all at once anxious to know something of the proceedings of a buxom wife he had left behind him at the town of the Torre del Greco, not far from the city of Naples, and was persuaded one night to consult the magicians.

An innocent boy was procured, as usual, who, when the charm began to work, said he saw a woman in a blue jacket that had a great deal of gold lace upon it, in a bright yellow robe of very ample dimensions, with a necklace of coral round her neck, immense earrings to her ears, and a long silver thing, shaped like an arrow, thrust through her hair which was much bundled on the top of her head. In short he described most accurately the gala dress of the Neapolitan's *cara sposa*, and afterwards her features to the very turn of her nose. She was then kneeling by the side of a box, in which was seated a man in black, fast asleep. The Neapolitan knew this must be the confessional.

When told to look again, the scene was changed to a very large and curious house, such as the *seer* had never seen, all crowded with people, and dazzling to the eye from an immensity of gilding and wax-lights. This the Neapolitan knew must mean the theatre of San Carlo, the paradise of his countrymen, but he never could fancy his wife should be there in his absence. She was though, for presently the boy said, "And there I see the woman in the blue jacket, with a man in a red coat whispering into her ear." "The devil!" muttered the Neapolitan to himself.

"Look again! and tell me what you see now," said the magician.

"I can hardly see at all," replied the boy, looking into the palm of his hand very closely, "it is so dark; but now I see a long street, and a large building with iron gratings, and more than a dozen skulls stuck at one corner of it, and a little farther on I see a large wide gate, and beyond it a long road; and now I see the woman in the blue, and the man in the red jacket, turning down the second street to the left of the road, and now there is an old woman opening * * * "

"I will hear no more!" bawled the Neapolitan, who had heard but too correctly described the approach to the "stews" of Naples: and he struck the boy's hand with such violence against his face that it flattened his nose.

The charm was thus dissolved; but the correctness of the magician's revelation was tolerably well corroborated, when some time after the Neapolitan suddenly appeared at his home at the Torre del Greco, and learned that his wife had disappeared with a corporal of the guards.

(To be concluded in our next.)

New Books.

ECONOMY OF MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES.

THE volume lately published by Mr. Babbage, with the above title, is, without exception, one of the most practical works ever produced in this or any other country. To our minds,

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it is beyond all price, and, as illustrating the arts of life and society, it is, to use a very homely phrase, worth its weight in gold. The proposition may be a whimsical one, but we doubt whether a mass of gold, of the same dimensions as Mr. Babbage's volume, could be made to diffuse more happiness and real enjoyment than the right understanding and application of the principles illustrated in its pages. Theory and practice, proposition and proof, go hand in hand through every chapter; and all this has been done in such concise language, and with such avoidance of technical terms as to be intelligible to readers of any grade. The author is a professor of mathematics at Cambridge, but his honours are not vaunted in fine unintelligibilities: he writes of common things in a common way, and not, like Hudibras, who told the clock by algebra, or, like the lady in Dr. Young's Satires, who drank tea by stratagem. Would that all professors had written in the same vein. Then, learning would not have been so mixed up with the mysticism of the cell and the cloister, nor the evils of ignorance have so long retarded the happiness of mankind: for, "learning," observes one of the greatest moralists of his day, "once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes."

The origin of Mr. Babbage's work will best explain its practical worth. He considers it as one of the consequences that have resulted from the Calculating Machine, the construction of which he has been long superintending. Having been induced during the last ten years to visit a considerable number of workshops and factories, both in England and on the Continent, for the purpose of endeavouring to make himself acquainted with the various resources of mechanical art, he was insensibly led to apply to them those principles of generalization to which his other pursuits had naturally given rise. It should be observed, that he has not attempted to offer a complete enumeration of all the mechanical principles which regulate the application of machinery to arts and manufactures, but he has endeavoured to present to the reader those which struck him as the most important, either for understanding the action of machines, or of enabling the memory to classify and arrange the facts connected with their employment. Or, a still more lucid explanation of the object of the volume is—"to point out the effects and the advantages which arise from the use of tools and machines;—to endeavour to classify their modes of action;—and to trace both the causes and the consequences of applying machinery to supersede the skill and power of the human arm."

To dwell upon the interest of these inquiries in a manufacturing country like our own, would be a waste of time; as it would be to question their full appreciation by the, *par excellence*, useful classes. Yet, a lamentable indifference to manufacturing processes pervades wealthier persons. Mr. Babbage observes, "those who possess rank in a manufacturing country can scarcely be excused if they are entirely ignorant of principles whose developement has produced its greatness. The possessors of wealth can scarcely be indifferent to processes which nearly or remotely have been the fertile source of their possessions. Those who enjoy leisure can scarcely find a more interesting and instructive pursuit than the examination of the workshops of their own country, which contain within them a rich mine of knowledge, too generally neglected by the wealthier classes." This complaint is we fear but too well grounded; and it is to such indifference, not to say ignorance, that we must attribute the perversion of wealth from the encouragement of art and science to objects less worthy of patronage. Unhappily for all states of mankind, enjoyment too often drives from the mind of the possessor, the bare remembrance of the means of acquisition: luxury forgets the innumerable ingenuities that minister to its cravings, and wealth, once obtained, unfits the mind for future self-exertion or sympathy for others. Many an upstart voluptuary surveys the elegancies of his well-furnished mansion in comparative ignorance of the means employed for their perfection; and, as regards his stock of knowledge conducive to happiness, he is in a more "parlous state" than the poor shepherd who had not been at court. How many of the prodigals that cross in the steam-boat from Dover to Calais are acquainted with the first principles of the mighty power by which they are impelled, or have any feeling beyond vulgar wonder at its advantages! Again, what account can such persons furnish of the curious processes employed in workshops, which they have witnessed—as the manufacture of a musket at Birmingham, a razor at Sheffield, a piece of cotton at Manchester, a pair of stockings at Nottingham, a tea-cup at Worcester, a piece of ribbon at Coventry, an anchor or a ship at Portsmouth, &c. Yet these labours involve triumphs of ingenuity which once witnessed ought never to pass from the memory.

We intend to devote a future page or two to exemplars from Mr. Babbage's volume; but, as our extracts can be but solitary specimens we recommend the reader who wishes fully to appreciate its worth to purchase the work.

STATISTICAL SKETCHES OF UPPER CANADA.

This eighteenpenny pamphlet—"for the use of emigrants, by a Backwoodsman," is one of the pleasantest and most sensible little books

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of the day. It is worth all the "great big books" upon the same subject, and, strange to say, has scarcely a spice of the leaven of party wickedness in its pages. The information is in a facete but earnest vein, and we cheerfully miss in its tone the dull preachment, the cold calculation, and matter-of-fact obstinacy of a work professing to be statistical. After a just censure upon the swarm of books on emigration, and their insufficiencies, (from which we are glad to perceive Mr. Gourlay's "really valuable and statistical account" is exempt,) the writer observes:

"My endeavour in these pages shall be to give such information to emigrants, that they may not be disappointed on their arrival in Canada;—that they may know how to proceed and where to go, and not as too often happens, waste their time and their money in the great towns, making fruitless inquiries of people just as ignorant of the nature and capabilities of the country as themselves with this difference, that they are aware of their ignorance, whereas their advisers think they know something about the matter, and thereby often unintentionally mislead and deceive them. In looking over this my introduction, I find I have been most abominably egotistical;—so much so indeed, that my printer, were I to continue through the work in this strain, might have the same excuse that poor John Ballantine had for his delay in printing a learned work by the Earl of B——, viz. that he had not a sufficient number of capital I-s in his printing-office. But if the reader will overlook this fault for once, I shall try to avoid it in future."

The first chapter opens with the cause of the present distress: then comes the remedy, and a reply to the question, *Who are to go to Canada?*—

"In the first place, all who cannot comfortably support themselves by their labour at home; because let a man be ever so poor in this country, his wages as a labourer will more than support his family,—and if he be prudent and sober, he may in a short time save money enough to purchase for himself a farm,—and if he has a family, so much the better, as children are the best *stock* a farmer can possess, the labour of a child seven years old being considered worth his maintenance and education, and the wages of a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age being higher than those of a stout and skilful ploughman in most parts of Great Britain, generally from three to four dollars a month, with bed, board, and washing besides. At home they talk of 'a poor man with a large family;' but such a phrase in Canada would be a contradiction of terms; for a man here who has a large family must, under ordinary circumstances, soon cease to be a poor man. Mechanics and artizans of almost all descriptions,—millwrights, blacksmiths, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, tailors, shoemakers, tanners, millers, and all the ordinary trades that are required in an agricultural and partially ship-owning and commercial country, will do well to come to Canada.

"Of these trades, the blacksmith, tailor, shoemaker, and tanner, are the best. If there were in nature (which is doubtful) such a being as a sober blacksmith, he might make a fortune. One exception there is, however, in the case of mechanics. First-rate London workmen will not receive such high wages either positively or relatively, as they would at home,—for this reason, that there are few on this continent who either require or can afford work of the very first order, and those that do, send to London for it."

The services of a family in managing a business are thus illustrated:

"If a man has not sons capable of looking after the different branches, he must entrust the care of them to clerks and servants. But these are not to be had ready-made:—he must, therefore, take a set of unlicked cubs and teach them their business; and when that is fairly done, it is ten to one but, having become acquainted with his business and his customers, they find means to set up an opposition, and take effectually the wind out of their former patrons sails. Where, however, a man has a large family of sons, he can wield a large capital in business, and to very good purpose too."

A man of fortune ought not to come to Canada. It is emphatically "the poor man's country;" but it would be difficult to make it the country of the rich. It is a good country for the poor man to acquire a living in, or for a man of small fortune to economize and provide for his family.

Infant emigration, or the sending out of parish children, of from 6 to 12 years of age with a qualified superintendant, is a favourite idea of the writer. He objects to bringing out adult parish paupers from the chance of getting only the drunken, the vicious, and the idle as emigrants, though "there is one security, however, that we must always have against such a contingency, namely, that the rapscallionly part of the community, knowing that, if they remain in England, the parish must maintain them, and that if they go to Canada they must work for their living, may not be easily induced to quit their present advantageous position."

Chapter II. details preparations for emigration. Carrying heavy lumbering wooden furniture to the woods of Upper Canada is as "coals to Newcastle." The black walnut makes handsomer furniture than mahogany, and does not so easily stain, a property which saves much scrubbing and not a little scolding in families. In clothes, boots and shoes are most useful, for Canadian leather resembles *kide*, and one pair of English shoes will

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easily last out three American. In Canada, a sovereign generally fetches 23*s.* or 24*s.* currency, that is 5*s.* to the dollar;—1*s.* sterling, passes for 1*s.* 2*d.* currency, so that either description of bullion gives a good remittance: "one great objection, however, to bringing out money, is the liability there is of losing, or being robbed of it." Live stock is much wanted: "dogs would be very valuable if trained to bring home the cattle, which often stray into the woods; with careless settlers, indeed, one half of the day is often spent in hunting up, and driving home the oxen." The water of the St. Lawrence is, it appears, more deleterious than our Thames: "when you arrive in the St. Lawrence, having been on shortish allowance of water, you will be for swallowing the river water by the bucket full. Now, if you have any bowels of compassion for your intestinal canal, you will abstain from so doing;—for to people not accustomed to it, the lime that forms a considerable constituent part of the water of this country, acts pretty much in the same manner as would a solution of Glauber's salts, and often generates dysentery and diarrhœa; and though I have an unbounded veneration for the principles of the Temperance societies, I would, with all deference, recommend, that the pure fluid be drank in very small quantities at first, and even these tempered with the most impalpable infusion possible of Jamaica or Cognac."

Chapter III.—*What is to be done on landing at Quebec?* If you are a rich man, see sights; if you have not money to throw away, do not stay one hour in Quebec, or in any other town, longer than you can possibly avoid, "but get your luggage on board the Montreal steam-boat, and be off if possible in ten minutes after anchor has been let go;—for by daudling about Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, and York, you will spend more money and lose more time, than, if properly employed, might have lodged and fed yourself and family during the first and worst year of your residence in the new world." In the choice of land, the writer recommends the Huron tract:—"It has been objected by some, that this tract of country is *out of the world;* but no place can be considered in that light, to which a steam-boat can come; and on this continent, if you find a tract of good land, and open it for sale, the world will very soon come to you. Sixteen years ago, the town of Rochester consisted of a tavern and a blacksmith's shop—it is now a town containing upwards of 16,000 inhabitants. The first time the Huron tract was ever trod by the foot of a white man was in the summer of 1827; next summer a road was commenced, and that winter and in the ensuing spring of 1829, a few individuals made a lodgment; now it contains upwards of 600 inhabitants, with taverns, shops, stores, grist and saw-mills, and every kind of convenience that a new settler can require; and if the tide of emigration continues to set in as strongly as it has done, in ten years from this date it may be as thickly settled as any part of America."

Chapter IV.—*Climate of Upper Canada* is clever, and of popular interest.

Chapter V. is devoted to *Field Sports in Canada*, and explains the choice of dogs and guns, and the varieties of game. It notices the remarkable fact—that, notwithstanding 15,000 English agricultural labourers have arrived in Canada within the last three years, they no more think of shooting than if they were cockneys, and York, on the banks of a lake, and surrounded by a forest, is positively without anything like a regular supply of fish or game; yet it may be supposed that every twentieth of these men, when at home, was a poacher, or had in his days infringed on the game laws: "would a total repeal of the game laws produce anything of a similar effect at home?"

Chapter V. relates to *Travelling and Communications*, with a few cookery receipts of a London tavern, as frying beef-steak in butter; boiling green peas till they burst, and serving them in a wash-hand basin; pickling cucumbers, the size of a man's foot, with whiskey, and giving them a "bilious, Calcutta-looking complexion, and slobbery, slimy consistence: but," says the writer, "how poultry is dressed, so as to deprive it of all taste and flavour, and give it much the appearance of an Egyptian mummy, I am not sufficiently skilled in Transatlantic cookery to determine; unless it be, by first boiling it to rags and then baking it to a chip in an oven."

Chapter VI. relates to the *Soil;* in which are the following particulars of Long Point:

"This country owes its settlement solely to the persevering industry of my worthy and excellent friend, Colonel Talbot. Forty years ago, while exploring the about-to-be province, on the staff of its governor, General Simcoe, he was struck with the beauty and fertility of this tract; and afterwards observing that, from the improvident grants of the colonial government to friends and favourites, this fertile country, if left in their hands, would continue for ages a howling wilderness, he procured from the authorities at home an exclusive power of settling it. For this purpose he set himself down in the very midst of the territory, without another human habitation within fifty miles of him, and commenced his arduous undertaking by cutting out roads, amidst much head-shaking from the sage, and sneering from the ignorant. He however never was a man who held as a part of his creed the wise aphorism, so often quoted in the present day, '*Vox populi vox Dei;*' but held steadily on in the teeth of opposi-

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tion, vexation, and disappointment, until after about fifteen years of unremitting labour and privation, it became so notorious in the province, that even the executive government at York became aware that there was such a place in existence as the Talbot settlement, where roads were cut, and farms in progress:—and hereupon they rejoiced,—for it held out to them just what they had long felt the want of,—a well-settled, opened, and cultivated country, wherein to obtain estates for themselves, their children, born and unborn, and their whole kith, kin, and allies. When this idea, so creditable to the paternal feelings of these worthy gentlemen was intimated to the Colonel, he could not be brought to see the fitness of things in an arrangement which would confer on the next generation, or the next again, the fruits of the labour of the present; and accordingly, though his answer to the proposal was not couched in terms quite so diplomatic as might have been wished, it was brief, soldier-like, and not easily capable of misconstruction;—it was in these words, 'I'll be ——— if you get one foot of land here;' and thereupon the parties joined issue. On this, war was declared against him by his Excellency in Council, and every means were used to annoy him here, and misrepresent his proceedings at home; but he stood firm, and by an occasional visit to the Colonial Office in England, he opened the eyes of ministers to the proceedings of both parties, and for awhile averted the danger. At length, some five years ago, finding the enemy was getting too strong for him, he repaired once more to England, and returned in triumph with an order from the Colonial Office, that nobody was in any way to interfere with his proceedings; and he has now the pleasure of contemplating some hundreds of miles of the best roads in the province, closely settled on each side by the most prosperous farmers within its bounds, who owe all they possess to his judgment, enthusiasm, and perseverance, and who are grateful to him in proportion to the benefits he has bestowed upon them, though in many instances much against their will at the time. I spent a fortnight with him some eighteen months ago; and certainly one of his levees with his settlers would, if as well reported, be quite as amusing as one of those Mornings at Bow Street—that about the time I left London were styled, by some wag, the leading articles of the Morning Herald."

Chapter VII. describes the operation of the *Lumber Trade*, which has been carried on as follows:

"A person, possessed of little or no capital and inflated with the spirit of speculation, hires a number of hands, and purchases a quantity of provisions (on credit), and betakes himself to the woods. His terms with his men are to feed them, supply them with what necessaries they may require, and pay them when he sells his raft."

Chapter VIII. enumerates the *Religious Sects*, and Chapter IX. consists of *Odds and Ends*. From the latter we quote:

"Very erroneous notions are current in England with regard to the taxation of the United States. The truth is, that though America is lightly taxed in comparison with England, it is by no means to be considered so when compared to most of the continental nations. The account usually rendered of American taxation is fallacious. It is stated, that something under six millions sterling, or about 10*s.* per head on an average, pays the whole army, navy, civil list, and interest of debt of the United States, while we require fifty millions, or nearly 2*l.* 10*s.* each, for the same purpose. But the fact is, that that sum is only about half what the Americans pay in reality; for each individual state has its own civil list, and all the machinery of a government to support; and insignificant as the expenses of that government appear in detail, yet the aggregate is of very serious importance. For instance, there are five times as many judges in the state of New York alone as in Great Britain and Ireland; and though each individual of these were to receive no more than we would pay a macer of the court, yet when there comes to be two or three hundred of them, it becomes a serious matter; nor does it make any difference, in fact whether they are paid out of the exchequer of the state, or by the fees of the suitors in their courts; they are equally paid by a tax on the people in either case. Although the necessaries of life are cheap in America, and equally cheap in Canada, the luxuries of life are higher by several hundred per cent in the one country than the other. Thus, wine in the United States is so highly taxed, that in a tavern at New York you pay more for a bottle of Madeira than in one at London, viz. five dollars,—and fifteen shillings for port."

The Gatherer.

LACONICS.

(From the fourth edition of the work of that title.)

The southern wits are like cucumbers, which are commonly all good in their kind; but at best are an insipid fruit: while the northern geniuses are like melons, of which not one in fifty is good; but when it is so, it is an exquisite relish.—*Berkeley.*

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.—*Cowley.*

Fear sometimes adds wings to the heels, and sometimes nails them to the ground, and fetters them from moving.—*Montaigne.*

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When I reflect, as I frequently do, upon the felicity I have enjoyed, I sometimes say to myself, that, were the offer made true, I would engage to run again, from beginning to end, the same career of life. All I would ask, should be the privilege of an author, to correct in a second edition, certain errors of the first.—*Franklin's Life.*

I do not call him a poet that writes for his own diversion, any more than that gentleman a fiddler who amuses himself with a violin.—*Swift.*

Pleasure of meat, drink, clothes, &c., are forbidden those that know not how to use them; just as nurses cry pah! when they see a knife in a child's hand; they will never say any thing to a man.—*Selden.*

There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well: so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men.—*Lord Bacon.*

A poet hurts himself by writing prose; as a race-horse hurts his motions by condescending to draw in a team.—*Shenstone.*

I cannot imagine why we should be at the expense to furnish wit for succeeding ages, when the former have made no sort of provision for ours.—*Swift.*

Reserve is no more essentially connected with understanding, than a church organ with devotion, or wine with good nature.—*Shenstone.*

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.—*Zimmerman.*

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders generally discover every body's face but their own;—which is the chief reason for that kind of reception it meets in the world, and that so very few are offended with it.—*Swift.*

Fools are very often united in the strictest intimacies, as the lighter kinds of woods are the most closely glued together.—*Shenstone.*

Old sciences are unravelled like old stockings, by beginning at the foot.—*Swift.*

If parliament were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as sporting on manors, and pass an act for the preservation of fame, there are many would thank them for the bill.—*Sheridan.*

It is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge.—*Swift.*

Exile is no evil: mathematicians tell us that the whole earth is but a point compared to the heavens. To change one's country then is little more than to remove from one street to another. Man is not a plant, rooted to a certain spot of earth: all soils and all climates are suited to him alike.—*Plutarch.*

Early Rising.—The celebrated John Wesley, who became by habit an early riser, says, "That the difference between rising at five and seven in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed every night at the same hour, is equivalent to an addition of ten years to his life."

Coronation Expenses of their present Majesties, William and Adelaide.

	£.	s.	d.
In the several departments of their Majesties household	22,234	10	3
By the Officers of Arms, for the King's Heralds and Pursuviants	1,478	3	9
In the Office of Works, for fitting up the Abbey, &c.	12,085	14	5
In the Mint, for Coronation Medals	4,326	4	6
The amount expended for Fireworks, and for keeping open the Public Theatres on the night of the Coronation	3,034	18	7
Total	£43,159	11	6

The Coronation of his late Majesty, George the Fourth, amounted to more than £268,000.

Narrow Escape. — Andrea Boscoli, the Italian painter, studied after nature; and in his travels he drew sketches of any particular objects that struck him. While pursuing this practice at Loretto, with regard to the fortifications of the city, he was seized by the officers of justice, and condemned to be hanged; but he happily escaped, within a few hours of execution, by the interposition of Signor Bandini, who explained to the chief magistrate his innocent intention.

P. T. W.

Women alias *Angels.*—Acidalius, the eminent grammarian and critic, whom Baillet reckons among his *Enfans celebres*, printed a small tract in 1595, intitled *Mulieres non esse homines*, or that "Women were not of the human species," which was falsely ascribed to him. He only accidently found the manuscript and printed it. It is said, that in order to appease the wrath of some ladies, who reproached him as the author, he declared his opinion, that the author was a judicious person, the ladies being certainly more of the species of angels than of men.

P. T. W.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 558.] SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1832. PRICE 2d.

NEW CHURCH OF ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST, FLEET STREET.

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THE NEW CHURCH OF ST. DUNSTAN IN THE WEST.

In our fourteenth volume we took a farewell glance of the old church of St. Dunstan, and adverted to the proposed new structure. Little did we then expect that within three years the removal of the old church would be effected, and a fabric of greatly surpassing beauty raised in its place. All this has been accomplished by the unanimity of the parishioners of St. Dunstan, unaided by any public grant, and assisted only by their own right spirit, integrity, and well-directed taste. The erection of this Church, as the annexed Engraving shows, is not to be considered merely as a parochial, but as a public, benefit, and must be ranked among the most important of our metropolitan improvements. The different situation of the new and the old churches will occasion an addition of 30 feet to the width of the opposite street, and it will be perceived by the Engraving,* that improvements are contemplated in the houses adjoining the church, so as to give an *unique* architectural character to this portion of the line of Fleet-street.

The church has been built from the designs and under the superintendance of John Shaw, Esq., F. R. and A. S. the architect of Christ's Hospital. The tower is of the Kelton stone, a very superior kind of freestone, of beautiful colour, from the county of Rutland. Of this material King's College Chapel, Cambridge, and many other of our finest edifices have been constructed. The tower has below an entrance doorway, finished with rich mouldings and tracery; on each side are the arms of his Majesty and the City of London. Above is a clock with three dials, and a belfry to admit the fine set of bells† from the old church, the sound of which will doubtless receive effect through the four large upper windows which are the main features of the tower. Above these windows, the tower, hitherto square, becomes gradually octagonal, springing from corbeled heads; till terminated by four octagonal pinnacles, and crowned by an octagonal moulded battlement. Upon the tower is an enriched stone lantern, perforated with gothic windows of two heights, each angle having a buttress and enriched finial; the whole being terminated by an ornamental, pierced, and very rich crown parapet. The height of the tower, to the battlements, is 90 feet; and the whole height of the tower and lantern is 130 feet.

The body of the church is of fine brick, finished with stone, and of octagon form, about 50 feet diameter. The interior has eight recesses; one of these being occupied by the altar with a large pointed window above, and three others by the organ and galleries for the children of the parish schools: the remaining four recesses are unoccupied by galleries; against their walls are placed the sepulchral monuments from the old church. The octagon form was often adopted in the lady-chapels at the east end of our most ancient cathedrals, where the recesses were devoted to tombs and private chapels. The upper or clere story is supported on arches, with an enriched gothic window in each compartment. The roof springs from clustered columns, branching into an enriched groined ceiling, with a very large and embellished pendent key-stone in the centre, from which will be suspended the chandelier to light the whole of the interior. The ornaments of this key-stone are of a very elegant character: its foliated tracery, as well as the richness of the bosses, corbels, and other embellishments throughout the interior, are extremely beautiful. The pewing, gallery fronts, and fittings will be of fine oak; and we learn that the altar and eight clere story windows will be filled with painted glass. The church is calculated to hold about 900 persons.

The tower is connected with the main body by a lobby, and will front the street, enclosed with a handsome railing. The builders of the church are Messrs. Browne and Atkinson, of Goswell-street, London; and the pewing and interior fittings are about to be executed by Messrs. Cubitt.

We could occupy a column or a page with enumerating the monumental remains of the old church, although we have already mentioned the principal of them. (*See Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 145—243.) It is our intention to return to them, even if it be but to point the attention of the lover of parochial antiquities to a Series of Views of St. Dunstan and its Monuments, with an Historical Account of the Church, by the Rev. J. F. Denham; which by its concise yet satisfactory details, leads us to wish that every parish in the metropolis were illustrated by so accomplished an annalist.

* Copied, by permission, from a handsome Lithograph, published by Mr. Waller, Fleet-street.

† The tower of the old church was furnished with a set of eight very excellent bells: there was also a bell of a smaller size suspended in one of the turrets, which was rung every morning at a quarter before seven o'clock. On the walls of the belfry were some records of exploits in ringing, which had been performed there on different occasions.

ITALIAN HYMN TO THE MADONNA.

When the cypress-tree is weeping
With the bright rose o'er the tomb,
And the sunny orb is sleeping
On the mountain's brow of gloom,
Sweet mother at thy shrine
Our spirits melt in prayer,
Beneath the loveliness divine,
Which art has pictured there.

Or when the crystal star of Even
Is mirror'd in the silent sea,
And we can almost deem that heaven
Derives its calmest smile from thee.
Oh, virgin, if the lute
Invokes thy name in song,
Be thine the only voice that's mute,
Amid the tuneful throng.

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When battle waves her falchion gory,
Over the dead on sea or land,
And one proud heart receives the glory,
Won by the blood of many a band,
If the hero's prayer to thee,
From his fading lips be given,
Awake his heart to ecstacy,
With brightest hopes of heaven.

Madonna! on whose bosom slumber'd,
The infant, Christ, with sunny brow,
The viewless hours have pass'd unnumber'd,
Since we adored thy shrine as now;
But not the gorgeous sky,
Nor the blue expansive sea,
To us such beauty could supply,
As that which hallow'd thee!

And when the scenes of life are faded
From our dim eyes like phantom-things,
When gentlest hearts with gloom are shaded,
And cease to thrill at Fancy's strings,
Thou, like the rainbow's form,
When summer skies are dark,
Shalt give thy light amid the storm,
And guide the Wanderer's bark!

G. R. CARTER.

ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.

"For my part I do much admire, with what soul or with what appetite the first man, with his mouth touched slaughter, and reached to his lips the flesh of a dead animate."—PLUTARCH.

We ought not perhaps to insist too much on the opinions of the heathen philosophers, because the extension of knowledge, and a more matured experience, has shown the fallacy of many of their notions; but if we were permitted to lay any stress on the authority of these celebrated men, we might bring forward a mine of classical learning in commendation of a vegetable diet; we might point to the life of a Pythagoras, or a Seneca, as well as to the works of a Plato, and show how the wisest among the ancients lived, as well as thought, with regard to this subject.

But we shall be contented, as far as authority is concerned, to rest our claims to attention, rather upon that which bears a more modern date, and to bring forward the evidence of facts instead of the theories of ingenuity. The subject itself we may venture to hope, though a little homely, is not without interest, and certainly not unimportant. It is somewhat scientific from its very nature, and so far from being a matter confined to the medical faculty, it is one on which every man exerts, every day of his existence, his own free choice, as far indeed as custom has allowed him the exercise of that freedom.

But, though we will not go back to the dreams of our forefathers, (who, if they had more genius, had fewer materials for it to work upon than their servile children,) yet we must always make the Bible an exception, and in the present case we find it expedient as well as becoming, to refer to that oldest and most valuable of records. We have there no express mention of eating flesh before the Flood; but, on the contrary, a direct command that man should subsist on the fruits of the earth. ("Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you *it shall be for meat*."—Gen. i. 29.)

After the Flood, when the Israelites were distressed for want of food in the Wilderness, we find that it was sent to them from heaven in a vegetable form, and to denote its divine origin and its superior excellency, it is called in the Scriptures "the corn of heaven," and "angels' food," &c. Oftener than once this favoured but ungrateful people despised and loathed this miraculous provision; they called out for animal food, and accordingly quails were sent them, but they were punished with destruction by the flesh which they desired; ("And while the flesh was yet between their teeth, ere it was chewed, the wrath of the Lord was kindled against the people, and the Lord smote the people with a very great plague."—Numb. xi. 33.)

Thus in the first ages of the world, and during the shepherd state of society, men lived upon berries, and such fruits as the earth spontaneously produced; we have mentioned generally how the philosophers of Greece and Rome preferred to live, and there are not wanting instances of men bred up in the sensuality of modern times who have followed their example. The philosopher, Franklin, who reached a great age, for a considerable portion of his life kept entirely to a vegetable diet; and Abernethy, a name yet more familiar in our ears, has left us this maxim, that "a vegetable diet and abstinence from fermented liquors tends more than anything else to tranquillize the system."—(vide the *Abernethian Code*.) Another popular and scientific writer of the present day makes a similar confession, which coming from such an unexpected quarter carries weight: "Although professedly friends to gastronomy, moderated by a decided aversion to anything like sensuality, we are of opinion that man is less fit to feed upon carnal than vegetable substance." (Accum's *Culinary Chemistry*.)

The author of *The Art of Improving Health*, has also a passage in point: "An animal diet, especially in temperate climates, is more wasting than a vegetable; because it excites by its stimulating qualities a fever after every meal, by which the springs of life are urged into constant and weakening exertions: on the contrary, a vegetable diet tends to preserve a delicacy of feeling, a liveliness of imagination, and an acuteness of judgment, seldom enjoyed by those who live principally on meat." Thus we might go on multiplying authorities on this subject, but we shall content ourselves with referring briefly to one or two authors of a more literary stamp,

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and have done with quotation. The eloquent Shelley, in his notes to *Queen Mab*, pretty roundly assures us, that "according to comparative anatomy, man resembles frugivorous animals in everything, carnivorous in nothing;" and the famous author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, has quaintly but nervously observed, "As a lamp is choked with over much oil, or a fire with too much wood, so is the natural heat strangled in the body by the superfluous use of flesh; thus men wilfully pervert the good temperature of their bodies, stifle their wits, strangle nature, and degenerate into beasts." The somewhat visionary but fascinating Rousseau, has also in his *Treatise of Education*, to which we refer our readers, most powerfully condemned the use of flesh, and he humorously attributes the proverbial boorishness of Englishmen to their fondness for roast beef!

And now let us look a little to facts: in all ages of the world those have ever been the most savage nations which observed an animal diet. Thus the Tartars, the Ethiopians, the Scythians, and the Arabians, who live wholly on animal food, possess that ferocity of mind and fierceness of character, common to carnivorous animals, while the vegetable diet of the Brahmins and Hindoos gives to their character a gentleness and mildness directly the reverse; potatoes, chestnuts, &c. satisfy the wants of the Alpine peasant, and there are numerous, harmless tribes, who feed solely on vegetables and water. Even Homer in his time has made the Cyclops, who were flesh eaters, horrid monsters of men, and the Lotophagi, he has described as a people so amiable, that when strangers had once become acquainted with them, and tasted the fruits on which they lived, they even forgot their native country to take up their abode with their hosts. But in those civilized countries where animal food is commonly eaten, it must follow that the lower orders, who compose the great majority of the population, cannot partake of it in any great quantities; now it does not appear that the rich enjoy better health from this luxurious mode of living, or that the poor are less healthy from the want of it; on the contrary, the wealthier classes are subject to many chronic and other disorders arising from their aliment, and they have a very large body of physicians, who subsist by a constant attendance on them, while on the other hand, those in the lower walks of life are seldom out of health, owing to their more simple and less injurious mode of living; they suffer only from accident and natural disease, and, generally speaking, when they are attacked, it proves their first and last illness. Moreover, as the poor are more at ease while they live, so too experience shows that they live longer; cases of longevity are very rare with those in affluent circumstances, while most of the famous instances on record of persons arriving at extraordinary old age, have been peasants, fishermen, &c.

An hospital was established some short time since in the neighbourhood of London for the purpose of experiment, and it was ascertained by actual computation, and by comparison with the bills of mortality, that an average number of persons will reach a greater age by observing strictly a vegetable diet.

Compared with the English, the French have a greater proportion of arable land than pasture, and consequently they rear fewer cattle, yet they have a thriving population, and that would hardly be if they were stinted in quality or quantity of food. The Irish peasantry live principally on potatoes, yet they have seldom been found fault with as labourers, and seem to be a well-built and able-bodied race of men. But we have not only sufficient proof of the beneficial effect of vegetable aliment—there are many instances on record, if we had time or space for them—to show how detrimental the contrary regimen has sometimes been. One example is worth mentioning: a man was prevailed on by a reward to live upon partridges without any vegetables, but he was obliged to desist at the end of eight days, from the appearance of strong symptoms of putrefaction.

That we live upon meat, and yet increase in growth and strength is little to the point, but whether we might not be still better without it; dogs thrive upon flesh, but biscuits are better for them: that we are fond of it is still less pertinent, for who does not know that custom alters nature itself, that it becomes, in fact, a second nature, and that such things as we are accustomed to, though actually evil in their own nature, yet become gradually less offensive, and at last pleasant. We have very remarkable proofs of this in all parts of the world. In China they eat cats and dogs, while the poorer classes think rats, mice, and other vermin, no bad food. The Romans thought peacocks a dainty, which we quite nauseate. The Greenlander and the Esquimaux relish train-oil, whilst these and all savages, on first tasting our wines are disgusted and spit them out. Horse-flesh is commonly sold in the markets of the north. Then again, there are some wandering Moors, who subsist entirely on gum senegal, and there have been many cases of shipwreck where the mariners have even subsisted for weeks on old shoes, tabacco, or whatever they could get; in short, what cannot custom effect? The Turk, by constant habit, is enabled to take opium in quantities that would soon destroy us; and every one must have known private cases where individuals in this country could take laudanum in surprising doses; we have all more or less experienced the power of habit in our acquired tastes,

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and whether we derive pleasure from the fumes of tobacco, or approve the flavour of olives, we may remember that at first we disliked, or were indifferent about either. History itself informs us, that Mithridates was able to drink poison; and there was a female slave, sent to Alexander by King Porus, who was even brought up with it from her infancy. But to bring this influence of custom upon the taste, still more in point, we find recorded in a work upon zoology, the following remarkable case:—The provender for a lamb, which a ship's company had on board, was all consumed; in the absence of other food they offered it flesh, which it was at last compelled to devour, and gradually acquired such a relish for this new aliment, that it could never after be prevailed on to eat any thing else.

It is very certain that the most natural tastes are the most simple: our first aliment is milk, and it is only by degrees we bring ourselves to relish strong food; one speaking proof that such stimulating diet is not natural to the human palate, is the indifference children have for such food, and they evidently prefer pastry, fruit, &c., until the digestive organs become more depraved. Neither has man the peculiarities of a carnivorous animal; he has no hawk-bill, no sharp talons to tear his prey, and he wants that strength of stomach and power of digestion which is requisite to assimilate such heavy fare; his tongue is not rough, but, as compared with that of ravenous animals, of a very smooth texture; neither are his teeth pointed and rough like a saw, which above all is a distinguishing mark. It is well known that in our West Indian colonies, all the negroes still surviving, who were originally brought over from Africa, have their teeth filed down to this day, which was at first expressly done for the purpose of tearing and eating human flesh. It is probable that the first man who adopted this most horrible custom, was driven to it by necessity and the want or scarcity of other food, and we know certainly that cannibals are as much excited by the spirit of revenge as by an appetite for flesh, in devouring their captured enemies; we, however, have not even this poor plea; we are even ungrateful in attending to the satisfaction of our desires, for we kill without remorse, as well the ox that labours for us, as the sheep that clothes us, and disregarding all the natural wealth of the fields, and the delicacies of the garden, we capriciously destroy creatures who are no doubt sent into the world to enjoy life as well as ourselves. But you who contend that you are born with an inclination to such food, why object to kill what you would eat? do it, however, with your own hands, and without the aid of a knife; tear your victim to pieces with your fingers, as lions do with their claws, and after worrying a hare or a lamb, fall on and eat alive as they do; drink up the flowing blood, and devour the flesh while it is yet warm! Is not the very idea horrible? we know we could not do it; as it is, the sight of uncooked flesh with all its raw horror excites loathing and disgust, and it is only by culinary preparation, it can be softened and rendered somewhat more susceptible of mastication and digestion; it must be completely transformed by roasting, boiling, &c., and afterwards so disguised by salts, spices, and various sauces, that the natural taste is gone, the palate is deceived into the admission of such uncouth fare, and finds a flavour in the taste of these cadaverous morsels.

May we be allowed to take for granted, that health may be preserved through the same means by which it is recovered? If so, animal food is clearly an impediment to a healthy state of body, for health is restored by a simple and fleshless diet, and therefore may be preserved by the same regimen. That animal food is highly stimulant there can be no doubt; but like all other stimulants, it produces weakness eventually, for when excitement has been brought to its acmè, debility must of necessity succeed.

The grand objection to an animal diet, is its detrimental effect upon the mind: it is well known that flesh-eating makes the body strong and lusty, (and it is for that reason recommended to pugilists who are in a course of training,) but the mind becomes weak and inactive; for it must needs happen, where a muddy and clogged body is shackled down by heavy and unnatural nourishment, that all the vigour and brilliancy of the understanding must be confused and made dull, and that, wanting clearness for nobler things, it must ramble after little and unworthy objects. The passions cannot fail to be excited, and thus the whole of the irrational nature becoming fattened as it were, the soul is drawn downward and abandons its proper love of true being. The truth of this we must all more or less have experienced: we are never so lively when we have dined, and the studious man knows well that the morning is the more proper time for his employment.

Why then should we not liberate ourselves from such inconvenience, by abandoning as far as we can a fleshy diet? and let us remember, that even on the score of comfort, the pain of indigence is much milder than that which is produced by repletion. We should thus free ourselves at once from a heavy and somnolent condition of body, from many and vehement diseases, from the want of medical assistance, from "the crassitude of the corporeal bond," and above all, from that savage and unnatural strength which incites to base actions, so as to escape an Iliad of evils! F.

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MY FATHERLAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KORNER.

Where is the minstrel's Fatherland?
'Tis where the spirit warmest glows,
Where laurels bloom for noblest brows,
Where warlike hearts the truest vows
Swear, lit by friendship's holy brand;
There was once my Fatherland.

What calls the minstrel, Fatherland?
That land, which weeps beneath the yoke
Its slaughter'd sons, and foeman's stroke:
Land of the stern, unbending oak.
Land of the free, the German land,
That once I call'd my Fatherland.

Why weeps the minstrel's Fatherland?
It weeps before a tyrant's dread,
The valour of its monarch's fled;
At Deutchland's voice a people dead,
Despised, unheeded its command,
This, this weeps, my Fatherland.

Whom calls the minstrel's Fatherland?
It calls on spirits pale with wonder,
In desperation's words of thunder,
To rise and burst its chain asunder.
On retribution's vengeful hand,
On this calls my Fatherland.

What would the minstrel's Fatherland?
To blot out slav'ry's foul disgrace,
The bloodhound from its realms to chase,
And free to bear a freeborn race:
Or bid them free beneath its sand,
This, this would my Fatherland.

And hopes the minstrel's Fatherland?
Yes, that for God and Deutchland's sake,
Its own true people will awake,
And outrag'd heaven, vengeance take;
That he,* whose prowess has been scann'd,
Will save the minstrel's Fatherland. H.

* Blucher.

The Naturalist.

ERRORS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(*From Chit-chat, in the Magazine of Natural History, by Dovaston and Von Osdut.*)

Dov. Ray tells a humourous story, that, after the patiently exploring commissioners, at the end of their long examinations, deliberately confessed their utter ignorance to account for the Goodwin Sands, an old man gravely asserted Tenterden steeple to be the cause.

Von Os. Tenterden steeple!

Dov. Ay; Tenterden steeple: for that those sands first appeared the year it was erected.

Von Os. And the slightest interview with the mass of mankind, any hour, will prove the race of Tenterden philosophers to be far from extinct.

Dov. Particularly with regard to facts relative to natural history: and this is the more lamentable, and perhaps the more surprising, when we consider its unlimited adaptability to all capacities, ages, sexes, and ranks; and, moreover, the absolute necessity of many parts of it to their intellectual existence.

Von Os. There is in our village, a slater, very fond of keeping bees. These useful insects, he says, at breeding-time sweat prodigiously; and each lays four eggs at the bottom of each cell: soon after which, he has observed the combs to become full of maggots, which must be carefully destroyed by smoke! When any one of his numerous family is buried, as the corpse passes out of the house, he carefully loosens every hive, and lifts it up; otherwise, he says, the bees would all die!

Dov. The superstitions about bees are numberless.

Von Os. And yet this poor fellow believes himself inspired with "grace abounding;" and readily undertakes to "*spound*," as he calls it, any verse read to him, however remotely insulated from the context.

Dov. But what would you think of a gentleman I have the pleasure of visiting in the higher ranks, and whose conversation is really a happiness to me, who talks of little young bees?—and really believes that they grow! He smiled at me compassionately when I told him that insects never grew when in the perfect state; but, like Minerva from the brain of Jove, issue full-armed with sharpest weapons, and corslets of burnished green, purple, and gold, in panoply complete: yet is this gentleman a man of genius, wit, and very extensive knowledge.

Von Os. Not in bees.

Dov. He was not aware of the numerous species of British bees; and that several, of a small intrepid sort, will enter the hives, and prey on the treasures of their more industrious congeners.

Von Os. Reasoning from analogy does not do in natural history.

Dov. No; for who, without observation, or the information of others, ever by analogical reasoning could reconcile the enormous difference of size and colour, in the sexes of some of the humble bees?—or ever discover that in some species there are even females of two sizes?

Von Os. But these never grow.

Dov. Certainly not. Bees, however, hatched in very old cells, will be somewhat smaller: as each maggot leaves a skin behind which, though thinner than the finest silk, layer after layer, contracts the cells, and somewhat compresses the future bee.

Von Os. No ignorance is so contemptible as that of what is hourly before our eyes. I do not so much wonder at the fellow who inquired if America was a very large town, as at him who, finding the froth of the Cicada spumaria L. on almost every blade in his garden, wondered where were all the cuckoos that produced it.

Dov. They call it cuckoo-spit, from its plentiful appearance about the arrival of that bird.

Von Os. That is reasoning from analogy.

Dov. And yet I see not why the bird should be given to spitting; unless, indeed, he came from America.

Von Os. The vulgar, too, not only delight in wonders inexplicable, but have a rabid propensity to pry into futurity.

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Dov. I believe that propensity is far from being confined to the vulgar.

Von Os. True; but not in so ridiculous a way: as they prophesy the future price of wheat from the number of lenticular knobs (containing the sporules) in the bottom of a cup of the fungus Nidularia.

Dov. The weather may be foretold with considerable certainty, for a short time, from many hygrometric plants, and the atmospheric influence on animals.

Von Os. And from *Cloudology*, by the changing of primary clouds into compound; and these resolving themselves into nimbi, for rain; or gathering into cumuli, for fair weather. This is like to become a very useful and pleasing science.

Dov. It is wonders of this kind, and forewarnings of this nature, that natural history offers to the contemplative mind: in the place of superstitious follies, and unavailing predictions, such as the foretelling of luck from the number or chattering of magpies; and the wonder how red clover changes itself into grass, as many a farmer at this moment believes.

Von Os. Linnæus himself was a bit of a prophet; as, indeed, thus well he might; for experience and observation amount almost to the power of vatacination. In his *Academic Aménities* he says, "Deus, O. M. et Natura nihil frustra creaverit [Qu. creaverint?]. Posteros tamen tot inventuros fore utilitates ex muscis arguor, quot ex reliquis vegetabilibus."

Dov. English it, Von Osdat; thou'rt a scholar.

Von Os. "God and Nature have made nothing in vain. Posterity may discover as much in mosses, as of utility in other herbs."

Dov. And, truly, so they may: one lichen is already used as a blessed medicine in asthma; and another to thicken milk, as a nutritive posset. And who, enjoying the rich productions of our present state of horticulture, can recur without wonder to the tables of our ancestors? They knew absolutely nothing of vegetables in a culinary sense; and as for their application in medicine, they had no power unless gathered under planetary influence, "sliver'd in the moon's eclipse."

Von Os. When Mercury was culminating, or Mars and Venus had got into the ninth house.

Dov. 'Tis curious to reflect, that at the vast baronial feasts, in the days of the Plantagenets and Tudors, where we read of such onslaught of beeves, muttons, hogs, fowl and fish, the courtly knights and beauteous dames had no other vegetable save bread—not even a potato!

Von Os. "They carved at the meal with their gloves of steel,
And drank the red wine through the helmet barr'd."

Dov. And when the cloth was drawn—

Von Os. Cloth!—

Dov. They had scarce an apple to give zest to their wine.

Von Os. We read of roasted crabs; and mayhap they had baked acorns and pignuts.

Dov. Ha! ha! ha!—Caliban's dainties. Now we have wholesome vegetables almost for nothing, and pine-apples for a trifle. Thanks to Mr. Knight—push the bottle—here's to his health in a bumper.

Von Os. Who, walking on Chester walls in those days, and seeing the Brassica oleracea, where it grows in abundance, would have supposed that from it would spring cabbages as big as drums, and cauliflowers as florid as a bishop's wig?

Dov. Or cautiously *chaumbering* an acrid aloe, imagine it to be the parent of a green gage?

Von Os. This is the Education of Vegetables.

Dov. The March of Increment!

THE TULIP TREE.

This tree is now in bloom. It is a native of North America, where it is vulgarly called the poplar. The first which produced blossoms in this country, is said to have been at the Earl of Peterborough's, at Parson's Green, near Fulham. In 1688 this tree was cultivated by Bishop Compton at Fulham, who introduced a great number of new plants from North America. At Waltham Abbey, is a tulip tree, supposed to be the largest in England. The leaves of the tulip tree are very curious, and appear as if cut off with scissors. The flowers, though not glaring, are singularly beautiful, resembling a small tulip, variegated with green, yellow and orange, standing solitary at the ends of the branches. I saw one of these curious trees in full bloom a few days since between Edmonton and Enfield.

P. T. W.

CHANGES DURING THE MATURATION OF FRUIT.

The sap is changed into a viscid fluid, which circulates under the bark: this is called *cambium*. When it is too abundant it is effused, part of its water evaporates, and it becomes gum. If the vital circle is not interrupted, the fluid traverses the branches, and the peduncle arrives in the ovary, and constitutes the pericarp. In this passage it is partly modified: it appropriates to itself the oxygen of its water of composition; hence the malic, citric, and tartaric acids. As the fruit becomes developed, the pellicle thins, becomes transparent, and allows both light and heat to exercise a more marked influence. It is during this period that maturation commences. The acids react on the cambium, which flows into the fruit, and, aided by the increased temperature, convert it into saccha-

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rine matter; at the same time they disappear, being saturated with gelatine, when maturation is complete.—*London Medical and Surgical Journal.*

We may here observe that in a recent paper, by Mr. J. Williams, in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, the cause of apples becoming *russet* is attributed to the alternating temperature, light, shade, dryness, and moisture, which occur many times in the course of a day, when July or August is showery. Continued rain, preceded and followed by a cloudy sky, does not seem to produce the same effect, but the sudden, intense light which commonly succeeds a shower at the time the fruit is wet, injures the skin, and occasions small cracks, like the network upon a melon.

MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

WHATEVER theory of instinct may be finally fixed upon as the most correct and philosophical, (to account for the migratory movements of birds,) it is obvious that we cut rather than untie the gordian knot when we talk of the foresight of the brute creation. We might as well talk of the foresight of a barometer. There can be little doubt that birds, prior to their migratory movements, are influenced by atmospherical changes, or other physical causes, which, however beyond the sphere of our perceptions, are sufficient for their guidance. That they are not possessed of the power of divination may be exemplified by the following instance. The winter of 1822 was so remarkably mild throughout Europe, that primroses came generally into flower by the end of December,—rye was in ear by the middle of March, and vines, in sheltered situations, blossomed about the end of that month,—so that an assured and unchecked spring was established at least four or five weeks earlier than usual;—yet neither the cuckoo nor the swallow arrived a single day before their accustomed periods. They are indeed, beautifully and wisely directed,—"Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming."—(From a delightful paper upon American Ornithology, in the *Quarterly Review*, just published.)

Fine Arts.

STATUE OF MR. PITT.

THIS splendid tribute to the memory of the darling minister, has been placed at the south side of Hanover Square. It is of bronze, and stands on a granite pedestal, of size disproportionate to the height and bulk of the figure. The artist is Mr. Chantrey: the work being at the cost of the nobility of the land, and a few ardent admirers of "the system" introduced by Mr. Pitt into the government of this country. We have long had festal celebrations and joyous commemorations of the natal day and deeds of the minister—"the darling of fame"—but the above is the most lasting memorial. Its bronze will in all probability outlast the mettle of party. The resemblance is considered striking, and the effect of the statue is bold and dignified. Biographers tell us that "in person, Pitt was tall, slender, well-proportioned, and active. He had blue eyes, rather a fair complexion, prominent features, and a high, capacious forehead. His aspect was severe and forbidding; his voice clear and powerful; his action dignified, but neither graceful nor engaging; his tone and manners, although urbane and complacent in society, were lofty, and even arrogant, in the senate. On entering the house, it was his custom to stalk sternly to his place, without honouring even his most favoured adherents with a word, a nod, or even a glance of recognition."

THE DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK

HAS reopened with two new views—Paris from Montmartre, (by no means a new, but, perhaps, the best, point of view of the city,)—and the famed Campo Santo of Pisa. The execution of both scenes is calculated to maintain the *unique* reputation of the establishment. They have the fine effects, the finishing touches, of master-hands.

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New Books.

THE TRIALS OF CHARLES I.,

[With those of some of the Regicides have been prepared for the 31st volume of the *Family Library*. We suspect the editor to be M. D'Israeli, who has been poring over the records and fingering the dust of the Royal "martyr" for many years past. Our honourable friend, Clavering, of the *Metropolitan*, in his recollections of the British Museum, long since, says, "there sat D'Israeli, daily extracting from the voluminous M.S. letters of James I. and Charles I." Whoever the compiler of this volume may be, it must be allowed that, in the form of notes and biographies, he has brought into less than 350 pages a greater collection of interesting incidents connected with his main subject than many writers would have cared to assemble; and he has accordingly produced a work, in every respect, fitted for popular reading. We quote passages from the Execution to the Interment of Charles, but we have not room for the Editor's very pertinent "Remarks on the Trial."]

On the morning of his death, Charles, according to the relation of his faithful attendant, Sir Thos. Herbert, awoke about two hours before daybreak, after a sound sleep of four hours. He called to Herbert, who lay on a pallet by his bedside, and bade him rise; "for," said the King, "I will get up, I have a great work to do this day." He then gave orders what clothes he would were, and said to his attendant, "Let me have a shirt on more than ordinary, by reason the season is so sharp* as probably may make me shake, which some observers will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death—death is not terrible to me. I bless God, I am prepared." Soon after the King was dressed, Bishop Juxon came to him, according to his appointment the night before. He remained an hour in private with him, when Herbert was called in, and the Bishop prayed with the King, using the prayers of the church, and then read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, which so beautifully describes the passion of our Saviour. The King thanked the Bishop for his choice of the lesson; but he was surprised and gratified to learn that it was the lesson for the day according to the calendar.

About ten o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the King's chamber door, and, being admitted by Herbert, came in trembling, and announced to the King that it was time to go to Whitehall, where he might have further time to rest; and soon afterwards the King, taking the Bishop by the hand proposed to go. Charles then walked out through the garden of the palace into the Park, where several companies of foot waited as his guard; and, attended by the Bishop on one side, and Colonel Tomlinson on the other, both bareheaded, he walked fast down the Park, sometimes cheerfully calling on the guard to "march apace." As he went along, he said, "he now went to strive for an heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem."

At the end of the Park, the King† went up the stairs leading to the long gallery, and so into the Cabinet Chamber of the Palace of Whitehall. Being delayed here in consequence of the scaffold not being ready, he offered up several prayers, and entered into religious discourse with the Bishop. About twelve he ate some bread, and drank a glass of claret, declining to dine after he had received the sacrament.

When Charles arrived at Whitehall, the Colonels Hacker, Huncks, and Phayer produced to Tomlinson the warrant for his execution; and in the Horn Chamber the King was delivered by Tomlinson into the custody of those officers; Charles requested Tomlinson, however, to remain with him to the last, and acknowledged his kind and respectful conduct by presenting to him a gold toothpicker and case which he carried in his pocket. Tomlinson also introduced to him Mr. Seymour, who brought a letter from the Prince to his father, with whom the King conversed, and charged him with various messages for the Prince.

In the mean time a different scene was passing in Ireton's chamber, a small room in another part of the palace. Ireton and Harrison were here in bed; and Cromwell, Axtell, Huncks, Hacker, and Phayer were present. Cromwell commanded Huncks to draw up an order to the executioner pursuant to the warrant for the King's execution. Huncks refused; whereupon Cromwell was highly incensed, and called him a peevish, froward fellow; and Axtell exclaimed, "Colonel Huncks, I am ashamed of you:—the ship is now coming into the harbour, and will you strike sail before we come to anchor?" Cromwell then went to a table, and, as it would appear, wrote the order to the executioner, and then gave the pen to Hacker, who, as one of the officers charged with the execution of the warrant, signed it.‡ Cromwell, and the rest of the officers, then went out of the chamber, and, in a few minutes, Hacker came and knocked at the door of the chamber where the King was, with Tomlinson, the

* The day was so piercing that the king, at the persuasion of Bishop Juxon, wore a cloak till the moment of his death.

† The late Sir Henry Englefield related a traditional anecdote, that Charles, in passing through the Park, pointed out a tree near the entrance from Spring Gardens (where the cows at present stand,) saying, "That tree was planted by brother Henry."

‡ See the evidence on the trials of Hacker, Axtell, and Hulet, State Trials, vol. v.

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Bishop, Herbert, and some of his guards. Herbert and the Bishop were deeply affected at this signal for their final separation from their sovereign and master. The King stretched out his hand to them, which they kissed, falling on their knees and weeping, the King helping the aged bishop to rise. He then bade Hacker to open the door and he would follow; and he was conducted by Hacker, Tomlinson, and other officers and soldiers, through the banquetting house by a passage broken through the wall, where the centre window now is. The street now called Parliament Street was at that time crossed by two ranges of buildings belonging to the palace of Whitehall, with wide arched gateways crossing the street, and forming the public thoroughfare. One gateway was opposite to Privy Gardens; and there was a way over it from these gardens belonging to the palace, to pass into St. James's Park. The other building traversing the street was the sumptuous gallery of Whitehall, built by Henry VIII., the scene of so many adventures and events of various descriptions in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and the two Charles's. Connected with this gallery was "a beautiful gatehouse," over a noble archway. Lord Leicester says, in his Journal (p. 60.),—"The scaffold was erected between Whitehall gate and the gallery leading to St. James's." Lilly asserts, that it was just at the spot where the blood of a citizen had been shed at the commencement of the rebellion, when a mob were vociferating "*No Bishop*" under the windows of the palace, and some cavaliers sallied out to disperse them, and one was killed. A strong guard of several regiments of horse and foot being posted about the scaffold, so that the people could not approach near enough to hear any discourse from the King, he addressed his last sentences chiefly to the Bishop, Colonel Tomlinson, and the other officers who stood near him.

"*The Bishop.* Though your Majesty's affections may be very well known as to religion; yet it may be expected that you should say something thereof for the world's satisfaction.

"*The King.* I thank you heartily, my Lord, for that I had almost forgotten it. In troth, Sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and therefore I declare before you all that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man, I think, will witness it.

Then to Colonel Hacker he said, "Take care that they do not put me to pain: and, Sir, this and it please you —"

But a gentleman coming near the axe, the King said, "Take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe."

Then speaking unto the executioner, he said, "I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands —"

Then turning to the Bishop, he said, "I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side."

"*The Bishop.* There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and troublesome, it is a short one; but you may consider it will soon carry you a very great way, it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and comfort."

"*The King.* I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world."

"*The Bishop.* You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown; a good exchange."

Then the King said to the executioner, "Is my hair well?" and took off his cloak and his George, giving his George to the Bishop, saying, "Remember." Then he put off his doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he put on his cloak again; then looking upon the block, he said to the executioner, "You must set it fast."

"*Executioner.* It is fast, Sir."

"*The King.* When I put out my hands this way (stretching them out), then —— After that, having said two or three words to himself, as he stood with his hands and eyes lift up, immediately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block.† And then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the King, thinking he was going to strike, said, 'Stay for the sign.'"

"*Executioner.* Yes, I will, and please your Majesty.—After a little pause, the King stretching forth his hands, the executioner at one blow severed his head from his body, and held it up and showed it to the people, saying, 'Behold the head of a traitor!' At the instant when the blow was given, a dismal universal groan was uttered by the people (as if by one consent) such as was never before heard; and as soon as the execution was over, one troop of horse marched rapidly from Charing Cross to King Street, and another from King Street to Charing Cross, to disperse and scatter the multitude."

Though Joyce and Hugh Peters have been suspected of inflicting the murderous blow on Charles, and though another claimant for this infamous distinction is put forward in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1767, there seems little doubt that Richard Brandon, the common hangman, assisted by his man, Ralph Jones, a ragman in Rosemary

† It being doubted whether the king would submit to the executioner, staples were driven into the block, and hooks prepared, in order, if necessary, to confine his head forcibly to the block. On the trial of Hugh Peters in 1660, it was sworn that this was done by his orders given on the scaffold to one Tench, a joiner, in Houndsditch. See State Trials, vol. v.

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Lane, in fact perpetrated the deed. Among the tracts relative to the Civil War presented to the British Museum by George III., in 1762, are three on this subject, which are fully noticed in a note to Mr. Ellis's Letters on English History, vol. iii. (second series.) It appears, by the register of Whitechapel Church, that Richard Brandon was buried there on the 24th of June, 1649; and a marginal note (not in the hand of the Registrar, but bearing the mark of antiquity), states, "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles I."—One of the tracts, entitled "The Confession of Richard Brandon, the Hangman, upon his Death-bed, concerning the Beheading of his late Majesty," printed in 1649, states, "During the time of his sickness, his conscience was much troubled, and exceedingly perplexed in mind; and on Sunday last, a young man of his acquaintance going to visit him, fell into discourse, asked him how he did, and whether he was not troubled in conscience for cutting off the King's head. He replied yes, by reason that (upon the time of his tryall) he had taken a vow and protestation, wishing God to punish him, body and soul, if ever he appeared on the scaffold to do the act, or lift up his hand against him. He likewise confessed that he had 30*l.* for his paine, all paid him in half-crowns within an hour after the blow was given; and he had an orange stuck full with cloves, and a handkircher out of the King's pocket, so soon as he was carried off the scaffold; for which orange he was proffered twenty shillings by a gentleman in Whitechapel, but refused the same, and afterwards sold it for ten shillings in Rosemary Lane. About eight o'clock at night he returned home to his wife, living in Rosemary Lane, and gave her the money, saying, it was the dearest money, he earned in his life, for it would cost him his life. About three days before he died, he lay speechless, uttering many a sigh and heavy groan, and so in a desperate state departed from his bed of sorrow. For the burial whereof great *store of wines were sent in by the sheriff of the city of London*, and a great multitude of people stood wayting to see his corpse carried to the churchyard, some crying out, 'Hang him, rogue!'—'Bury him in the dunghill.'—Others pressing upon him, saying they would quarter him for executing the King, insomuch that the churchwardens and masters of the parish were fain to come for the suppressing of them; and with great difficulty he was at last carried to Whitechapel churchyard, having (as it is said) a branch of rosemary at each end of the coffin, on the top thereof, with a rope cresse from one end to the other, a merry conceited cook, living at the sign of the Crown, having a black fan (worth the value of 30*s.*), took a resolution to rent the same in pieces; and to every feather tied a piece of packthread, dyed in black ink, and gave them to divers persons, who, in derision, for a while wore them in their hats."—See Ellis, *ubi supra*. The second tract states, that the first victim Brandon beheaded was the Earl of Strafford.

"When the body was put into a coffin at Whitehall, says Rushworth, "there were many sighs and weeping eyes at the scene; and divers strove to dip their handkerchiefs in the King's blood." A general gloom and consternation pervaded London on the day of this atrocious perpetration; many of the chief inhabitants either shut themselves up in their houses, or absented themselves from the city. On that day none of the courts of justice sat; and on the next, Whitelocke, one of the commissioners of the Great Seal, says, "The commissioners met, but did not think fit to do any business, or seal any writs, because of the King's death." Whitelocke says, "I went not to the House, but stayed all day at home in my study, and at my prayers, that this day's work might not so displease God as to bring prejudice to this poor afflicted nation."* Evelyn, in his Diary, writes, "I kept the day of this martyrdom as a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness, receiving the sad account of it from my brother George and Mr. Owen, who came to visit me this afternoon, and recounted all the circumstances." Archbishop Usher came out to witness the scene from his house at Whitehall; but he fainted when the King was led out on the scaffold.

The Journals of the Commons show, either that nothing was done, or that it was thought fit to enter nothing on these eventful days. On the day of the execution there is only the following remarkable entry:—

"Ordered, *That the common poet be stayed until to-morrow morning* 10 *o'clock*."

On the 31st, Commissary-general Ireton reports a paper of divers particulars touching the King's body, his George, his diamond, and two seals. The question being put, that the diamod be sent to Charles Stuart, son of the late King, commonly called Prince of Wales, *it passed with the negative*. The same question was then put, separately, as to the garter, the George, and the seals: as to each, it passed in the *negative*.

When the news of the decapitation of the King reached Scotland, that loyal people were moved with horror and indignation.

* There is, I am informed, a tradition in Westminster School, that South, the celebrated divine, was the boy whose turn it was to read prayers on the day of Charles's death; and that he read the prayer for the king as usual. South at that time must have been about fourteen years of age. Five years afterwards, when the loyal and learned divine was at Christ Church, Oxford, we find his name to a copy of Latin verses, addressed to the Protector on his conclusion of a treaty with the States of Holland. This, no doubt, was a mere college exercise. See *Musæ Oxonienses*, 1654.

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Most of the gentry put on mourning; the chair of state in the parliament house, the uppermost seats in the kirks, and almost all the pulpits, were clothed in black.

The body of the King being embalmed, under the orders of Herbert and bishop Juxon, was removed to St. James's. The usurpers of the government refused permission to bury it in Henry the VII.'s Chapel, from a dread of the indignation of the crowds who would assemble on so solemn and interesting an occasion; but, at last, after some deliberation, the council allowed it to be privately interred in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, provided the expenses of the funeral should not exceed five hundred pounds. The last duties of love and respect were (according to Charles's express desire) paid to their sovereign's corpse by the Duke of Richmond, the Marquess of Hertford, Lord Southampton, Lord Lindsey, the Bishop of London, Herbert, and Mildmay, who, on producing a vote of the Commons, were admitted by Whichcote, the Governor of Windsor Castle, to the chapel. When the body was carried out of St. George's Hall, the sky was serene and clear; but presently a storm of snow fell so fast, that before it reached the chapel the pall and the mourners were entirely whitened. When the bishop proposed to read the burial service according to the rites of the Church of England, this fanatical governor roughly refused, saying, "that that Common Prayer Book was put down, and he would not suffer it to be used in that garrison where he commanded." Clarendon thus describes, with graphic simplicity, the sad scene to its close:—

"But when they entered into it (the chapel), which they had been so well acquainted with, they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those landmarks pulled down, by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole that they knew not where they where; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our Princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them the place where, he said, 'there was a vault in which King Harry the Eighth and Queen Jane Seymour were interred.' As near that place as could conveniently be they caused the grave to be made. There the King's body was laid, without any words, or other ceremonies, than the tears and sighs of the few beholders. Upon the coffin was a plate of silver fixed, with these words only, '*King Charles*, 1648.' When the coffin was put in, the black velvet pall that had covered it was thrown over it, and then the earth thrown in; which the governor staid to see perfectly done, and then took the keys of the church.

"Owing to the privacy of this interment, doubts were at the time current as to its having actually taken place. It was asserted that the King's body was buried in the sand at Whitehall; and Aubrey states a report, that the coffin carried to Windsor was filled with rubbish and brick-bats. These doubts were entirely removed by the opening of the coffin (which was found where Clarendon described it,) in the presence of George the Fourth, then Prince Regent, in April, 1813—of which Sir Henry Halford has published an interesting narrative. On removing the black pall which Herbert described, a plain leaden coffin was found, with the inscription 'King Charles, 1648.' Within this was a wooden coffin, much decayed, and the body carefully wrapped in cerecloth, into the folds of which an unctuous matter mixed with resin had been melted, to exclude the external air. The skin was dark and discoloured—the pointed beard perfect—the shape of the face was a long oval—many of the teeth remained—the hair was thick at the back of the head, and in appearance nearly black—that of the beard was of a redder brown. The head was severed from the body. The fourth cervical vertebra was found to be cut through transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even;—'an appearance,' says Sir H. Halford, 'which could have been produced only by a heavy blow inflicted with a very sharp instrument, and which furnished the last proof wanting to identify King Charles I.'"

[The volume is embellished with a Portrait of the King, and Outline Prints of the Trial and Execution.]

Notes of a Reader.

ATLAS OF THE BIBLE.

The Biblical Series of the Family Cabinet Atlas has just been completed with the Sixth Part, containing the Title-page, Contents, Preface, Plans of Jerusalem, the Temple, and Maps of Palestine, according to Josephus and the Apocrypha. These occupy seven plates, all exquisitely engraved on steel. There is, moreover, a letter-press Index of reference to the places in the Maps, printed on fine plate paper, and occupying 120 pages. Or, this portion rather deserves the distinctive title adopted by the editors, viz. "A New General Index, exhibiting, at one view, all that is geographically and historically interesting in the Holy Scriptures." It presents such a digest as we rarely witness, and to give the reader some idea of its laborious preparation, we select a specimen, the matter being arranged in a tabular or columnar form, thus:

Scriptural Name — Jezreal, Valley, or Plain.

Classic Name—Esdrælon.

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Tribe—Issachar.
Country—Canaan.
Scriptural Reference—Judges, vi. 33.
No. of Map.—ix.
Modern Name—Merdj—Ibn Aamer.
Distance and bearing from Jerusalem—40 N. b. E.
Lat. North—32.27.
Long. East—35.25.
Quarter—Asia.
Country—Palestine.
Province—Akka.
Remarks—Here the spirit of the Lord descended upon Gideon, and here the Lord gave him the sign he required by causing the fleece to be wet or dry at his bidding.

The projector and artist is Mr. Thomas Starling, and its execution, whether graphic or literary, is calculated to give the public a very high opinion of his taste, talent, and application.

GEOGRAPHY.

Mr. Dowling, of Woodstock Boarding-School, has put Goldsmith's *Grammar of Geography* into question and answer for junior pupils, or, rather, he has seized on the simplest part of the information contained in the above work, and added a chapter on latitude and longitude. We hope the attention of teachers will be directed to his Compendium, as it appears to leave nothing to be desired in facilitating the progress of the learner.

OUTLINES OF KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. Ince, whose *Outline of English History* we noticed a few weeks since, has been stimulated to the production of an *Outline of General Knowledge*. His present Compendium is satisfactory as a little book of Facts, and may serve as well for a *whet* to the memory of adults as for the tuition of children.

CURIOSITIES OF PHRENOLOGY.

The Third Edition of a Catechism of Phrenology, published at Glasgow, induces us to pick out a few of the author's *facts*, and we accordingly select the developements of the Feelings and Faculties. Thus, of Amativeness, the organs are very large in the casts of Mitchell, Dean, and Raphael. In Dr. Hette, very small.

Philoprogenitiveness, or love of children—the Hindoos, Negroes, and Charibs.

Combativeness—The Charibs, King Robert Bruce, General Wurmser, David Haggart, and generally in those who have murdered from the impulse of the moment.

Destructiveness—In the heads of Dean, Thurtell, King Robert Bruce, Bellingham, in cool and deliberate murderers, and in persons who delight in cruelty, where the organ is large; and, in general, in the Hindoos, small.

Combinativeness—In Raphael, Michael Angelo, Brunel, Haydon, and Herschel, where it is very fully developed; the New Hollanders, have it small. Being indispensable to the talent for works of art of every description, it is found large in all those painters, sculptors, mechanicians, and architects, who have distinguished themselves in their particular departments.

Love of Approbation—In King Robert Bruce, Dr. Hette, Clara Fisher, and the American Indians, where it is large. Such likewise is uniformly the case in bashful individuals; this disposition arises in a great measure from a fear of incurring disapprobation.

Cautiousness—In the Hindoos, large; in Bellingham, moderate. Robert Bruce and Hannibal were remarkable for valour, while they at the same time, possessed cautiousness in a high degree.

Benevolence—In Henri Quatre, where it is large. In Bellingham, Griffiths, and the Charibs, very small. In King Robert Bruce, moderate.

Veneration—An individual may have this organ very large, without possessing a high degree of religious feeling. Voltaire, in whom the organ was extraordinarily large, affords a striking example of this. He embraced every opportunity of turning religion into ridicule; but still, in him, we find the strong manifestation of the faculty, in the high and almost servile degree of deference which he paid to superiors in rank and authority. In Raphael, Bruce, and the Negroes, this organ is large. In Dr. Hette, small.

Firmness—In King Robert Bruce and the American Indians, large.

Hope—In Raphael, large; in Dr. Hette, small.

Ideality—In Milton, Shakspeare, Raphael, Wordsworth, Haydon, and Byron, large. In Mr. Hume and Bellingham, small.

Wit—According to Dr. Spurzheim, the formation of this faculty is to give rise to the feeling of the ludicrous, creating, when strong, an almost irresistible disposition to view every object in that light, while Dr. Gall defines it to be the predominant intellectual feature in Rabelais, Cervantes, Boileau, Swift, Sterne, and Voltaire. In Sterne, Voltaire, and Henri Quatre, this organ is large. In Sir J. E. Smith, Mr. Hume, and the Hindoos, small.

Imitation—In Raphael, Clara Fisher, and uniformly in those artists and players who have distinguished themselves for their imitative powers, large.

Individuality—In the French, generally large; moderate in the English, and in the Scotch, small.

Form—To judge of form in general. The

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function of this faculty is essential to those engaged in the imitative arts; it enables the painter to distinguish the different casts of features and countenances in general; and upon the same principle, is of the most essential service to the mineralogist. The organ is found large in King George III., and in the Chinese sculls.

Weight or resistance, essential to a genius for mechanics, enabling the individual to judge of momentum and resistance in that branch of science. The organ is large in Brunel and Sir Isaac Newton.

Colouring—remarkably developed in the portraits of Reubens, Rembrandt, Titian, Salvator Rosa, and Claude Lorraine, where its large size is indicated by the arched appearance of the eyebrow in its situation; and in the masks of the late Sir Henry Raeburn, Wilkie, and Haydon, by the projection forwards of the eyebrow at that part.

Locality—or the power of remembering localities, in Kepler, Galileo, Newton, Tycho, Descartes, Sir Walter Scott, and Captain Cook, is large.

Number, or a talent for calculation—in the portraits of Euler, Kepler, Laplace, Gassendi, &c., and in George Bidder, Humboldt, and Colburn, large.

Tune—In Gluck, where it has a pyramidal form. In Mozart, Viotti, Turnsteg, Dussek, and Crescenti, where it is distinguished by a fullness and roundness of the lateral parts of the forehead.

Language—in Sir J. E. Smith, Humboldt, and Voltaire, large.

Comparison — in Pitt, Roscoe, Raphael, Burke, John Bunyan, and Mr. Hume.

Casualty, or the connexion between cause and effect—remarkable in the portraits and busts of Bacon, Kaut, Locke, Voltaire, Dr. Thomas Brown; and in the masks of Haydon, Brunel, Burke, Franklin, and Wilkie, where it is largely developed. In Pitt, and Sir J. E. Smith, it is moderate, and in the Charibs and New Hollanders, very deficient.

SONGS BY BARRY CORNWALL.

PAST TIMES.

Old Acquaintance, shall the nights
You and I once talked together,
Be forgot like common things,—
Like some dreary night that brings
Naught save foul weather?

We were young, when you and I
Talked of golden things together,—
Of love and rhyme, of books and men:
Ah! our hearts were buoyant *then*
As the wild-goose feather!

Twenty years have fled, we know,
Bringing care and changing weather;
But hath th' heart no *backward* flights,
That we again may see those nights,
And laugh together?

Jove's eagle, soaring to the sun,
Renews the past year's mouldering feather:
Ah, why not you and I, then, soar
From age to youth,—and dream once more
Long nights together.

THE STRANGER.

A stranger came to a rich man's door,
And smiled on his mighty feast;
And away his brightest child he bore,
And laid her toward the East.

He came next spring, with a smile as gay,
(At the time the East wind blows,)
And another bright creature he led away,
With a cheek like a burning rose.

And he came once more, when the spring was blue,
And whispered the last to rest,
And bore her away,—yet nobody knew
The name of the fearful guest!

Next year, there was none but the rich man left,—
Left alone in his pride and pain,
Who called on the stranger, like one bereft,
And sought through the land,—in vain!

He came not: he never was heard nor seen
Again; (so the story saith;)
But, wherever his terrible smile had been,
Men shuddered, and talked of—Death!

THE QUADROON.

Say they that all beauty lies
In the paler maiden's hue?
Say they that all softness flies,
Save from the eyes of April blue?
Arise thou, like a night in June,
Beautiful Quadroon!

Come,—all dark and bright, as skies
With the tender starlight hung!
Loose the love from out thine eyes!
Loose the angel from thy tongue!
Let them hear heaven's own sweet tune,
Beautiful Quadroon!

Tell them—Beauty (born above)
From no shade nor hue doth fly:
All she asks is mind, is love:
And both upon *thine* aspect lie,—
Like the light upon the moon,
Beautiful Quadroon!

THE PAST.

This common field, this little brook—
What is there hidden in these two,
That I so often on them look,
Oftener than on the heavens blue?
No beauty lies upon the field;
Small music doth the river yield;
And yet I look and look again,
With something of a pleasant pain.

'Tis thirty—*can't* be thirty years,
Since last I stood upon this plank,
Which o'er the brook its figure rears,
And watch'd the pebbles as they sank?
How white the stream! I still remember
Its margin glassed by hoar December,
And how the sun fell on the snow:
Ah! *can* it be so long ago?

It cometh back;—so blithe, so bright,
It hurries to my eager ken,
As though but one short winter's night
Had darkened o'er the world since then.
It is the same clear dazzling scene;—
Perhaps the grass is scarce as green;
Perhaps the river's troubled voice
Doth not so *plainly* say—"Rejoice."

Yet Nature surely never ranges,
Ne'er quits her gay and flowery crown;—
But, ever joyful, merely changes
The primrose for the thistle-down.
'Tis *we* alone who, waxing old,
Look on her with an aspect cold,
Dissolve her in our burning tears,
Or clothe her with the mists of years!

Then, why should not the grass be green?
And why should not the river's song
Be merry,—as they both have been
When I was here an urchin strong?

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Ah, true—too true! I *see* the sun
Through thirty winter years hath run,
For grave eyes, mirrored in the brook,
Usurp the urchin's laughing look!
So be it! I have lost,—and won!
For, once, the past was poor to me,—
The future dim: and though the sun
Shed life and strength, and I was free,
I *felt* not—*knew* no grateful pleasure:
All seemed but as the common measure:
But NOW—the experienced spirit old
Turns all the leaden past to gold!

FRENCH MANNERS.

[THE Duchess of Abrantes, in her recently published Memoirs, gives a striking picture of the difference in the fashions and habits of living which has resulted from the old French Revolution.]

Transported from Corsica to Paris at the close of the reign of Louis XV., my mother had imbibed a second nature in the midst of the luxuries and excellencies of that period. We flatter ourselves that we have gained much by our changes in that particular; but we are quite wrong. Forty thousand livres a-year fifty years ago, would have commanded more luxury than two hundred thousand now. The elegancies that at that period surrounded a woman of fashion cannot be numbered; a profusion of luxuries were in common use, of which even the name is now forgotten. The furniture of her sleeping apartment — the bath in daily use—the ample folds of silk and velvet which covered the windows—the perfumes which filled the room—the rich laces and dresses which adorned the wardrobe, were widely different from the ephemeral and insufficient articles by which they have been replaced. My opinion is daily receiving confirmation, for every thing belonging to the last age is daily coming again into fashion, and I hope soon to see totally expelled all those fashions of Greece and Rome, which did admirably well under the climate of Rome or Messina, but are ill adapted for our *vent du bize* and cloudy atmosphere. A piece of muslin suspended on a gilt rod, is really of no other use but to let a spectator see that he is behind the curtain. It is the same with the imitation tapestry—the walls six inches thick, which neither keep out the heat in summer, nor the cold in winter. All the other parts of modern dress and furniture are comprised in my anathema, and will always continue to be so.

It is said that every thing is simplified and brought down to the reach of the most moderate fortunes. That is true in one sense; that is to say, our confectioner has muslin curtains and gilt rods at his windows, and his wife has a silk cloak as well as ourselves, because it is become so thin that it is indeed accessible to every one, but it keeps no one warm. It is the same with all the other stuffs. We must not deceive ourselves; we have gained nothing by all these changes. Do not say, "So much the better, this is equality." By no means; equality is not to be found here, any more than it is in England, or America, or anywhere, since it cannot exist. The consequence of attempting it is, that you will have bad silks, bad satins, bad velvets, and that is all.

The throne of fashion has encountered during the Revolution another throne, and it has been shattered in consequence. The French people, amidst their dreams of equality, have lost their own hands. The large and soft arm-chairs, the full and ample draperies, the cushions of eider down, all the other delicacies which we alone understood of all the European family, led only to the imprisonment of their possessors; and if you had the misfortune to inhabit a spacious hotel, within a court, to avoid the odious noise and smells of the street, you had your throat cut. That mode of treating elegant manners put them out of fashion; they were speedily abandoned, and the barbarity of their successors still so lingers amongst us, that every day you see put into the lumber-room an elegant Grecian chair which has broken your arm, and canopies which smell of the stable, because they are stuffed with hay.

At that time, (1801,) the habits of good company were not yet extinct in Paris; of the *old* company of France, and not of what is *now* termed good company, and which prevailed 30 years ago only among postilions and stable-boys. At that period, men of good birth *did not smoke in the apartments of their wives*, because they felt it to be a dirty and disgusting practice; they *generally washed their hands*; when they went out to dine, or to pass the evening in a house of their acquaintance, they *bowed to the lady at its head in entering and retiring*, and did not appear so abstracted in their thoughts as to behave as they would have done in an hotel. They were then careful *not to turn their back on those with whom they conversed*, so as to show only an ear or the point of a nose to those whom they addressed. They spoke of something else, besides those eternal politics on which no two can ever agree, and which give occasion only to the interchange of bitter expressions. There has sprung from these endless disputes, disunion in families, the dissolution of the oldest friendships, and the growth of hatred which will continue till the grave. Experience proves that in these contests no one is ever convinced, and that each goes away more than ever persuaded of the truth of his own opinions.

The customs of the world now give me nothing but pain. From the bosom of the retirement where I have been secluded for these 15 years, I can judge, without prepossession, of the extraordinary revolution in manners which has lately taken place. Old impressions are replaced, it is said, by new

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ones; that is all. Are, then, the new ones superior? I cannot believe it. Morality itself is rapidly undergoing dissolution—every character is contaminated, and no one knows from whence the poison is inhaled. Young men now lounge away their evenings in the box of a theatre, or the Boulevards, or carry on elegant conversation with a fair seller of gloves and perfumery, make compliments on her lily and vermilion cheeks, and present her with a *cheap* ring, accompanied with a gross and indelicate compliment. Society is so disunited, that it is daily becoming more vulgar, in the literal sense of the word. Whence any improvement is to arise, God only knows.

The Gatherer.

CURRAN AND THE MASTIFF.

CURRAN told me, with infinite humour of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms and creeping along backward, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's animal in the neighbourhood, who *would never let* the boys *rob the orchard*; but found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of a boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran; "and, as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued. Egad, I thought for a time the beast had devoured my entire *centre of gravity*, and that I never should go on a steady perpendicular again." "Upon my word, Curran," said I, "the mastiff may have left you your *centre*, but he could not have left much *gravity* behind him, among the bystanders."—*Sir Jonah Barrington.*

Bishop Ken.—This English prelate died as he was on a journey to Bath, in March, 1710, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been in the habit of travelling many years with his shroud in his portmanteau, which he always put on when attacked by illness; of this he gave notice the day before his death, in order to prevent his body from being stripped. P. T. W.

Warning to Cowards.—There was a soldier that vaunted before Julius Cæsar, of the hurts he had received in his face. Cæsar knowing him to be but a coward, told him, "You had best heed next time you run away, how you look back."—*Lord Bacon.*

Love and Murder.—"Hipparchus, going to marry, consulted Philander upon the occasion; Philander represented his mistress in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge, and before twelve he was run through the body."—*Spectator.*

Portugal.—Its ancient name was Lusitænia. Its present name is derived from that of an ancient town called "Calle," on or near the site of the present Oporto, which was called "Portus Cale," or the Port of Cale; and in process of time the name of this port was extended to the whole country, whence "*Portucal*," or *Portugal*. Portus Cale was afterwards called "O Porto" (the harbour,) which name the town of Oporto ultimately received. P. T. W.

Perfection of Steam Navigation.—During the last four months, the *Firebrand*, steam-vessel from Falmouth, has traversed two voyages to Corfu, and one to Lisbon, a distance of 11,500 miles, which gives for the number of days, 66; she steamed, an average of 174 miles per day.

Sore Eyes and Wine.—It was a right answer of the physician to his patient that had sore eyes. "If you have more pleasure in the taste of wine than in the use of your sight, wine is good for you; but if the pleasure of seeing be greater to you than that of drinking, wine is naught."—*Locke.*

Chinese and Russian Cookery.—In China, if the cook employed in preparing the Imperial repasts, introduces any prohibited ingredients, even by inadvertence, he is punished with a hundred blows; if any of the dishes of food be not clean, he is liable to eighty blows; and if the cook omits to ascertain the quality of the dishes by tasting, he incurs fifty blows.

There cannot be a grand dinner in Russia without sterlet. In summer, when brought alive from Archangel, &c., these cost from five hundred to one thousand rubles each; a fish soup, made with champagne and other expensive wines, has been known to cost three thousand rubles; no water is allowed to enter into the composition of these expensive soups; and the whole company get very merry and talkative after partaking of them.

Honest Tar.—John Barth, the Dunkirk fisherman, rose by his courage and naval skill, to the rank of commodore of a squadron in the navy of France. When he was ennobled by Louis XIV. the king said to him, "John Barth, I have made you a commodore." John replied, "you have done right."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 559.] SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1832. [Price 2d.

OPORTO.

Persons who are looking for "news from the seat of war" will probably hail the timely appearance of this Engraving, and regard it as folks sitting at a play do a drop-scene between the acts. The reader knows our pacific politics: we are of the pen, not of the sword; but we cannot be indifferent to a great political result, when

> Old men, and beldams, in the streets
> Do prophesy upon it.

Oporto is a place of great commercial as well as political consideration. Thousands of Englishmen have a grateful recollection of the former importance upon their very lips. Its situation is one of great natural beauty. It is the largest city in Portugal, Lisbon excepted. It has been commonly said to owe its origin to the Romans;* but it appears, from the best authors, to have been founded about A. D. 417 by the Suevi, who had established themselves in Braga and other parts of ancient Galicia, but who were driven by the Alani to the banks of the Douro, where they fortified themselves on the steep hill now occupied by the cathedral and the bishop's palace, and which is still distinguished by the appellation of the Cidade de Antiga.

The city occupies the north bank of the Douro, (anciently *Durius*,) about five miles from the mouth of the river, and the Atlantic Ocean. The approach from thence to Oporto is remarkably beautiful. The dangers of the

* At Coimbra, about two days' journey from Oporto, is a Roman bridge and aqueduct, nearly entire.

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bar, across the mouth of the river, once passed,* a succession of interesting objects present themselves on both sides, as we ascend towards the city. The little town of St. Joao da Foz stands on the north bank, close to the sea, and is the favourite resort of the wealthier inhabitants of Oporto during the violent heat of the summer. The river, immediately within the bar, expands into the appearance of a lake. A little higher up it is narrowed by two abrupt hills. That on the right terminates in a precipice of bright hard sandstone, descending so steeply to the water's edge, that but lately a road has been made from Oporto along the bank of the river, to St. Joao da Foz, by blasting and hewing down a sufficient portion of the rock. This height, from its precipitous sides, is called the Monte d'Arabida, and forms the western boundary of a lovely valley, opening upon the Douro, covered with the Quintas, or villas, of the wealthier inhabitants of the adjoining city. Most of the Quintas at the mouth of the river command delightful prospects of the Atlantic Ocean, and the splendid effects produced on these scenes at sunset, in this glowing climate, are almost indescribable. Some idea of its beauty may be formed by reference to Colonel Batty's view from this point.† The appearance of the Douro, with its numerous shipping, and the variety of interesting objects scattered on its cheerful banks, render this one of the most pleasing scenes in the circle of Oporto.

To economize time and space we must quit this enchanting spot. Gondolas, like those at Venice, are used on the river, but will not suffice for our celerity. We must reach at once the point of our Engraving. The view is taken from Villa Nova, an important suburb of Oporto, on the opposite bank of the river. The city may be divided into the high and the low town. It contains, in a civil sense, five wards, or *bairros*, of which the Sé, or cathedral hill, and the Vittoria, or height opposite to the Sé, (and crowned by a church, which was founded in commemoration of a celebrated battle fought on the spot with the Moors, which terminated in their defeat and expulsion from the place,) form the town properly called Oporto; and it is possible still to trace the remains of the old wall, which formerly surrounded and defended the place. The three other quarters, San Idelfonso, Miragaya, and Villa Nova, are open. The latter is connected with the principal town by a bridge of boats, which is so badly constructed as to be scarcely able to sustain the violent power of the river when swelled by winter torrents. The Douro, like the Rhine and the Rhone, and all other rivers which flow through a rocky and often confined channel, commits at certain seasons the greatest ravages; and property to a considerable amount is annually lost at Oporto, by the irresistible force with which the river pours down and carries every thing before it. A bridge of granite has been long talked of to connect Villa Nova and Oporto, but the funds are not yet forthcoming, and the expense will be considerable.

The Engraving represents the most ancient part of the city of Oporto. We are here directly fronting the bishop's palace, which, with the Sé, or Cathedral,‡ and buildings, to the left, occupy the crest of the hill. Further left is the steeple of the church dos Clerigos, said to be the loftiest in Portugal after that of Mafra. This tower is visible from the sea at a distance of ten leagues, and serves as an important landmark for ships steering to the mouth of the Douro. It was erected in the year 1748, and is built entirely of the finest masonry, an art in which the Portuguese are almost unrivalled. On the summit of the hill to the right, touching the old walls and towers, is the convent of Santa Clara. Immediately below the Cathedral, the rocky steep has been cut into terraces, and laid out in gardens. The river is bordered by the old city wall. A noble street, the Rua Nova de St. Joao, is seen opening upon the quay on the left. Part of the bridge of boats appears on the right: it was first constructed in the year 1806, destroyed in 1809, but re-established in 1815. It was the scene of dreadful slaughter at the time the city was given up to pillage by the French. Some of the boats forming it had been destroyed, and many of the wretched inhabitants crowding to the bridge, in hopes of escaping from the enemy's sword were urged on by the affrighted multitude into the rapid stream, and thus perished. On the river, to the right and left, is seen a Portuguese coasting vessel, called Hyate; in the centre is a wine-boat of the Douro, with a raised platform for the steersman. The foreground of the view is the shore of Villa Nova, adjoining the quay. The chief article of export is wine; § and here is the grand depôt for this commodity, which is stowed in long, low buildings, called lodges.

"On the quays," says Mr. Kinsey, "are

* The dangerous passage across the bar of the Douro, and its shifting sands, are well known. The care and skill required to navigate a vessel with safety into the Douro, even during the summer, may give an idea of what the perils of this dangerous bar must be during the winter months; when the coast is exposed to the unbridled fury of the westerly winds, and to the full force of the Atlantic waves.—*Portugal Illustrated, by the Rev. W. Kinsey, B.D.*

† See Select Views of Oporto. By Lieut. Col. Batty, F.R.S., the accuracy of which may be said to extend as far as pictorial art can succeed in conveying foreign objects to our firesides. We are indebted for our Engraving to this valuable work.

‡ Here is the altar of wrought silver, which was fortunately rescued from the hands of the French, when in possession of Oporto.

§ The annual average quantity of wine exported from Oporto to Great Britain, was in the ten years, 1813—1822, 24,864 pipes, and to all other parts of the world only 1,694 pipes per annum. The quantity since 1822 has not materially altered.—*See a Communication to* vol. xv. *of the Mirror*, p. 118.

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seen fine blocks of granite, already converted into form, having their edges cased with wood, ready to be shipped off for buildings in Brazil, where it appears that no good stone, or, at least, so durable as this, can be procured; —pipe-staves from Memel,—flax and iron,—and occasionally coals from the north of England. There are generally at anchor in the river between Villa Nova and Oporto, Russian, Brazilian, English, American, Dutch, Danish, and some French vessels; but many of the latter nation are not to be found in the Portuguese ports. Two thirds of the shipping to be seen in the Douro, are British, Brazilian, or Portuguese."

The gardens of the city are luxuriantly stored. Brazilian plants, easily distinguished by their gaudy colours, vines on trellis, superb lemon-trees, lime and orange-trees, pear, apple, and plum-trees, and Alpine strawberries are in abundance. The Indian cane, with its splendid blossom, whose colour resembles that of the Guernsey, or rather the Chinese lily, is a gay addition to the ornaments of this earthly paradise. Mr. Kinsey says "The *ulmis adjungere vitem* is well known in poetical description, but in Portugal, besides overshadowing their artificial supporters, the vines are seen attaching themselves to, or hanging down in luxuriant festoons from forest-trees, such as the oak, chestnut, and cork, in all the wildness of nature, and not unfrequently insinuating themselves among the branches of myrtle-trees, which attain a considerable size in the hedge-rows, and contrasting their large, purple bunches with the snow-white blossom. The union is truly poetical, and its novelty is charming to the eye of a northern traveller. A vine is often purposely planted by the farmer under an oak-tree, whose boughs it soon overruns, repaying the little labour expended in its cultivation by its fruit, and the lop of its branches. Ten pipes of green wine, *vinho verde*, expressed from these grapes, will yield one pipe of excellent brandy. Being light and sharp, the vinho verde is preferred by the generality of Portuguese in the summer, to wines of superior strength and quality."

The population of Oporto and Villa Nova was stated by Colonel Batty in 1830, to amount to about 80,000 inhabitants.

POETS, MINOR AND MAJOR.

Perhaps no branch of literary reputation is so difficult to establish as that of first-rate poetic excellence. During the last fifty years, many meritorious competitors for bardic renown have successively aspired to public favour, and have each in their turns exhibited their fancy-woven *bouquets*, as containing a more beautiful assemblage of "flowers of all hue," as Milton divinely sings, than those which their equally emulative and praiseworthy compeers have, in their best attempts, laid out upon the *parterre* of the public. In the poetic foreground of the above period, are to be seen the names of Pye, Ogilvie, Whitehead Tasker, Mason, Cowper, Merry, Jerningham, Woty, Hurdis, Pratt, Fitzgerald, &c. over whose metrical effusions, with the exception of the fifth and sixth, the clouds of obscurity have long since cast a darkening hue. Even the "Elegaic Sonnets" of Charlotte Smith, which first appeared in 1784, and formed a sort of poetical era in point of popularity, have long since "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf," as it was discriminately hinted by Burns would be the case with his soul-breathing Letters; the Sonnets by the Rev. W. L. Bowles, although emanating from a beautiful fountain-spring of thought and feeling, which should have screened their writer from the venomous shaft of Byron, have already sunk beneath the meridian of their popularity; and the loaded ornamental rhymes of Darwin; the prettily embroidered couplets of Miss Seward, together with the Della Cruscan Rhymes of Mary Robinson, Mrs. Cowley, &c. are left like daisies, plucked from the greensward, to perish beneath unfeeling neglect. Who now reads the verses of Ann Yearsley, the poetic milkwoman, who was so lauded beyond her deserts, by Mrs. H. More?—few or none. Why is this revolution in public taste? Because those master-spirits which guide the present age, have given birth to a species of poetry more legitimate and useful in its design, and more valuable in its tendencies and characteristics. Instead of the "namby pamby" verses of the period I have alluded to, and the coarse scurrility of style which runs with a discolouring vein through the satirical pages of Dr. Wolcot, we have now the heart-stirring metres of a Campbell, as in that beautiful rainbow of poetic loveliness and imagination, his "Pleasures of Hope." We have now a series of pictures bearing an impress as pleasant as the gleams of warm autumn in the "Pleasures of Memory," by Rogers; the wildness of Loutherbourgh, the grandeur of Salvator Rosa, the terror-striking forms of Fuseli, embodied with increased energy in the immortal Lays of Byron: the every-day incidents of life, copied with the graphic fidelity of a Sharp, and bearing the faithful stamp of cottage grouping, which distinguished the pencil of a Morland,—in the natural paintings of Crabbe. We have Catullus stealing from his couch, to breathe a new intonation into the harp of Moore; and last of all, we have the votaress of virtue and moral feeling, the Cambrian minstrel, Mrs. Hemans, making melancholy appear as delightful as love.

The Author of a Tradesman's Lays.

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STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Though the waves of old Time are darkly advancing,
There still is one spot where the sunbeams are glanciug,
There glow the gay visions of youth's sunuy morn,
Safe from the ocean-wave, safe from the storm:
For Memory keeps the spot fresh and green ever,
The dark tides of Time, shall sweep over it never!

There Fancy, her mirror holds up to the eye,
And lovely the forms that come wandering by,
Like music come softly the sounds that have fled,
The voices of lov'd ones, the tones of the dead:
Oh Memory! keep that spot fresh and green ever,
And the dark tides of Time, sweep over it never!

For beautiful Hope, wanders oft to the Isle,
With her wreath of bright flowers, and radiant smile,
She stands with her finger upraised to the sky,
And she dries the sad tear-drop in Memory's eye:
An emerald green, be that Island for ever,
May the dark tides of Time, sweep over it never!

Kirton, Lindsey. ANNE R.

Anecdote Gallery.

CARDING A TITHE PROCTOR.

In Ireland, carding the tithe proctors was occasionally resorted to by the White Boys, and was performed in the following manner:—

The tithe proctor was generally waked out of his first sleep by his door being smashed in; and the *boys* in white shirts desired him "never to fear," as they only intended to *card* him this bout for taking a quarter instead of a tenth from every poor man in the parish. They then turned him on his face upon the bed; and taking a lively ram cat out of a bag which they brought with them, they set the cat between the proctor's shoulders. The beast, being nearly as much terrified as the proctor, would endeavour to get off; but being held fast by the tail, he intrenched every claw deep in the proctor's back, in order to keep up a firm resistance to the White Boys. The more the tail was pulled *back*, the more the ram cat tried to go *forward*; at length, when he had, as he conceived, made his possession quite secure, main force convinced him to the contrary, and that if he kept his hold he must lose his tail. So, he was dragged backward to the proctor's loins, grappling at every pull, and bringing away here and there strips of the proctor's skin, to prove the pertinacity of his defence.

When the ram cat had got down to the loins he was once more placed at the shoulders, and again *carded* the proctor *(toties quoties)* according to his sentence.

WALKING GALLOWS.

(From Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches.)

Among the extraordinary characters that turned up in the fatal "ninety-eight," there were few more extraordinary than Lieutenant H——, then denominated the "walking gallows;"—and such he certainly was, literally and practically.

Lieutenant H—— was an officer of the line on half pay. His brother was one of the solicitors to the Crown—a quiet, tremulous, *vino deditus* sort of man, and a leading Orangeman; — his widow who afterwards married and survived a learned doctor, was a clever, positive, good-looking Englishwoman, and, I think, fixed the doctor's avowed *creed:* as to his genuine *faith*, that was of little consequence.

Lieutenant H—— was about six feet two inches high;—strong, and broad in proportion. His strength was great, but of the dead kind unaccompanied by activity. He could lift a ton, but could not leap a rivulet; he looked mild, and his address was civil—neither assuming nor at all ferocious. I knew him well, and from his countenance should never have suspected him of cruelty; but so cold-blooded and so eccentric an executioner of the human race I believe never yet existed, save among the American Indians.*

His inducement to the strange barbarity he practised I can scarcely conceive; unless it proceeded from that natural taint of cruelty which so often distinguishes man above all other animals when his power becomes uncontrolled. The propensity was probably strengthened in him from the indemnities of martial law, and by those visions of promotion whereby violent partizans are perpetually urged, and so frequently disappointed.

At the period alluded to, law being suspended, and the courts of justice closed, the "question" by torture was revived and largely practised. The commercial exchange of Dublin formed a place of execution; even *suspected* rebels were every day immolated as if *convicted* on the clearest evidence; and Lieutenant H——'s *pastime* of hanging *on his own back* persons whose physiognomies he thought characteristic of rebellion was (I am ashamed to say) the subject of jocularity instead of punishment. What in other times he would himself have died for, as a murderer, was laughed at as the manifestation of loyalty: never yet was martial law so abused, or its enormities so hushed up as in Ireland. Being a military officer, the lieutenant conceived he had a right to do just what he thought proper, and to make the most of his time while martial law was flourishing.

Once, when high in blood, he happened to meet a *suspicious-looking* peasant from County Kildare, who could not satisfactorily account for himself according to the lieutenant's notion of evidence; and having nobody at hand to vouch for him, the lieutenant of course immediately took for granted that he *must* be a rebel strolling about, and imagining the death of his Most Gracious Majesty.† He therefore, no other *court of jus-*

* His mode of execution being perfectly novel, and at the same time *ingenious*, Curran said, "The lieutenant should have got a patent for cheap strangulation."

† The lieutenant's brother being a Crown solicitor, had now and then got the lieutenant to copy the high

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tier being at hand, considered that he had a right to try the man by his *own opinion;* accordingly, after a brief interrogation, he condemned him to die, and without further ceremony proceeded to put his own sentence into immediate execution.

However, to do the lieutenant justice, his *mode* was not near so tedious or painful as that practised by the grand signior, who sometimes causes the ceremony to be divided into three acts, giving the culprit a drink of spring water to *refresh* him between the two first; nor was it so severe as the burning old women formerly for witchcraft. In fact, the "walking gallows" was both on a new and simple plan; and after some kicking and plunging during the operation, never failed to be completely effectual. The lieutenant being, as before mentioned, of lofty stature, with broad and strong shoulders, saw no reason why they might not answer his majesty's service, upon a pinch, as well as two posts and a cross-bar (the more legitimate instrument upon such occasions): and he also considered that, when a rope was not at hand, there was no good reason why his own silk cravat (being softer than an ordinary halter, and of course less calculated to *hurt* a man) should not be a more merciful choke-band than that employed by any *Jack Ketch* in the three kingdoms.

In pursuance of these benevolent intentions, the lieutenant, as a preliminary step, first knocked down the suspected rebel from County Kildare, which the weight of mettle in his fist rendered no difficult achievement. His garters then did duty as handcuffs: and with the aid of a brawny aide-de-camp (one such always attended him), he pinioned his victim hand and foot, and then most considerately advised him to pray for King George, observing that any prayers for his *own* d—d *popish soul* would be only time lost, as his fate in every world (should there be even a thousand) was decided to all eternity for having imagined the death of so good a monarch.

During this exhortation, the lieutenant twisted up his long cravat so as to make a firm, handsome rope, and then expertly sliding it over the rebel's neck, secured it there by a double knot, drew the cravat over his own shoulders, and the aide-de-camp holding up the rebel's heels, till he felt him *pretty easy*, the lieutenant with a powerful chuck drew up the poor devil's head as high as his own (cheek by jowl), and began to trot about with his burden like a jolting cart-horse,—the rebel choking and gulping meanwhile, until he had no further solicitude about sublunary affairs—when the lieutenant, giving him a parting chuck, just to make sure that his neck was broken, threw down his load—the personal assets about which the aide-de-camp made a *present* of to *himself*.

Now all this proceeding was very painstaking and ingenious: and yet the ungrateful government (as Secretary Cook assured me) would have been better pleased had the execution taken place on timber and with hemp, according to old formalities.

To be serious:—this story is scarcely credible—yet it is a notorious fact; and the lieutenant, a few nights afterwards, acquired the *sobriquet* which forms a head to this sketch and with which he was invested by the upper gallery of Crow Street Theatre—nor did he ever get rid of it to his dying-day.

The above *trotting* execution (which was humorously related to me by an eye-witness) took place in the barrack-yard at Kerry House, Stephen's Green. The *hangee* was, I believe, (*as it happened*) in reality a rebel.

treason indictments: and he, seeing there that *imagining* the death of a *king* was punished capitally, very naturally conceived that *wishing* it was twice as bad as *supposing* it: having therefore no doubt that *all* rebels wished it, he consequently decided in the tribunal of his own mind to hang every man who hypothetically and traitorously wished his majesty's dissolution, which wish he also conceived was very easily ascertained by the wisher's countenance.

A cabinet-maker, at Charing Cross, some years ago, put on his board "patent coffin-maker to his majesty:" it was considered that though this was not an *ill-intentioned*, yet it was a very improper mode of *imagining* the king's death, and the board was taken down accordingly. Lieutenant H. would surely have hanged him in Ireland.

Manners and Customs.

LAWS RELATING TO BACHELORS.

MANY laws have been made against bachelors by various nations, who all concurred in considering the bachelor as an enemy to his country and to mankind. The chief of these laws were those made by the Romans, and consisted of fining the bachelor, and various other penalties: the most celebrated one was that of Augustus, which was entitled the "*Lex julia de maritandis ordinibus*," by which the bachelor was made incapable of receiving legacies, or of holding inheritances given by a will, unless they were bequeathed to him by a near relation. Plutarch observes that this brought many to marry, not for the mere sake of raising heirs to their estates, but to make themselves capable of receiving legacies, and for the purpose of inheriting such estates as might be left them by a friend.

The Jewish nation also had their laws to the disfavour of the bachelor. The rabbins affirm, that according to the Laws of Moses, every one who has attained the age of twenty-one years is bound in conscience to marry; and this makes one of their 613 precepts. We should suppose that if this law ever had existence, it has been handed down by tradition, as we cannot find any trace of it in the "Books of Moses." Their "wise men" have many sayings in favour of marriage and against bachelors, one of which is "He who does

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not take necessary means to leave heirs behind him, *is not* a man, and ought to be reputed as a homicide." The Law of Lycurgus was not a shade more favourable to them: by his statutes, bachelors were branded with infamy and disgrace; they were also excluded from participating in the cares of government, from all offices either civil or martial, and were not permitted to view either public shows or sports. At certain of their feasts, they were forced to appear in the market-place, and there were exposed to the cutting sarcasm, jest, and derision of the populace. At one feast, in particular, they were led to the altars *by women*, amidst a concord of harmonious sounds, and there were obliged to submit to blows and lashes with a rod, at the *merciful* pleasure of a *merciful* people. And "Oh, most unkindly act of all," they had also to sing certain songs composed to their own dishonour, contempt, and derision.

By many, the Christian dispensation is supposed to be, in a great degree, favourable to a state of bachelorism, because the Apostle, Paul, has recommended it as preferable; but we think the recommendation was given for the following reason: (i. e.) every one in the early ages of Christianity was exposed to liability of testing his religious principles, by the loss of both his property and life; and consequently, the loss must have been felt in a greater degree, if the sufferer was married. Thus persecution must have been more dreadful to the married than to the unmarried. The ancient church, misconstruing the Apostle's words, and also overlooking his meaning, recommended the state of bachelorism in the male, and perpetual virginity in the female sex, not only as a state more perfect than marriage, but even as highly meritorious. Thus, by degrees, came into being the absurd and fast decaying system of monastic establishments, which, for many centuries burdened Europe with drones innumerable.

In England, bachelors are not left to go forgotten to their solitary graves. There was a tax laid on them by the 7th William III., after the twenty-fifth year of their age, which was £12. 10*s.* for a duke, and 1*s.* for a commoner. At present they are taxed by an extra duty upon their servants: for a male, £1. 5*s.*; for a female, 2*s.* 6*d.*, above the usual duties leviable upon servants. E. J. H.

*** So, Touchstone's philosophy hath legal warrant: "Is the single man blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor."—*As you like it.* (Ed. M.)

SAXON ALMANACS.

The Saxons were accustomed to engrave upon square pieces of wood, the courses of the moons for the whole year, (or for a specified space of time) by which they could tell when the new-moons, full-moons, and changes would occur, and these pieces of wood were by them called *Al-mon-aght* (i. e.) *Al*-moonheed, which signifies the regard and observation of all the moons, and from this term is derived the word *Almanac*.

Many of our readers are probably aware of, or have seen, a Saxon Almanac, answering the above description, in St. John's College, Cambridge. E. J. H.

Spirit of Discovery.

EXEMPLARS ABRIDGED FROM MR. BABBAGE'S "ECONOMY OF MACHINERY AND MANUFACTURES."

Voyage of Manufacture.—The produce of our factories has preceded even our most enterprising travellers. Captain Clapperton saw at the court of the Sultan Bello, pewter dishes with the London stamp, and had at the royal table a piece of meat served up on a white wash-hand basin of English manufacture. The cotton of India is conveyed by British ships round half our planet, to be woven by British skill in the factories of Lancashire; it is again set in motion by British capital, and transported to the very plains whereon it grew, is repurchased by the lords of the soil which gave it birth, at a cheaper price than that at which their coarser machinery enables them to manufacture it themselves. At Calicut, in the East Indies (whence the cotton cloth called calico derives its name) the price of labour is one-seventh of that in England, yet the market is supplied from British looms.

Additions to human power.—The force necessary to move a stone along the roughly-chiselled floor of its quarry is nearly two-thirds of its weight; to move it along a wooden floor, three-fifths; by wood upon wood, five-ninths; if the wooden surfaces are soaped, one-sixth; if rollers are used on the floor of the quarry, it requires one-thirty-second part of the weight; if they roll on wood, one-fortieth; and if they roll between wood, one-fiftieth of its weight. At each increase of knowledge, as well as on the contrivance of every new tool, human labour becomes abridged.

Economy of time.—Several pounds of gunpowder may be purchased for a sum acquired by a few days' labour; yet, when this is employed in blasting rocks, effects are produced which could not, even with the best tools, be accomplished by other means in less than many months.

Economy of Materials.—The worn-out saucepans and tin-ware of our kitchens, when beyond the reach of the tinker's art, are not utterly worthless. We sometimes meet carts loaded with old tin kettles and worn-out iron coal-scuttles traversing our streets. These have not yet completed their useful course; the less corroded parts are cut into strips,

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punched with small holes, and varnished with a coarse black varnish for the use of the trunkmaker, who protects the edges and angles of his box with them; the remainder are conveyed to the manufacturing chemists in the outskirts of the town, who employ them, in conjunction with pyroligneous acid, in making a black dye for the use of calico printers.

Accumulation of Power arises from lifting a weight and then allowing it to fall. A man, even with a heavy hammer, might strike repeated blows upon the head of a pile without producing any effect. But if he raises a much heavier hammer to a much greater height, its fall, though far less frequently repeated, will produce the desired effect.

Regulating Power.—A contrivance for regulating the effect of machinery consists in a vane or a fly, of little weight, but presenting a large surface. This revolves rapidly, and soon acquires an uniform rate, which it cannot greatly exceed, because any addition to its velocity produces a much greater addition to the resistance it meets with from the air. The interval between the strokes on the bell of a clock is regulated by this means; and the fly is so contrived, that this interval may be altered by presenting the arms of it more or less obliquely to the direction in which they move. This kind of fly or vane is generally used in the smaller kinds of mechanism, and, unlike the heavy fly, it is a destroyer instead of a preserver of force. It is the regulator used in musical boxes, and in almost all mechanical toys.

Increase and Diminution of Velocity.—Twisting the fibres of wool by the fingers would be a most tedious operation; in the common spinning-wheel the velocity of the foot is moderate; but, by a very simple contrivance, that of the thread is most rapid. A piece of cat-gut passing round a large wheel, and then round a small spindle, effects this change. The small balls of sewing cotton, so cheap and so beautifully wound, are formed by a machine on the same principle, and but a few steps more complicated. The common smoke-jack is an instrument in which the velocity communicated is too great for the purpose required, and it is transmitted through wheels which reduce it to a more moderate rate.

Extending the Time of Action in Forces.—The half-minute which we daily devote to the winding up of our watches is an exertion of labour almost insensible; yet, by the aid of a few wheels its effect is spread over the whole twenty-four hours. Another familiar illustration may be noticed in our domestic furniture: the common jack by which our meat is roasted, is a contrivance to enable the cook in a few minutes to exert a force which the machine retails out during the succeeding hour in turning the loaded spit.

Saving Time in natural Operations.—The process of tanning formerly occupied from six months to two years; this time being apparently required in order to allow the tanning matter to penetrate into the interior of a thick hide. The improved process consists in placing the hides with the solution of tan in close vessels, and then exhausting the air. The consequence of this is to withdraw any air which might be contained in the pores of the hides, and to employ the pressure of the atmosphere to aid capillary attraction in forcing the tan into the interior of the skins. The effect of the additional force thus brought into action can be equal only to one atmosphere, but a further improvement has been made: the vessel containing the hides is, after exhaustion, filled up with a solution of tan; a small additional quantity is then injected with a forcing-pump. By these means any degree of pressure may be given which the containing vessel is capable of supporting, and it has been found that, by employing such a method, the thickest hides may be tanned in six weeks or two months.

Printing from Wooden Blocks.—A block of box-wood is, in this instance, the substance out of which the pattern is formed: the design being sketched upon it, the workman cuts away with sharp tools every part except the lines to be represented in the impression. This is exactly the reverse of the process of engraving on copper, in which every line to be represented is cut away. The ink, instead of filling the cavities cut in the wood, is spread upon the surface which remains, and is thence transferred to the paper.

Making and Manufacturing.—There exists a considerable difference between the terms *making* and *manufacturing*. The former refers to the production of *a small*, the latter to that of *a very large number of individuals*; and the difference is well illustrated in the evidence given before the Committee of the House of Commons on the Export of Tools and Machinery. On that occasion Mr. Maudslay stated, that he had been applied to by the Navy Board to make iron tanks for ships, and that he was rather unwilling to do so, as he considered it to be out of his line of business; however, he undertook to make one as a trial. The holes for the rivets were punched by hand-punching with presses, and the 1,680 holes which each tank required cost seven shillings. The Navy Board who required a large number, proposed that he should supply forty tanks a week for many months. The magnitude of the order made it worth while to commence *manufacturer*, and to make tools for the express business. Mr. Maudslay therefore offered, if the Board would give him an order for two thousand tanks, to supply them at the rate of eighty per week. The order was given: he made the tools, by which the expense of punching the rivet-holes

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of each tank was reduced from seven shillings to ninepence; he supplied ninety-eight tanks a week for six months, and the price charged for each was reduced from seventeen pounds to fifteen.

Brass-plate Coal Merchants.—In the recent examination by the committee of the House of Commons into the state of the Coal Trade, it appears that five-sixths of the London public is supplied by a class of middle-men who are called in the trade "Brass-plate Coal Merchants:" these consist principally of merchants' clerks, gentlemen's servants, and others, who have no wharfs, but merely give their orders to some true coal-merchant, who sends in the coals from his wharf. The brass-plate coal merchant, of course, receives a commission for his agency, which is just so much loss to the consumer.

Raw Materials.—Gold-leaf consists of a portion of the metal beaten out to so great a degree of thinness, as to allow a greenish-blue light to be transmitted through its pores. About 400 square inches of this are sold, in the form of a small book, containing twenty-five leaves of gold for 1*s.* 6*d.* In this case, the raw material, or gold, is worth rather less than two-thirds of the manufactured article. In the case of silver leaf, the labour considerably exceeds the value of the material. A book of fifty leaves, covering above 1,000 square inches is sold for 1*s.* 3*d.*

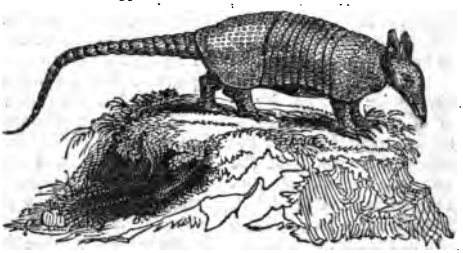
The quantity of labour applied to Venetian gold chains is very great, but incomparably less than that which is applied to some of the manufactures of iron. In the case of the smallest Venetian chain the value of the labour is not above thirty times that of the gold. The pendulum spring of a watch, which governs the vibrations of the balance, costs at the retail price twopence, and weighs fifteen one-hundredths of a grain, whilst the retail price of a pound of the best iron, the raw material out of which fifty thousand such springs are made, is exactly the sum of twopence.

In France bar-iron, made as it usually is with charcoal, costs three times the price of the cast-iron out of which it is made; whilst in England, where it is usually made with coke, the cost is only twice the price of cast-iron.

The Naturalist.

THE NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO.

Dasypus Novem-cinctus.—LINNÆUS



ARMADILLOS are almost exclusively natives of South America, principally of the province of Paraguay. Some inhabit the forests; others are found in the open country. There are several species, all of which are invested with a coat of mail, or a kind of plate armour resembling the covering of the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater, and the shell of the tortoise. This crust or shell covers the upper parts of the animal, and consists of four or five different parts or divisions. The head may be said to have a helmet, and the shoulders a buckler, composed of several transverse series of plates. Transverse bands, varying in the different species from three to twelve, which are movable, cover the body; the crupper has its buckler similar to that on the shoulders, and the tail is protected by numerous rings. The hairs of the body are few, springing from between the plates; the under parts, which are without armour, have rather more hairs. In a living state, the whole armour is capable of yielding considerably to the motions of the body; the pieces or plates being connected by a membrane, like the joints in a tail of a lobster. The under parts present a light grainy skin. The legs are thick and strong, but only long enough to raise the body from the ground; the nails are very powerful, and calculated for digging; and, according to Buffon, the mole is not more expert in burrowing the earth.

Some of the species have nocturnal habits and are very timid, flying to their burrows the moment they hear a noise. Other species quit their retreat equally by day and night, and these are said not to be so rapid in their motions as the others. All the species walk quickly, but they can neither leap, run, nor climb; so that, when pursued, they can only

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escape by hiding themselves in their holes; if these be too far off, the poor hunted creatures dig a hole before they are overtaken, and with their strong snout and fore claws in a few moments conceal themselves. Sometimes, however, before they are quite concealed, they are caught by the tail, when they struggle so powerfully that the tail often breaks short, and is left in the hands of the pursuers. To prevent this the hunter tickles the animal with a stick, till it looses its hold, and allows itself to be taken without further resistance. At other times, when pursued, and finding flight ineffectual, the Armadillos withdraw the head under the edge of the buckler of the shoulders; their legs, except the feet, are naturally hidden by the borders of the bucklers and the bands; they then contract the body as far towards the shape of a ball as the stretching of the membrane which unites the different movable pieces of the armour will permit.* Thus defended, they frequently escape danger; but if near a precipice, the animal will sometimes roll itself over, and in this case, says Molina, in his Natural History of Chili, it generally falls to the bottom unhurt.

Armadillos were formerly thought to feed exclusively on vegetables; but they have since been found to devour insects and flesh. The directions of their burrows evince that they search after ant heaps, and the insects quickly disappear from near the hole of an Armadillo. The largest species, the great black Armadillo, common in the forests of Paraguay, feeds on the carcasses of animals; and the graves of the dead which are necessarily formed at a distance from the usual places of sepulture, in countries where the great Armadillo is found, are protected by strong double boards to prevent the animal from penetrating and devouring the body. It appears, also, that it eats young birds, eggs, snakes, lizards, &c. The Indians are very fond of the flesh of the Armadillo as food, especially when young; but, when old, it acquires a strong musky flavour. Mr. Waterton, who tasted the flesh, considered it strong and rank. The shells or crusts are applied to various useful purposes, and painted of different colours are made into boxes, baskets, &c.

Cuvier remarks that the old mode of distinguishing the species of Armadillos by the number of the bands is clearly objectionable, inasmuch as D'Azara has established that not only the number of these bands varies, in the different individuals of the same species, but further, that there are individuals of different species which have the same number of bands. Eight species mentioned by D'Azara are admitted as distinct, but the whole number is very doubtful.

[The species represented in the Cut,† or, the *Nine-banded*, is the most common. In the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park, and in Surrey, are several specimens. They are usually kept in cages, but on fine sunny days are let out upon the turf. Their general pace may here be seen to advantage: it is a sort of quick shuffling walk, and they get over the ground easily, notwithstanding the weight of their shelly covering.]

In conclusion, it is interesting to remark that the whole series of these very singular animals offers a notable example of one genus being confined to a particular country. We have observed that they all belong to South America; nor do we find that in any parts of the old world, or, indeed, in the great northern division of the new, any races of quadrupeds at all to resemble them, or in any manner to be compared with them. They may be said to stand perfectly insulated; they exhibit all the characters of a creation entirely distinct, and except as to the general characters of mammiferous quadrupeds, perfectly of their own kind. There is no break in the whole circle of them, no deviation or leaning towards any other organized form; so that the boldest conjecture will hardly venture to guess at any other than a separate creation for these animals, and a distinct allocation in South America. This peculiarity is rendered the more striking by the facility with which it seems to endure removal, even to our latitudes; thereby proving that its present confined identity with South America is not altogether the result of its physical necessities.‡

* It should here be observed that the Three-banded Armadillo is remarkable for the faculty of rolling itself up more completely than the other species. It can, in so doing, totally conceal the head, the tail, and the fore feet, which none of the other species can completely effect.—*Cuvier.*

† From a specimen figured in Dr. Shaw's Zoological Lectures, with plates, by Mrs. Griffith, vol. i.

‡ Popular Zoology. Comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Animals of the Zoological Society's Menagerie. With many Engravings. 1839.

CLIMATE OF CANADA.

From Sketches, by a Backwoodsman.

It never has been accountable to me, how the heat of the sun is regulated. There is no part of Upper Canada that is not to the south of Penzance, yet there is no part of England where the cold is so intense as in Canada; nay, there is no cold in England equal to the cold of Virginia, which, were it on the European side of the hemisphere, would be looked upon as an almost tropical climate. To explain to an European what the climate of Upper Canada is, we would say, that in summer it is the climate of Italy, in winter that of Holland; but in either case we should only be giving an illustration, for in both winter and summer it possesses peculiarities which neither of these two climates possess. The summer heat of Upper Canada generally ranges towards 80° Fahrenheit; but should

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the wind blow twenty-four hours steadily from the north, it will fall to 40° during the night. The reason of this seems to be the enormous quantity of forest over which that wind blows, and the leaves of the trees affording such an extensive surface of evaporation. One remarkable peculiarity in the climate of Canada, when compared with those to which we have likened it, is its dryness. Far from the ocean, the salt particles that somehow or other exist in the atmosphere of sea-bounded countries are not to be found here; roofs of tinned iron of fifty years' standing are as bright as the day they came out of the shop; and you may leave a charge of powder in your gun for a month, and find, at the end of it, that it goes off without hanging fire. The diseases of the body, too, that are produced by a damp atmosphere, are uncommon here. It may be a matter of surprise to some to hear, that pectoral and catarrhal complaints, which, from an association of ideas they may connect with cold, are here hardly known. In the cathedral at Montreal, where from three to five thousand people assemble every Sunday, you will seldom find the service interrupted by a cough, even in the dead of winter and in hard frost; whereas, in Britain, from the days of Shakspeare, even in a small country church, "coughing drowns the parson's saw." Pulmonary consumption, too, the scourge alike of England and the sea-coast of America, is so rare in the northern parts of New York and Pennsylvania, and the whole of Upper Canada, that in eight years' residence I have not seen as many cases of the disease as I have in a day's visit to a provincial infirmary at home. The only disease we are annoyed with here, that we are not accustomed to at home, is the intermittent fever,—and that, though most abominably annoying, is not by any means dangerous: indeed, one of the most annoying circumstances connected with it is, that, instead of being sympathized with, you are only laughed at. Otherwise the climate is infinitely more healthy than that of England. Indeed, it may be pronounced the most healthy country under the sun, considering that whisky can be procured for about one shilling sterling per gallon. Though the cold of a Canadian winter is great, it is neither distressing nor disagreeable. There is no day during winter, except a rainy one, in which a man need be kept from his work. It is a fact, though as startling as some of the dogmas of the Edinburgh school of political economy, that the thermometer is no judge of warm or cold weather. Thus, with us in Canada, when it is low, (say at zero,) there is not a breath of hair, and you can judge of the cold of the morning by the smoke rising from the chimney of a cottage, and shooting up straight like the steeple of a church, then gradually melting away in the beautiful clear blue of the morning sky; yet in such weather it is impossible to go through a day's march in your great coat; whereas, at home, when the wind blows from the north-east, though the thermometer stands at from 55° to 60°, you find a fire far from oppressive. The fact is, that a Canadian winter is by far the pleasantest season of the year, for everybody is idle, and everybody is determined to enjoy himself. Between the summer and winter of Canada, a season exists, called the Indian summer. During this period, the atmosphere has a smoky, hazy effect, which is ascribed by the people generally to the simultaneous burning of the prairies of the western part of the continent. This explanation I take to be absurd; since, if it were so to be accounted for, the wind must necessarily blow from that quarter, which is not in all instances the case. During this period, which generally occupies two or three weeks of the month of November, the days are pleasant, and with abundance of sunshine, and the nights present a cold, clear, black frost. When this disappears, the rains commence, which always precede winter; for it is a proverb in the Lower Province, among the French Canadians, that the ditches never freeze till they are full. Then comes the regular winter, which, if rains and thaws do not interfere, is very pleasant; and that is broken up by rains again, which last until the strong sun of the middle of May renders everything dry and in good order. A satirical friend of mine gave a caricature account of the climate of the province, when he said that, for two months of the spring and two months of the autumn, you are up to your middle in mud; for four months of summer you are broiled by the heat, choked by the dust, and devoured by the mosquitoes; and for the remaining four months, if you get your nose above the snow, it is to have it bit off by the frost.

The Public Journals.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A RASCAL.

"His name is never heard."

Late one evening, a packet of letters, just arrived by the English mail, was handed to Mynheer Von Kapell, a merchant of Hamburgh. His head clerk awaited, as usual, for any orders which might arise from their contents; and was not a little surprised to observe the brow of his wealthy employer suddenly clouded; again and again he perused the letter he held, at last audibly giving vent to his feelings—

"Donder and blitzen!" he burst forth, "but this *is* a shock, who would have thought it? The house of Bennet and Ford to be shaken thus! What is to be done?"

"Bennett and Ford failed!" cried the astonished clerk.

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"Failed! ten thousand devils! not so bad as that; but they are in deep distress, and have suffered a heavy loss; but read, good Yansen! and let me have your advice."

The clerk read as follows:—

"*London, August 21st.*

"Most respected friend,

"Yours of the 5th inst. came safe to hand, and will meet prompt attention. We have to inform you, with deep regret, that the son of the trustworthy cashier of this long-established house has absconded, taking with him bills accepted by our firm to a large amount, as per margin; and a considerable sum in cash. We have been able to trace the misguided young man to a ship bound for Holland, and we think it probable he may visit Hamburgh, (where our name is so well known and, we trust, so highly respected) for the purpose of converting these bills into cash. He is a tall, handsome youth, about five feet eleven inches, with dark hair and eyes; speaks French and German well, and was dressed in deep mourning, in consequence of the recent death of his mother. If you should be able to find him, we have to request you will use your utmost endeavours to regain possession of the bills named in the margin; but, as we have a high respect for the father of the unfortunate young man, we will further thank you to procure for him a passage on board the first vessel sailing for Batavia, paying the expense of his voyage, and giving him the sum of two hundred louis d'or, which you will place to our account current, on condition that he does not attempt to revisit England till he receives permission so to do.

"We are, most respected friend,

"Your obedient servants,

"BENNETT, FORD, AND CO."

"Mynheer Von Kapell."

"My life on't," said Yansen, "'tis the very lad I saw this day, walking up and down in front of the Exchange, who appeared half out of his wits; looking anxiously for some particular object, yet shunning general observation: his person answers the description."

"That's fortunate," said the merchant, "you must devote the morrow to searching for him; bring him to me if possible, and I'll do my utmost to serve my excellent friends, Bennett and Ford of London."

Early next morning, Yansen went to the Exchange, and kept an anxious watch for many hours in vain; he was returning hopeless, when he saw the identical youth coming out of the door of a Jew money-changer; he brushed hastily past him, exclaiming, "The unconscionable scoundrel! seventy per cent. for bills on the best house in England!"

Yansen approached him. "Young gentleman," said he, in a very mild tone, "you appear to have met with some disappointment from that griping wretch, Levi. If you have any business to transact, my house is close by; I shall be happy to treat with you."

"Willingly," replied the youth, "the sooner the better. I must leave Hamburgh at day-break."

The clerk led him to the house of the merchant, and entered it by a small side door, desiring the young man to be seated, whilst he gave some directions. In a few minutes he reappeared, bringing Von Kapell with him. The worthy Hamburgher having no talent for a roundabout way of doing business, said bluntly, "So Mynheer! we are well met; it will be useless to attempt disguise with me; look at this!" and he put into his hand the letter he had the night before received.

Overwhelmed with consternation, the young man fell at his feet.

"Oh heaven!" he cried, "I am lost for ever—my father, my indulgent, my honourable father, is heart-broken and disgraced by my villany. My mother!" Here he became nearly inaudible, and hid his face in his hands. "You," he continued, "are spared all participation in the agony your wretched son is suffering."

"Boy, boy!" said the merchant, raising him, and quite melted at this show of penitence, "listen to me! are the bills safe? if so, you may still hope."

"They are," eagerly exclaimed the youth; "how fortunate that I did not listen to the offers of that rapacious Jew. Here, sir, take them, I implore you," pulling from his breast a large pocket-book; "they are untouched. Spare but my life, and I will yet atone—Oh, spare me from a shameful death."

There was a pause, broken at last by Yansen's saying significantly to his employer, "as per margin."

The merchant turned to the unhappy young man. "Take heart," said he, "'Wenn die noth ist amgröszten die hülfe ist am nächsten.'* There's an old German proverb for you. Sit down and hear what I have to say. I think myself not a little fortunate in so soon being able to fulfil the wishes of my English correspondents; your natural alarm did not suffer you to finish their letter; you will perceive how generously they mean to act; their house's credit saved, they intend not to punish you. Read, read; and Yansen, order some eatables, and a bottle or two of my old Heidelberg hock, trouble always makes me thirsty—three glasses, my good Yansen."

Again the young Englishman hid his face, and sighed convulsively, "I do not deserve this lenity. My excellent father! this is a tribute to your virtue."

Von Kapell left his guest's reflections undisturbed, till a servant entered, who placed refreshments on a well polished oak table; when she retired, he resumed.

"And now, what devil tempted you to play

* When things are at the worst they must mend.

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the —— runaway?" swallowing the term he had intended to use. "Was it for the wenches, or the dicing table?"

"Spare me, most kind and worthy sir, I intreat you! To my father I will make full confession of all my faults; but he must be the first to know the origin of my crimes."

"Well, well, take another glass of wine; you shall stay in my house till we can find a passage for you. It was but last night my good ship the Christine sailed for Batavia, and ——"

"Under favour," interrupted Yansen, "she has not yet left the harbour; the wind blew too fresh for her to venture on crossing the sand-banks at night, and it is now only shifting round a point or two."

"You are lucky, youngster;" quickly added the merchant, "the Christine has noble accommodations; you shall aboard this evening. Put these in the chest, good Yansen," handing him the bills, "and count me out the two hundred louis d'or the boy is to have. Come, man! finish your meal, for I see," said he, regarding a vane on the gable of an opposite house, "you have no time to lose."

The meal was finished—the money given—the worthy merchant adding as much good advice as the brief space would permit. The Briton was profuse in his expressions of gratitude, promised amendment, and returned the warm grasp of Von Kapell, unable to speak for his tears. Yansen accompanied him on board, gave the owner's most particular charge to the skipper, to pay his passenger every attention on the voyage. The vessel cleared the harbour—was in a few hours out of sight—and the next morning, Mynheer Von Kapell wrote to London a full account of the transaction, returning the bills he had so fortunately recovered.

* * * * * *

In less than a fortnight, the following letter reached the good old German:—

"Sir,—We have to inform you, that we never lost the bills sent in your last favour, every one of which is fabricated, and our acceptance forged. Our cashier has no son, nor has he lost a wife. We are sincerely grieved that your friendly feeling towards our house should have led you to listen to so palpable a cheat.

"We remain, with great respect, yours,
"Bennett, Ford, and Co."

"P. S. If you should ever hear again of the person you have, at your own expense, sent to Batavia, we shall be glad to know."

* * * * * *

What can be said of the good old German's feelings, but that they may "be more easily conceived than described?"—*Monthly Magazine.*

New Books.

OTWAY'S "VENICE PRESERVED."

[Hundreds of our readers who have again and again heard

Belvidera pour her soul in love—

may not be aware of the precise historical connexion of the incidents of Otway's play with the events of history. They are taken, in the main, from an atrocious conspiracy formed at Venice in 1618. Sir Henry Wotton, then English ambassador at Venice, writes as follows on the 25th of May, in the above year:—"The whole town is here at present in horror and confusion upon the discovering of a foul and fearful conspiracy of the French against this state; whereof no less than thirty have already suffered very condign punishment, between men strangled in prison, drowned in the silence of the night, and hanged in public view; and yet the bottom is invisible." Beyond this quaint, meagre, chronological notice, little is actually established of the details, although the event is perhaps as familiarly known by name to English readers as any other in the History of Venice. We are, therefore, happy to see the affair treated with minute consideration in the second volume of "Sketches from Venetian History," in the *Family Library;* and so interesting is the narrative, or rather the facts and conjectures, to the lover of history, as well as to the unstudious playgoer, that we are induced to quote nearly every line of the passage. The editor observes:—]

Muratori indeed has scarcely exaggerated the obscurity in which this incident is enveloped when he affirms that only one fact illuminates its darkness; namely that several hundred French and Spaniards engaged in the service of the Republic were arrested and put to death. The researches of Comte Daru have brought to light some hitherto unknown contemporary documents; but even the inexhaustible diligence of that most laborious, accurate, and valuable writer has been baffled in the hope of obtaining certainty as its reward; and he has been compelled to content himself with the addition of one hypothesis more to those already proposed in explanation of this mystery.

All that can be positively affirmed is that during the summer of 1617, Jacques Pierre, a Norman by birth, whose youth had been spent in piratical enterprises in the Levantine seas, from which he had acquired no inconsiderable celebrity, fled from the service of the Spanish Duke d'Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples; and, having offered himself at the Arsenal of Venice, was engaged there in a subordinate office. Not many days after his arrival in the *Lagune*, Pierre denounced to the Inquisitors of State a conspiracy projected, as he said, by the Duke d'Ossuna, and favoured by

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Don Alfonso della Cueva, Marquis de Bedemar, at that time resident ambassador from Spain. The original minutes of Pierre's disclosures, written in French, still exist among the correspondence of M. Leon Bruslart, the contemporary ambassador from the court of France to the Republic; and they were translated into Italian, with which language Pierre was but imperfectly acquainted, by his friend Renault, in order that they might be presented to the Inquisitors. In this plot, Pierre avowed himself to be chief agent; his pretended abandonment of the Duke d'Ossuna forming one part of the stratagem: and he added that his commission enjoined him to seduce the Dutch troops employed in the late war, who still remained in Venice and its neighbourhood; to fire the city; to seize and massacre the nobles; to overthrow the existing government; and ultimately to transfer the state to the Spanish crown. The sole immediate step taken by the Inquisitors in consequence of these revelations was the secret execution of Spinosa, a Neapolitan, whom Pierre described as an emissary of the Duke d'Ossuna; and whom he appears to have regarded with jealousy as a spy upon his own conduct. For the rest, the magistrates contented themselves, as it seems, by awaiting the maturity of the plot with silent vigilance. Ten months elapsed during which Pierre communicated on the one hand with the Duke d'Ossuna, unsuspicious of his treachery, and on the other with the Inquisitors; till at the expiration of that term he was seized by an order of the X, while employed on his duties with the Fleet, and drowned without the grant of sufficient delay even for previous religious confession. More, perhaps many more, than three hundred French and Spaniards engaged in various naval and military capacities were at the same time delivered to the executioner; and Renault, after undergoing numerous interrogatories, and being placed seven times on the cord, was hanged by one foot on a gibbet on the *Piazzetta*, which day after day presented similar exhibitions of horror.

This evidence of Pierre remained at the time concealed in the bosoms of the Inquisitors to whom it had been delivered; and no official declarations satisfied public curiosity as to the cause of the sanguinary executions which deformed the Capital. A rumour indeed spread itself abroad, and, although not traced to any certain authority, was universally credited, that a great peril had been escaped; that Venice had trembled on the very brink of destruction; and that the Spaniards had meditated her ruin. Popular fury was accordingly directed against the Marquis de Bedemar; and so fierce were the menaces of summary vengeance that the ambassador was forced to protest his innocence before the *Collegio*, more in the spirit of one deprecating punishment than defying accusation. He then earnestly solicited protection against the rabble surrounding his palace; for "God knows," affirmed his pale and affrighted secretary more than once, "the danger of our residence is great!" The Vice-doge, who during the interregnum between the death of one chief magistrate and the election of another presided over the *Collegio*, replied vaguely, coldly, and formally; and, the application having been renewed without any more favourable result, Bedemar, justly apprehensive for his safety, seized a pretext for withdrawing, till a successor to his embassy was appointed. Meantime, considerable doubts were entertained, not only by the resident foreign ministers,—especially by that of France, better informed than his brethren through the possession of Pierre's minutes,—but by the Venetian senators themselves, also, whether any conspiracy whatever had really existed. Nevertheless, in spite of these misgivings not obscurely expressed, it was not till the expiration of five months that the X presented a report to the Senate, detailing the information which they had received and the views upon which they had acted. That report however is so manifestly contradicted in many very important instances by Pierre's depositions, that it must be considered as drawn up and garbled solely with the intention of *making a case*; and therefore as revealing only so much truth dashed and brewed with a huge proportion of falsehood, as it suited the interests of the magistrates to exhibit to public view. All mention of the denouncements of Pierre during the long period of ten months is carefully suppressed, and yet no fact in history is more distinctly proved than that he did so communicate. The first intimation of the plot is there said to have been given but a few days before it was to have been executed, by two Frenchmen, Montcassin and Balthazar Juven, whom Pierre had endeavoured to seduce. "Look at these Venetians," said the daring conspirator one day to his apparent proselytes, "they affect to chain the lion; but the lion sometimes devours his master, especially when that master uses him ill." According to their further evidence, some troops despatched by the Duke d'Ossuna were to land by night on the *Piazzetta* and to occupy all the strong holds of the city; numerous treasonable agents already within the walls were to master the depots of arms; and fire, rapine, and massacre were to bring the enterprise to consummation.

The papers abovementioned, together with a few letters from the Doge to the Venetian ambassador at Milan, and one or two other not very important documents contained in the archives of Venice, all printed by Comte Daru, are the sole authentic vouchers for this conspiracy now known to exist; and it must

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be confessed that they are insufficient for its elucidation. The Abbe St. Real, who for a long time was esteemed the chief historian of this dark transaction, is an agreeable and attractive writer; but—since he was unacquainted with the report of the X; since he does not cite the correspondence of the French ambassador containing Pierre's depositions; and since he frequently varies from a MS which he does cite, *The Interrogateries of the Accused*,* a MS indeed, which, even when quoted faithfully, is often contradicted by the few established facts, and by numerous well-known usages of the Venetian government,—little faith can be attached to his narrative. It was his opinion, and it has been that which has most generally prevailed, that the Duke d'Ossuna, the Marquis de Bedemar, an Don Pedro di Toledo, governor of Milan, mutually concerted a plan for the destruction of Venice; the chief execution of which was entrusted to Pierre and Renault: and that, on the very eve of its explosion, Jaffier, one of their band, touched by the magnificence of the Espousals of the Adriatic which he had just witnessed, was shaken from his stern purpose, and revealed the conspiracy. In order to overthrow the latter part of this hypothesis, it may be sufficient to state that the first executions took place on the 14th of May, 1618, and that it was not till the 24th of that month that the Feast of Ascension, and its gorgeous ceremonies, occurred in the same year.

Comte Daru, on the other hand, first explains a design which it is notorious was entertained by the Duke d'Ossuna to convert his viceroyalty of Naples into a kingdom, the crown of which, wrested from Spain, should be placed on his own head. And hence he establishes the impossibility that d'Ossuna should at the same moment be plotting the overthrow of Venice; that power whose assistance, or at least whose connivance was one of the weapons most necessary for his success. On these grounds, Comte Daru contends that the Duke maintained a secret understanding both with the Signory and the court of France; that, refining on political duplicity, he deceived Pierre by really instructing him to gain over the Dutch troops quartered in the *Lagune*; not, however, as his emissary supposed, to be employed ultimately for the seizure of Venice, but in truth for that of Naples; that Pierre's courage was not proof against the dangers with which his apparently most hazardous commission beset him; and that accordingly he betrayed his employer, and revealed to the Inquisitors a plot which *they* well knew to be feigned: and, lastly, that when the ambitious plans of d'Ossuna, partially discovered before their time by the Spanish government, might have compromised Venice also if they had been fully elucidated; in order to blot out each syllable of evidence which could bear, even indirectly, upon the transaction, so far as she was concerned, it was thought expedient to remove every individual who had been even unwittingly connected with it. So fully was this abominable wickedness perpetrated, that both the accused and the accusers, the deceivers and the deceived, those either faithless or faithful to their treason, the tools who either adhered to or who betrayed d'Ossuna, who sought to destroy or to preserve Venice, were alike enveloped in one common fate, and silenced in the same sure keeping of the grave. Some few, respecting whose degree of participation a slight doubt arose, were strangled on the avowed principle that *all* must be put to death who were in any way implicated; others were drowned by night, in order that their execution might *make no noise*.† Moncassin, one of the avowed informers, was pensioned, spirited away to Cyprus, and there despatched in a drunken quarrel; and if it be asserted that his companion Balthazar Juven was permitted to survive, it is because he is the only individual concerning whose final destiny we cannot pronounce with certainty.‡

Of one personage who holds an important station in St. Real's romance, and yet more so in Otway's coarse and boisterous tragedy, which, by dint of some powerful *coups de theatre*, still maintains possession of the English stage, we have hitherto mentioned but the name; and, in fact, even for that name we are indebted only to the more than suspected summary of the *Interrogateries of the Accused*.

Antoine Jaffier, a French captain, is there made chief evidence against Pierre and Renault, who are employed by d'Ossuna, as he vaguely states, to surprise *some* maritime place belonging to the republic. This informer was rewarded with four thousand sequins, and instructed forthwith to quit the Venetian territories; but having, while at Brescia, renewed communications with suspected persons, he was brought back to the *Lagune* and drowned. The minute particularities of Jaffier's depositions, and the motive which prompted him to offer them, (the

* A translation of this document is given by Daru: the original Italian may be found in the *Memorie recondite* of Vittorio Siri, i. 407.

† Laurent Brulard, concerning whose fate much discussion arose, was strangled *par beaucoup de considerations et par une suite du parti qu'on avait pris de mettre a mort tous ceux qui etaient impliques dans cette affaire*. The brothers Desbouleaux were drowned by night in the *Canale Orfano, pour ne point ebruiter l'affaire*; and the instructions sent to the Admiral who was to drown Pierre were to fulfil his commission *avec le moins de bruit possible*. Accordingly that ruffian, and forty-five of his accomplices, were drowned at once *sans bruit*. *Interrogatoire des Accuses*, translated by Daru, vol. viii. § x.

‡ It is believed that Balthazar Juven, and a relation of the Marechale de Lesdiguieres, who is stated to have escaped punishment, are one and the same person.

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latter, as we have already shown, resting on a gross anachronism,) are, we believe pure inventions by St. Real; and Otway has used a poet's license to palliate still farther deviations from authentic history. Under his hands, Pierre,—whom all accounts conspire in representing to us as a foreign, vulgar and mercenary bravo, equally false to every party, and frightened into confession,—is transformed into a Venetian patriot, the proud champion of his country's liberty; who declaims in good, set, round, customary terms against slavery and oppression; and who, in the end, escapes a mode of execution unknown to Venice, by persuading the friend who has betrayed him, and whom he has consequently renounced, to stab him to the heart, in order "to preserve his memory." The weak, whining, vacillating, uxorious Jaffier, by turns a cut-throat and a King's evidence; now pawning, now fondling, and now menacing with his dagger an imaginary wife; first placing his comrade's life in jeopardy, then begging it against his will, and finally taking it with his own hand, is a yet more unhappy creation of wayward fancy; and it is only in the names of the conspirators, in the introduction of an Englishman, Eliot, (whom he has brought nearer vernacular spelling than he found him,—Haillot,*) and in the character of Rainault, that Otway is borne out by authority. The last-mentioned person is described by the French ambassador as a sot, a gambler, and a sharper, whose rogueries are well known to all the world; in a word, therefore, as a fit leader of a revolutionary crew wrought up, "without the least remorse, with fire and sword t' exterminate" all who bore the stamp of nobility; and *not* as the most fitting depository in which Belvidera's honour might be lodged as a security for that of her irresolute husband.

Whatever hypothesis may be adopted, be this conspiracy true or false, there is no bloodier, probably no blacker page in history than that which records its development. Were it not for the immeasurable weight of guilt which must press upon the memory of the rulers of Venice if we suppose the plot to have been altogether fictitious, we should assuredly admit that the evidence greatly preponderates in favour of that assertion. But respect for human nature compels us to hesitate in admitting a charge so monstrous. Five months after the commencement of the executions, either a tardy gratitude or a profane mockery was offered to Heaven; and the Doge and nobles returned thanks for their great deliverance, by a solemn service at St. Mark's.

[Among the master-spirits who have commemorated the olden glories of Venice, but more especially her association with our dramatic literature, must not be forgotten Lord Byron:

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;
Our's is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto: Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre cannot be swept away—
The keystones of the arch! though all were o'er,
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.
* * * * * *
I lov'd her from my boyhood—she to me
Was as a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water-columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart;
And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art
Had stamp'd her image in me, and ever so,
Although I found her thus, we did not part,
Perchance even dearer in her day of woe
Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and a show.

Returning to the "Sketches," we must observe that we beg to differ with the Editor in merely applying the epithets "coarse and boisterous," to Otway's play, and pointing to "*coups de Theatre*" as its only merits. He surely ought not to have omitted its originality of whatever order it may be.

The volume before us brings the history of Venice to her subjection to Austria in 1798. It is throughout spiritedly executed. The illustrations, antique and modern, are precisely of this character, being from Titian, and our contemporary artist, Prout.]

* Nani, iii. p. 169. He was to have commanded the naval part of the enterprise.

The Gatherer.

Sir Hercules Langreish and his Friend.—We found him in his study alone, poring over the national accounts, with two claret bottles empty before him, and a third bottle on the wane; it was about eight o'clock in the evening, and the butler, according to general orders when gentlemen came in, brought a bottle of claret to each of us. "Why," said Parnell, "Sir Heck, you have emptied *two bottles* already." "True," said Sir Hercules. "And had you nobody to help you?" "*O yes*, I had that bottle of *port* there, and I assure you he afforded me very great assistance!"—*Sir Jonah Barrington.*

The Irish Bar.—They used to tell a story of Fitzgibbon respecting a client who brought his own brief, and fee, that he might personally apologize for the smallness of the latter. Fitzgibbon, on receiving the fee, looked rather discontented. "I assure you, counsellor," said the client (mournfully) I am ashamed of its smallness; but in fact it is all I have in the world." "Oh! then," said Fitzgibbon, "you can do no more:- as it's all you have in the world—why—hem—I must *take it!*" * * *

Speaking of the Catholics in the hall of the Four Courts, Keller seemed to insinuate that Norcott was favourable to their emancipation. "What!" said Norcott, with a great show of pomposity—"what! Pray,

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Keller, do you see anything that smacks of the *Pope* about me?" "I don't know," replied Keller; "but at all events there is a great deal of the *Pretender*, and I always understood them to travel in company."

National Gallery and Record Office, on the site of the King's Mews, Charing Cross.—The estimated expense of erecting the above building is 50,000*l.*; the amount proposed to be taken for the present year is 15,000*l.*; leaving to be granted in future years 35,000*l.* The proposed building will be 461 feet in length and 56 feet in width in its extreme dimensions, and will consist of a centre and two wings. The western wing will contain, on the ground floor, rooms for the reception of records, and an entrance into the barrack-yard such as now exists. Above them will be the picture-gallery, divided into four rooms; one 50 feet by 50 feet; two 50 feet by 38 feet; and one room 50 feet by 32 feet; together with four cabinets for the reception of small pictures, or for the use of the keeper. The floors will be made fire-proof. The eastern wing, of similar extent, will contain, on the ground floor, a hall for casts, the library and council-room of the Royal Academy, and a dwelling for the keeper. There will be likewise a gateway or entrance corresponding to that leading into the barrack-yard in the other wing. In the basement below this wing there will be offices for the use of the Royal Academy, and a separate set attached to the dwelling-house of the keeper. The centre building will consist of halls, vestibules, staircases, &c. for both establishments; they will be distinct and separated; but so brought together as to form one grand feature of interior decoration. The building is proposed to be executed in stone. The central portico is to be constructed with the columns and other members of that which formerly decorated the palace at Carlton House. The materials of the present building are to be used in the construction of the new building, so far as they can be employed with propriety. The whole cost of the building will be 50,000*l.*, exclusive of the old materials above mentioned, which have been valued at 4,000*l.* It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy the cost of the grates, air-stoves, and fittings of the buildings, which will mainly depend upon the mode to be adopted in warming them; but it may be confidently stated that it will not exceed 600*l.*—*Parliamentary Paper, No.* 611.

Home Truth.—"Give me my liar," was the phrase in which Charles the Fifth was used to call for a volume of history; and certainly no man can attentively examine any important period of our annals without remarking, that almost every incident admits of two handles, almost every character of two interpretations; and that, by a judicious packing of facts, the historian may make his picture assume nearly what form he pleases, without any direct violation of truth.—*Quarterly Rev.*

Envy.—"Of all the spies that are," says Mr. Owen Feltham, "envy is the most observant and prying. When the physicians to Frederick were relating what most would sharpen the sight, some were for fennel, and some for glasses, and others for other matters; the noble Actius did assure them, there was nothing that would do it like envy. 'Whatsoever man' does ill, by it is magnified, and multiplied; his failings are all watched, drawn out, and blazed to the world; and under the pretence of good, he is oft led to the extremest issue of evil. Like oil that is poured upon the roots of trees, which softens, it destroys and withers all the branches. And being once catched, with scorn he is insulted on. For envy is so unnoble a devil, that it ever tyrannizeth most upon a slip or low prostration, at which time gallant minds do most disdain to triumph. The envious is more unhappy than the serpent: for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it upon others, yet to his proper bosom it is not burdensome, as is the rancour that the envious keeps; but this most plainly is the plague, as it infects others, so it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner than fatal and detrimental to all the world beside. It was envy first unmade the angels and created devils. It was envy first that turned man out of Paradise, and with the blood of the innocent first dyed the untainted earth. It was envy sold chaste Joseph as a bondman, and unto crucifixion gave the only Son of God. He walks among burning coals that converses with those that are envious. He that would avoid it in himself, must have worth enough to be humble and beneficent. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others, must abandon their company."

Extraordinary Whipping.—During the minority of King James I. he was at Stirling Castle, under the tuition of the celebrated Buchanan. It is reported that Buchanan's reverence for his royal pupil, did not prevent his giving him a severe whipping when he persisted against remonstrance, in disturbing him whilst he was reading. Historians do not tell us how the royal pupil supported this chastisement. Swift says, "Heirs to titles and large estates, have a weakness in their eyes, and are not able to bear the pain and indignity of whipping." P. T. W.

*** *Erratum* in page 2—the line quoted from Montgomery should be

"The parrots swung like blossoms on the trees."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 696, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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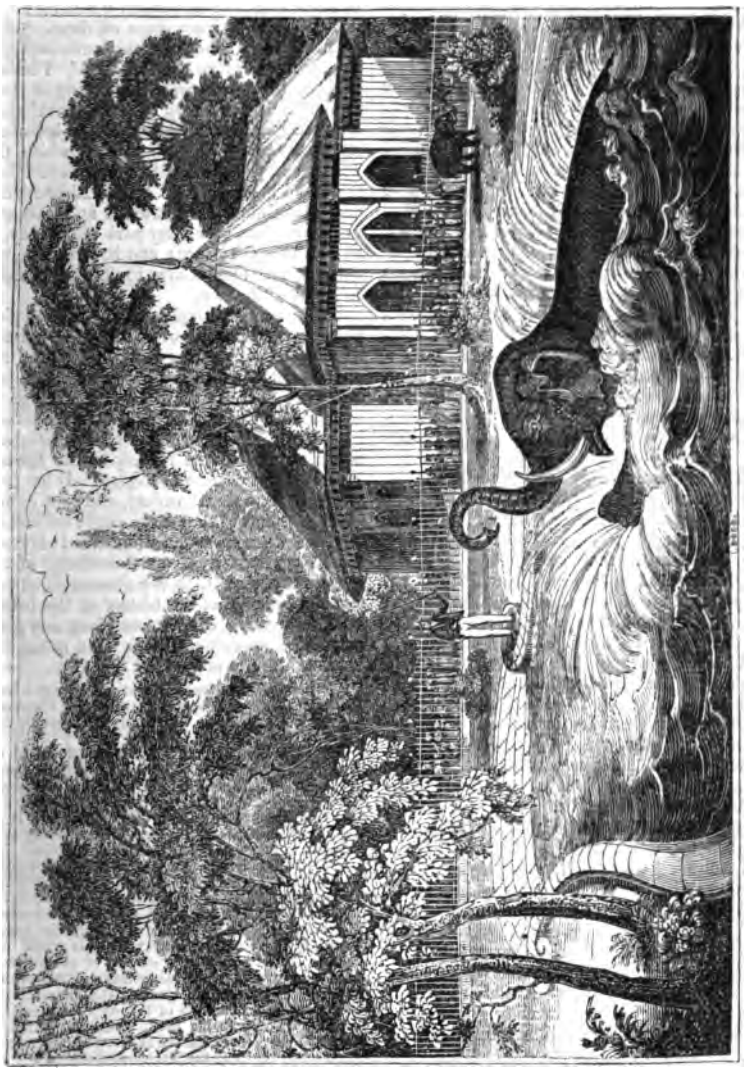
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 560.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1832. [Price 2d.

THE ELEPHANT (IN HIS BATH,)



IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

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THE ELEPHANTS

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

The annexed Engraving will probably afford the reader a better idea of the Zoological Gardens, than did either of our previous Illustrations. It is indeed a fair specimen of the luxurious accommodation afforded by the Society for their animals; while it enables us to watch the habits of the stupendous tenants in a state of nature, or at least, free from unnecessary restriction or confinement. It is an opportunity hitherto but rarely enjoyed in this country; the Elephants exhibited in our menageries being caged up, and only allowed to protrude the head outside the bars. The Duke of Devonshire, as our readers may recollect, possessed an Elephant which died in the year 1829: she was allowed the range of a spacious paddock at Chiswick, but her docility, intelligence, and affection, which were extraordinary, were only witnessed by a few visiters. In the *Jardin du Roi*, at Paris, the Elephant has long enjoyed advantages proportionate to his importance in the scale of creation. Six years since we remember seeing a fine young specimen in the enjoyment of an ample enclosure of greensward, and a spacious bath has since been added to the accommodations. This example has been rightly followed in our Zoological Gardens.

The Elephant Stable is at the extremity of the northern garden in the Regent's Park. It is of capacious dimensions, but is built in a style of unappropriate rusticity. Adjoining the stable is a small enclosure, which the Elephant may measure in two or three turns. Opposite is an enclosure of much greater extent, so as to be almost worthy of the name of a little park or paddock. The fence is of iron, and light but substantial. Within the area are a few lime-trees, the lower branches of which are thinned by the Elephant repeatedly twisting off their foliage with his trunk, as adroitly as a gardener would gather fruit. His main luxury is, however, in his bath, which is a large pool or tank of water, of depth nearly equal to his height. In hot weather he enjoys his ablutions here with great gusto, exhibiting the liveliest tokens of satisfaction and delight. Our artist has endeavoured to represent the noble creature in his bath, though the pencil can afford but an imperfect idea of the extasy of the animal on this occasion. His evolutions are extraordinary for a creature of such stupendous size. His keeper had at first some difficulty in inducing him to enter the pond, but he now willingly takes to the water, and thereby exhibits himself in a point of view in which we have not hitherto been accustomed to view an Elephant in this country. The fondness of Elephants for bathing is very remarkable. When in the water they often produce a singular noise with their trunks. Bishop Heber describes this habit as he witnessed it near Dacca:—"A sound struck my ear, as if from the water itself on which we were riding, the most solemn and singular I can conceive. It was long, loud, deep, and tremulous, somewhat between the bellowing of a bull and the blowing of a whale, or perhaps most like those roaring buoys which are placed at the mouths of some English harbours, in which the winds make a noise to warn ships off them. 'Oh,' said Abdallah, 'there are Elephants bathing: Dacca much place for Elephant.' I looked immediately, and saw about twenty of these fine animals, with their heads and trunks just appearing above the water. Their bellowing it was which I had heard, and which the water conveyed to us with a finer effect than if we had been on shore." The Elephant can also eject from his trunk water and dust, and his own saliva, over every part of his body, to cool its heated surface; and he is said to grub up dust, and blow it over his back and sides, to keep off the flies.

There are two Elephants in the Zoological Gardens. Both are of the Asiatic species. The larger animal was purchased by the Society about fifteen months since. It is probably about eleven years old, and is still growing; and a register of its bulk at various periods has been commenced. The smaller Elephant was presented to the Society by Sir Edward Barnes, late governor of Ceylon. It has been stated to be a dwarf variety, and that its age is not far short of that of the larger individual; but this assertion is questionable. It is much more consistent with our knowledge of the species to regard it, in the absence of all previous knowledge of the history of the individual, as a young one not exceeding four years old. This specimen will be seen in the distance of the Engraving.*

* The new-born Elephant is about three feet long. Between fifteen and twenty years of age, Elephants may be said to be adult. In India it is thought that they live three centuries.

The natural history of the Elephant would occupy many pages. A few points, however, are peculiarly interesting in connexion with the individuals from India, in the Zoological Gardens. The Indian Elephant appears, when fully grown, to attain a larger size than the African, the females commonly measuring from seven to eight, and the males from eight to ten, feet in height; though we find in old accounts the height of the Asiatic Elephant stated at fifteen or sixteen feet. The head of the Indian is more oblong than that of the African Elephant; and the forehead of the former has a deep concavity, while the head of the African is round and convex in all its parts. The teeth of the Indian species consist of narrow transverse bands of equal size, while those of the African are larger in the middle than at the ends, and are lozenge shaped. The ears of the Asiatic are smaller, and descend only to his neck, while in the African species the ears cover the shoulders. The former has four distinct toes, and the latter but three, on his hind feet. The Elephants of Ceylon are much prized for size, beauty, and hardihood. If the small Elephant in the Gardens be a native of Ceylon, it is by no means a beautiful specimen of the variety.

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STANZAS

ON REVISITING LUDLOW CASTLE.

Pale ruin! once more as I gaze on thy walls,
What memories of old, the sad vision recalls,
For change o'er thee lightly has past;
Yet what hearts are estrang'd and what bright hopes are fled,
And friends I erst dwelt with now sleep with the dead,
Since in childhood I gazed on thee last!

Thine image still rests on the clear stream beneath,
And flow'rs as of yore, thy old battlement wreathe,
Like rare friends by adversity's side;
Still clinging aloft, the wild tree I behold
That marks in derision, the spot, where of old
The standard once floated in pride.

But the conqueror, Time, hath thy banner o'erthrown,
And crumbled to ruin the courtyards that shone
With chivalry's gorgeous array;
And where music and laughter so often have rung,
In thy tapestried halls, now the ivy hath flung
A mantle to hide their decay.

Through the hush of thy lone haunts I wander again,
Where these time-hallow'd relics, familiar remain,
As if charmed into magic repose;
The pass subterraneous,—the fathomless well,
The mound whence the violet peeps—and the cell
Where the fox-glove in solitude grows.

In the last rays of sunset thy grey turrets gleam,
Yet I linger with thee—as to muse o'er a dream,
That mournful truths soon will dispel;
My pathway winds onward—life's cares to renew,
And I feel, as thy towers now fade from my view,
'Tis for ever—I bid thee farewell! E. L. J.

The Novelist.

THE HUNTSMAN.

A Traditionary Tale: by Miss M. L. Beevor.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast."
"The worm we tread upon will turn again."

Charles, the chief huntsman of Baron Mortimer, was undeniably a very handsome young man, the *beau ideal* of the lover, as pictured by the glowing imagination of maidens, and the beau *real* of a dozen villages in the vicinity of Mortimer Castle. Yet, was his beauty not amiable, but rather calculated to inspire terror and distrust, than affection and confidence: in fact, a bandit may be uncommonly handsome; but, by the fierce, haughty character of his countenance, the fire which flashes from his eyes, and the contempt which curls his mustachoed lip, create fear, instead of winning regard, and this was the case with Charles. One, however, of those maidens, unto whom it was the folly and vanity of his youth to pay general court, conceived for him a passion deep and pure, which in semblance, at least, he returned; but how far to answer his own nefarious purposes, for Charles Elliott was a godless young man, we shall hereafter discover.

Annette Martin was the daughter of a small farmer who resided about a mile and a half from the Castle; but, being the tenant of Lord Mortimer, had not only frequent occasion to go thither himself with the rural produce of his farm, (for which the Castle was a ready market,) but also to send Annette. Thus then commenced that innocent girl's acquaintance with the Baron's chief huntsman, not long after Elliott's induction into that office, by the resignation of his superannuated predecessor.

Strange rumours were afloat respecting the conduct of Charles; none of which, it is to be presumed, met the Baron's ears, or assuredly the deprivation of his office would have followed. But Lord Mortimer was a young man, paying his addresses to a lady who lived at some distance from the Castle, and consequently much absent from it. And, what said pretty Annette to the rumours which failed not to meet *her* ear, of her lover's misconduct? "I don't believe a word of them! Charles may be fonder of pleasure than of business, but he is a young man; by and by he will see and feel the necessity of steady application to the duties of his situation, and become less wild and more manly." "Never!" would be solemnly enunciated by Annette's auditors. "As to the charge," would she undauntedly continue, "brought against him of cruelty to the dogs under his care, it is an abominable falsehood; Elliott may be passionate, I don't say he is not, but he is generous and humane. *I* have never seen him scourge the hounds, as you tell me he does, until blood drops from their mangled hides; *I* have never heard the cries which, you say, resound from their kennels day and night; cries of pain and hunger."

"And have you never seen," would ask some well-meaning tale-bearer, "any of those poor brutes, whose wealed and mangled coats, proclaimed how savagely they had been treated?"

"I have indeed seen," would answer Annette, "dogs lacerated by the wild boars with which the Castle forests abound."

"And have you never observed the miserable skin-and-bone plight of my lord's hounds?"

"They are not thinner, Charles says, than most hounds in good training: when dogs get fat, they become lazy, lose the faculty of finding game, and the inclination of bringing it down."

"Dogs it is true, ought not to be pampered and surfeited, but they ought to be *fed*." Upon this, Annette would vehemently maintain that fed they were, and amply, as she had seen Elliott cut up their meat; whilst the friendly newsmonger would charitably hint, that her intended knew as well as most men how to turn an *honest* penny, by cheating the dogs of their food, and selling it elsewhere.

Annette cared little for inuendos which she attributed chiefly to malice and ill-nature. None are so difficult to convince as those who are obstinately deaf to conviction, and there is an idolatry of affection which sometimes burns fonder and deeper, as its object is contemned and despised by the world. Annette had also

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some idea, that these, and other reports to the prejudice of Charles, originated with an unsuccessful rival, though poor William Curry, amiable, single-minded, and good-humoured as he was, never breathed in her presence, a syllable to the disparagement of Elliott.

Time sped, and upon an occasion when Lord Mortimer returned for a week or two to his Castle, the conduct of his chief huntsman was reported to him; but Charles with consummate art, so vindicated himself, and so contrived to disgrace his accusers, that when the young baron again left home, he stood higher perhaps than ever, in his confidence and favour.

It was the bright summer-time, the period when rural folks make holiday, (at least they did so then, but times have strangely altered of late in once *merry* England,) the woods put on their brightest green, and the people their finest clothes, for there were wakes, fairs, and rustic meetings innumerable in the vicinity of the Castle. Charles the huntsman might, as usual, be seen at these *fêtes* for nothing, but after his late victory, he carried his head higher, assumed a swaggering gait, and looked his neighbours out of countenance with impudent defiance.

The village feasts were not yet over, when late one night, a cavalier, passing through one of the great forests which surrounded Mortimer Castle, beheld, (for it was a moonlight night,) a female form slowly sauntering about the bridle-way in which he was riding, and uttering heavy moans and sobs. At first, taking this figure for something supernatural, the traveller was startled, but quickly recovering himself, he rode boldly up to, and addressed, the object of his idle fears:—"I have been waiting here for hours," replied the young woman, for such indeed she was, "and my friend is not yet come; I am sadly afraid, sir, some accident may have happened to him."

"*Him!*" quoth the stranger laughing, "O my good girl, if you be waiting for a *gentleman*, no wonder you're disappointed. He has played you false, rely upon it, and won't come to night,—so you'd better go home."

"O sir! O my Lord!—I cannot—I dare not! What would father and mother say? and what could I say?"

"Ay—Annette,—Annette Martin,—what *could* you say?"

"Only the *truth*, your lordship;" replied the poor girl sobbing, and curtseying, "and then they'd turn me out of doors, for they do so hate Charles,—Charles Elliott, your honour, —that they've as good as sworn, as they'll never consent to my marrying him, and so—and so—I was just a waiting here to-night for him to come as he promised he would, and take me away to the far off town, and"——

"And there marry you, I suppose, without your father and mother's consent:—eh, Annette?"

"Yes, my lord, an please you," replied the poor girl with another rustic dip.

"No, Annette," replied the young baron, "it does not quite please me; and Charles, at any rate, unless some very unforeseen circumstance should have detained him, shall know what *I* think of his present conduct to you. But come,—mount behind me,—I am unexpectedly returning to the Castle, Dame Trueby shall there make you comfortable for to-night, your parents and friends shall never know but that your absence from home was occasioned by a regular visit to her, and your marriage in two or three days, with *my* sanction, Annette, will, I think, completely settle matters."

The urbane young baron alighting, assisted Annette to mount his noble steed, who, though overwhelmed by his kindness, refused to listen to all the consolation, or banterings, with which he endeavoured to cheer her on her way to Castle Mortimer, choosing rather to believe that some dreadful accident had befallen her lover, than that carelessness, or perfidy, caused his absence. Dame Trueby's account was little calculated to soothe Annette's anxiety, or to satisfy Lord Mortimer respecting Elliott's proceedings.

"I have not seen Charles," said she, "since early this morning, when I heard him say he was going to feed the hounds, poor creatures! and time enough that he did, I think, considering that he left them without a morsel for a whole day and night, whilst he was capering away at Woodcroft Feast; and then,—the beast!—what does he, but comes back so dead drunk that we were forced to carry him up to bed; meanwhile, the hungry brutes, poor dumb souls, just ready to eat one another, have been fit to raise the very dead with their barking, and ramping, and yowling!"

"A sad account is this, Margery."

"A very *true* one, please your lordship," replied the old housekeeper, testily.

"I don't doubt it," returned Lord Mortimer, "but cannot at this time of night, dame, with Charles absent, and this young woman, his intended wife, wanting some refreshment and a bed (for which indeed I have ample need myself), make any inquiry into the affair. Let Elliott call me in the morning instead of More, do you meanwhile make this young woman as comfortable as you can, and *recollect*, Mrs. Trueby, *that she is come to the Castle upon a visit to you.*"

Margery curtseyed, and "yessed," and "very welled," with apparent submission, but though she dared not express her thoughts, it was easy to read in her ample countenance, sad suspicions relative to the honour of her noble master, and of the forlorn damsel thus thrust upon her peculiar hospitality. "And," continued Lord Mortimer, "Charles, you are sure, fed the dogs this morning?"

"Don't know, my lord, I'm sure," replied the old housekeeper, doggedly, "I suppose he

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did, and belike beat 'em too; I only know they've been quiet all day, which, it stands to reason, they wouldn't have been without *wittals*; but Master Elliott, I've not seen since."

"Not since early this morning, and 'tis now midnight! Where can he be?"

"The Lord knows, sir! after no good I doubt, for he's a wild lad, and these fairs and dances, fairly turn his brain."

Little further passed that night between the young lord and his housekeeper; after taking some refreshment he retired to rest, and poor Annette also sought, under the auspices of circumspect Mistress Margery, repose in Castle Mortimer, little anticipating the singularly dreadful disclosure of the ensuing morning. Charles, in fact, not having returned, one of the inferior serving-men,—who durst not, now that his master was at home, stand upon the punctilio of "*not my business*," undertook soon after dawn to "see to the hounds," in his stead; when upon opening the door of the large enclosure in which they were kept, he there beheld, to his unutterable consternation and horror, *the mangled remnants of the careless and cruel Huntsman*: these consisted of his clothes, torn into strips, and dyed in blood, with fragments sufficient of flesh and bone to attest the hideous fact, that the ravenous brutes, had, after their last long fast, sprung upon their tormentor, (awful retribution!) even at the very moment when he appeared amongst them with their long delayed meal, torn him in pieces, and devoured him!

Lord Mortimer, though he could not in conscience blame his canine favourites, nor forbear regarding his huntsman's fate as a signal instance of the retributive justice of Providence, felt himself obliged to destroy the whole pack, after their ferocious banquet on human flesh; and with tears in his eyes, he forced himself to witness their execution, lest the cupidity or misjudging kindness of any of his retainers, should induce them to mitigate the culprits' doom. The horrid story spread far and wide, and one of its earliest results was the appearance at Castle Mortimer of a poor woman and three young children, who stated in an agony of grief, that *she* was the lawful *wife* of the deceased Charles Elliott, whom he had maintained in a distant town, unto whom his visits, when off duty at the Castle, and absent without leave, were sometimes paid, and who, with her children, being suddenly bereaved by his awful demise of their sole hope and support, now humbly threw themselves upon the benevolence of Lord Mortimer for employment and subsistence!

The grief and confusion of poor Annette Martin, upon this discovery of black villany meditated against her by the unprincipled huntsman, and upon its miraculous and awful frustration, may be imagined: yet had it also its beneficial influence; for, whilst shuddering at the fearful end of the wretch who had plotted her destruction, her once fond affection was converted into bitter hatred; and, ere long, blessing and thanking God for her miraculous preservation, and casting the very memory of the deceiver from her heart, she was without much difficulty persuaded to become the wife of William Curry, her once rejected, but really worthy and amiable admirer.

Manners and Customs.

PORTUGAL.

(*Abridged chiefly from the Rev. Mr. Kinsey's "Portugal Illustrated."*)

Spaniards and Portuguese. — "Strip a Spaniard of all his virtues, and you make a good Portuguese of him," says the Spanish proverb. I have heard it said more truly, "Add hypocrisy to a Spaniard's vices, and you have the Portuguese character." These nations blaspheme God by calling each other natural enemies. Their feelings are mutually hostile; but the Spaniards despise the Portuguese, and the Portuguese hate the Spaniards. —*Southey.*

Portugal.—Situated by the side of a country just five times its size, Portugal, but for the advantageous position of its coast, the good faith of England, and the weakness of its hostile neighbour, impassable roads, and numerous strong places, would long since have returned to the primitive condition of an Iberian province; but its separate existence as a nation has been preserved to it by the strength of the British alliance being brought into a glorious co-operation with all its own internal means of defence.—*Kinsey.*

Column of Disgrace.—About the middle of the last century, the Duke of Aviero was detected in a conspiracy with the Jesuits in Portugal, and accordingly executed. His house, at Belem, was levelled to the ground at the time of the Duke's decapitation, and on the site was erected *a column of disgrace*, which still remains, though some shops have been erected beside it to hide the inscription; a just symbol of the conduct of the nation on this subject, for what they cannot alter they strive to conceal.

Over the proscenium of the opera-house at Lisbon is a large clock placed rather in advance, whose dexter supporter is old Time with his scythe, and the sinister, one of the Muses playing on a lyre.

A Lisbon Dandy.—A small, squat, puffy figure incased within a large pack-saddle, upon the back of a lean, high-boned, straw-fed, cream-coloured nag, with an enormously flowing tail, whose length and breadth would appear to be each night guarded from discolouration by careful involution above the hocks. Taken, from his gridiron spurs and long pointed boots, up his broad, blue-striped

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pantaloons, *à la Cossaque*, to the thrice-folded piece of white linen on which he is seated in *cool* repose; thence by his cable chain, bearing seals as large as a warming-pan, and a key like an anchor; then a little higher to the figured waistcoat of early British manufacture, and the sack-shapened coat, up to the narrow brim sugar-loaf hat on his head,—where can be found his equal? Nor does he want a nose as big as the gnomon of a dial-plate; and two flanks of impenetrable, deep, black brushwood, extending under either ear, and almost concealing the countenance, to complete the singular contour of his features.

A Lisbon Water-carrier earns about sixpence per day, the moiety of which serves to procure him his bread, his fried sardinha from a cook's stall, and a little light wine perhaps, on holidays,—water being his general beverage, nay, one might almost say, his element. A mat in a large upper room, shared with several others, serves him in winter as a place of repose for the night; but during the summer he frequently sleeps out in the open air, making his filled water-barrel his pillow.

Vanity.—A young Lisbon dandy hearing an Englishman complain of the intolerable filth and stench of his metropolis, retorted that, for his part, when he was in London, it was the absence of that filth, and the want of the smells complained of, that had rendered his residence in our metropolis so disagreeable and uncomfortable to him. "No passion," as Southey says, "makes a man a liar so easily as vanity."

Dogs.—In Lisbon dogs seem to luxuriate under the violence of the heat, and to avoid the shady sides of the streets, though the thermometer of Fahrenheit be at 110 degrees; and scarcely an instance of canine madness is ever known to occur. When the French decreed the extinction of the tribe of curs that infest the streets, no native executioner could be found to put the exterminating law in force; nay, the very measure excited popular indignation.

Golden Sands.—Perhaps originally it was the fabled gold of the Tagus which attracted Jews to Lisbon in such numbers, and the general persuasion indeed is, that the yellow sands of this royal river did actually once produce sufficient gold to make a magnificent crown and sceptre for the amiable hands of that patriot sovereign, the good king Denis.

A Dinner.—A dish of yellow-looking bacalhao, the worst supposable specimen of our saltings in Newfoundland; a platter of compact, black, greasy, dirty-looking rice; a pound, if so much, of poor half-fed meat; a certain proportion of hard-boiled beef, that has never seen the salting pan, having already yielded its nutritious qualities to a swinging tureen of Spartan soup, and now requiring the accompaniment of a satellite tongue, or friendly slice of Lamego bacon, to impart a dull relish to it; potatoes of leaden continuity; dumplings of adamantine contexture, that Carthaginian vinegar itself might fail to dissolve; with offensive vegetables, and something in a round shape, said to be imported from Holland, and called cheese, but more like the unyielding rock of flint in the tenacity of its impenetrable substance; a small quantity of *very small* wine; abundance of water; and an awful army of red ants, probably imported from the Brazils—the wood of which the chairs and tables are made, hurrying across the cloth with characteristic industry;—such are the principal features of the quiet family dinner-table of the Portuguese.

The Dockyard of Lisbon is scarcely as extensive as many of the largest of our private ship-builders on the banks of the Thames and the Avon.

Funerals.—In Portugal the corpse is placed in an open coffin, and the head and feet are left bare. A vessel filled with holy water is placed at the foot of the bier, which the priests and relatives of the deceased sprinkle on the body. The service being concluded, the corpse is followed by the relatives down into the vaults below the church, where vinegar and quick lime having been poured upon the body, the falling lid of the coffin is closed and *locked*, and the key delivered to the chief mourner, who proceeds immediately from the funeral, with his party of friends who have witnessed the interment take place, to the house of the defunct, where the key being left with the nearest relative, and the complimentary visit being paid, the rite is considered as terminated. No fire is lighted in the house of a deceased person upon the day of his funeral, and the relatives, who live in separate houses, are in the habit of supplying a ready-dressed dinner, under the supposition that the inmates are too much absorbed in grief to be equal to giving any orders for the preparation of food. During the course of the ensuing week, the chief mourners receive their several relatives and friends at tea. The assembly is sorrowful and dull. It has been asserted, though not corroborated, that such is the poverty and disregard of decorum on the part of the Portuguese government, that when a person dies without leaving behind sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral, the dead body is laid on the pavement of the most public street, with a box upon the breast, into which passers-by drop copper or silver coin, until sufficient has thus been obtained to defray the expense of interment; and that a soldier stands at the head of the body to see that no money is abstracted; for, in Portugal, even the sacred purpose for which it is intended would not secure it without his protection.

There is no pardoning *soi-disant libéraux*, who prove, by their acts, the greatest enemies of the sacred dignity of liberty.

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PUNISHMENT OF DEATH.

Decollatio, or beheading, was a military punishment among the Romans. In early times it was performed with an axe, and afterwards with a sword. It is worthy of remark, that in all countries where beheading and hanging are used as capital punishments, the former is always considered less ignominious. Thus, in England, beheading is the punishment of nobles, when commoners for the same crime are hanged. The crime of high treason is here punished with beheading. Commoners, however, are hanged before the head is cut off, and nobles also, unless the king remits that part of the punishment. In Prussia, formerly a nobleman could not be hanged; and if his crime was such that the law required this punishment, he was degraded before the execution. At present, hanging is not used in that country, and since so many instances have occurred of extreme suffering, on the part of the criminal, caused by the unskilfulness of the executioner in beheading with the sword, this mode of execution has been abolished. Beheading in Prussia is now always performed with a heavy axe, the sufferer being previously tied to a block. In France, during the revolutionary government, beheading by means of a machine, the guillotine, came into use, and still prevails there, to the exclusion of all other modes of capital punishment. A person who has murdered his father or mother, however, has his right arm cut off the moment before he is guillotined. In the middle ages, it was, in some states, the duty of the youngest magistrates to perform the executions with the sword. In China, it is well known that beheading is practised, sometimes accompanied with the most studied torments. In the United States of America, beheading is unknown, the halter being the only instrument of capital punishment. In many European countries, beheading with the sword still prevails. P.

PRICE OF BLOOD.—WERE AND WERELADE.

WERE, or *Weru*, in our old law books, signifies what was anciently paid for *killing a man*. When such crimes were punished with pecuniary mulcts, not death, the price was set on every man's head, according to his condition and quality.

Werelade, among the Saxons, was the denying of a homicide on oath, in order to be quit of the fine, or forfeiture, called *were*. If the party denied the fact, he was to purge himself, by the oaths of several persons, according to his degree and quality. If the guilt amounted to four pounds, he was to have eighteen jurors on his father's side, and four on his mother's: if to twenty-four pounds, he was to have sixty jurors, and this was called *werelade*.

Weregild, or *Weregeld*, was the price of a man's head; which was paid partly to the king for the loss of his subject, partly to the lord whose vassal he was, and partly to the next of kin.

"In the same manner (says Blackstone,) by the Irish brehon law, in case of murder, the brehon or judge, compounded between the murderer and the friends of the deceased, who prosecuted him, by causing the malefactor to give unto them, or to the child or wife of him that was slain, a recompense, which they called *eriach*. And thus we find in our Saxon laws, particularly those of King Athelstan, the several *weregilds* for homicide, established in progressive order, from the death of the ceorl or peasant, up to that of the king himself."

The *weregild* of an archbishop, and of an earl, was 15,000 thrismas; that of a bishop or alderman, 8,000; that of a general or governor, 4,000; that of a priest or thane, 2,000; that of a king, 30,000; half to be paid to his kindred, and the other half to the public. The weregild of a ceorl was 266 thrismas. P. T. W.

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

THE second great officer of the crown is the Lord High Chancellor, or Keeper of the Great Seal, which are the same in authority, power, and precedence. They are appointed by the King's delivery of the Great Seal to them, and by taking the oath of office. They differ only in this point, that the Lord Chancellor hath also letters patent, whereas the Lord Keeper hath none.

He is an officer of very great power; as no patents, writs, or grants, are valid, until he affixes the Great Seal thereto.

Among the many great prerogatives of his office, he has a power to judge, according to equity, conscience, and reason, where he finds the law of the land so defective as that the subject would be injured thereby.

He has power to collate to all ecclesiastical benefices in His Majesty's gift, rated under 20*l.* a year in the King's books.

In ancient times, this great office was most usually filled by an ecclesiastic. The first upon record after the Conquest, is Maurice, in 1067, who was afterward Bishop of London.

Nor do we find an elevation of any Chancellor to the Peerage, until the year 1603, when King James I. delivered a new Great Seal to Sir Thomas Egerton, and soon after created him Baron of Ellesmere,* and constituted him Lord High Chancellor of England. But until of late years, the custom never prevailed, that the Lord High Chancellor of England should be made an hereditary Peer of the realm. He performs all matters which appertain to the Speaker of the House of Lords, whereby he may be said to be the eye, ear, and tongue of that great assembly.—*Manual of Rank and Nobility.*

* From him descended the late Dukes of Bridgewater of that surname.

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New Books.

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC.

[This is certainly one of the most ingenious books of the season, and independently of its place as a volume of the *Family Library*, it has substantive claims which we trust will not be overlooked. It is from the graceful pen of Sir David Brewster, who possesses, in a high degree, the peculiar talent of investing scientific inquiries with the charm of popular delight; in short, of making science easy, and often conveying in a single chapter what others labour to effect in a volume. He, in truth, teaches us the sweet uses of science.

The present work appears to be the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott, to whom it is addressed in letters. We can give but a faint idea of the extent and interest of its subject, which ranges from the magic of the ancients to the intoxicating gas of the moderns; yet the purpose of the work is mainly to trace the connexion of those prodigies of the material world which are termed Natural Magic, with scientific causes. Thus, in the introductory letter, the writer observes on the resources of ancient magic:—]

The secret use which was thus made of scientific discoveries and of remarkable inventions, has no doubt prevented many of them from reaching the present times; but though we are very ill informed respecting the progress of the ancients in various departments of the physical sciences, yet we have sufficient evidence that almost every branch of knowledge had contributed its wonders to the magician's budget, and we may even obtain some insight into the scientific acquirements of former ages, by a diligent study of their fables and their miracles.

[In the second letter, upon Ocular Illusions, is the following beautiful passage on the Eye:—]

This wonderful organ may be considered as the sentinel which guards the pass between the worlds of matter and of spirit, and through which all their communications are interchanged. The optic nerve is the channel by which the mind peruses the hand-writing of Nature on the retina, and through which it transfers to that material tablet its decisions and its creations. The eye is consequently the principal seat of the supernatural. When the indications of the marvellous are addressed to us through the ear, the mind may be startled without being deceived, and reason may succeed in suggesting some probable source of the illusion by which we have been alarmed. But when the eye in solitude sees before it the forms of life, fresh in their colours and vivid in their outline; when distant or departed friends are suddenly presented to its view; when visible bodies disappear and reappear without any intelligible cause; and when it beholds objects, whether real or imaginary, for whose presence no cause can be assigned, the conviction of supernatural agency becomes under ordinary circumstances unavoidable. Hence it is not only an amusing but an useful occupation to acquire a knowledge of those causes which are capable of producing so strange a belief, whether it arises from the delusions which the mind practises upon itself, or from the dexterity and science of others.

[The Optical phenomena, as might be expected, are most abundant, as they include the subject of spectral illusions and apparitions, and natural phenomena marked with the marvellous. The properties of Sound are next in interest; among them we find explained the wonder of singers breaking glasses with their great power of voice; the automaton flute-player, talking engines, echoes, &c. The Mechanical causes are less numerous: among them we are glad to see *noticed* the feat of lifting heavy persons, which we ourselves have often seen accomplished; but Sir David Brewster does not supply the cause. As the matter may be new to many readers, we quote the two relating pages.]

One of the most remarkable and inexplicable experiments relative to the strength of the human frame, which you have yourself seen and admired, is that in which a heavy man is raised with the greatest facility, when he is lifted up the instant that his own lungs and those of the persons who raise him are inflated with air. This experiment was, I believe, first shown in England a few years ago by Major H., who saw it performed in a large party at Venice under the direction of an officer of the American Navy. As Major H. performed it more than once in my presence, I shall describe as nearly as possible the method which he prescribed. The heaviest person in the party lies down upon two chairs, his legs being supported by the one and his back by the other. Four persons, one at each leg, and one at each shoulder, then try to raise him, and they find his dead weight to be very great, from the difficulty they experience in supporting him. When he is replaced in the chair, each of the four persons takes hold of the body as before, and the person to be lifted gives two signals by clapping his hands. At the first signal he himself and the four lifters begin to draw a long and full breath, and when the inhalation is completed, or the lungs filled, the second signal is given, for raising the person from the chair. To his own surprise and that of his bearers, he rises with the greatest facility, as if he were no heavier than a feather. On several occasions I have observed that when one of the bearers performs his part ill, by making the inhalation out of time, the part of the body which he tries to raise is left as it were behind. As you have repeatedly seen this experiment, and have performed the part both of the load and of

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the bearer, you can testify how remarkable the effects appear to all parties, and how complete is the conviction, either that the load has been lightened, or the bearer strengthened by the prescribed process. At Venice the experiment was performed in a much more imposing manner. The heaviest man in the party was raised and sustained upon the points of the fore-fingers of six persons. Major H. declared that the experiment would not succeed if the person lifted were placed upon a board, and the strength of the individuals applied to the board. He conceived it necessary that the bearers should communicate directly with the body to be raised. I have not had an opportunity of making any experiments relative to these curious facts; but whether the general effect is an illusion, or the result of known or of new principles, the subject merits a careful investigation.

[In connexion with walking along the ceiling is noticed the beautiful contrivance of the foot of the house-fly and gecko, and the head of the sucking-fish. To the next portion, Chemistry has supplied fewer wonders than we expected: they occupy but fifty pages.

The examples in this book are the most quotable portion, but the majority of them would be new to few readers: who, for instance, is unacquainted with the feats of Topham, the strong man, or the Invisible Girl. The explanations are not so easily transferable, since they are generally accompanied by illustrations.

By the way, how many of these wonders are recorded in the early volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, with all the gravity of the FF. R. S. whose zeal, industry, and emulation rendered the early years of the Society peculiarly brilliant. The very titles of some of the early papers would make a "wonderful museum;" as Four Suns observed in France—Worms that eat Stones and Mortar—which are almost as marvellous as one of Sir David Brewster's lines—a coach and four filled with skeletons. The Royal Society has now existed a century and three-quarters: in their early Transactions are inquiries relative to the tides—observations on the darting threads of spiders—"experiments about respiration"—"of red snow seen at Genoa," &c.; yet scores of philosophers, at the present moment, are controverting these very subjects.

PILGRIMAGE THROUGH KHUZISTAN AND PERSIA.

[This is not just so good a work as its full title-page may lead the reader to expect. It runs thus "Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden tracts of Khuzistan and Persia, in a journey from India to England, through parts of Turkish Arabia, Persia, Armenia, Russia, and Germany." Now, there is attractive promise in the word "untrodden," and it may be said to apply to the Asiatic tour of the author, or his first volume, but is not appropriate to the second, which owes its main interest to his interview with Skrynecki, the illustrious Pole. Neither is the term pilgrimage characteristic of the journey, which has the sketchiness and levity of a flying tour rather than the observant gravity of a patient pilgrimage. Nevertheless, the work is altogether full of vivacity and interest, and the author, Mr. J. H. Stocqueler, must be as pleasant on his travels, as his book will be in our hands.

Crossing from Bombay, the author reached Muscat in eleven days. Here, with his host, Reuben, he paid his respects to his highness the Imaum, whose court is a curiosity.]

The Imaum's palace was close to the water's edge in front of the town, and his highness received Reuben and myself in an arbour or veranda open to the sea. At the entrance to the veranda stood several well dressed Arabs armed with sword, spear, and dagger, and half a dozen dirty looking Abyssinians clothed somewhat like the sepoys in our Indian army, and equipped much after the same fashion. These latter, as I understood, were paraded in honour of my visit; and indeed generally form the *garde du corps* on occasions of an Englishman's presentation at the *Court of Muscat*. The Imaum rose on our entrance and accommodated us with chairs, and after we had been served with some insipid sherbet, addressed himself to me on the subject of my journey, its object and direction; and then touched on the politics of Europe.

Our interview closed by his highness offering me the use of his horses, his houses, and his ships of war, the cabins of which afforded excellent accommodation, and which were generally occupied by English visiters.

The Imaum of Muscat is passionately fond of horses, and devotes considerable time and attention to their breeding. Of some of the finest horses in his stud, the Imaum makes presents to the governors of the Indian presidencies, and deserving officers in his own service. Horses likewise form an article of trade between Muscat and India, and yield, as I have been told, a considerable profit.

[Intellect is not on the march at Bushire. It contains a small school founded by the famous Joseph Wolff, and supported by the British residents in Persia. Mr. Wolff projected much; but Mr. Stocqueler says:]

The school possessed, while I was at Bushire, no more than thirteen pupils, who were struggling through the rudiments of the Persian and Armenian languages, under the guidance of a sleepy old Armenian.

[At Koete, our author visited three brothers, "all dressed alike and so much resembling each other in feature, and in the total.

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loss of the left eye, that it was difficult to discover my friend the supercargo, who had accompanied us from Bombay."

Koete is about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad. The houses are built of mud and stone, and flat roofed with the trunk of the date tree. Around it is a wall, beyond which nothing is to be seen but a vast sandy plain, extending more than sixty miles. Within the walls, it is equally sterile, it literally yields *nothing;* here, "all *is* barren," and the water is far from sweet, yet 4,000 souls live, though the sheikh keeps up no standing army. Mr. S. sails thence into the *Shut-ul-Arab,* (River of the Arabs,) the banks of which are more delightful than those of the Thames at Richmond.

At Bussorah—a *bain à la Turque.*]

Entering the hummaum, I found myself suddenly in an apartment resembling a vaulted cellar, dimly lighted by small apertures, and glazed sky-lights in the dome. Stone and brick benches, covered with cloths and coarse carpets, were ranged along the walls, and there was a fireplace where coffee and chiboukes were prepared, and cloths dried. Having been required to strip, and a cloth tied round my waist, I was led into a second apartment filled with steam, and of so high a temperature, that in one instant I lost my breath, and in the next was streaming from every pore. I anticipated a speedy dissolution of my "solid flesh;" but on reaching a third apartment, (all vaulted and lighted, or rather darkened alike,) I had become somewhat relieved. In this apartment were four cisterns nearly level with the floor, into which the hot water was drawn by cocks placed in the wall above. As soon as I had decided that the water was hot enough, I was placed by the side of one of the cisterns, and then the operation commenced.

Act 1.—Deluged with hot water from the hands of a stout Persian. *Act* 2.—Conducted by said Persian to a stone ottoman in the centre of the room, and caused to sit down. *Act* 3.—My whole body kneaded by the fists of the aforesaid; joints cracked, ears pulled, mustachoes dyed, limbs rubbed with a hair-cloth glove. *Act* 4.—Enveloped in warm towels, and served with a pipe. *Act* 5.—Wiped dry; led into the outer apartment dressed and—*Exit.*

[Starting from Bussorah, the author is towed up the Euphrates as follows.]

As soon as we had got out of the creek, we found both wind and tide had set against us. The *mallahs,* or trackers, immediately stripped, placing their clothes on their heads, and sprang on shore. A rope was passed from the mast-head to a girdle round their respective bodies, and off they set along the banks; sometimes, on reaching creeks, irrigating channels, or unequal projections, plunging up to their necks, and wading or swimming with their burthen, as the depth or shallowness of the water required. In this way all the communication up the Tigris and Euphrates is carried on when the wind blows down those rivers. The business of tracking as may be conceived, is extremely fatiguing and dangerous: in fact, so excellent a test does it furnish of the muscular powers and courage of man, that the heads of the Mallah tribes require that each Mallah should make three trips to Bagdad, as a tracker, before he can be qualified for the married state and the care of a family.

[The plague rages at Bagdad, and he returns to Bussorah. On his way he escapes a storm on the Euphrates.]

The river, which does not ordinarily rise until the month of June, now rose with inconceivable rapidity, preceded by a violent storm, and in a few hours inundated the whole Irâk. Numberless villages of matted huts were swept away; men, women, and children, were in a moment rendered houseless; numerous cattle and sheep were drowned; date trees torn up by the roots, and boats swamped or stranded. The artificial banks of the river, which had governed our progress upwards, were now overflowed, and it was with the greatest difficulty we could discover the river's bed and escape getting aground.

[At Bussorah.]

Intelligence of the approach of the plague had spread consternation throughout the city, and had sent thousands of its inhabitants into retreat. The shops were closed—trade at a stand—the streets deserted—houses tenantless—the oft busy creek had scarcely a boat moving on its surface—the mosques were filled with the dismayed Moslems, whom poverty or self-interest had kept in the town—the Christian churches held the few Armenians and Chaldeans whom fear had driven to pray with sincerity. Here might be seen a cluster of Zobeir Arabs, meditating rapine: and there a straggling Jew, ruminating on the losses he had sustained by the flight of the panic-stricken slaves of his usury.

Aga Pharseigh had lost all his confidence and self-sufficiency. He had sent off his family to Bushire; he was himself to sink into the humble office of clerk to the resident; and he was (which he esteemed the most distressing event of the three) to encounter face to face those who had just left the "city of the plague." I had told him of the circumstances under which I had met the resident, (coming from Bagdad,) and that there were three cases of plague on board. The Armenian, whose only notions regarding *cases* were acquired in the course of his mercantile transactions, and who believed a plague case and a six dozen champagne case to be much about the same article, ejaculated, "Three *cases* of plague! Merciful heavens!—if the major wanted to preserve such abo-

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minable virus, could he not have brought a smaller quantity? Three cases! If it *should* run out, how it might spread about the town!"

[The "divinity" of the sheikh of the Chabeans is worth record. He was pleased with Mr. Stocqueler's medical zeal, and more so with a box of ointment which he laid "at his feet as a certain remedy for the *impaired vision* of his left eye. He had been stone blind from his childhood, but he held it disrespectful to be told so."

The levee of the sheikh of Fellahi is amusing.]

He was in a spacious veranda in front of his harem, looking out on the palace court, above which it was raised for about three feet. Three or four beautiful hawks were perched near the sheikh, and he was patting a couple of favourite greyhounds. Below, in the court, stood a considerable guard, and about the sheikh's person were a number of subordinate sheikhs. Those of the highest rank merely bowed and took their places, others advanced and kissed the sheikh's hand while the humblest officers knelt on one knee to perform the same ceremony. I observed, however, that great respect was always paid to age in this little court, for when the head of a village, far advanced in years, limped up to the *nummud*, the sheikh rose and embraced him, though he held but a trifling post, and was a man of little personal merit. My own reception was most flattering. "Ah, ha! khoob! khoob! shahbas!" (good, good, admirable!) exclaimed Mobader Khan, in Persian—"you are now yourself. It is long since I looked upon an Englishman, but I do not forget that they are a great nation." He then discoursed with me about my plans for the future prosecution of my journey, and gave me some instructions for going through the Chab territory. Talking of hunting, and more especially of falconry, he told me that his deserts abounded with game, and that if I would stay with him, I should see herds of antelopes fall to his noble hawks. He was curious about our field sports, but showed very little interest in more important matters; because, said he, "I am already well informed in all that concerns Europeans and their empires."

The sheikh is held in great veneration by all the tribes, who fly to Fellahi at his summons, bringing their own *materiel* of war. In this way he can command the services of six or seven thousand cavalry, and above fifteen thousand infantry, independently of the wandering Illyauts, who inhabit the deserts of Chab.

[At Bebuhan are some interesting notes.]

The Khans and Meerzas of Bebuhan are considerable consumers of coffee, but not after the fashion of Turks, Arabs, or Europeans. It is with them a kind of *bon-bon* eaten in a powdered and roasted state, without having had any connexion with hot water. When Meer Goolam Hussein called on me, he was always accompanied by his coffee-bearer, who carried about the fragrant berry in a *snuff-box*, and handed it frequently to the company present. The first time it was brought to me, deceived by its colour and quality, and strengthened in the delusion by its singular repository, I took a *pinch* of the coffee and applied it to my nose, amidst the roars of laughter and looks of surprise of all the party.

[A *vestry dinner* in Persia must be one of our *selections*.]

At the convent of Julfa the governing bishop and his confreres have ample room, plenty of society, and a well furnished table. I dined once with his lordship and the churchwardens, and found that vestry honours and vestry appetites are not exclusively English characteristics. The dinner was spread as usual on the ground, on a large white cloth, around which the guests assembled. Placed opposite each guest was a plate, knife, fork, spoon, and glass, a piece of cheese, two or three feet of bread, and a hard boiled egg. The feast commenced by each person drinking a dram of aniseed; then came in quick succession mutton chops, boiled fowls, boiled kidneys, sour curds, tea, apricots, apples, and grapes, sweetmeats, and salt fish; to each of which laymen and churchmen did equal justice, finishing the feast with a sacrifice to Bacchus.

The Public Journals.

BOYHOOD OF CRANMER—SCHOOLS BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

CRANMER received his early education from a parish-clerk. This may seem singular, for he was of gentle blood, and was entered at Cambridge amongst "the better sort of students." But probably such shifts were not unusual before the Reformation. The monasteries indeed had schools attached to them in many instances. In Elizabeth's time a complaint is made by the Speaker of the Commons, that the number of such places of education had been reduced by a hundred, in consequence of the suppression of the religious houses. Still it must often have happened (thickly scattered as the monasteries were) that the child lived at an inconvenient distance from any one of them; mothers, too, might not have liked to trust less robust children to the clumsy care of a fraternity; and probably little was learned in these academies after all. Erasmus makes himself merry with the studies pursued in them; and it is remarkable that no sooner did the love of learning revive, than the popularity of the monasteries declined. For thirty years before the Reformation, there were few or no new religious foundations, whilst schools, on the other hand, began

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to multiply in their stead; a fact which sufficiently marks the state of public opinion with regard to the monasteries as places of education—for education began now to be the desire of the day. Schools, therefore, in the present acceptation of the term, in Cranmer's boyhood there were scarcely any; and it was the crying want of them in London that induced Dean Colet to establish that of St. Paul's, which, under the fostering care of Lily, the first master, not only became so distinguished in itself, but set the example, and prepared the way, by its rules and its grammar, for so many others which followed in its wake. Edward VI.; with the natural feeling of a boy fond of knowledge, and himself a proficient for his years, was aware of the evil, and projected the remedy. Colet might be his model—but he was embarrassed in his means by courtiers, who were for ever uttering the cry of the horse-leech's daughters; and, besides, his days were soon numbered. Cranmer, who perhaps remembered the obstacles in his own way, and who certainly foresaw the great calamity of an ignorant clergy, pressed for the establishment of a school in connexion with every cathedral—a school, as it were, of the prophets—where boys intended for holy orders might be brought up suitably to the profession they were about to adopt, and where the bishops might ever find persons duly qualified to serve God in the church. But Cranmer was overruled, and a measure, which might have helped to catch up the church before it fell into that abyss of ignorance which seems to have immediately succeeded the Reformation, (the natural consequence of a season of convulsion and violence,) was unhappily lost. It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that the evil was at all adequately met, nor fully indeed then, as the deficiency of well-endowed schools at this day testifies. Still much was at that time done. The dignitaries and more wealthy ecclesiastics of the reformed Church bestirred themselves and founded some schools. Many tradesmen, who had accumulated fortunes in London, (then the almost exclusive province of commercial enterprise,) retired in their later years to the country-town which had given them birth, and gratefully provided for the better education of their neighbours, by furnishing it with a grammar-school. And even the honest yeoman, a person who then appears to have appreciated learning, and often to have brought up his boy to the church, united in the same praiseworthy object. In such cases application was usually made to the Queen for a charter, which was granted with or without pecuniary assistance on her own part; and whoever will examine the dates of our foundation schools, will find a great proportion of them erected in that glorious reign.

Thus it came to pass (to revert to our text), that Cranmer was sent to college in his fourteenth year, Oxford and Cambridge being at that time the substitutes for the schools which have succeeded them, and being considered the two great national receptacles for all the boys in the country. There they were subjected to corporal punishment. The statutes were framed with a reference to the habits of mere boys; it is forbidden, for instance, in one of the Cambridge statutes, to play marbles on the senate-house steps; and the number of the students was so enormous (still for the same reason), that Latimer, in one of his sermons, speaks of a decrease in those of his own time, to the amount of no less than ten thousand.—*Quarterly Review.*

A TRUE STORY OF MAGIC IN THE EAST.

M. ———, a Perote, one who knew "the difference between alum and barley-sugar,"* if ever man did, a good catholic, a conscientious person, a dragoman, and as such necessarily attached to truth, and never telling a lie, save in the way of business, was himself the hero, or the witness rather of the story he narrated. He was sent one morning from the European palace of ————, at Pera, on business in Constantinople. He was in a great hurry, but as he reached the Meytiskellesi, or wharf of the dead, and was about stepping into his cäik to be rowed across the harbour of the Golden Horn, either a nail in one of the rough planks of the wooden quay caught his slipper, or a post on it his robe, I forget which—but the dragoman turned round, and saw standing close by him, a tall and very notorious African magician, who had long been practising at the capital, and was known to every body as one of the lions of the place. To do a civil thing, and perhaps to keep well in this world with one who had intercourse with the spirits of the next, the dragoman naturally supposing he was waiting there on the water's edge only to cross over from the suburb to the city, very politely invited him to take a passage in his cäik. The tall African made no verbal reply, but smiled, and waved his hand to decline the high honour.

The dragoman then concluding, that instead of waiting to cross over himself, he was expecting the arrival of some one from the opposite side of the Golden Horn, stepped into his cäik, which instantly glided from the quay and shot across the port. The boats at Constantinople are all very light and sharp, and go with astonishing speed, even when propelled with one pairs of oars; but people of high consideration, like dragomans, generally have two pairs to their cäiks, and at this time M ——— being in a very great hurry, told his two rowers to pull as fast as they could.

When about half way on his short aquatic

* A Turkish saying, much in use.

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journey, M——— turned his head and looked back, and then he saw at the end of the quay, just where he had left him, the tall African standing starch and motionless, like a granite statue before an Egyptian temple.

The dragoman's boat continued to cleave the waves; it neared the opposite shore—no caïk had passed him on his way—when lo! as his own came in concussion with the wooden piles of the Divan-kapi-iskellesi, and he rose from his seat to step on shore, he saw the identical African wizard standing there before him, and gazing calmly over to the opposite quay where he had just left him, and whence it was impossible he could have proceeded by mortal agency!

The dragoman rubbed his eyes, as well he might; but there was the Mangrabee, with his large leaden eye gazing across the Golden Horn, and fixed on the wharf of the dead, just as he had been left behind there gazing at the Divan-kapi-iskellesi. M—— felt a sort of flesh-shivering at this undeniable proof of the wizard's power; he remained for better than a minute in the position he was, when the tall African first struck his eye, spell-bound as it were, with one foot on the edge of the boat, and the other on the edge of the quay; but recovering himself, he drew up his hinder leg, and then crossing himself like a good catholic, and *salaaming* his acquaintance, like a polite Turk, he stepped along the quay, touching the necromancer as he passed him, and thus completely assuring himself, it was no deception of vision. Mr. —— thinking more about this wonderful occurrence than the business of the —— nation he was going upon went his way, and having discharged his duty, hurried back to Pera, where he told this story, where it was universally believed from the veracity and character and dignity of the narrator, and where the narrator himself is still living. Very possibly, while I am writing he is telling his rencounter with the wizard, for he tells it to every stranger.—*Metropolitan.*

Notes of a Reader.

PRECIOUS STONES.

(From Part 15, of Knowledge for the People—Mineralogy and Geology.

Why was crystal so named?

Because it was probably the first substance ever noticed as occurring in a regular form, and the ancients believing it to be water permanently congealed by extreme cold, from its transparency, called it *Krustallos*, signifying ice; but in time the word became used without attention being paid to its original meaning, and was applied to all the regular figures observed in minerals.

Why are the fine crystals of quartz used as a substitute for glass in spectacles?

Because, from their superior hardness, they do not so readily become scratched as glass: they are then termed pebbles.

Why is the stone Cairn Gorm so called?

Because it is found in great beauty in the mountain of Cairn Gorm, in Scotland. It consists of brown and yellow crystals of quartz, and is much admired for seal stones, &c.; it is sometimes improperly termed topaz.

Why is quartz the constituent of so many gems?

Because the tinges it receives from metals are sufficient to produce these varieties. Thus, *amethyst*, or purple quartz, is tinged with a little iron and manganese. *Rose quartz*, or false ruby, derives its colour from manganese. *Avanturine* is a beautiful variety of quartz, of a rich brown colour, which, from a peculiarity of texture, appears filled with bright spangles. Small crystals of quartz, tinged with iron, are found in Spain, and have been termed *hyacinths of Compostella*. Flint, chalcedony, carnelian, onyx, sardonyx, and bloodstone, or heliotrope, and the numerous varieties of agates, are principally composed of quartz, with various tinging materials.

Why is opal among the most beautiful productions of the mineral world?

Because the colours are not occasioned by any particular tinge of the substance, but by its peculiar property of refracting the solar rays. It is a compound of about 90 silica, and 10 water. The finest specimens come exclusively from Hungary. There is a variety of opal called *Hydrophane*, which is white and opaque till immersed in water; it then resembles the former.

Why is the sapphire genus so highly prized?

Because, after diamond, it is the hardest substance in nature. It forms also the most valuable gems, as the oriental ruby and the topaz. The blue variety, or sapphire, is harder than the ruby. It is infusible before the blowpipe. It becomes electrical by rubbing, and retains its electricity for several hours; but does not become electrical by heating. It occurs in alluvial soil, in the vicinity of rocks belonging to the secondary or floetz-trap formation, and imbedded in gneiss. It is found at Rodsedlitz and Treblitz in Bohemia, and Hohenstein in Saxony; Expailly in France; and particularly beautiful in the Capelau mountains, twelve days from Sirian, a city of Pegu. Next to diamond it is the most valuable of gems. The white and pale blue varieties, by exposure to heat become snow-white; and when cut, exhibit so high a degree of lustre, that they are used in place of diamond. The most highly prized varieties are the crimson and carmine red; these are the oriental ruby of the jeweller; the next is sapphire; and the last is sapphire, or oriental topaz. The asterias, or star-stone, is a very beautiful variety, in which the colour is generally of a reddish violet, with an opa-

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recent lustre. A sapphire of ten carats weight is considered to be worth fifty guineas.—*Jameson.*

The blue topaz, or Brazilian sapphire, is of recent introduction. The white topaz considerably exceeds rock crystal in lustre, and in Brazil is called *mina nova.**

Why is ruby of such a brilliant colour?

Because a sixth of it is chromic acid, while other gems, as the garnet, are coloured by oxide of iron. The most esteemed, and at the same time, rarest colour, of the oriental ruby, is pure carmine, or blood-red of considerable intensity, forming, when well polished, a blaze of the most exquisite and unrivalled tint. It is, however, more or less pale, and mixed with blue in various proportions; hence it occurs rose-red and reddish white, crimson, peach-blossom red, and lilac blue—the latter variety being named oriental amethyst. A ruby perfect both in colour and transparency, is much less common than a good diamond, and when of the weight of three or four carats, is even more valuable than that gem. The king of Pegu, and the monarchs of Siam and Ava, monopolize the rarest rubies; the finest in the world is in the possession of the first of these kings: its purity has passed into a proverb, and its worth when compared with gold, is inestimable. The Subah of the Deccan, also, is in possession of a prodigiously fine one, a full inch in diameter. The princes of Europe cannot boast of any of a first rate magnitude. Mr. Mawe, from whose interesting work we abridge these particulars, considers the oriental sapphire to rank next in value to the ruby. Among the British crown jewels is an inestimable sapphire; it is of the purest and deepest azure, more than two inches long, and one inch broad. The finest ruby among these gems is more treasured for its antiquity than intrinsic value, it being the one worn at Cressy and Azincourt, by the Black Prince and Henry V.: this is worn on the back cross, and the sapphire on the front, of the imperial crown upon state occasions.

Why are garnets often found of a reddish brown tinge?

Because of the excess of oxide of iron which they contain; a small proportion being sufficient to colour them entirely, without injuring their play and splendour. In fact, the perfection of all gems depends less on the quality of their component principles, than on their complete solution and intimate combination. The alkalised earths, as lime, magnesia, and still better, pot-ash, seem to intervene as solvents, for alumina, completely dissolved, acquires, as we have shown from Klaproth, a crystallization, of which, by itself, it is not susceptible.

The garnet is found in Bohemia, Ceylon, and other countries; but the chief mart formerly being Sirian, the capital of Pegu, the best are often denominated Sirian garnets. The colour most esteemed is blood or cherry red, mixed often, however, with blue, forming tints of crimson, purple, and reddish violet; or orange red and hyacinth brown. The Sirian garnet is of a violet colour, which, in some rare specimens, makes it compete with the amethyst, from which it is to be discriminated by the disadvantage of losing its brilliancy, and acquiring an orange tint by candlelight. Distinct from all other garnets, it preserves its colour unmixed with the common black tinge, unassisted by foil, even when thick. *Coarse garnets* are used as emery for polishing metals, and by lapidaries. They are found in Ireland, in Norway, and many other countries.

GEOLOGICAL CHANGES EFFECTED BY THE SEA.

(From the preceding work.)

Why are certain formations called marine?

Because they result from continual deposits of shingle and sand, as may be seen on the flat coast of our eastern counties. In this manner, at Lowestoffe-Ness, as well as at Yarmouth, the sea has erected a series of natural embankments against itself. The present extent of land thrown up by the sea, and out of the reach of the highest tides, is nearly three miles long, projecting from the base of the original cliff to the distance of 660 yards at the Ness. The respective lines of growth are indicated by a series of small embankments, perfectly defined. Several of these ridges have been formed within the memory of men now living. A rampart of heavy materials is first thrown up by a violent gale from the north-east. Sand is subsequently blown over, and consolidates the shingle, and the process is completed by marine plants taking root and extending their fibres in a kind of net-work through the mass. In process of time the surface becomes covered with vegetable mould, and ultimately, in many cases, is productive of good herbage.*

Why are shingle beaches formed by heavy gales?

Because every breaker is more or less charged with the materials composing the beach; the shingles are forced forward as far as the broken wave can reach, and, in their shock against the beach, drive others before them that were not held in momentary mechanical suspension by the breaker. By these means, and particularly at the greatest height of the tide, the shingles are projected on the

* The pink topaz is made from the yellow, which, when of intense colour, is put into the bowl of a tobacco pipe, or small crucible, covered with ashes or sand: on the application of a low degree of heat, it changes its colour from a yellow to a beautiful pink. It contains fluoric acid, which may be the means of this change.—*Mawe.*

* From a Communication to the *Philosophical Magazine*, by Mr. R. Taylor.

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land beyond the reach of the retiring waves: and this great accumulation of land upon beach being effected at high water, it is clear, the ebb tide cannot deprive the land of what it has gained. Smaller lines are formed in moderate weather, to be swept away by heavy gales: hence it would appear, that the sea was diminishing the beach; but attention will show that the shingles of the lines so apparently swept away, are but accumulated elsewhere. How often has our observation of these changes realized the homely simile of Shakspeare:—

Like as the waves make towards the pebble shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Why is this progressive march of beaches far from rapid?

Because it can only take place in proportion to the greater power or duration of one wind to another: moreover, the pebbles become comminuted in their passage, and thus, the harder can only travel to considerable distances. Works are sometimes constructed to arrest beaches, either to protect land behind, or to prevent their passage round pier-heads into artificial harbours, and thus engineers are practically aware of their travelling power in direction of certain winds.

Why are sandy-beaches formed more rapidly than shingle?

Because the breakers have the same tendency to force sand upon the land as in the case of shingles; but being so much lighter than the latter, sand can be transported by coast-tides or currents whose velocity would be insufficient to move shingles. On the other hand, however, smaller bodies and forces of water can throw sand on the shore. The *spray* that could not transport a pebble can carry sand, and thus it is conveyed far beyond situations where the reflux of a wave can be felt. This may be witnessed on some parts of the Sussex coast, as at Worthing. In rough weather too, the spray of the sea, with heavy rain, carries much sand, which it deposits on the fronts of houses, as may be seen upon the return of moderate weather: this effect may be witnessed on the splendid terraces of the Brighton cliffs, and its destructive working on their plaster fronts is very evident.

INNKEEPERS.

The inn-keeper of former times seems to have been a person of less humble station than now—he shared his calling with the monastery and with the village-pastor. Travellers had to choose (as they still have in Roman Catholic countries) between the refectory of the monk, the parsonage of the minister, and the tavern of mine host—payment for the night's lodging, where he was in a condition to pay, being expected of him, in one shape or other, at all. The keeper of the Tabard in the Canterbury Tales appears to be upon a level with his guests, both in rank and information, and to play the part of one who felt that he was receiving his equals, and no more, under his roof; yet his company was not of the lowest; and in those times it seems to have been usual for the landlord to preside at the common board, and act in every respect as the hospitable master of the house, save only in exacting the shot; as indeed is the custom in many parts of Germany at the present day. When the system of lay impropriations had begun to take effect, it was by no means an uncommon thing for the minister himself to be also the tavern-keeper, a circumstance, however, which, it must be confessed, may be thought to argue the extreme impoverishment of the church, which drove the clergy to such expedients for a living, rather than the respectability of the calling to which they thus betook themselves.—*Quarterly Review.*

EFFECTS OF FRUIT AS REGARDS CHOLERA.

We have seen rather a curious document, drawn up by some of the chief growers of fruit and vegetables in the villages round London. It is stated on the authority of twenty-one such persons, whose names are appended, that up to July the 24th (when it is dated,) of 1,010 labourers of either sex employed in their gardens, one only was indisposed, and not one had had cholera. Their inference is that fruit and vegetables are not favourable to the production of that disease; but it does not appear to us that the premises warrant the conclusion. Is it the fact that those labourers eat a larger portion of fruit and vegetables than others? It is notorious, with regard to pastrycooks, confectioners, and such persons, that they do not consume more — if so much — of their commodities as others; and certainly persons so situated as the thousand and ten abovementioned are much less likely than others to commit any excess in regard to the articles in question. It is not against the use, but the abuse of "the kindly fruits of the earth," that we protest; and we are quite sure that many cases of cholera have been produced by unripe fruit and raw vegetables (as cucumbers,) taken even in moderate quantity; and that great caution is necessary in this respect, notwithstanding the declaration of the growers.—*Medical Gazette*

The Gatherer.

Olive Oil.—The amount of duties paid on olive oil imported into the United Kingdom, from January 5, 1831, to April 5, 1832, was £76,962. The quantity of this oil imported in that period was 2,296,629 gallons.—*Med. and Surg. Journal.*

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Coffee.—The duty on raw coffee is now 6*d.* per lb. on colonial, and 9*d.* on foreign; the retail price is 2*s.* to 4*s.*

The Irish Bar.—Mr. Dundas, a keen, sarcastic man, who loved his bottle nearly as well as Sir Hercules Langreish, invited the baronet to a grand dinner in London, where the wine circulated freely, and wit kept pace with it. Mr. Dundas, wishing to procure a laugh at Sir Hercules, said, "Why, Sir Hercules, is it true that we Scotch formerly *transported* all our criminals and felons to Ireland?" "I dare say," replied Sir Hercules; "but did you ever hear, Mr. Dundas, of any of your countrymen *returning to Scotland* from transportation.

Lord Byron's opinion of Earl Grey.—"Madame de Stael was forcibly struck by the factitious tone of the best society in London, and wished very much to have an opportunity of judging of that of the second class. She, however, had not this opportunity, which I regret, as I think it would have justified her expectations. In England, the raw material is generally good; it is the over-dressing that injures it; and as the class she wished to study are well educated, and have all the refinement of civilization without its corruption, she would have carried away a favourable impression. Lord Grey and his family were the personification of her *beau ideal* of perfection, as I must say they are of mine," continued Byron, "and might serve as the finest specimens of the pure English patrician breed, of which so few remain. *His* uncompromising and uncompromised dignity, founded on self-respect, and accompanied by that certain proof of superiority—simplicity of manner and freedom from affectation, with *her* mild and matron graces, her whole life offering a model to wives and mothers—really they are people to be proud of, and a few such would reconcile one to one's species.—*From Lady Blessington's Conversations—New Monthly Magazine.*

Cats Horticulturists.—Cat Mint is a species of *Nepeta*. It is covered with a very soft, hoary, velvet-like down, and has a strong, pungent, aromatic odour, like penny royal or valerian, that is peculiarly grateful to cats, whence its specific and English names. These animals are so fond of it, that it is almost impossible to keep them from it, *after being transplanted.* Ray and Miller, both assert, however, that cats will never meddle with such plants as are raised from seed. Hence the old saying,

> "If you set it,
> The cats will eat it;
> If you sow it
> The cats don't know it."

P. T. W.

Beef-eaters, or yeomen of the guard, are stationed by the sideboard at great royal dinners. The term is a corruption from the French *buffetiers*, from *buffet*, sideboard.

A Lion Killer.—Lions abound in the west of India. A gentleman assured Captain Skinner that he had, in one season, killed forty-five in the province of Hissar, alone. None of them were large, but he mentioned having met with one of uncommon beauty; its skin was of the usual tawney colour, but its mane a rich glossy black, as was also the tuft on the tail.

Vultures.—On passing the carcass of a bullock (says Captain Skinner,) we had a proof of the keenness of the vulture's scent. An hour before not one was seen; nor was the place, being so wild and far removed from all habitations, likely to be haunted by them: yet now they thronged every tree in the neighbourhood. There could not have been less than four or five hundred.

Jackalls.—In some parts of India the howling of innumerable jackalls is never out of your ear, from the minute night falls to the first dawn of day. Captain Skinner says, until he became familiar to the screaming sound, he used to start from his sleep, and fancy some appalling calamity had driven the inhabitants of a neighbouring town to rush forth in fear and madness from their homes. Such frightful clamour might attend an earthquake or a deluge. The animals come up close to your very doors in large packs, and roar away without any apparent object, frequently standing a long time in one place, as a dog does when "baying the moon."

Narrow Streets.—In grand Cairo, if you unfortunately meet a string of masked beauties upon donkies, you must make a rapid retreat, and resign yourself to be squeezed to a mummy against the wall for daring to stand in their course, if your curiosity should tempt you to do so.

Mussulman and Hindoo Religion.—Where the same village is inhabited by people of both religions, they occupy opposite portions of it: and the circumstance may always be known by there being a well at each end of it; for the Hindoos would not draw water from the same fountain as the Mahomedans, for all the wealth of this world.

The only Favour.—At the battle of Spires, a regiment had orders not to grant any quarter; an unhappy enemy, wounded and disarmed, begged hard for his life from one of its officers, who touched with his situation, replied, "I pity your misfortune, and—ask anything else but that, and upon my honour I will grant your request."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 561.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1832. [Price 2d.

BURNHAM ABBEY,

(From a Sketch, by a Correspondent.)

Burnham is a village of some consideration, in Buckinghamshire, and gives name to a deanery and hundred. Its prosperity has been also augmented by the privilege of holding three fairs annually. It is situate in the picturesque vicinity of Windsor, about five miles from that town, and three miles N. E. of Maidenhead. It was anciently a place of much importance. One of the few relics of its greatness is the ivy-mantled ruin represented in the above Engraving. So late as the fourteenth century, Burnham could also boast of a royal palace within its boundary: but, alas! the wand of Prospero has long since touched its gorgeousness, so as to "leave not a rack behind."

The ruin stands about one mile south of the village, and is part of an Augustine nunnery, built in the year 1228, by Richard, Earl of Cornwall, and brother of Henry the Third. He was a vexatious thorn in the crown of Henry, whose long and confused reign, "were it not that for the first time it exhibits the elements of the English constitution in a state of disorderly fermentation, would scarcely deserve the consideration of the philosopher and the politician."* One of Richard's fraternal acts was placing himself at the head of a formidable confederacy, to which Henry was obliged to yield. The papal power was at this time at its greatest height; Richard had been elected King of the Romans, and from the spoil obtained by the monstrous exactions of his court, he may be presumed to have erected the above nunnery. Of this system of pious plunder we have many proud architectural memorials; though to rob with one hand, and found religious houses with the other, reminds one of the trade of a waterman—to look one way and row the other.

The nunnery was richly endowed with several of the neighbouring manors; the remains are now used as the out-offices of an adjoining farm. Little can be traced of the "studious cloister," the "storied window," or the "high embowed roof;" but the ivy climbs with parasitic fondness over its gable, or thrusts its rootlets as holdfasts into its crumbling wall. The dates of these ruins claim the attention of the speculative antiquary. The chimney, though of great age, did not of course belong to the original building; the earliest introduction of chimneys into this country being stated, (but without proof,) to be in the year 1300. The upper window, and the arched doorway are in the early English style prevalent at the date of the foundation; the former has the elegant lancet-shape of the earliest specimens.

* Sir James Mackintosh.

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A DREAM OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

" Another scene where happiness is sought!
A festive chamber with its golden hues,
Its dream-like sounds, and languishing delights."
R. MONTGOMERY.

I stood in the light of the festive hall,
Gorgeously wrought was its pictured wall;
And the strings of the lute replied in song,
To the heart-breathed lays of the vocal throng.

Oh! rich were the odours that floated there,
O'er the swan-like neck and the bosom fair;
And roses were mingled with sparkling pearls,
On the marble brow, and the cluster'd curls.

I stood in that hall, and my lips were mute,
And my spirit entranced with the elfin lute;
And the eyes that look'd on me seem'd fraught with love,
As the stars that make Night more divine above.

A sorrowful thought o'er my spirit came,
Like thunder-clouds kindling with gloom and flame;
For I knew that those forms in the dust would lie,
And no passionate lips to their songs reply.

But the music recalled me, the hall glow'd with light,
And burst like a vision of heaven on my sight;
" Oh! thus," I exclaimed, " will dark feelings depart,
When the sunshine of beauty descends on the heart!"
G. R. CARTER.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

It has been observed by an able and popular writer* of the present day, that the following proposition, though very generally received, is far from being a true one: " Tragedy improves and exalts the nature of man, while Comedy has a tendency to lower it." Now I profess also to believe rather in the converse of this proposition, and shall endeavour in this essay to establish that belief in the minds of my readers, by the same line of argument that originally induced me to adopt it. With the generality of persons, who are not in the habit of reasoning upon subjects of this nature, this question would perhaps be decided, and the preference awarded to either species of the drama, according to the peculiar organization of each person: I mean, that those who are naturally grave, would be more gratified by being affected, and by having an appeal made to their feelings; while on the other hand, those who are of a freer temperament, and never dream of brooding over misfortune, would doubtless prefer being amused. If this remark carries any weight with it, egotism will be so far necessary to my argument, that I may be excused for saying thus much:—I suspect myself to be classed, by nature, under the first of these divisions, and am the more entitled to a fair hearing, because I argue against feeling and natural inclination.

Perhaps I shall be able to lay more clearly before the reader, my reasoning on this interesting as well as important subject, by considering Tragedy and Comedy respectively, under three distinct heads:—1st. with respect to the particular sphere or province of each; 2ndly, their plot and characters; and 3rdly, the end or design in view.

* Lord John Russell.

First, then, as to the province of Tragedy. Tragedy professes to be a representation of all the high passions that influence the mind, such as jealousy, hatred, or revenge; it can have nothing to do with vanity or any other of the petty passions, for a course of action dependent on them would appear as insignificant in Tragedy as the passions themselves. Now, what possible advantage, in the way of improvement, can be derived from witnessing a display of all the odious passions of our nature? Some benefit might indeed be derived, if a moral were attached to Tragedy, but it has no moral (at least very rarely) and for this simple reason: Tragedy professes to be a speaking picture of life,—and it is a melancholy but true reflection, that as in real life we see the deserving depressed, and the bad man flourishing in the world, so also it ought to be in Tragedy. Let us take *Macbeth* or *Richard the Third* as examples of this: we see here two men, by a succession of crime, arriving at the pinnacle of their ambition, and rewarded for giving way to their passions. There is little or no moral in the death of either, for every honest soldier in their armies was subjected to the same fate, and many of course met with it; so far from being disgraceful, falling in battle is regarded as an honourable end, and it is the death a brave man might wish to die. Secondly, let us consider the plot in Tragedy, and the characters it works with: the plot is rarely fictitious, but is generally built either on fact, or on some event that the antiquated errors of fable or history have made sacred; not having in this respect the advantage which Comedy possesses from liberty of invention, and correcting thereby the inequalities of life; and having also the additional fault of laying its scenes for the most part in a foreign country. The characters of Tragedy are always selected from high life; here is a great defect, for it is by no means a true observation, that men are inclined greatly to pity the misfortunes of their superiors; on the contrary, they are secretly rejoiced at seeing them fall from a situation so much above their own; whereas they sympathize more with their equals, and take a much greater interest in a course of events that is likely to occur to themselves. Thirdly, let us look to the end that Tragedy has in view. The main object in a tragic representation is to excite pity and terror in the spectators; in this definition I am amply borne out by authority, for not only Gibbon, Addison, and others, but Voltaire and even Aristotle, have used these very expressions; now how can we be benefited by the excitement of these feelings? Pity is at the best but a feminine virtue, and by giving way to it, the mind, if not enervated, is at any rate not strengthened; and with regard to terror, a man under its influence is incapable of any reflection what-

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ever. When we witness, for instance, the tragedy of *Macbeth*, the mind, after such a scene of human villany is rather inclined to become morbid than to feel either dignified or improved.

We will now turn to Comedy, which, in order to compare more satisfactorily with Tragedy, we will consider under the same view. First, then, the province of Comedy is with the follies and foibles or our nature; it is generally, and it ought always to be, a speaking picture of national faults, and should satirize the people of the country where it is represented, by which means a much greater scope is afforded for the improvement of the spectator. It is not so confined in its sphere as Tragedy is, for it may affect as well as amuse; there should be a proper mixture of gravity with mirth, and that succession of ridiculous and pathetic events with which the life of man is variegated. But the main superiority of Comedy consists in its having what Tragedy wants, a moral. It is true that the enlightened portion of the audience do not require this moral; no farther interested in the scene they witness than as being spectators of it, they sit by in silence, void of all passion, and learn in silence a lesson that speaks for itself, and will have its certain effect on their future lives; but the greater part of the audience, not being capable either of accurate reasoning or deep reflection, require to be told what *is right*, and to have its distinction from *wrong* pointed out to them; as in a fable, its point would be useless to most men without its concomitant moral. Secondly, the plot of Comedy (as I have said before) is for the most part fictitious, and refers to national manners, the advantages of both which peculiarities I have already had occasion to refer to; the characters also being selected from private as well as public life, from low as well as polite company, afford Comedy a far wider field to range in than Tragedy can boast. Comedy introduces us to the cottage as well as the palace, and displays the economy of one as well as the splendour of the other; and it can amuse us with the intrigues of a citizen's wife, as well as interest us with the passion of a princess. We see also in Comedy, as well as in the world itself, the despicable character of the rake, and the disgusting vanity of the coquette; we learn to distinguish between the different traits of character, and we soon find that those whose language is that of men of honour, often act like knaves. It is all this diversity that makes Comedy so pleasing as well as so instructive. Thirdly, the end that Comedy has in view, is to bring about improvement by exciting contempt and ridicule: by thus mixing ridicule with vice, we feel a positive enjoyment in seeing it exposed, and it is by this powerful engine that the manners of a people may be insensibly improved. A satirical exhibition will at all times explode vice better than serious argument; and it was from a conviction of this that the Lacedemonians intoxicated their unhappy slaves in order that the children of the state, by seeing the despicable state to which drunkenness reduced a man, might learn a lesson that wanted no explanation. In short, I think a theatrical representation may cure our faults, but it can hardly subdue our more powerful vices; it may give a check to our follies, but it will never succeed in curbing our passions. When a man is under the sway of any particular passion, it is too firmly rooted in his disposition to be eradicated by sitting a few hours in the pit of a theatre; but with our petty foibles it is very different; ridicule can, and often does, cure them, when it can be brought into play against them; which, however, is not very often in real life, for a man is more inclined to resent an attack upon his faults than his vices, and would rather be thought the slave of his passions than be known to have given way to a single weakness.

There is another great difference between Tragedy and Comedy, and that is, with regard to diction: the language made use of by Comedy is natural and proper, while that of Tragedy is laboured and elevated; we meet not unfrequently with long declamation and sentences highly polished, whereas passion never speculates in this manner; the feelings of nature dictate the simplest language, and generally find a vent in broken sentences, as we find them in the Greek tragedians.

The unities of the drama are rules which are the result of good sense, and serve greatly to heighten the entertainment of the stage; they undoubtedly tend to keep up the necessary illusion that we are witnessing scenes in real life, and the more they are acted up to, the greater is the merit of the piece, and the more perfect the effect produced. Now, Comedy rarely breaks through these rules; for, from its nature, the events recorded are frequently comprised within the space of a day; and there is the same regard paid (as far as it is possible) to unity of place as well as time. Tragedy, at least modern Tragedy, (with the exception of *Cato* and one or two more) entirely disregards these rules, and we sometimes find the hero of the piece has grown ten years older within the short space between the acts, or else that he has travelled from one country to another in the same period of time. Thus, in *Julius Cæsar*, Brutus, in one act is at Rome, and another in Thessaly. Again, in *Coriolanus*, now we find him expelled by the Romans, afterwards residing amongst the Volscians, and eventually marching an immense army to the gates of Rome; all within the space of two or

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three hours: this is a sad blow to any scenic illusion, and tends to weaken, if it does not entirely break, the thread of the imagination.

There is one point in which I consider both Tragedy and Comedy, in modern days, to be at fault, and that is in the constant introduction of love on our stage. We cannot frequent the theatre without being sickened by the repetition of some nauseous courtship and love-making, the particulars of which, even in real life, can be agreeable to none but the parties themselves. This blemish is said to have arisen during the earlier periods of the drama, from the vanity of the female sex; who, however much they were kept under control, and their opinions disregarded in ancient days, have amply made up for that restriction now, by taking matters of taste entirely under their direction. It is said, that when modern playwriting first came in fashion, the ladies refused to honour the theatre with their presence, unless their inclinations were more attended to, and love was made the burthen of the song. Accordingly, we find even the pure taste of Addison giving in to this demand, and the otherwise beautiful tragedy of *Cato* (for even the unities are preserved in it) is spoiled by two stupid love plots, that not only disfigure it, but throw a complete weariness over the whole. With the ancients it was very different, and amongst all those splendid Greek compositions which are regarded as models for the drama, we find none of them, with the exception of Hippolitus, in which there is any of this trifling with love affairs.

Before I close these observations, let me add, that in looking at this question, we must consent to throw off our national prejudices; and in drawing the comparison, not to regard English plays, whether tragic or comic, as the standards of perfection. English Comedy is not only considered inferior to that of most nations, but it is in many respects bad in its tendency, and may almost be looked upon as a school for vanity. To conclude, instead of regarding the drama as it is, I have rather endeavoured to consider it as it should be. F.

The Public Journals.

REAL CHARACTER OF LOUIS XIV.

Concerning Louis the Fourteenth himself, the world seems at last to have formed a correct judgment. He was not a great general; he was not a great statesman; but he was, in one sense of the words, a great king. Never was there so consummate a master of what our James the First would have called king-craft,—of all those arts which most advantageously display the merits of a prince, and most completely hide his defects. Though his internal administration was bad,—though the military triumphs which gave splendour to the early part of his reign were not achieved by himself,—though his later years were crowded with defeats and humiliations,—though he was so ignorant that he scarcely understood the Latin of his mass-book,—though he fell under the control of a cunning Jesuit and of a more cunning old woman,—he succeeded in passing himself off on his people as a being above humanity. And this is the more extraordinary, because he did not seclude himself from the public gaze like those Oriental despots whose faces are never seen, and whose very names it is a crime to pronounce lightly. It has been said that no man is a hero to his valet;—and all the world saw as much of Louis the Fourteenth as his valet could see. Five hundred people assembled to see him shave and put on his breeches in the morning. He then kneeled down at the side of his bed, and said his prayer, while the whole assembly awaited the end in solemn silence,—the ecclesiastics on their knees, and the laymen with their hats before their faces. He walked about his gardens with a train of two hundred courtiers at his heels. All Versailles came to see him dine and sup. He was put to bed at night in the midst of a crowd as great as that which had met to see him rise in the morning. He took his very emetics in state, and vomited majestically in the presence of all the *grandes* and *petites entrees*. Yet though he constantly exposed himself to the public gaze in situations in which it is scarcely possible for any man to preserve much personal dignity, he to the last impressed those who surrounded him with the deepest awe and reverence. The illusion which he produced on his worshippers can be compared only to those illusions to which lovers are proverbially subject during the season of courtship. It was an illusion which affected even the senses. The contemporaries of Louis thought him tall. Voltaire, who might have seen him, and who had lived with some of the most distinguished members of his court, speaks repeatedly of his majestic stature. Yet it is as certain as any fact can be, that he was rather below than above the middle size. He had, it seems, a way of holding himself, a way of walking, a way of swelling his chest and rearing his head, which deceived the eyes of the multitude. Eighty years after his death, the royal cemetery was violated by the revolutionists; his coffin was opened; his body was dragged out; and it appeared that the prince, whose majestic figure had been so long and loudly extolled, was in truth a little man.

His person and his government have had the same fate. He had the art of making both appear grand and august, in spite of the clearest evidence that both were below the ordinary standard. Death and time have ex-

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posed both the deceptions. The body of the great King has been measured more justly than it was measured by the courtiers who were afraid to look above his shoe-tie. His public character has been scrutinized by men free from the hopes and fears of Boileau and Molière. In the grave, the most majestic of princes is only five feet eight. In history, the hero and the politician dwindles into a vain and feeble tyrant,—the slave of priests and women,—little in war, little in government,—little in every thing but the art of simulating greatness.

He left to his infant successor a famished and miserable people, a beaten and humbled army, provinces turned into deserts by misgovernment and persecution, factions dividing the court, a schism raging in the church, an immense debt, an empty treasury, immeasurable palaces, an innumerable household, inestimable jewels and furniture. All the sap and nutriment of the state seemed to have been drawn to feed one bloated and unwholesome excrescence. The nation was withered. The court was morbidly flourishing. Yet it does not appear that the associations which attached the people to the monarchy, had lost strength during his reign. He had neglected or sacrificed their dearest interests; but he had struck their imaginations. The very things which ought to have made him most unpopular,—the prodigies of luxury and magnificence with which his person was surrounded, while, beyond the enclosure of his parks, nothing was to be seen but starvation and despair,—seemed to increase the respectful attachment which his subjects felt for him.—*Edinburgh Rev.* (*just published.*)

THE GRAND SECRET OF SUCCESS IN LIFE.

For all men doubtless obstructions abound; spiritual growth must be hampered and stunted, and has to struggle through with difficulty, if it do not wholly stop. We may grant too that, for a mediocre character, the continual training and tutoring, from language-masters, dancing-masters, posture-masters of all sorts, hired and volunteer, which a high rank in any time and country assures, there will be produced a certain superiority, or at worst, air of superiority, over the corresponding mediocre character of low rank; thus we perceive, the vulgar Do-nothing, as contrasted with the vulgar Drudge, is in general a much prettier man; with a wider perhaps clearer outlook into the distance; in innumerable superficial matters, however it may be when we go deeper, he has a manifest advantage. But with the man of uncommon character, again, in whom a germ of irrepressible Force has been implanted, and *will* unfold itself into some sort of freedom,—altogether the reverse may hold. For such germs, too, there is, undoubtedly enough, a proper soil where they will grow best, and an improper one where they will grow worst. True also, where there is a will, there is a way; where a genius has been given, a possibility, a certainty of its growing is also given. Yet often it seems as if the injudicious gardening and manuring were worse than none at all; and killed what the inclemencies of blind chance would have spared. We find accordingly that few Fredericks or Napoleons, indeed none since the Great Alexander, who unfortunately drank himself to death too soon for proving what lay in him, were nursed up with an eye to their vocation; mostly with an eye quite the other way, in the midst of isolation and pain, destitution and contradiction. Nay, in our own times, have we not seen two men of genius, a Byron and a Burns: they both, by mandate of Nature, struggle and must struggle towards clear manhood, stormfully enough, for the space of six-and-thirty years; yet only the gifted ploughman can partially prevail therein; the gifted peer must toil, and strive, and shoot out in wild efforts, yet die at last in boyhood, with the promise of his manhood still but announcing itself in the distance. Truly, as was once written, "it is only the artichoke that will not grow except in gardens: the acorn is cast carelessly abroad into the wilderness, yet on the wild soil it nourishes itself, and rises to be an oak." All woodmen, moreover, will tell you that fat manure is the ruin of your oak; likewise that the thinner and wilder your soil, the tougher, more iron-textured is your timber,—though, unhappily, also the smaller. So too with the spirits of men: they become pure from their errors by suffering for them: he who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger, more expert, than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision-wagons, or even not unwatchfully "abiding by the stuff." In which sense, an observer, not without experience of our time, has said:—"Had I a man of clearly developed character (clear, sincere within its limits), of insight, courage, and real applicable force of head and of heart, to search for; and not a man of luxuriously distorted character, with haughtiness for courage, and for insight and applicable force, speculation and plausible show of force,—it were rather among the lower than among the higher classes that I should look for him."

A hard saying, indeed, seems this same; that he, whose other wants were all beforehand supplied; to whose capabilities no problem was presented except even this, How to cultivate them to best advantage, should attain less real culture than he whose first grand problem and obligation was nowise spiritual culture, but hard labour for his daily bread! Sad enough must the perversion be, where preparations of such magnitude issue in abortion: and a so sumptuous heart with

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all its appliances can accomplish nothing, not so much as necessitous nature would of herself have supplied! Nevertheless, so pregnant is life with evil as with good; to such height in an age rich, plethorically overgrown with means, can means be accumulated in the wrong place, and immeasurably aggravate wrong tendencies, instead of righting them, this sad and strange result may actually turn out to have been realized.—*Edinburgh Rev.* (*just published.*)

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES.—THE LATE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

(From Clavering's Autobiography.)

I SAW Sir Egerton Brydges in the streets, was introduced to him, and recalled to his mind our rencontre at Mr. Carter's at Deal, thirty years ago. He walked feebly, was lame, and had been confined to his bed for many months the preceding winter. He was pale, apparently grief-worn, and had a most grave and melancholy countenance, and languid look; but now and then flashed, both with eyes and words. He amused himself with printing privately, and distributing among his friends a variety of fragments. He complained bitterly of some London agents, who had cheated him most enormously, and whom he was bringing before the Court of Chancery. His common acquaintance complained that he was too grave for them, and that he was deficient in wit and point. They said he was "all sober sadness," and that he had romantic views of life, and did not know the human character. I had not sufficient conversation with him to judge of this. He was intimate with d'Invernois, who spoke highly of him. He had certainly none of our Irish vivacity, and fulness of imagery. He was rather querulous and prolix, than piquant, and declaimed rather than said sharp things. I said to him, "Why do you not endeavour, in your writings, to accommodate yourself more to the public taste?" He answered, in despair, "I cannot—I have no turn that way. I know the value of the bon-mot, the sarcasm, and the epigram; but I have no ability that way." And it seemed true; he *had* no ability that way.

When the old lineal Duke of Norfolk died—I think it was in 1778—the pomp of that mighty house was much abased. His collateral successor, Mr. Howard, of Graystock, was a man of mean and intemperate habits, which were inherited by his son, the late duke, then known by the name of Lord Surry, and who made himself conspicuous as a Whig, and by electioneering contests and intrigues. With this last I was familiar, but soon saw that I could put no trust in him. I wrote many political squibs at his desire—not worth preserving; he was a man of a good deal of spleen, personal as well as political. Charles Fox flattered him, that he might have his aid to the party; but he did not love or respect him. He married an Irishwoman for his first wife. I think his mother's name was Brockholes. It was amusing to see him in contest with the late Lord Abingdon, whose power of speaking in the House (whatever mental eccentricities he might have) was so great, that many preferred his eloquence even to Lord Chatham's. The duke was never at rest: he always had some jobs in hand: by which he often put himself into pecuniary embarrassment. His face was very much like that of Cardinal Howard, Temp. Car. II., of whom there are so many engraved portraits. He prided himself upon a common dress, very much like that of a yeoman, or rather country schoolmaster. It was generally a grey coat, with black buttons, and black waistcoat. I once asked him to use his interest for a relation of mine; he readily promised—but never attempted to perform. He had a personal antipathy to Pitt and Lord Grenville; and one of the constant subjects of his jokes and raillery was the Grenville pedigree. A Mr. Dallaway, a clergyman, was his private secretary, as earl-marshal; with whom I once dined at the duke's table; a large, heavy-looking man, who, I was told, had written several books; but I presume he is deceased, as I have not seen his name announced for a long while.

MADAME DE STAEL.

(From Lady Blessington's Conversations with Lord Byron.)

TALKING of literary women, Lord Byron said that Madame de Stael was certainly the cleverest, though not the most agreeable woman he had ever known. "She declaimed to you instead of conversing with you," said he, "never pausing except to take breath; and if during that interval a rejoinder was put in, it was evident that she did not attend to it, as she resumed the thread of her discourse as though it had not been interrupted." This observation from Byron was amusing enough, as we had all made nearly the same observation on him, with the exception that he listened to, and noticed, any answer made to his reflections. "Madame de Staël," continued Byron, was very eloquent when her imagination warmed, (and a very little excited it;) her powers of imagination were much stronger than her reasoning ones, perhaps owing to their being much more frequently exercised; her language was recondite, but redundant, and though always flowery, and often brilliant there was an obscurity that left the impression that she did not perfectly understand what she endeavoured to render intelligible to others. She was always losing herself in philosophical disquisition, and once she got entangled in the mazes of the labyrinth of metaphysics; she had no clue by which she could guide her

path—the imagination that lead her into her difficulties, could not get her out of them; the want of a mathematical education, which might have served as a ballast to steady and help her into the port of reason, was always visible, and though she had great tact in concealing her defeat, and covering a retreat, a tolerable logician must have always discovered the scrapes she got into. Poor dear Madame de Staël, I shall never forget seeing her one day, at table with a large party, when the busk (I believe you ladies call it) of her corset forced its way through the top of the corset, and would not descend though pushed by all the force of both hands of the wearer, who became crimson from the operation. After fruitless efforts, she turned in despair to the valet de chambre behind her chair, and requested him to draw it out, which could only be done by his passing his hand from behind over her shoulder, and across her chest, when, with a desperate effort, he unsheathed the busk. Had you seen the faces of some of the English ladies of the party, you would have been like me, almost convulsed; while Madame remained perfectly unconscious that she had committed any solecism on *la décence Anglaise*. Poor Madame de Staël verified the truth of the lines—

"Qui de son sexe n'a pas l'esprit,
De son sexe a tout le malheur."

She *thought* like a man, but, alas! she *felt* like a woman; as witness the episode in her life with Monsieur Rocca, which she dared not avow, (I mean her marriage with him,) because she was more jealous of her reputation as a writer than a woman, and the faiblesse de cœur, this alliance proved she had not courage to *affiche*.—*New Monthly Mag.*

The Topographer.

REMARKABLE CAVES AT CRAVEN, IN YORKSHIRE.

The village of Malham is situated in a deep and verdant bottom, defective only in wood, at the union of two narrow valleys, respectively terminated at the distance of a mile by the Cove and Gordale. The first of these is an immense crag of limestone, 286 feet high, stretched in the shape of the segment of a large circle, across the whole valley, and forming a termination at once so august and tremendous, that the imagination can scarcely figure any form or scale of rock within the bounds of probability that shall go beyond it. The approach to this place, before the invention of machinery, was solitary and characteristic. It is now polluted by one of those manufactories, of which it would be trifling to complain as nuisances only in the eye of taste. Yet there are streams sufficiently copious, and valleys sufficiently deep, which man can neither mend nor spoil. These might be abandoned to such deformed monsters without regret; but who that has either taste or eyes can endure them, when combined with such scenery as the environs of Malham, or the Banks of the Wharf.

Coarse complexions
And cheeks of every grain will serve to ply
The sampler, and to tease the housewife's wool;
What need a vermeil, tinctured lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn?

The approach to Gordale on the east side of the village, happily remains what nature left it, a stony and desolate valley, without a single object to divert the eye from the scene before it. This is a solid mass of limestone, of perhaps equal height with the Cove, cleft asunder by some great convulsion of nature, and opening its "ponderous and marble jaws" on the right and left. The sensation of horror on approaching it is increased by the projection of either side from its base, so that the two connivant rocks, though considerably distant at the bottom, admit only a narrow line of daylight from above. At the very entrance you turn a little to the right, and are struck by a yawning mouth in the face of the opposite crag, whence the torrent pent up beyond, suddenly forced a passage, within the memory of man, which at every swell continues to spout out one of the boldest and most beautiful cataracts that can be conceived.

Wherever a cleft in the rock, or a lodgment of earth appears, the yew-tree, indigenous in such situations, contrasts its deep and glossy green with the pale grey of the limestone; but the goat, the old adventurous inhabitant of situations, inaccessible to every other quadruped, has been lately banished from the sides of Gordale. But the wonders of this place are not confined to its surface. In mining for lapis calaminaris, two caverns have been discovered near the Tarn, which though of no easy access, will reward the enterprising visitant, not by the amplitude of their dimensions, in which they are exceeded by several in Craven, but by that rich and elaborate finishing which in the works of nature, as well as of art, is always required to give an interest to diminutive objects. The first of these resembles a small rotunda, not more than six yards in diameter, and five or six in height, but clothed with fleecy incrustations, from which depend stalactites of various depth, and tinged with various hue, from the faintest yellow to saffron. The lapidescent drops distilling from these through a long course of ages, have gradually raised the floor of the cavern, so as to render it difficult to pass between the edges of the new surface and the circumference of the cavern.

Beyond is a second excavation about fourteen yards long, ten in width, where broadest, and eight in height; proportions which an architect would have chosen. At the highest

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extremity of this appears a recess formed entirely of petrified matter, around which the irregular projections of native rock are covered with an incrustation white as snow; and in many parts appear stalactites suspended from point to point, like light festoons of ice, which, if struck, return all the notes of musical glasses. In the midst of this recess arises from a pedestal, clear almost as glass, an amber altar. Beneath, but still in the roof of the cavern, is another circular excavation resembling an immense helmet, which seems to be lined with rich satin, and is fringed with rows of yellow stalactite about the edges. Those who suffer their imaginations to wanton in the scenes of subterranean demonology, may here discover the cabinet of the "Swart Faery of the Mine," while the sober geologist will find matter of rational and curious speculation; he will detect nature herself at work on a process uniformly advancing; so that by piercing the perpendicular depth of the incrustation on the floor of the first cavern, and by comparing with accuracy the additional laminæ, which in a few years will be superinduced, he may ascertain with tolerable exactness, the period which has elapsed since those mighty convulsions by which these caverns have been produced.—*Whitaker's History of Craven.*

Select Biography.

M. CHAPTAL,

The celebrated chemist, born at Montpellier in 1755, died a few days since at Paris, in his 77th year. He studied medicine and natural philosophy when very young, and under promisingpatronage. Before the Revolution he published some valuable works, and formed two or three chemical establishments; and for his successful labours the King had given him the order of St. Michael. When the Revolution began, M. Chaptal headed the insurgents at Montpellier, who took possession of the citadel in 1791.

The reputation of Chaptal as a chemist being well established, he was called to Paris in 1793, by the committee of public safety, to be consulted relative to the making of gunpowder and the production of saltpetre. It must be in the memory of all those who recollect the history of the first years of the French Revolution, that the want of saltpetre, the principal ingredient in gunpowder, had nearly put an end to the war; and as France had shut the ports of all nations against herself, no other resource remained but to produce the saltpetre at home. Before Chaptal was sent for, a manufactory, for this purpose, had been established at Grenelles, near Paris; but it was insufficient for the immense demand. Chaptal soon, by his skill and activity, so improved this establishment, that it supplied all that was wanted, and this at a time when France had about 1,400,000 soldiers.*

Chaptal returned to Montpellier in 1794, and soon obtained a place in the administration of the department of Herault, and a professorship of chemistry in the university of Montpellier, which the Directory created expressly as a reward for his services. In 1798, Chaptal revisited Paris, and aided the Revolution by which, in 1799, Buonaparte became First Consul. In the following year Chaptal was made Minister of the Interior, in which important office he imparted new energy to all the manufacturing establishments of France, as well as founded many public schools upon improved systems of education. In 1804 he was dismissed from the Ministry for his refusing to sanction a report stating sugar from beet-root to be superior to that from the cane.†

Chaptal now retired from political life, and established a chemical manufactory in the neighbourhood of Paris; but he was soon after chosen a member of the Conservative Senate, and made grand officer of the Legion of Honour. In 1806, he was present at the placing of the trophied column in the Place Vendome, to commemorate the battle of

* The theory of this artificial formation of saltpetre is detailed by Chaptal, in *Annales de Chimie*, tom. xx.—The bulk of saltpetre used in this country is brought from the East Indies, where, at certain seasons of the year, it is found deposited on the surface of the soil. It is swept off once or twice a week, and as often renewed. At Apulia, near Naples, there is a bed containing 40 per cent. of it; and in Switzerland the farmers extract it in abundance from the earth under the stalls of the cattle. In the reign of Charles I. great attention was paid to the making of saltpetre in England. Certain patentees were authorized by royal proclamation to dig up the floors of all dove-houses, stables, &c. In France, the plaster of old walls is washed to separate the nitrate of lime, which is a soluble salt, and this, by means of potash, or muriate of potash, is afterwards converted into nitre. Mr. Bowles, in his Introduction to the Natural History of Spain, assures us there is enough saltpetre in that country to supply all Europe for ever.

† This was twenty-eight years since. A writer in an English journal observed three years since, "it is difficult to conceive that one half of the sugar consumed in Great Britain, or in all Europe, will not, in a few years, be home-made beet-root sugar." In France the manufacture of sugar from beet-root, like that of saltpetre, was dictated by necessity, the former through the capture of the French colonies by Great Britain, during the late war. It is now an important manufacture in that country, as well as a branch of domestic economy, the sugar being made by housewives, and requiring not more skill or trouble than cheese-making or brewing.

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Austerlitz. Chaptal was soon after made a Count, and received the grand cross of the Legion of Honour.

In 1813, when the Allies began to approach the French frontiers, Chaptal was dispatched to support the falling power of Napoleon; he failed to do so; and when the Austrians approached the capital, he retired to Clermont, but after the taking of Paris he hastened to the city. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences upon its re-organization.

Upon the return of Napoleon from Elba, he named Chaptal director-general of manufactures and commerce, and immediately after minister of state, in which latter capacity he pronounced, in the name of all the ministers, a very flattering address to Napoleon. At the restoration of the Bourbons, Chaptal again retired into private life, and continued to enjoy the society of a large circle of literary and scientific friends till his death.

Upon the application of chemistry to the arts of life, Chaptal is considered to have been the most distinguished writer of his time. His works are, Conspectus Physiologicus de Fontibus differentiarum relat. ad Scientias, 1777; Analytical Table of a Course of Chemistry delivered at Montpellier, 1783; Elements of Chemistry; Treatise on Saltpetre and Tar; a Table of the principal Earthy Salts and Substances; an Essay on perfectioning the Chemical Art in France; a Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Cultivation of the Vine; the Art of making Wines, &c.; the Art of Making, Managing, and Perfectioning Wines, a work which has been productive of great improvement in the wines of many districts in France; the Art of Dyeing Cotton Red; Chemistry applied to the Arts; the Chemical Principles of the Arts of Dyeing and Scouring. M. Chaptal has also furnished many excellent articles to the Annals of Chemistry, and the Dictionary of Agriculture. Among his miscellaneous productions, a paper on Geological Changes is entitled to special mention as one of the most beautiful compositions of its class.

GOETHE.

John Wolfang von Goethe was born at Frankfort, August 28, 1749, and died at Weimar, March 22, 1832, aged eighty-two years and seven months. He was a sickly child, and consequently participated but little in children's pastimes. Youth-melancholy, or early habits of reflection, and an independence on others for amusement or formation of opinions were thus generated, which, operating on his exquisite organization, contributed to make him the master-spirit of his age. Thus, in his autobiography and diary, it is highly instructive to mark the effect of the various circumstances in which he was placed, on his train of thought. Events, which on most children's minds "are only reflected as on looking-glasses but make no impression," produced an effect on him of which the influence was never effaced. The coronation of Joseph II. at Frankfort, the annual mass, and the noble old city itself, with its associations of feudalism and German art, are portrayed by him seventy years after the feelings they had excited, with all the vividness of yesterday's impressions. It is probable that no one ever possessed such acute sensibility as Goethe. He could "hang a thought on every thorn."

Goethe's father was a man of easy circumstances, and of some literary merit: he had a great love for the fine arts, and had made a small collection of objects of virtù in his travels through Italy. All this worked on the young poet, and at eight or nine years old he wrote a short description of twelve pictures, portraying the history of Joseph. At fifteen years of age he went to the university of Leipsic, where he studied law; he took the degree of doctor at Strasbourg. In 1768 he left Leipsic, and after a short tour settled for some time in Alsace, where the beautiful Gretchen won his heart, and obtained for herself in Faust and Egmont, a more lasting monument than brass. On leaving Alsace, he returned home; but soon left it again to practise in the Imperial Chamber at Weslar. Here he witnessed the tragical event that gave rise to his romance of the Sorrows of Werter. In 1775, he went to Weimar, on an invitation from the Grand Duke, and remained there till the end of his life, loaded with all the honours a German sovereign could bestow, ennobled, a privy councillor, and for many years of his life prime minister; "a treatment of genius hitherto unknown in the annals of literature, or of Mecænaship; and a splendid exception to the indifference with which rulers generally regard intellectual excellence."

In 1786, Goethe travelled in Italy, from whence he went to Sicily, and then returned to Rome, where he gave himself ardently up to the study of antiquities. At the end of three years he returned to his own country, and settled at Weimar, which was then called the Athens of Germany. Here were at that time a number of celebrated men, at the head of whom were Goethe, Wieland, and Schiller. In this congenial society, Goethe resided till his death. A view of his house, with an account of an interview with the poet, about

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five years since, by Dr. Granville, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xviii. After the deaths of Wieland and Schiller, the reputation of Goethe greatly increased. To form some idea of the sort of worship that was paid to him in his own country, in his lifetime, it is only necessary to read the chapter of Madame de Stael's *Germany*, dedicated to that subject. The admirers of Goethe formed a sort of sect, a body amongst themselves, over whom, says Madame de Stael, the influence of Goethe was really incomprehensible. Among the honours paid to him by the illustrious men of Europe, must not be forgotten the tribute of Napoleon. When the Congress of Erfurt was held, Napoleon wished to see Goethe, with whom he conversed for some time, and at the close of the conversation he gave the poet the decoration of the Legion of Honour. In 1825, a splendid bronze medal was struck by order of the Grand Duke, and presented to Goethe, to commemorate the fiftieth year of the poet's residence at his court.

As Goethe wrote every sort of poem, from the simple ballad to the epic, and from a proverb to a tragedy, a mere list of his works would occupy some columns. His first appearance in print was in the annuals and literary journals. But his Gotz of the Iron Hand,' published with his name in 1773, and his Werther, in the year after, called at once the attention of his country to the young master-mind. The influence of these two works on the literature of Germany was electric. Hosts of imitators sprung up among the fruitful fry of small authors, and flourished until Goethe himself, by his wit, his irony, and his eloquence, put an end to the sickly sentimentalism, which he had first called into action. Gotz and Werther alone survive the creations of which they formed the nucleii. Such a production as the first, indeed, at the age of twenty-three, at once placed Goethe at the head of his country's literature, a place which he preserved undisputed to the hour of his death.

We have referred to the multitudinous nature of the works of Goethe. Their variety was proportionate to their number. It has been well observed that "his mind never seems to have grown old, but to have presented a new phasis at each stage of his existence." Not satisfied by taking his rank amongst the first poets of his time, his ardent genius led him to study all the different branches of literature, physical science, natural history, and the fine arts. He alike delighted in the imaginative beauty of poetry, and the abstrusest problems in science—the romantic and the real—the creative fancy and unwearied research of a truly great mind. It is, however, a matter of regret that Goethe was no politician. The character of his mind would not lead the observer to expect this feature. "A chilling scepticism, as to the progressive improvement of man, runs through all his writings, and, of course, prevented all attempts to make human institutions more productive of human happiness." Nevertheless, it may be urged, that social amelioration may be effected by other means than by direct problems of political economy, unfashionable as the doctrine may sound. Chateaubriand has eloquently written "there is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries." Goethe probably entertained a kindred sentiment. Thus, the calculator may reckon him "behind the age," or his favourite views of human improvement.

Goethe remained single till his fifty-eighth year, when he married his housekeeper, by whom he had a family. His affection for his son, who died about two years since, was unbounded. After his death, Goethe was but the shadow of that which he once had been. To his daughter-in-law he was indebted for that tenderness and assiduity which soothed his declining years. When upwards of eighty years of age, he meditated literary projects with the vigour and enthusiasm of youthful genius. Indeed, his constitution was unimpaired, and seemed to promise some years of life: his death therefore excited at Weimar, a feeling of suprise as well as sorrow.

The last moments of Goethe were those of an unbroken mind—a bright light waning and glimmering out. He had not the slightest presentiment of his death. About a week before, he caught cold, which brought on a catarrh. It was thought that his powerful constitution was unattacked. He conversed with great serenity, particularly upon his theory of colours, which so powerfully occupied his mind to the last moment of his existence. On the evening of March 21, he explained to his daughter the conditions of the peace of Basle; desired that the children should be taken to the theatre; and said that he was much better; he requested that Salvandy's Sixteen Months might be handed to him, although his physician had forbidden him all laborious occupation; but the doctor having gone out for a few moments, he ordered lights to be brought, and attempted to read. Not being able to do so, he held the book for some moments before him, and then said, "Well, let us do at least as the Mandarins do:" he fell asleep, and his slumbers appeared light and refreshing. Next day he conversed cheerfully with his daughter, his grandchildren, and some friends. "At seven o'clock he desired his daughter to bring him a portfolio, to enable him to illustrate some phenomena of colouring, and he began with his right hand to trace some characters in the air. Towards ten o'clock he ceased almost entirely to speak, held firmly between his own the hand of his daughter who was by his side, and turned his eyes, already half-closed,

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towards her with an expression of tenderness: with her other hand she supported his head on a pillow until he breathed his last, without convulsion or suffering."* His daughter closed the fine eyes of the poet, and summoning her children to behold their grandfather for the last time, she rushed from the chamber of death, and gave vent to a flood of grief. Another account states that Goethe growing weaker and weaker, his hand dropped on his knee, where it still moved as if in the act of writing, till the angel of death summoned him.

The remains of the poet, after lying in state in the hall of his mansion for five hours, were deposited, on March 26, in the grand ducal family vault at Weimar near to those of Schiller. On the same day, the theatre which had been closed from respect to his memory, was opened with the representation of his Tasso. An epilogue was composed for the occasion by Chancellor Muller, the intimate friend of Goethe. Its last stanza produced a profound impression upon the audience:—"The spot where great men have exercised their genius remains for ever sacred. The waves of time silently efface the hours of life; but not the great works which they have seen produced. What the power of genius has created, is rarified like the air of the Heavens,—its apparition is fugitive,—its works are eternal."

Goethe has left several MSS. for publication. Among them is a volume of his early life in Weimar, a volume of poems, the second part of "Faust," interesting letters, &c.

* Monthly Magazine, July.

Notes of a Reader.

BEAR-HUNTING IN CANADA.

(From a Backwoodsman's Sketches.†)

When a bear runs away with one of your pigs, there is no use in going after him, hallooing, without a gun. You may scare him away from the mutilated carcass, but it will make but indifferent pork; since not being bred in Leadenhall or Whitechapel, he has but a slovenly way of slaughtering. But trace to where he has dragged it, and near sunset let self and friend hide themselves within easy distance, and he will be certain to come for his supper, which, like all sensible animals, he prefers to every other meal. Nay, it is highly probable, if he possesses the gallantry which a well-bred bear ought to have, he will bring Mrs. Bruin and all the children along with him, and you can transact business with the whole family at once. In hunting the bear, take all the curs in the village along with you. Game dogs are useless for this purpose; for, unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces or hugged to death for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree, where he can be shot. The bear of Canada is seldom dangerous. He is always ready to enter into a treaty, similar to what my Lord Brougham negotiated lately with Lord Londonderry, viz. let-be for let-be—but if wounded, he is dangerous in the extreme. You should always, therefore, hunt him in couples, and have a shot in reserve, or a goodly cudgel, ready to apply to the root of his nose, where he is as vulnerable as Achilles was in the heel. Some ludicrous stories are told of bear-hunting; for Bruin is rather a humorist in his way. A friend of mine, with his surveying party, ten men in all, once treed a very large one; they immediately cut clubs, and set to work to fell the tree. Bruin seemed inclined to maintain his position, till the tree began to lean, when he slid down to about fifteen feet from the ground, and then clasped his fore-paws over his head and let himself tumble amongst them. Every club was raised, but Bruin was on the alert; he made a charge, upset the man immediately in front, and escaped with two or three thumps on the rump, which he valued not one pin. When once they have killed a pig, if you do not manage to kill the bear, you will never keep one hog; for they will come back till they have taken the last of them;—they will even invade the sacred precincts of the hog-sty. An Irishman in the Newcastle district once caught a bear *flagrante delicto*, dragging a hog over the walls of the pew. Pat, instead of assailing the bear, thought only of securing his property; so he jumped into the sty, and seized the pig by the tail. Bruin having hold of the ears, they had a dead pull for possession, till the whilliloo of Pat, joined to the plaintive notes of his *protegé*, brought a neighbour to his assistance, who decided the contest in Pat's favour by knocking the assailant on the head.—A worthy friend of mine, of the legal profession, and now high in office in the colony, once, when a young man, lost his way in the woods, and seeing a high stump, clambered up it with the hope of looking around him. While standing on the top of it for this purpose, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the hollow of the tree, beyond the power of extricating himself. Whilst bemoaning here his hard fate, and seeing no prospect before him, save that of a lingering death by starvation, the light above his head was suddenly excluded, and his view of the sky, his only prospect, shut out by the intervention of a dense medium, and by and by he felt the hairy posteriors of a bear descend upon him. With the courage of despair he seized fast hold of Bruin behind, and by this means was dragged once more into upper day. Nothing, surely, but the instinct of consanguinity could have induced Bruin thus to extricate his distressed brother

† Published by Murray, Albemarle Street. *(To a Correspondent, J. F., Lambeth Terrace.)*

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THE CHOLERA IN INDIA.

Captain Skinner, in one of his Excursions, says arriving at the village of Lugrassa, I thought there was an appearance of desolation about it. I saw no people within the village, and observed merely a few stragglers about the fields. Four or five men had died during the last week, and some before: such mortality would depopulate a mountain city in a month. Nothing can be more melancholy than a pestilence among these fragments of humanity: cut off from their fellow-mountaineers by high ridges, these isolated little communities are left to perish unknown and unmourned.

I have learned from some natives, who have lately been at Badri Nath, that that neighbourhood also has been ravaged by the cholera morbus. They cannot check the disease: it seizes them in all situations—in their houses—in the fields; and in a very few hours they are its victims. As the most hardy fall first, the infants, deprived of their protectors, should they escape the infection, must die of starvation. The cattle are abandoned, the crops neglected, and every traveller shuns the "city of the plague:" and even that precaution is no security. Pilgrims die in agony on the road: to enter one of these little vales is indeed to enter "the valley of the shadow of death."—The inhabitants resign themselves to their destiny: the same fate would await them in a neighbouring village, perhaps, should they seek refuge there. They cling to their homes to the last gasp; and the survivor of a once happy people, where all were gay but a few days before, has to steal to his grave unnoticed, or roam elsewhere for human intercourse. Could the vision of "the Last Man" be ever realized, it would be in the highest habitations of the Himalaya mountains; for there many a little world is left for its last man to mourn over!

New Books.

CHARLEMAGNE.

[The appearance of a *Life of Charlemagne* in these days of cobweb literature may probably be regarded as a phenomenon by booksellers. Whatever their feelings may be upon the matter, we are inclined to regard it as a valuable contribution to our substantial literature. The author, Mr. G. P. R. James has hitherto produced no work that can at all compete with the present in our esteem. He has shown his aptitude for research in three or four semi-historical novels, which will be forgotten, while his *Life of Charlemagne* will be allowed place with our standard historians. He has wisely left the novel to the titled folks of the Burlington-street press, and betaken himself to better studies, that will not only gain him a name, but maintain him a proud distinction, in the literature of his country. We trust the public—for, in these days, every man is a Mecænas—will reward his industry and talent, and thus encourage him to proceed in his design—to illustrate the History of France by the Lives of her Great Men; each volume, though forming a distinct work, being connected with that which preceded it, by a view of the intervening period. The portion before us has our most cordial approbation and recommendation.

Of Charlemagne, the greatest man of the middle ages, no accurate life had ever been written. Mr. James tells us that, in his work, he believes he has corrected some of the errors to be found in former statements, and has added a few facts to the information which the world before possessed upon the subject. The Life is preceded by an Historical Introduction, from A. D. 476, to A. D. 749, recounting the state of Gaul from a little previous to the final overthrow of the Roman Empire, to the birth of Charlemagne.

The precise birthplace of Charlemagne is unknown;* neither have any records come down to us of his education, nor any particulars of those early years which are generally ornamented by the imagination of after biographers, even when the subject of their writing has left his infancy in obscurity. The year of his birth, however, seems to have been A. D. 742, about seven years before his father, Pepin, the Brief, assumed the name of king. The first act of Charlemagne—a task which combined both dignity and beneficence—was to meet, as deputy for his father, the chief of the Roman Church, and to conduct him with honour to his father's presence. Charlemagne was then scarcely twelve years of age. This is the first occasion on which we find the great man mentioned in history; "but," observes Mr. James, "the children of the Francs were trained in their very early years to robust and warlike exercises; and there is every reason to believe that great precocity, both of bodily and mental powers, fitted the prince for the office which was intrusted to him by his father."

Our admiration of the style in which Mr. James has executed his task almost tempts us to travel with the reader, page by page, through the volume. Our time will not allow this task; though we must be less chary of praise than of our space. The great events are told with elegant simplicity; the language is neither overloaded with ornament, nor made to abound with well-rounded terms, at the sacrifice of perspicuity and truth; but there is throughout the work an air of impartiality and patient investigation which should uniformly characterize historical narrative. We make a few selections from various parts

* The Monk of St. Gall implies that Aix la Chapelle was the birthplace of Charlemagne. Lib. i. c. 30.

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of the volume towards what may be termed a personal portrait of the illustrious emperor:]

Above* the ordinary height of man, Charlemagne was a giant in his stature as in his mind; but the graceful and easy proportion of all his limbs spoke the combination of wonderful activity with immense strength, and pleased while it astonished. His countenance was as striking as his figure; and his broad, high forehead, his keen and flashing eye, and bland, unwrinkled brow, offered a bright picture, wherein the spirit of physiognomy, natural to all men, might trace the expression of a powerful intellect and a benevolent heart.

Gifted with a frame, the corporeal energies of which required little or no relaxation, and which, consequently, never clogged and hampered his intellect by fatigue, Charlemagne could devote an immense portion of his time to business, and, without taking more than a very small portion of sleep, could dedicate the clear thoughts of an untired mind to the regulation of his kingdom, even while other men were buried in repose. He was accustomed, we are told, to wake spontaneously, and rise from his bed four or five times in the course of each night; and so great was his economy of moments, that the brief space he employed in putting on the simple garments with which he was usually clothed, was also occupied in hearing the reports of his Count of the Palace, or the pleadings of various causes, which he decided at those times with as much clear wisdom as if listening to them on the judgment seat.

Some lighter exercise of the mind was nevertheless necessary even to him; but this was principally taken during his repasts, when he caused various works to be read to him, which did not require the severe attention that he was obliged to bestow on judicial investigations. The subject of these readings was, in general, the history of past times, and works, upon theology, amongst which the writings of St. Augustin are said to have afforded him the greatest pleasure.

By the constant employment of moments which would otherwise have been wasted to the intellect, an extraordinary mass of business was easily swept away; and, at the end of the very year in which he returned from Italy, a number of acts, diplomas, charters, letters, judgments, and affairs of all kinds, can be traced to Charlemagne himself, the despatch of which, together with all those that must have escaped research, would be utterly inconceivable, were we ignorant of what were the habits of that great and singular man.

The war dress of Charlemagne himself was wholly composed of steel, consisting of the casque, breast, and back plates, together with greaves, gauntlets, and cuissards, formed likewise of iron plates. Nor were inferior warriors less cumbrously defended; for though the arms of the earlier Francs were light, in comparison with this heavy panoply, yet we find that, in the days of Charlemagne, each man in the army, whose means permitted it, was protected by a suit of armour similar to to that of the monarch.

[Mr. James's summary of the character of Charlemagne is a delightful piece of writing:]

The character of Charlemagne can alone be appreciated by comparing it with the barbarism of the times from which he emerged; nor do his virtues or his talents acquire any fictitious grandeur from opposition with objects around; for, though "the ruins of Palmyra derive a casual splendour from the nakedness of the surrounding desert,"† his excellence lay not alone in adorning, but in cultivating the waste. His military successes were prepared by the wars and victories both of Pepin and Charles Martel; but one proof of the vast comprehensiveness of his mind, is to be found in the immense undertakings which he accomplished with the same means which two great monarchs had employed on very inferior enterprises. The dazzling rapidity with which each individual expedition was executed, was perhaps less wonderful, than the clear precision with which each was designed, and the continuous, persevering, unconquerable determination wherewith each general plan was pursued to its close. The materials for his wars,—the brave, the active, and the hardy soldiers,—had been formed by his father and by nature; but when those troops were to be led through desert and unknown countries, into which Pepin had never dreamed of penetrating, and in an age when geography was hardly known—when they were to be supplied at a distance from all their resources, in a land where roads were unheard of, and provisions too scanty for the inhabitants themselves—the success was attributable to Charlemagne, and the honour is his due. His predecessors had contented themselves with leading an army at once against the point they intended to assail, or against the host they proposed to combat; but Charlemagne was the first in modern Europe who introduced the great improvement in the art of war, of pouring large bodies of men, by different roads, into the hostile country; of teaching

* Eginhard, in Vit. Car. Mag. cap. xxii. Marquhard Freher, de Statura, Car. Mag. The dissertation of Marquhard Freher on the height of Charlemagne, (and on the question whether he wore a beard or not,) does not satisfy me as to his precise stature. Eginhard declares that he was in height seven times the length of his own foot, which we have every reason to believe was not very small, at least if he bore any resemblance to his mother, who was known by the name of "Bertha with the long foot."

† Gibbon makes this observation in depreciation of the character of Charlemagne, forgetting or concealing that the great beauty of the French monarch's character appeared not from a contrast with surrounding barbarism, but from his efforts to do away that barbarism itself.

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them to co-operate, though separate, to concentrate when required; and of combining their efforts and their movements for a general purpose on a preconcerted plan.

His great success in civilization was all his own. Nothing had been done by those who went before—scarcely a germ—scarcely a seed had been left him. He took possession of a kingdom torn by factions, surrounded by enemies, desolated by long wars, disorganized by intestine strife, and as profoundly ignorant as the absence of all letters could make it. By the continual and indefatigable exertion of mental and corporeal powers, such as probably were never united but in himself, he restored order and harmony, brought back internal tranquillity, secured individual safety, raised up sciences and arts; and so convinced a barbarous nation of the excellence of his own ameliorating spirit, that on their consent and approbation he founded all his efforts, and sought no support in his mighty undertaking, but the love and confidence of his people.

He was ambitious, it is true; but his ambition was of the noblest kind. He was generous, magnanimous, liberal, humane, and brave; but he was frugal, simple, moderate, just, and prudent. Though easily appeased in his enmities, his friendships were deep and permanent; and, though hasty and severe to avenge his friends, he was merciful and placable, when personally injured.

In mind, he was blessed with all those happy facilities, which were necessary to success in the great enterprizes which he undertook. His eloquence * was strong, abundant, and clear; and a great talent for acquiring foreign tongues added to his powers of expression. The same quickness of comprehension rendered every other study light, though undertaken in the midst of a thousand varied occupations, and at an age to which great capabilities of acquisition are not in general extended.

His person was handsome and striking. His countenance was fine, open, and bland, his features high, and his eyes large and sparkling. His figure was remarkable for its fine proportions; and though somewhat inclined to obesity in his latter years, we are told, that, whether sitting or standing, there was always something in his appearance which breathed of dignity, and inspired respect.

He was sober and abstemious in his food, and simple to an extreme in his garments. Passionately fond of robust exercises, they formed his great relaxation and amusement; but he never neglected the business of the public for his private pleasure, nor yielded one moment to repose or enjoyment which could be more profitably employed. His activity, his quickness, and his indefatigable energy in conducting the affairs of state, having already been spoken of at large, it only remains to be said, that in private life he was gentle, cheerful, affectionate, and kind; and that—with his dignity guarded by virtues, talents, and mighty renown—he frequently laid aside the pomp of empire, and the sternness of command.

No man, perhaps, that ever lived, combined in so high a degree those qualities which rule men and direct events, with those which endear the possessor and attach his contemporaries. No man was ever more trusted and loved by his people, more respected and feared by other kings, more esteemed in his lifetime, or more regretted at his death.

[The illustrations to this volume, though few, are of the highest character. The frontispiece portrait has been procured by a friend, for Mr. James, from the original illumination in the monastery of Saint Calisto, in Rome. We recommend it to the manufacturers of school books, wherein, if our memory serve us, the great man of the middle ages is very inaccurately represented; though we could write a few pages upon the foolish errors, which, for want of a little care, are perpetuated in "books for the instruction of youth."]

* He is described by Eginhard as "apice capitis rotundo," which roundness or fullness of the top of the head must have been very peculiar to have deserved such especial mention.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL GOAT

Has been successfully introduced into England by C. T. Tower, Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex; and as that gentleman, by this time, must have some of his flock to dispose off, we think their introduction among cottagers, for their wool and also for their milk, a fair subject for some of our female readers to speculate on. This variety of the common goat (or, probably, it may be a distinct species) is a fine-looking animal, and would be very ornamental in a park, on a ruin, on the side of a rock, or in a churchyard. It would also be very pleasant to have a home-made Cashmere shawl. We shall, therefore, give all the information we can on the subject, from Mr. Tower's account, as published in the last volume (xlvi.) of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*. The Cashmere goat was brought from Persia to France during the time of Napoleon, and under his patronage, by the celebrated M. Terneaux. In 1823, Mr. Tower, happening at that time to be in Paris, purchased four of them, two males and two females, and succeeded in conveying them safely to his residence in Essex. The soil of the park at Weald Hall, where they have been kept ever since, is moist, and the situation is much exposed. The animals have, nevertheless, continued in health, and multiplied rapidly; so that his present flock

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consists of twenty-seven, including the four original ones. Of these latter, a polled female, which was old when purchased by him has every year produced at least one kid, and has twice had twins. Those individuals of which the horns cross are in Persia esteemed the best; and one of Mr. Tower's last year's kids has this peculiarity. They show no impatience of cold, and are very healthy; requiring only the occasional shelter of a shed in very rough weather. In spring, summer, and autumn, they graze like sheep; and, during winter, have been fed with hay, and refuse vegetables from the garden; but their favourite food is gorse (U'lex europæ'a), which they devour eagerly, without being annoyed by its prickles. They damage young plantations, but not more than other goats or deer will do. They breed very early: three of Mr. Tower's goats this year produced kids before they were themselves a twelvemonth old. A few produce brown wool; but that of far the greater proportion of the goats is white, and this latter is more valuable than the other. The coat is a mixture of long, coarse hair and of short fine wool: this latter begins to be loose early in April; and is collected, easily and expeditiously, by combing the animals two or three times with such a comb as is used for horses' manes. A good deal of the long hair comes off at the same time, but the manufacturer has found no difficulty in separating it. The produce of a male is about 4 oz., and of a female 2 oz.: 2 lbs. of wool, as it comes off the goat's back, may be estimated to make one shawl 54 in. square. It will, therefore, require ten goats, male and female, to furnish materials for one shawl. Mr. Tower has this year had three shawls made of his wool, one of which was examined by the committee of manufacturers, The yarn was spun by Messrs. Pease of Darlington and was woven by Messrs. Miller and Sons of Paisley. Mr. Tower's shawl was compared with one made in Scotland, of French shawl-goat wool, to which it was evidently far superior. It was also compared with a shawl of M. Terneaux's own make; and was considered by very competent judges to be superior to this also. (*Trans. Soc. Arts.*)

Mr. Tower's goats were visited by Mr. Riley this present summer, and he declares them to be the most interesting specimens of the pure breed he has ever seen. The flock, consisting, in 1823, of two bucks and two does, now (1832) consists of 51 animals. Mr. Riley found them "grazing promiscuously with other stock in the park, and appearing extremely docile. The climate of England renders it necessary that, at night, they should be protected in sheds; and, in winter, fed with hay," &c. "The down was at this time taking from them by a girl, with a common horse-comb; and, on comparing it with some specimens I had procured in France, received through Russia, I found not the slightest degeneration: but, on the contrary, from its very clean state, and the small proportion of hair, I should say, it would realise in Paris a much higher price than any I had seen. Mr. Tower has had some shawls made from the produce of his flock, one of which he presented to his late Majesty. It was greatly admired, and considered to rival those of Cachemire. Mr. Tower states that his flock produces an average of 2½ oz. of down annually from each animal."—*Gardeners' Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Lines on finding a withered Primrose just before the opening of Spring.

The primrose has gone ere the Summer's bright beam
Had enlivened the glade, or illumin'd the stream;
It died ere a bud of the forest was seen,
Or Spring had appeared in her tresses of green.

It bloom'd in simplicity's meekest of form,
The sport of the winds and the gust of the storm;
Like the offspring of want on a pitiless shore,
No hand to upraise it—no heart to deplore!

It knew not the fostering smiles of a friend,
Or the dew-drops of pity on sorrow that 'tend;
In its solitude drooping, like one in despair,
It shrunk 'neath the blast of the wintry air.

In the wildness of nature unnoticed it grew,
No solace or warmth from companions it drew;
Forsaken—unpitied—unwept for—unknown,
Like a child of the desert, it perished alone.

Robespierre.—Mademoiselle Gabarcos, the daughter of a Spanish banker, and one of the finest women of her time, married Talien, to save the life of her father. At the epoch of the 8th Fructidor, some deputies who had been placed on the proscription list by Robespierre, wished to delay the attack upon him in the Convention. Madame Talien, who had brought them together in her house, finding that they hesitated, addressed them in the following terms:—"Cowards, since you will not deliver France of this monster, you shall not live to see the destruction of your country, for I will immediately send him your names." This bold declaration electrified them. Next day Robespierre ceased to exist. W. G. C.

Who are "the uneducated?"—What is meant by *uneducated*, in a time when books have come into the world; come to be household furniture in every habitation of the civilized world. In the poorest cottage are books; is one book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light, and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is deepest in him; wherein still, to this day, for the eye that will look well, the Mystery of Existence reflects itself, if not resolved, yet revealed, and prophetically emblemed; if not to the satisfying of the outward sense, yet to the opening of the inward sense, which is the far grander result. "In books lie the creative Phœnix' ashes of

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the whole Past." All that men have devised, discovered, done, felt, or imagined, lies recorded in books; wherein whoso has learned the mystery of spelling printed letters, may find it, and appropriate it.—*Edinburgh Review.*

A veteran dramatist now alive, distinguished for the oddness of his humour, being required to state his grounds of exemption from serving in the militia, actually wrote on the official paper, "Old, lame, and a coward!" T. GILL.

Cogent Reasons.—Dr. Arbuthnot first began his practice at Dorchester, a situation where the air is salubrious, and the environs beautiful; but he staid no length of time there. A neighbour met him galloping to London, and asked him why he went thither? "To leave your confounded place, where I can neither live nor die." T. GILL.

The Foot.—Man is the only animal, in which the whole surface of the foot rests on the ground; and this circumstance arises from the erect stature which belongs exclusively to him.

The Brain.—The cavity containing the brain of a crocodile measuring thirteen or fourteen feet, will hardly admit the thumb; and the brain of the chamelion is not, according to the description of the Paris dissectors, larger than a pea.

The Tongue does not appear to be an indispensable organ of taste. Blumenbach saw an adult, and, in other respects, a well-formed man, who was born without a tongue. He could distinguish, nevertheless, very easily the tastes of solutions of salt, sugar, and aloes, rubbed on his palate, and would express the taste of each in writing.

Vulgar Error.—In Mr. Crabb's Dictionary of General Knowledge, article, *Pelican*, we find it stated that the bird "has a peculiar tenderness for its young, and has been supposed to draw blood from its breast for their support." We thought this error had long since been expunged from natural history, and lament to find it credulously quoted in a book of the year 1830.

Eyes.—Large animals have small eye-balls in proportion to their size: this is very remarkably the case with the whales, as might be seen in the skeleton of the gigantic whale lately exhibited in London. Those animals which are much under ground have the globe of the eye also very small, as the mole and shrew: in the former of these instances its existence was long altogether denied, and it is not, in fact, larger than a pin's head.

Teeth.—The numerous teeth of crocodiles have this peculiarity of structure, that in order to facilitate their change, there are always two, (or sometimes three,) of which one is contained within the other.

Bills of Birds.—Of all bills the most extraordinary is that of the cross-bill, in which the two mandibles cross each other at a considerable angle, for this formation seems to be directly opposed to the natural purposes of a bill. The bird, however, contrives to pick out the seeds from the cones of the fir, and it is limited to that species of nourishment.

Barbel.—Captain Heaviside, of Egham Hythe, while fishing for Roach with No. 10 hook, in the deeps at Staines Bridge, a few days ago, hooked and landed a barbel; after playing him for one hour and three quarters, during which time he could not get a sight of him. The weight of this fine fish was exactly 11 lbs. 2 ozs.; he measured 2 feet 10 inches in length, and 1 foot 4 inches in girth. C. H.

Impromptu on seeing the Monuments in St. Paul's Cathedral covered with scrawled names.

Oh! for a curse upon his head
Who dares insult the noble dead,
And basely scrawl his worthless name
Upon the records of their fame!
Nelson, arise! thy country gave
A heartfelt tear, a hallow'd grave:
Her eyes are dry, her recreant sons
Dare to profane thy mould'ring bones!
And you, ye heroes of the past,
Who serv'd your country to the last,
And bought her freedom with your blood,
Cornwallis, Duncan, Collingwood!
Rise, if ye can, and mark the wretch
Who dares his impious arm to stretch
And scrawl upon the graves of those
Who gave him freedom and repose!
And can no rev'rence for the dead
Ye heartless crew, no sense of dread
To place your names on aught so high
As e'en the tombs where heroes lie,
Force you with horror to recede
From such a sacrilegious deed?
Go, spread it to the winds of heaven,
That they, who to our isle have giv'n
Their blood, their services, their breath,
Sleep in dishonour'd graves in Death.

REX.

Eccentric Physician.—When Bailly, (physician to Henry IV. of France,) perceived he was about to die, he called his servants to him singly, and gave to each of them a portion, first of his money, then of his plate and furniture, bidding them, as soon as they had taken what he had given them, to leave the house, and see him no more. When the physicians came to visit him, they told him they had found his door open, the servants and the furniture removed and gone, nothing in fact remaining, but the bed on which he lay. Then the doctor, taking leave of his physicians, said, "Since my baggage is packed up and gone, it is time that I should also go." He died the same day, November 5th, 1605. P. T. W.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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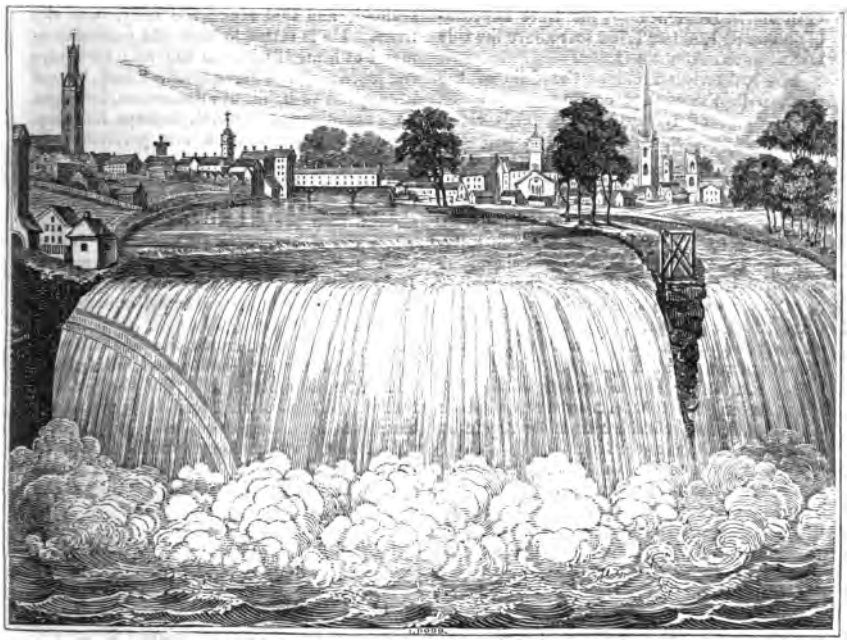
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 562.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1832. [PRICE 2d.



FALLS OF THE GENESEE.

THE Genesee is one of the most picturesque rivers of North America. Its name is indeed characteristic: the word Genesee being formed from the Indian for *Pleasant Valley*, which term is very descriptive of the river and its vicinity. Its falls have not the majestic extent of the Niagara; but their beauty compensates for the absence of such grandeur.

The Genesee, the principal natural feature of its district, rises on the *Grand Plateau* or table-land of Western Pennsylvania, runs through New York, and flows into Lake Ontario, at Port Genesee, six miles below Rochester. At the distance of six miles from its mouth are falls of 96 feet, and one mile higher up, other falls of 75 feet.* Above

* It may be as well here to quote the formation of Cataracts and Cascades, from Maltebrun's valuable *System of Universal Geography*. "It is only the sloping of the land which can at first cause water to flow; but an impulse having been once communicated to the mass, the pressure alone of the water will keep it in motion, even if there were no declivity at all. Many great rivers, in fact, flow with an almost interruptible declivity. Rivers which descend from primitive mountains into secondary lands, often form *cascades and cataracts*. Such are the cataracts of the Nile, of the Ganges, and some other great rivers, which, according to Desmarest, evidently mark the limits of the ancient land. Cataracts are also formed by lakes: of this description are the celebrated Falls of the Niagara; but the most picturesque falls are those of rapid rivers, bordered by trees and precipitous rocks. Sometimes we see a body of water, which, before it arrives at the bottom, is broken and dissipated into showers, like the Staubbach, (see *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 385.); sometimes it forms a watery arch, projected from a rampart of rock, under which the traveller may pass dryshod, as the "falling spring" of Virginia; in one place, in a granite district, we see the Trolhetta, and the Rhine not far from its source, urge on their foaming billows among the pointed rocks; in another, amidst lands of a calcareous formation, we see the Czettina and the Kerka, rolling down from terrace to terrace, and presenting sometimes a sheet, and sometimes a wall, of water. Some magnificent cascades have been formed, at least in part, by the hands of man: the cascades of Velino, near Terni, have been attributed to Pope Clement VIII.; other cataracts, like those of Tunguska, in Siberia, have gradually lost their elevation by the wearing away of the rocks, and have now only a rapid descent."—*Maltebrun*, vol. i.

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these it is navigable for boats nearly 70 miles, where are other two falls, of 60 and 90 feet, one mile apart, in Nunda, south of Leicester. At the head of the Genesee is a tract six miles square, embracing waters, some of which flow into the gulf of Mexico, others into Chesapeake Bay, and others into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This tract is probably elevated 1,600 or 1,700 feet above the tide waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

The Engraving includes the falls of the river, with the village of Rochester, seven miles south of Lake Ontario. This place, for population, extent, and trade, will soon rank among the American cities: it was not settled until about the close of the last war; its progress was slow until the year 1820, from which period it has rapidly improved. In 1830 it contained upwards of 12,000 inhabitants: the first census of the village was taken in December, 1815, when the number of inhabitants was three hundred and thirty-one. The aqueduct which takes the Erie canal across the river forms a prominent object of interest to all travellers. It is of hewn stone, containing eleven arches of 50 feet span: its length is 800 feet, but a considerable part of each end is hidden from view by mills erected since its construction.

On the brink of the island which separates the main stream of the river from that produced by the waste water from the mill-race, will be seen *a scaffold or platform* from which an eccentric but courageous adventurer, named *Sam Patch*, made a desperate leap into the gulf beneath. Patch had obtained some celebrity in freaks of this description, though his feats be not recorded, like the hot-brained patriotism of Marcus Curtius in olden history. At the fall of Niagara, Patch had before made two leaps in safety—one of 80 and the other of 130 feet, in a vast gulf, foaming and tost aloft from the commotion produced by a fall of nearly 200 feet. In November, 1829, Patch visited Rochester to astonish the citizens by a leap from the falls. His first attempt was successful, and in the presence of thousands of spectators he leaped from the scaffold to which we have directed the attention of the reader, a distance of 100 feet, into the abyss, in safety. He was advertised to repeat the feat in a few days, or, as he prophetically announced it his "last jump," meaning his last jump that season. The scaffold was duly erected, 25 feet in height, and Patch, an hour after the time was announced, made his appearance. A multitude had collected to witness the feat; the day was unusally cold, and Sam was intoxicated. The river was low, and the falls near him on either side were bare. Sam threw himself off, and the waters (to quote the bathos of a New York newspaper) "received him in their cold embrace. The tide bubbled as the life left the body, and then the stillness of death, indeed, sat upon the bosom of the waters." His body was found past the spring at the mouth of the river, seven miles below where he made his fatal leap. It had passed over two falls of 125 feet combined, yet was not much injured. A black handkerchief taken from his neck while on the scaffold, and tied about the body, was still there. He is stated to have had perfect command of himself while in the air; and, says the journalist already quoted, "had he not been given to habits of intoxication, he might have astonished the world, perhaps for years, with the greatest feats ever performed by man."

The Genesee river waters one of the finest tracts of land in the state of New York. Its alluvial flats are extensive, and very fertile. These are either natural prairies, or Indian clearings, (of which, however, the present Indians have no tradition,) and lying, to an extent of many thousand acres, between the villages of Genesee, Moscow, and Mount Morris, which now crown the declivities of their surrounding uplands; and, contrasting their smooth verdure with the shaggy hills that bound the horizon, and their occasional clumps of spreading trees, with the tall and naked relics of the forest, nothing can be more agreeable to the eye, long accustomed to the uninterrupted prospect of a level and wooded country.

SONG FROM THE ALBUM OF A POET.

By G. R. Carter.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

Away o'er the dancing wave,
Like the wings of the white seamew;
How proudly the hearts of the youthful brave
Their dreams of bliss renew!

And as on the pathless deep,
The bark by the gale is driven,
How glorious it is with the stars to keep
A watch on the beautiful heaven.

The winds o'er the ocean bear
Rich fragrance from the flow'rs,
That bloom on the sward, and sparkle there
Like stars in their dark blue bow'rs.

The visions of those that sail
O'er the wave with its snow-white foam,
Are haunted with scenes of the beauteous vale
That encloses their peaceful home.

They have wander'd through groves of the west,
Illumed with the fire-flies' light;
But their native land kindles a charm in each breast,
Unwaken'd by regions more bright.

The haunts that were dear to the heart
As an exquisite dream of romance,
Strew thoughts, like sweet flow'rs, round its holiest part,
And their fancy-bound spirits entrance.

Then away with the fluttering sail!
And away with the bounding wave!
While the musical sounds of the ocean-gale
Are wafted around the brave!

Ray wittily observes that an obscure and prolix author may not improperly be compared to a Cuttle-fish, since he may be said to hide himself under his own ink.

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LINES

FROM THE GERMAN OF KÖRNER.

Written on the morning of the Battle of Dünneberg.

DOUBT-BELADEN, dim and hoary,
O'er us breaks the mighty day,
And the sunbeam, cold and gory,
Lights us on our fearful way.
In the womb of coming hours,
Destinies of empires lie,
Now the scale ascends, now lowers,
Now is thrown the noble die.
Brothers, the hour with warning is rife;
Faithful in death as you're faithful in life,
Be firm, and be bound by the holiest tie.

In the shadows of the night,
Lie behind us shame and scorn;
Lies the slave's exulting might,
Who the German oak has torn.
Speech disgrac'd in future story,
Shrines polluted (shall it be?)
To dishonour pledg'd our glory,
German brothers, set it free.
Brothers, your hands, let your vengeance be burning,
By your actions, the curses of heaven be turning,
On, on, set your country's Palladium free.

Hope, the brightest, is before us,
And the future's golden time,
Joys, which heaven will restore us,
Freedom's holiness sublime.
German bards and artists' powers,
Woman's truth, and fond caress,
Fame eternal shall be ours,
Beauty's smile our toils shall bless.
Yet 'tis a deed that the bravest might shake,
Life and our heart's blood are set on the stake;
Death alone points out the road to success.

God! united we will dare it;
Firm this heart shall meet its fate,
To the altar thus I bear it,
And my coming doom await.
Fatherland, for thee we perish,
At thy fell command 'tis done,
May our loved ones ever cherish
Freedom, which our blood has won.
Liberty, grow o'er each oak-shadow'd plain,
Grow o'er the tombs of thy warriors slain,
Fatherland, hear thou the oath we have sworn.

Brothers, towards your hearts' best treasures,
Cast one look, on earth the last,
Turn then from those once prized pleasures,
Wither'd by the hostile blast.
Though your eyes be dim with weeping,
Tears like these are not from fear,
Trust to God's own holy keeping,
With your last kiss, all that's dear.
All lips that pray for us, all hearts that we rend
With parting, O father, to thee we commend,
Protect them and shield them from wrongs and despair.

H.

EQUANIMITY OF TEMPER.

GOODNESS of temper may be defined, to use the happy imagery of Gray, "as the sunshine of the heart." It is a more valuable bosom-attendant under the pressure of poverty and adversity, and when we are approaching the confines of infirmity and old age, than when we are revelling in the full tide of plenty, amid the exuberant strength and freshness of youth. Lord Bacon, who has analyzed some of the human accompaniments so well, is silent as to the softening sway and pleasing influence of this choice attuner of the human mind. But Shaftesbury, the illustrious author of the *Characteristics*, was so enamoured of it, that he terms "gravity (its counterpart,) the essence of imposture;" and so it is, for to what purpose does a man store his brain with knowledge, and the profitable burden of the sciences, if he gathers only superciliousness and pride from the hedge of learning? instead of the milder traits of general affection, and the open qualities of social feelings. I remember, when a youth, I was extremely fond of attending the House of Commons, to hear the debates; and I shall never forget the repulsive loftiness which I thought marked the physiognomy of Pitt; harsh and unbending, like a settled frost, he seemed wrapped in the mantle of egotism and sublunary conceit; and it was from the uninviting expression of this great man's countenance, that I first drew my conceptions as to how a proud and unsociable man looked. With very different emotions I was wont to survey the mild but expressive features of his great opponent, Fox: there was a placidity mixed up with the graver lines of thought and reflection, that would have invited a child to take him by the hand; indeed, the witchcraft of Mr. Fox's temper was such, that it formed a triumphant source of gratulation in the circle of his friends, from the panegyric of the late Earl of Carlisle, during his boyish days at Eton, to the prouder posthumous circles of fame with which the elegant author of *The Pleasures of Memory*, has entwined his sympathetic recollections. The late Mr. Whitbread, although an unflinching advocate for the people's rights, and an incorruptible patriot in the true sense of the word, was unpopular in his office as a country magistrate, owing to a tone of severity he generally used to those around him. The wife of that indefatigable toiler in the Christian field, John Wesley, was so acid and acrimonious in her temper, that that mild advocate for spiritual affection, found it impossible to live with her. Rousseau was tormented by such a host of ungovernable passions, that he became a burden to himself and to every one around him. Lord Byron suffered a badness of temper to corrode him in the flower of his days. Contrasted with this unpleasing part of the perspective, let us quote the names of a few wise and good men, who have been proverbial for the goodness of their tempers; as Shakspeare, Francis I., and Henry IV. of France; "the great and good Lord Lyttleton," as he is called to the present day; John Howard, Goldsmith, Sir Samuel Romilly, Franklin, Thomson, the poet, Sheridan,* and Sir Walter Scott. The late Sir William Curtis was known to be one of the best tempered men of his day, which made him a great favourite with the late king. I remember a little incident of Sir William's good-nature, which occurred about a year

* May we not, however, say the friendless Sheridan?

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after he had been Lord Mayor. In alighting from his carriage, a little out of the regular line, near the Mansion House, upon some day of festivity, he happened inadvertently, with the skirts of his coat, to brush down a few apples from a poor woman's stall, on the side of the pavement. Sir William was in full dress, but instead of passing on with the hauteur which characterizes so many of his aldermanic brethren, he set himself to the task of assisting the poor creature to collect her scattered fruit; and on parting, observing some of her apples were a little soiled by the dirt, he drew his hand from his pocket and generously gave her a shilling. This was too good an incident for John Bull to lose: a crowd assembled, hurraed, and cried out, "Well done, Billy," at which the good-natured baronet looked back and laughed. How much more pleasing is it to tell of such demeanour than of the foolish pride of the late Sir John Eamer, who turned away one of his travellers merely because he had in one instance used his bootjack.

The author of "A Tradesman's Lays."

*** Probably our correspondent may recollect Sir William and the orange, at one of the contested City elections. A "greasy rogue" before the hustings, seeing the baronet candidate take an orange from his pocket, *put up* for the fruit, with the cry "Give us that orange, Billy." Sir William threw him the fruit, which the fellow had no sooner sucked dry, than he began bawling with increased energy, "No Curtis," "No Billy," &c. Such an ungrateful act would have soured even Seneca; but Sir William merely gave a smile, with a good-natured shake of the head. Sir William Curtis possessed a much greater share of shrewdness and good sense than the vulgar ever gave him credit for. At the Sessions' dinners, he would keep up the ball of conversation with the judges and gentlemen of the bar, in a fuller vein than either of his brother aldermen. It is true that he had wealth and distinction, all which his fellow citizens at table did not enjoy; and these possessions, we know, are wonderful helps to confidence, if they do not lead the holder on to assurance.—Ed. M.

The Sketch-Book.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ORIGINAL LETTERS OF AN OFFICER IN INDIA.*

The Sight of a Tiger.†

Secunderabad, 1828.

A short time since, a brother sub. in my regiment was riding out round some hills adjoining the cantonment, when a *cheetar*, small tiger (or panther,) pounced on his dog. Seeing his poor favourite in the cheetar's mouth, like a mouse in Minette's, he put spurs to his horse, rode after the beast, and so frightened him, that he dropped the dog and made off. Three of us, including myself, then agreed to sit up that night, and watch for the tiger, feeling assured that his haunt was not far from our cantonment. So we started late at night, armed *cap-à-pied*, and each as fierce in heart as ten tigers; arrived at the appointed spot, and having selected a convenient place for concealment, we picketed a sheep, brought with us purposely to entice the cheetar from his lair. Singular to relate, this poor animal, as if instinctively aware of its critical situation, was as mute as if it had been mouthless, and during two or three hours in which we tormented it, to make it utter a cry, our efforts were of no avail. Hour after hour slipped away, still no cheetar; and about three o'clock in the morning, wearied with our fruitless vigil, we all began to drop asleep. I believe I was wrapped in a most leaden slumber, and dreaming of anything but watching for, and hunting tigers, when I was aroused by the most unnatural, unearthly, and infernal roaring ever heard. This was our friend, and for his reception, starting upon our feet, we were all immediately ready; but the cunning creature who had no idea of becoming our victim, made off, with the most hideous howlings, to the shelter of a neighbouring eminence; when sufficient daylight appeared, we followed the direction of his voice, and had the felicity of seeing him perched on the summit of an immense high rock, just before us, placidly watching our movements. We were here, too far from him to venture a shot, but immediately began ascending, when the creature seeing us approach, rose, opened his ugly red mouth in a desperate yawn, and stretched himself with the utmost *nonchalance*, being, it seems, little less weary than ourselves. We presented, but did not fire, because at that very moment, setting up his tail, and howling horribly, he disappeared behind the rock. Quick as thought we followed him, but to our great disappointment and chagrin, he had retreated into one of the numerous caverns formed in that ugly place, by huge masses of rock, piled one upon the other. Into some of these dangerous places, however, we descended, sometimes creeping, sometimes walking, in search of our foe; but not finding him, at length returned to breakfast, which I thought the most agreeable and sensible part of the affair. Some wit passed amongst us respecting the propriety of changing the name *cheetar*, into *cheat-us*; but were, on the whole, not pleased by the failure of our expedition; and I have

* Communicated by M. L. B., Great Marlow, Bucks.

† Vide *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 343.—*Note.*

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only favoured you with this *romantic* incident in the life of a sub. as a specimen of the sort of amusement we meet with in quarters.

Natural Zoological Garden.

Secunderabad, 1828.

Your description of the London Zoological Garden, reminds me that there is, what I suppose I must term, a most beautiful *Zoological Hill*, just one mile and a half from the spot whence I now write; on this I often take my recreation, much to the alarm of its inhabitants; viz. sundry cheetars, bore-butchers, (or leopards) hyenas, wolves, jackalls, foxes, hares, partridges, &c.; but not being a very capital shot, I have seldom made much devastation amongst them. Under the hill are swamps and paddy-fields, which abound in snipe and other game. Now, is not this a Zoological Garden on the grandest scale? H. C. B.

Old Poets.

BALLAD OF AGINCOURT.

(From "England's Heroical Epistles.")

Faire stood the wind for France,
When we, our sayles advance,
Nor now to proue our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the mayne,
At Kaux, the mouth of Sene,
With all his martiall trayne,
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth towards Agincourt,
In happy houre.
Skirmishing day by day,
With those that stop'd his way,
Where the French gen'ral lay
With all his power.

Which in his hight of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to prouide,
To our king sending,
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile,
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry, then,
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed,
Yet have we well begunne,
Battells so bravely wonne,
Have ever to the sonne,
By fame beene raysed."

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me,
Nor more esteem me.
Victor I will remaine,
Or on this earth be slaine,
Never shall shee sustaine
Losse to redeeme me."

Poiters and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Vnder our swords they fell.

No lesse our skill is,
Then when oure grandsire great,
Clayming the regall seate,
By many a warlike feate,
Lop'd the French lillies.

The Duke of York so dread,
The vaward led,
Wich the maine Henry sped,
Amongst his Henchmen,
Excester had the rere,
A brauer man not there,
O Lord, how hot they were,
On the false Frenchmen.

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drumme now to drumme did grone,
To hear was wonder,
That with cryes they make,
The very earth did shake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became
O noble Erpingham,
Which didst the signall ayme,
To our hid forces;
When from a meadow by,
Like a storme suddenly,
The English archery
Struck the French horses.

With Spanish Ewgh so strong,
Arrowes a cloth yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather.
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When downe their bowes they threw,
And forth their bilbowes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardie;
Armes were from shoulders sent,
Scalpes to the teeth were rent,
Down the French pesants went,
Our men were hardie.

This while oure noble king,
His broad sword brandishing,
Downe the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelme it.
And many a deep wound lent,
His armes with bloud besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
With his braue brother,
Clarence, in steele so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick, in bloud did wade,
Oxford, the foe inuade,
And cruel slaughter made;
Still as they ran up,
Suffolk, his axe did ply,
Beavmont and Willovghby,
Ferres and Tanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day,
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay,
To England to carry.
O when shall English men,
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed againe
Such a King Harry.

* A Collection of Poems of the Sixteenth Century. —Communicated by J. F., of Gray's Inn. We thank our Correspondent for the present, and shall be happy to receive further specimens from the same source.

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Spirit of Discovery.

AMERICAN IMPROVEMENTS.

[The very recent publication of the ninth volume of the *Encyclopædia Americana** enables us to lay before our readers the following interesting notices, connected with the national weal and internal economy of the United States of North America.]

Navy.—Since the late war, the growth and improvement of our navy has kept pace with our national prosperity. We could now put to sea, in a few months, with a dozen ships of the line; the most spacious, efficient, best, and most beautiful constructions that ever traversed the ocean. This is not merely an American conceit, but an admitted fact in Europe, where our models are studiously copied. In the United States, a maximum and uniform calibre of cannon has been lately determined on and adopted. Instead of the variety of length, form, and calibre still used in other navies, and almost equal to the Great Michael with her "bassils, mynards, hagters, culverings, flings, falcons, double dogs, and pestilent serpenters," our ships offer flush and uniform decks, sheers free from hills, hollows, and excrescences, and complete, unbroken batteries of thirty-two or forty-two pounders. Thus has been realized an important desideratum—the greatest possible power to do execution coupled with the greatest simplification of the means.

But, while we have thus improved upon the hitherto practised means of naval warfare, we are threatened with a total change. This is by the introduction of bombs, discharged horizontally, instead of shot from common cannon. So certain are those who have turned their attention to this subject that the change must take place, that, in France, they are already speculating on the means of excluding these destructive missiles from a ship's sides, by casing them in a cuirass of iron. Nor are these ideas the mere offspring of idle speculation. Experiments have been tried on hulks, by bombs projected horizontally, with terrible effect. If the projectile lodged in a mast, in exploding it overturned it, with all its yards and rigging; if in the side, the ports were opened into each other; or, when near the water, an immense chasm was opened, causing the vessel to sink immediately. If it should not explode until it fell spent upon deck, besides doing the injury of an ordinary ball, it would then burst, scattering smoke, fire, and death, on every side. When this comes to pass, it would seem that the naval profession would cease to be very desirable. Nevertheless, experience has, in all ages, shown that, the more destructive are the engines used in war, and the more it is improved and systematized, the less is the loss of life. Salamis and Lepanto can either of them alone count many times the added victims of the Nile, Trafalgar, and Navarino.

One effect of the predicted change in naval war, it is said, will be the substitution of small vessels for the larger ones now in use. The three decker presents many times the surface of the schooner, while her superior number of cannon does not confer a commensurate advantage; for ten bombs, projected into the side of a ship, would be almost as efficacious to her destruction as a hundred. As forming part of a system of defence for our coast, the bomb-cannon, mounted on steamers, which can take their position at will, would be terribly formidable. With them—to say nothing of torpedoes and submarine navigation—we need never more be blockaded and annoyed as formerly. Hence peaceful nations will be most gainers by this change of system; but it is not enough that we should be capable of raising a blockade: we are a commercial people: our merchant ships visit every sea, and our men-of-war must follow and protect them there.

Newspapers.—No country has so many newspapers as the United States. The following table, arranged for the American Almanac of 1830, is corrected from the Traveller, and contains a statement of the number of newspapers published in the colonies at the commencement of the revolution; and also the number of newspapers and other periodical works, in the United States, in 1810 and 1828.

States.	1775.	1810.	1828.
Maine			29
Massachusetts	7	32	78
New Hampshire	1	12	17
Vermont		14	21
Rhode Island	2	7	14
Connecticut	4	11	33
New York	4	66	161
New Jersey		8	22
Pennsylvania	9	71	185
Delaware		2	4
Maryland	2	21	37
District of Columbia		6	9
Virginia	2	23	34
North Carolina	2	10	20
South Carolina	3	10	16
Georgia	1	13	18
Florida		1	2
Alabama			10
Mississippi		4	6
Louisiana		10	9
Tennessee		6	8
Kentucky		17	23
Ohio		14	66
Indiana			17
Michigan			2
Illinois			4
Missouri			5
Arkansas			1
Cherokee Nation			1
Total	37	358	802

The present number, however, amounts to about a thousand. Thus the state of New

* Philadelphia, Carey and Lea, 1832.

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York is mentioned in the table as having 161 newspapers; but a late publication states that there are 193, exclusive of religious journals. New York has 1,913,508 inhabitants. There are about 50 daily newspapers in the United States, two-thirds of which are considered to give a fair profit. The North American colonies, in the year 1720, had only seven newspapers: in 1810, the United States had 359; in 1826, they had 640; in 1830, 1,000, with a population of 13,000,000; so that they have more newspapers than the whole 190 millions of Europe.

In drawing a comparison between the newspapers of the three freest countries, France, England, and the United States, we find, as we have just said, those of the last country to be the most numerous, while some of the French papers have the largest subscription; and the whole establishment of a first-rate London paper is the most complete. Its activity is immense. When Canning sent British troops to Portugal, in 1826, we know that some papers sent reporters with the army. The zeal of the New York papers also deserves to be mentioned, which send out their news-boats, even fifty miles to sea, to board approaching vessels, and obtain the news that they bring. The papers of the large Atlantic cities are also remarkable for their detailed accounts of arrivals, and the particulars of shipping news, interesting to the commercial world, in which they are much more minute than the English. From the immense number of different papers in the United States, it results that the number of subscribers to each is limited, 2,000 being considered a respectable list. One paper, therefore, is not able to unite the talent of many able men, as is the case in France. There men of the first rank in literature or politics occasionally, or at regular periods, contribute articles. In the United States, few papers have more than one editor, who generally writes upon almost all subjects himself. This circumstance necessarily makes the papers less spirited and able than some of the foreign journals, but is attended with this advantage, that no particular set of men is enabled to exercise a predominant influence by means of these periodicals. Their abundance neutralizes their effects. Declamation and sophistry are made comparatively harmless by running in a thousand conflicting currents.

Paper-making.—The manufacture of paper has of late rapidly increased in the United States. According to an estimate in 1829, the whole quantity made in this country amounted to about five to seven millions a year, and employed from ten to eleven thousand persons. Rags are not imported from Italy and Germany to the same amount as formerly, because people here save them more carefully; and the value of the rags, junk, &c., saved annually in the United States, is believed to amount to two millions of dollars. Machines for making paper of any length are much employed in the United States. The quality of American paper has also improved; but, as paper becomes much better by keeping, it is difficult to have it of the best quality in this country, the interest of capital being too high. The paper used here for printing compares very disadvantageously with that of England. Much wrapping paper is now made of straw, and paper for tracing through is prepared in Germany from the poplar tree. A letter of Mr. Brand, formerly a civil officer in Upper Provence, in France (which contains many pine forests), dated Feb. 12, 1830, has been published in the French papers, containing an account of his successful experiments to make coarse paper of the pine tree. The experiments of others have led to the same results. Any of our readers, interested in this subject, can find Mr. Brand's letter in the *Courrier Français* of Nov. 27, 1830, a French paper published in New York. In salt-works near Hull, Massachusetts, in which the sea-water is made to flow slowly over sheds of pine, in order to evaporate, the writer found large quantities of a white substance—the fibres of the pine wood dissolved and carried off by the brine— which seemed to require nothing but glue to convert it into paper.

The Naturalist.

THE CUTTLE-FISH

Is one of the most curious creatures of "the watery kingdom." It is popularly termed a fish, though it is, in fact, a worm, belonging to the order termed *Mollusca*, (*Molluscus*, soft,) from the body being of a pulpy substance and having no skeleton. It differs in many respects from other animals of its class, particularly with regard to its internal structure, the perfect formation of the viscera, eyes, and even organs of hearing. Moreover, "it has three hearts, two of which are placed at the root of the two branchiæ (or gills); they receive the blood from the body, and propel it into the branchiæ. The returning veins open into the middle heart, from which the aorta proceeds."*

Of Cuttle-fish there are several species. That represented in the annexed Cut is the common or officinal Cuttle-fish, (*Sepia officinalis*, Lin). It consists of a soft, pulpy, body, with processes or arms, which are furnished with small holes or suckers, by means of which the animal fixes itself in the manner of cupping-glasses. These holes increase with the age of the animal; and in some species amount to upwards of one thousand.

* Cuvier.

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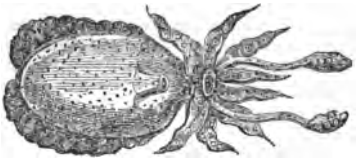
The arms are often torn or nipped off by shell or other fishes, but the animal has the power of speedily reproducing the limbs. By means of the suckers the Cuttle-fish usually affects its locomotion. "It swims at freedom in the bosom of the sea, moving by sudden and irregular jerks, the body being nearly in a perpendicular position, and the head directed downwards and backwards. Some species have a fleshy, muscular fin on each side, by aid of which they accomplish these apparently inconvenient motions; but, at least, an equal number of them are finless, and yet can swim with perhaps little less agility. Lamarck, indeed, denies this, and says that these can only trail themselves along the bottom by means of the suckers. This is probably their usual mode of proceeding; that it is not their only one, we have the positive affirmation of other observers." * Serviceable as these arms undoubtedly are to the Cuttle-fish, Blumenbach thinks it questionable whether they can be considered as organs of touch, in the more limited sense to which he has confined that term.†

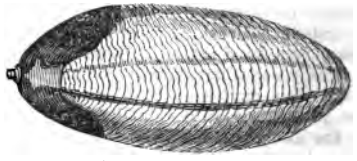


[*The Cuttle-fish.*]

The jaws of the Cuttle-fish, it should be observed, are fixed in the body because there is no head to which they can be articulated. They are of horny substance, and resemble the bill of a parrot. They are in the centre of the under part of the body, surrounded by the arms. By means of these parts, the shell-fish which are taken for food, are completely triturated.

We now come to the most peculiar parts of the structure of the Cuttle-fish, viz. the *ear and eye*, inasmuch as it is the only animal of its class, in which any thing has hitherto been discovered, at all like an organ of hearing, or that has been shown to possess true eyes.‡ The ears consist of two oval cavities, in the cartilaginous ring, to which the large arms of the animal are affixed. In each of these is a small bag, containing a bony substance, and receiving the termination of the nerves, like those of the vestibulum (or cavity in the bone of the ear) in fishes. The nature of the eyes cannot be disputed. "They resemble, on the whole, those of red-blooded animals, particularly fishes; they are at least incomparably more like them than the eyes of any known insects; yet they are distinguished by several extraordinary peculiarities. The front of the eye-ball is covered with a loose membrane instead of a cornea; the iris is composed of a firm substance; and a process projects from the upper margin of the pupil, which gives that membrane a semilunar form." § The exterior coat or ball is remarkably strong, so as to seem almost calcareous, and is, when taken out, of a brilliant pearl colour; it is worn in some parts of Italy, and in the Grecian islands by way of artificial pearl in necklaces.

Next we may notice the curious provision by which the Cuttle-fish is enabled to elude the pursuit of its enemies in the "vasty deep." This consists of a black, inky fluid, (erroneously supposed to be the bile,) which is contained in a bag beneath the body. The fluid itself is thick, but miscible with water to such a degree, that a very small quantity will colour a vast bulk of water.‖ Thus, the comparatively small Cuttle-fish may darken the element about the acute eye of the whale. What omniscience is displayed in this single provision, as well as in the faculty possessed by the Cuttle-fish of reproducing its mutilated arms! All Nature beams with such beneficence, and abounds with such instances of divine love for every creature, however humble: in observing these provisions, how often are we reminded of the benefits conferred by the same omniscience upon our own species. It is thus, by the investigation of natural history, that we are led to the contemplation of the sublimest subjects; thus that man with God himself holds converse.



["*Bone*," *or plate.*]

The "bone" of the Cuttle-fish now claims attention. This is a complicated calcareous plate, lodged in a peculiar cavity of the back, which it materially strengthens. This plate has long been known in the shop of the apothecary under the name of cuttle-fish bone: an observant reader may have noticed scores of these plates in glasses labelled *Os Sepiæ*.

* Nat. Hist. Molluscous Animals, Mag. Nat. Hist. vol. iii. p. 527.

† Manual Comp. Anat. p. 263.

‡ In all other worms the eyes are entirely wanting, or their existence is very doubtful. Whether the black points at the extremities of what Swammerdam calls the horns of the common snail, are organs which really possess the power of vision, is still problematical.

§ Blumenbach, Man. Comp. Anat. p. 305.

‖ According to Cuvier, the Indian ink, from China, is made of this fluid, as was the ink of the Romans. It has been supposed, and not without a considerable degree of probability, that the celebrated plain, but wholesome dish, the black broth of Sparta, was no other than a kind of Cuttle-fish soup, in which the black liquor of the animal was always added as an ingredient; being, when fresh, of very agreeable taste.—*Shaw's Zoology.*

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Reduced to powder, they were formerly used as an absorbent, but they are now chiefly sought after for the purpose of polishing the softer metals. It is however improper to call this plate bone, since, in composition, "it is exactly similar to *shell*, and consists of various membranes, hardened by carbonate of lime, (the principal material of shell,) without the smallest mixture of phosphate of lime,* (or the chief material of bone.)

[*Eggs.*]

Lastly, are the *ovaria*, or egg-bags of the Cuttle-fish, which are popularly called *sea-grapes*. The female fish deposits her eggs in numerous clusters, on the stalks of fuci, on corals, about the projecting sides of rocks, or on any other convenient substances. These eggs, which are of the size of small filberds, are of a black colour.

The most remarkable species of Cuttle-fish inhabits the British seas; and, although seldom taken, its bone or plate is cast ashore on different parts of the coast from the south of England to the Zetland Isles. We have picked up scores of these plates and bunches of the egg-bags or grapes, after rough weather on the beach between Worthing and Rottingdean; but we never found a single fish.

The Cuttle-fish was esteemed a delicacy by the ancients, and the moderns equally prize it. Captain Cook speaks highly of a soup he made from it; and the fish is eaten at the present day by the Italians, and by the Greeks, during Lent. We take the most edible species to be the *octopodia*, or eight-armed, found particularly large in the East Indies and the Gulf of Mexico. The common species here figured, when full-grown, measures about two feet in length, is of a pale blueish brown colour, with the skin marked by numerous dark purple specks.

The Cuttle-fish is described by some naturalists, as naked or shell-less. It is often found attached to the shell of the Paper Nautilus, which it is said to use as a sail. It is, however, very doubtful whether the Cuttle-fish has a shell of its own. There is a controversy upon the subject. Aristotle, and our contemporary, Home, maintain it to be parasitical: Cuvier and Ferrusac, non-parasitical; but the curious reader will find the *pro* and *con.*—the majority and minority—in the *Magazine of Natural History*, vol. iii. p. 535.

* Mr. Hatchett, in Philos. Trans.

Notes of a Reader.

SERVANTS IN INDIA.

[Captain Skinner, in his *Excursions in India*, makes the following sensible observations on the tyranny over servants in India:]

There are throughout the mountains many of the sacred shrubs of the Hindoos, which give great delight, as my servants fall in with them. They pick the leaves; and running with them to me, cry, "See, sir, see, our holy plants are here!" and congratulate each other on having found some indication of a better land than they are generally inclined to consider the country of the Pariahs. The happiness these simple remembrances shed over the whole party is so enlivening, that every distress and fatigue seems to be forgotten. When we behold a servant approaching with a sprig of the *Dona* in his hand, we hail it as the olive-branch, that denotes peace and good-will for the rest of the day, if, as must sometimes be the case, they have been in any way interrupted.

Even these little incidents speak so warmly in favour of the Hindoo disposition, that, in spite of much that may be uncongenial to an European in their character, they cannot fail to inspire him with esteem, if not affection. I wish that many of my countrymen would learn to believe that the natives are endowed with feelings, and surely they may gather such an inference from many a similar trait to the one I have related. Hardness of heart can never be allied to artless simplicity: that mind must possess a higher degree of sensibility and refinement, that can unlock its long-confined recollections by so light a spring as a wild flower.

I have often witnessed, with wonder and sorrow, an English gentleman stoop to the basest tyranny over his servants, without even the poor excuse of anger, and frequently from no other reason than because he could not understand their language. The question, from the answer being unintelligible, is instantly followed by a blow. Such scenes are becoming more rare, and indeed are seldom acted but by the younger members of society; they are too frequent notwithstanding: and should any thing that has fallen from me here, induce the cruelly-disposed to reflect a little upon the impropriety and mischief of their conduct, when about to raise the hand against a native, and save one stripe to the passive people who are so much at the mercy of their masters' tempers, I shall indeed be proud.

[Again, speaking of the condition of servants, Captain Skinner remarks—]

It is impossible to view some members of the despised class without sorrow and pity, particularly those who are attached, in the lowest offices, to the establishments of the

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Europeans. They are the most melancholy race of beings, always alone, and apparently unhappy: they are scouted from the presence even of their fellow-servants. None but the mind of a poet could imagine such outcasts venturing to raise their thoughts to the beauty of a Brahmin's daughter; and a touching tale in such creative fancy, no doubt, it would make, for, from their outward appearances, I do not perceive why they should not be endowed with minds as sensitive at least as those of the castes above them. There are among them some very stout and handsome men; and it is ridiculous to see sometimes all their strength devoted to the charge of a sickly puppy;—to take care of dogs being their principal occupation!

*** Our attention has been drawn to the above passage in Captain Skinner's work, by its ready illustration of the views and conclusions of the late Dr. Knox, in his invaluable *Spirit of Despotism*, Section 2, "Oriental manners, and the ideas imbibed in youth, both in the East and West Indies, favourable to the spirit of despotism." How forcibly applicable, on the present occasion, is the following extract:—"from the intercourse of England with the East and West Indies, it is to be feared that something of a more servile spirit has been derived than was known among those who established the free constitutions of Europe, and than would have been adopted, or patiently borne, in ages of virtuous simplicity. A very numerous part of our countrymen spend their most susceptible age in those countries, where despotic manners remarkably prevail. They are themselves, when invested with office, treated by the natives with an idolatrous degree of reverence, which teaches them to expect a similar submission to their will, on their return to their own country. They have been accustomed to look up to personages greatly their superiors in rank and riches, with awe; and to look down on their inferiors in *property* with supreme contempt, as slaves of their will and ministers of their luxury. Equal laws and equal liberty at home appear to them saucy claims of the poor and the vulgar, which tend to divest riches of one of the greatest charms, over-bearing dominion. We do, indeed, import gorgeous silks and luscious sweets from the Indies, but we import, at the same time, the spirit of despotism, which adds deformity to the purple robe, and bitterness to the honied beverage." "That *Oriental* manners are unfavourable to liberty, is, I believe, universally conceded. The natives of the East Indies entertain not the idea of independence. They treat the Europeans, who go among them to acquire their riches, with a respect similar to the abject submission which they pay to their native despots. Young men, who in England scarcely possessed the rank of the gentry, are waited upon in India, with more attentive servility than is paid or required in many courts of Europe. Kings of England seldom assume the state enjoyed by an East India governor, or even by subordinate officers. Enriched at an early age, the adventurer returns to England. His property admits him to the higher circles of fashionable life. He aims at rivalling or excelling all the old nobility in the splendour of his mansions, the finery of his carriages, the number of his liveried train, the profusion of his tables, in every unmanly indulgence which an empty vanity can covet, and a full purse procure. Such a man, when he looks from the window of his superb mansion, and sees the people pass, cannot endure the idea, that they are of as much consequence as himself in the eye of the law; and that he dares not insult or oppress the unfortunate being who rakes his kennel or sweeps his chimney."

FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

It is well known, that during the revolutionary troubles of France, not only all the churches were closed, but the Catholic and Protestant worship entirely forbidden; and, after the constitution of 1795, it was at the hazard of one's life that either the mass was heard, or any religious duty performed. It is evident that Robespierre, who unquestionably had a design which is now generally understood, was desirous, on the day of the fête of the Supreme Being, to bring back public opinion to the worship of the Deity. Eight months before, we had seen the Bishop of Paris, accompanied by his clergy, appear voluntarily at the bar of the Convention, to abjure the Christian faith and the Catholic religion. But it is not as generally known, that at that period Robespierre was not omnipotent, and could not carry his desires into effect. Numerous factions then disputed with him the supreme authority. It was not till the end of 1793, and the beginning of 1794, that his power was so completely established that he could venture to act up to his intentions.

Robespierre was then desirous to establish the worship of the Supreme Being, and the belief of the immortality of the soul. He felt that irreligion is the soul of anarchy, and it was not anarchy but despotism which he desired; and yet the very day after that magnificent fête in honour of the Supreme Being, a man of the highest celebrity in science, and as distinguished for virtue and probity as philosophic genius, Lavoisier, was led out to the scaffold. On the day following that, Madame Elizabeth, that Princess whom the executioners could not guillotine, till they had turned aside their eyes from the sight of her angelic visage, stained the same axe with her blood!

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—And a month after, Robespierre, who wished to restore order for his own purposes—who wished to still the bloody waves which for years had inundated the state, felt that all his efforts would be in vain if the masses who supported his power were not restrained and directed, because without order nothing but ravages and destruction can prevail. To ensure the government of the masses, it was indispensable that morality, religion, and belief should be established—and, to affect the multitude, that religion should be clothed in external forms. "My friend," said Voltaire, to the atheist Damilaville, "after you have supped on well-dressed partridges, drunk your sparkling champaigne, and slept on cushions of down in the arms of your mistress, I have no fear of you, though you do not believe in God.—But if you are perishing of hunger, and I meet you in the corner of a wood, I would rather dispense with your company." But when Robespierre wished to bring back to something like discipline the crew of the vessel which was fast driving on the breakers, he found the thing was not so easy as he imagined. To destroy is easy—to rebuild is the difficulty. He was omnipotent to do evil; but the day that he gave the first sign of a disposition to return to order, the hands which he himself had stained with blood, marked his forehead with the fatal sign of destruction.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

SOUNDS DURING THE NIGHT.

The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation was inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favourable direction of the prevailing wind. Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of the Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These sounds he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day. Some authors ascribed this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees, but M. Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinoco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect transparency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere. When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a homogeneous medium, and every person must have observed the effects of it upon objects seen through it which are very indistinctly visible, and have a tremulous motion, as if they were "dancing in the air." The very same effect is perceived when we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red hot poker or over a flame. In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of a different density, and the refracted rays are constantly changing their direction as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium, whether it consists of two different mediums or of one medium where portions of it have different densities. As sound moves with different velocities through media of different densities, the wave which produces the sound will be partly reflected in passing from one medium to the other, and the direction of the transmitted wave changed; and hence in passing through such media different portions of the wave will reach the ear at different times, and thus destroy the sharpness and distinctness of the sound. This may be proved by many striking facts. If we put a bell in a receiver containing a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, the sound of the bell can scarcely be heard. During a shower of rain or of snow, noises are greatly deadened, and when sound is transmitted along an iron wire or an iron pipe of sufficient length, we actually hear two sounds, one transmitted more rapidly through the solid, and the other more slowly through the air. The same property is well illustrated by an elegant and easily repeated experiment of Chladni's. When sparkling champagne is poured into a tall glas till it is half full, the glass loses its power of ringing by a stroke upon its edge, and emits only a disagreeable and a puffy sound. This effect will continue while the wine is filled with bubbles of air, or as long as the effervescence lasts; but when the effervescence begins to subside, the sound becomes clearer and clearer, and the glass rings as usual when the air-bubbles have vanished. If we reproduce the effervescence by stirring the champagne with a piece of bread the glass will again cease to ring. The same experiment will succeed with other effervescing fluids.—*Sir David Brewster.*

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—*Lord Clarendon.*

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The Public Journals.

PADY FOOSHANE'S FRICASSEE.

PADDY FOOSHANE kept a shebeen house at Barleymount Cross, in which he sold whisky —from which his Majesty did not derive any large portion of his revenues—ale, and provisions. One evening a number of friends, returning from a funeral—all neighbours too —stopt at his house, "because they were in grief," to drink a drop. There was Andy Agar, a stout rattling fellow, the natural son of a gentleman residing near there; Jack Shea, who was afterwards transported for running away with Biddy Lawlor; Tim Cournane, who, by reason of being on his keeping, was privileged to carry a gun; Owen Connor, a march-of-intellect man, who wished to enlighten proctors by making them swallow their processes; and a number of other "good boys." The night began to "rain cats and dogs," and there was no stirring out; so the cards were called for, a roaring fire was made down, and the whisky and ale began to flow. After due observation, and several experiments, a space large enough for the big table, and free from the drop down, was discovered. Here six persons, including Andy, Jack, Tim—with his gun between his legs— and Owen, sat to play for a pig's head, of which the living owner, in the parlour below, testified, by frequent grunts, his displeasure at this unceremonious disposal of his property.

Card-playing is very thirsty, and the boys were anxious to keep out the wet; so that long before the pig's head was decided, a messenger had been dispatched several times to Killarney, a distance of four English miles, for a pint of whisky each time. The ale also went merrily round, until most of the men were quite stupid, their faces swoln, and their eyes red and heavy. The contest at length was decided; but a quarrel about the skill of the respective parties succeeded, and threatened broken heads at one time. At last Jack Shea swore they must have something to eat; ——— him but he was starved with drink, and he must get some rashers somewhere or other. Every one declared the same; and Paddy was ordered to cook some *griskins* forthwith. Paddy was completely nonplussed:—all the provisions were gone, and yet his guests were not to be trifled with. He made a hundred excuses—"'Twas late— 'twas dry now—and there was nothing in the house; sure they ate and drank enongh." But all in vain. The ould sinner was threatened with instant death if he delayed. So Paddy called a council of war in the parlour, consisting of his wife and himself.

"Agrah, Jillen, agrah, what will we do with these? Is there any meat in the tub? Where is the tongue? If it was yours, Jillen, we'd give them enough of it; but I mane the cow's," (aside.)

"Sure the proctors got the tongue ere yesterday, and you know there an't a bit in the tub. Oh the murtherin villains! and I'll engage 'twill be no good for us, after all my white bread and the whisky. That it may pison 'em!"

"Amen! Jillen; but don't curse them. After all, where's the meat? I'm sure that Andy will kill me if we don't make it out any how;—and he hasn't a penny to pay for it. You could drive the mail coach, Jillen, through his breeches pocket without jolting over a ha'penny. Coming, coming; d'ye hear 'em?"

"Oh, they'll murther us. Sure if we had any of the tripe I sent yesterday to the gauger."

"Eh! What's that you say? I declare to God here's Andy getting up. We must do something. *Thonom an dhiaoul*, I have it. Jillen run and bring me the leather breeches; run woman, alive! Where's the block and the hatchet? Go up and tell 'em you're putting down the pot."

Jillen pacified the uproar in the kitchen by loud promises, and returned to Paddy. The use of the leather breeches passed her comprehension; but Paddy actually took up the leather breeches, tore away the lining with great care, chopped the leather with the hatchet on the block, and put it into the pot as tripes. Considering the situation in which Andy and his friends were, and the appetite of the Irish peasantry for meat in any shape —"a bone" being their *summum bonum*— the risk was very little. If discovered, however, Paddy's safety was much worse than doubtful, as no people in the world have a greater horror of any unusual food. One of the most deadly modes of revenge they can employ is to give an enemy dog's or cat's flesh; and there have been instances where the persons who have eaten it, on being informed of the fact, have gone mad. But Paddy's habit of practical jokes, from which nothing could wean him, and his anger at their conduct, along with the fear he was in did not allow him to hesitate a moment. Jillen remonstrated in vain. "Hould your tongue, you foolish woman. They're all as blind as the pig there. They'll never find it out. Bad luck to 'em too, my leather breeches! that I gave a pound note and a hog for in Cork. See how nothing else would satisfy 'em!" The meat at length was ready. Paddy drowned it in butter, threw out the potatoes on the table, and served it up smoking hot with the greatest gravity.

"By ———," says Jack Shea, "that's fine stuff. How a man would dig a trench after that."

"I'll take a priest's oath," answered Tim Cohill, the most irritable of men, but whose

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temper was something softened by the rich steam;—

"Yet, Tim, what's a priest's oath? I never heard that."

"Why, sure, every one knows you didn't ever hear of anything of good."

"I say you lie, Tim, you rascal."

Tim was on his legs in a few moments, and a general battle was about to begin; but the appetite was too strong, and the quarrel was settled; Tim having been appeased by being allowed to explain a priest's oath. According to him, a priest's oath was this:—He was surrounded by books, which were gradually piled up until they reached his lips. He then kissed the uppermost, and swore by all to the bottom. As soon as the admiration excited by his explanation, in those who were capable of hearing Tim, had ceased, all fell to work; and certainly, if the tripes had been of ordinary texture, drunk as was the party, they would soon have disappeared. After gnawing at them for some time, "Well," says Owen Connor, "that I mightn't!—but these are the quarest tripes I ever eat. It must be she was very ould."

"By ———," says Andy, taking a piece from his mouth to which he had been paying his addresses for the last half hour, "I'd as soon be eating leather. She was a bull, man; I can't find the soft end at all of it."

"And that's true for you, Andy," said the man of the gun; "and 'tis the greatest shame they hadn't a bull-bait to make him tinder. Paddy, was it from Jack Clifford's bull you got 'em? They'd do for wadding, they're so tough."

"I'll tell you, Tim, where I got them—'twas out of Lord Shannon's great cow at Cork, the great fat cow that the Lord Mayor bought for the Lord Lieutenant—*Asda churp naur hagusheh.*"*

"Amen, I pray God! Paddy. Out of Lord Shandon's cow? near the steeple, I suppose; the great cow that couldn't walk with tallow. By ———, these are fine tripes. They'll make a man very strong. Andy, give me two or three *libbhers* more of 'em."

"Well, see that! out of Lord Shandon's cow: I wonder what they gave her, Paddy. That I mightn't!—but these would eat a pit of potatoes. Any how, they're good for the teeth. Paddy, what's the reason they send all the good mate from Cork to the Blacks?"

But before Paddy could answer this question, Andy, who had been endeavouring to help Tim, uttered a loud "*Thonom an dhiaoul!* what's this? Isn't this flannel?" The fact was, he had found a piece of the lining, which Paddy, in his hurry, had not removed; and all was confusion. Every eye was turned to Paddy; but with wonderful quickness he said "'Tis the book tripe, *agragal*, don't you see?"—and actually persuaded them to it.

"Well, any how," says Tim, "it had the taste of wool."

"May this choke me," says Jack Shea, "if I didn't think that 'twas a piece of a leather breeches when I saw Andy *chawing* it."

This was a shot between wind and water to Paddy. His self-possession was nearly altogether lost, and he could do no more than turn it off by a faint laugh. But it jarred most unpleasantly on Andy's nerves. After looking at Paddy for some time with a very ominous look, he said, "*Yirroo Paudhrig* of the tricks, if I thought you were going on with any work here, my soul and my guts to the devil if I would not cut you into garters. By the vestment I'd make a *furhurmeen* of you."

"Is it I, Andy? That the hands may fall off me!"

But Tim Cohill made a most seasonable diversion. "Andy, when you die, you'll be the death of one fool, any how. What do you know that wasn't ever in Cork itself about tripes. I never ate such mate in my life; and 'twould be good for every poor man in the County of Kerry if he had a tub of it."

Tim's tone of authority, and the character he had got for learning, silenced every doubt, and all laid siege to the tripes again. But after some time, Andy was observed gazing with the most astonished curiosity into the plate before him. His eyes were rivetted on something; at last he touched it with his knife, and exclaimed, "*Kirhappa, dar dhia!*"—[A button by G—.]

"What's that you say?" burst from all! and every one rose in the best manner he could, to learn the meaning of the button.

"Oh, the villain of the world!" roared Andy, "I'm pisoned! Where's the pike? For God's sake Jack, run for the priest, or I'm a dead man with the breeches. Where is he? ——— yeer bloods won't ye catch him, and I pisoned?"

The fact was, Andy had met one of the knee-buttons sewed into a piece of the tripe, and it was impossible for him to fail discovering the cheat. The rage, however, was not confined to Andy. As soon as it was understood what had been done, there was an universal rush for Paddy and Jillen; but Paddy was much too cunning to be caught, after the narrow escape he had of it before. The moment after the discovery of the lining, that he could do so without suspicion, he stole from the table, left the house, and hid himself. Jillen did the same; and nothing remained for the eaters, to vent their rage, but breaking every thing in the cabin; which was done in the utmost fury. Andy, however, continued watching for Paddy with a gun, a whole month after. He might be

* May it never come out of his body!

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seen prowling along the ditches near the shebeen-house, waiting for a shot at him. Not that he would have scrupled to enter it, were he likely to find Paddy there; but the latter was completely on the *shuchraun*, and never visited his cabin except by stealth. It was in one of those visits that Andy hoped to catch him.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

By the Countess of Blessington.

One of our first rides with Lord Byron was to Nervi, a village on the sea-coast, most romantically situated, and each turn of the road presenting various and beautiful prospects. They were all familiar to him, and he failed not to point them out, but in very sober terms, never allowing any thing like enthusiasm in his expressions, though many of the views might have excited it.

His appearance on horseback was not advantageous, and he seemed aware of it, for he made many excuses for his dress and equestrian appointments. His horse was literally covered with various trappings, in the way of cavesons, martingales, and Heaven knows how many other (to me) unknown inventions. The saddle was *à la Hussarde* with holsters, in which he always carried pistols. His dress consisted of a nankeen jacket and trousers, which appeared to have shrunk from washing; the jacket embroidered in the same colour, and with three rows of buttons; the waist very short, the back very narrow, and the sleeves set in as they used to be ten or fifteen years before; a black stock, very narrow; a dark-blue velvet cap with a shade, and a very rich gold band and large gold tassel at the crown; nankeen gaiters, and a pair of blue spectacles, completed his costume, which was any thing but becoming. This was his general dress of a morning for riding, but I have seen it changed for a green tartan plaid jacket. He did not ride well, which surprised us, as, from the frequent allusions to horsemanship in his works, we expected to find him almost a Nimrod. It was evident that he had *pretensions* on this point, though he certainly was what I should call a timid rider. When his horse made a false step, which was not unfrequent, he seemed discomposed; and when we came to any bad part of the road, he immediately checked his course and walked his horse very slowly, though there really was nothing to make even a lady nervous. Finding that I could perfectly manage (or what he called *bully*) a very highly-dressed horse that I daily rode, he became extremely anxious to buy it; asked me a thousand questions as to how I had acquired such a perfect command of it, &c. &c. and entreated, as the greatest favour, that I would resign it to him as a charger to take to Greece, declaring he never would part with it, &c. As I was by no means a bold rider, we were rather amused at observing Lord Byron's opinion of my courage; and as he seemed so anxious for the horse, I agreed to let him have it when he was to embark. From this time he paid particular attention to the movements of poor Mameluke (the name of the horse), and said he should now feel confidence in action with so steady a charger.

April —. Lord Byron dined with us today. During dinner he was as usual gay, spoke in terms of the warmest commendation of Sir Walter Scott, not only as an author, but as a man, and dwelt with apparent delight on his novels, declaring that he had read and re-read them over and over again, and always with increased pleasure. He said that he quite equalled, nay, in his opinion, surpassed Cervantes. In talking of Sir Walter's private character, goodness of heart, &c., Lord Byron became more animated than I had ever seen him; his colour changed from its general pallid tint to a more lively hue, and his eyes became humid: never had he appeared to such advantage, and it might easily be seen that every expression he uttered proceeded from his heart. Poor Byron! —for poor he is even with all his genius, rank, and wealth—had he lived more with men like Scott, whose openness of character and steady principle had convinced him that they were in earnest in *their goodness*, and not *making believe*, (as he always suspects good people to be,) his life might be different and happier! Byron is so acute an observer that nothing escapes him; all the shades of selfishness and vanity are exposed to his searching glance, and the misfortune is, (and a serious one it is to him,) that when he finds these, and alas! they are to be found on every side, they disgust and prevent his giving credit to the many good qualities that often accompany them. He declares he can sooner pardon crimes, because they proceed from the passions, than these minor vices, that spring from egotism and self-conceit. We had a long argument this evening on the subject, which ended, like most arguments, by leaving both of the same opinion as when it commenced. I endeavoured to prove that crimes were not only injurious to the perpetrators, but often ruinous to the innocent, and productive of misery to friends and relations, whereas selfishness and vanity carried with them their own punishment, the first depriving the person of all sympathy, and the second exposing him to ridicule which to the vain is a heavy punishment, but that their effects were not destructive to society as are crimes.

He laughed when I told him that having heard him so often declaim against vanity, and detect it so often in his friends, I began to suspect he knew the malady by having had it himself, and that I had observed through life, that those persons who had the most

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vanity were the most severe against that failing in their friends. He wished to impress upon me that he was not vain, and gave various proofs to establish this; but I produced against him his boasts of swimming, his evident desire of being considered more *un homme de societe* than a poet, and other little examples, when he laughingly pleaded guilty, and promised to be more merciful towards his friends.

Byron attempted to be gay, but the effort was not successful, and he wished us good night with a trepidation of manner that marked his feelings. And this is the man that I have heard considered unfeeling! How often are our best qualities turned against us, and made the instruments for wounding us in the most vulnerable part, until, ashamed of betraying our susceptibility, we affect an insensibility we are far from possessing, and, while we deceive others, nourish in secret the feelings that prey *only* on our own hearts!—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

Canary Birds.—In Germany and the Tyrol, from whence the rest of Europe is principally supplied with Canary birds, the apparatus for breeding Canaries is both large and expensive. A capacious building is erected for them, with a square space at each end, and holes communicating with these spaces. In these outlets are planted such trees as the birds prefer. The bottom is strewed with sand, on which are cast rape-seed, chickweed, and such other food as they like. Throughout the inner compartment, which is kept dark, are placed bowers for the birds to build in, care being taken that the breeding birds are guarded from the intrusion of the rest. Four Tyrolese usually take over to England about sixteen hundred of these birds; and though they carry them on their backs nearly a thousand miles, and pay twenty pounds for them originally, they can sell them at *5s.* each.

Braithwaite's Steam Fire Engine—will deliver about 9,000 gallons of water per hour to an elevation of 90 feet. The time of getting the machine into action, from the moment of igniting the fuel, (the water being cold,) is 18 minutes. As soon as an alarm is given, the fire is kindled, and the bellows, attached to the engine, are worked by hand. By the time the horses are harnessed in, the fuel is thoroughly ignited, and the bellows are then worked by the motion of the wheels of the engine. By the time of arriving at the fire, preparing the hoses, &c. the steam is ready.

Fisher, bishop of Rochester, was accustomed to style his church his wife, declaring that he would never exchange her for one that was richer. He was a zealous adherent of Pope Paul III. who created him a cardinal. The king, Henry VIII., on learning that Fisher would not refuse the dignity, exclaimed, in a passion, "Yea! is he so lusty? Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will. Mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders, for I will leave him never a head to set it on."

Flux is not uncommon in the greenhouses about Philadelphia, but we have not heard of any experiments with it in the open air.—*Encyclopædia Americana.*

The Schoolmaster wanted in the East.—Mr. Madden, in his travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, says:—"In all my travels, I could only meet one woman who could read and write, and that was in Damietta; she was a Levantine christian, and her peculiar talent was looked upon as something superhuman."

La Fontaine had but one son, whom, at the age of 14, he placed in the hands of Harlay, archbishop of Paris, who promised to provide for him. After a long absence, La Fontaine met this youth at the house of a friend, and being pleased with his conversation, was told that it was his own son. "Ah," said he, "I am very glad of it."

Universal Genius.—Rivernois thus describes the character of Fontenelle: "When Fontenelle appeared on the field, all the prizes were already distributed, all the palms already gathered: the prize of universality alone remained, Fontenelle determined to attempt it, and he was successful. He is not only a metaphysician with Malebranche, a natural philosopher with Newton, a legislator with Peter the Great, a statesman with D'Argenson; he is everything with everybody."

Forest Schools.—There are a number of forest academies in Germany, particularly in the small states of central Germany, in the Hartz, Thuringia, &c. The principal branches taught in them are the following:—forest botany, mineralogy, zoology, chemistry; by which the learner is taught the natural history of forests, and the mutual relations, &c. of the different kingdoms of nature. He is also instructed in the care and chase of game, and in the surveying and cultivation of forests, so as to understand the mode of raising all kinds of wood, and supplying a new growth as fast as the old is taken away. The pupil is too instructed in the administration of the forest taxes and police, and all that relates to forests considered as a branch of revenue.

The Weather.—Meteorological journals are now given in most magazines. The first statement of this kind was communicated by Dr. Fothergill to the Gentleman's Magazine, and consisted of a monthly account of the weather and diseases of London. The latter

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information is now monopolized by the parish-clerks.

Goethe.—The wife of a Silesian peasant, being obliged to go to Saxony, and hearing that she had travelled (on foot) more than half the distance to Goethe's residence, whose works she had read with the liveliest interest, continued her journey to Weimar for the sake of seeing him. Goethe declared that the true character of his works had never been better understood than by this woman. He gave her his portrait.

Liverpool and Manchester Railway.—The Company has reported the following result:

Passengers entered in the Company's books during the half-year ending June 30, 1831	£188,726
Ditto, ditto, ending December 31, 1831	256,321
Increase	£67,595

Being upwards of 33 per cent. increase of the first six months of the year, and upwards of 135 per cent. increase on the travellers between the two towns during the corresponding months, previously to opening the railway.—*Gordon, on Steam Carriages.*

Caliga.—This was the name of the Roman soldier's shoe, made in the sandal fashion. The sole was of wood, and stuck full of nails. Caius Cæsar Caligula, the fourth Roman Emperor, the son of Germanicus and Agrippina, derived his surname from "Caliga," as having been born in the army, and afterwards bred up in the habit of a common soldier; he wore this military shoe in conformity to those of the common soldiers, with a view of engaging their affections. The caliga was the badge, or symbol of a soldier; whence to take away the caliga and belt, imported a dismissal or cashiering. P. T. W.

The Damary Oak-tree.—At Blandford Forum, Dorsetshire, stood the famous Damary Oak, which was rooted up for firing in 1755. It measured 75 feet high, and the branches extended 72 feet; the trunk at the bottom was 68 feet in circumference, and 23 feet in diameter. It had a cavity in its trunk 15 feet wide. Ale was sold in it till after the Restoration; and when the town was burnt down in 1731, it served as an abode for one family.—*Family Topographer,* vol. ii.

Brent Tor Church, Devonshire, situate upon a rock.—On Brent Tor is a church, in which is appositely inscribed from Scripture, "Upon this rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It is said that the parishioners make weekly atonement for their sins, for they cannot go to the church without the previous penance of climbing the steep; and the pastor is frequently obliged to humble himself upon his hands and knees before he can reach the house of prayer. Tradition says it was erected by a merchant to commemorate his escape from shipwreck on the coast, in consequence of this Tor serving as a guide to the pilot. There is not sufficient earth to bury the dead. At the foot of the Tor resided, in 1809, Sarah Williams, aged 109 years. She never lived further out of the parish of Brent Tor, than the adjoining one: she had had twelve children, and a few years before her death cut five new teeth.—*Ibid.*

The Dairyman's Daughter.—In Arreton churchyard, Isle of Wight, is a tombstone, erected in 1822, by subscription, to mark the grave of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the humble individual whose story of piety and virtue, written by the Rev. Leigh Richmond, under the title of the "Dairyman's Daughter," has attained an almost unexampled circulation. Her cottage at Branston, about a mile distant, is much visited.—*Ibid.*

Singular distribution of common land in Somersetshire.—In the parishes of Congresbury and Puxton were two large pieces of common land, called East and West Dolemoors (from the Saxon word *dol,* a portion or share,) which were occupied till within these few years in the following manner:—The land was divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar mark, cut in the turf, such as a horn, an ox, a horse, a cross, an oven, &c. On the Saturday before Old Midsummer Day, the several proprietors of contiguous estates, or their tenants, assembled on these commons, with a number of apples marked with similar figures, which were distributed by a boy to each of the commoners from a bag. At the close of the distribution, each person repaired to the allotment with the figure corresponding to the one upon his apple, and took possession of it for the ensuing year. Four acres were reserved to pay the expenses of an entertainment at the house of the overseer of the Dolemoors, where the evening was spent in festivity.—*Ibid.*

Anna Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury.—At Avington Park, in Hampshire, resided the notorious and infamous Anna-Maria, Countess of Shrewsbury, who held the horse of the Duke of Buckingham while he fought and killed her husband. Charles II. frequently made it the scene of his licentious pleasures; and the old green-house is said to have been the apartment in which the royal sensualist was entertained.—*Ibid.*

*** *Erratum*—In the lines, by J. Kinder, on a Withered Primrose, in our last, verse ii. line 2—for "gust of the storm" read "*jest* of the storm."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand,* (*near Somerset House,*) *London; sold by* ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, *New Market, Leipsic; G. G.* BENNIS, 55, *Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 563.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1832. [PRICE 2*d*.

ANTIQUITIES OF THE PEAK.

CROSSES.

(At Eyam.)

(At Wheston.)

(Beauchief Abbey.)

MR. RHODES, the elegant topographer of *the Peak*, observes, "there are but few individuals in this country, possessing the means and the opportunities of travel, who have not, either from curiosity or some other motive, visited the Peak of Derbyshire." This remark is correct; and to it we may add, that the "few" who have not personally visited the Peak, have become familiar with its wonders through the pencils of artists, or the graphic pens of accomplished tourists. Yet their attractions are not of that general character which delights an untravelled eye: they belong rather to the wonderful than what is, in common parlance, the beautiful. Mr. Rhodes says, "Travellers accustomed to well-wooded and highly-cultivated scenes only, have frequently expressed a feeling bordering on disgust, at the bleak and barren appearance of the mountains in the Peak of Derbyshire; but to the man whose taste is unsophisticated by a fondness for artificial adornments, they possess superior interest, and impart more pleasing sensations. Remotely seen, they are often beautiful; many of their forms,

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even when near, are decidedly good; and in distance, the features of rudeness, by which they are occasionally marked, are softened down into general and sometimes harmonious masses. The graceful and long-continued outline which they present, the breadth of light and shadow that spreads over their extended surfaces, and the delightful colouring with which they are often invested, never fail to attract the attention of the picturesque traveller."

Our present road, however, lies through the dales rather than the mountainous portion of this district. To enjoy the picturesque variety of the former we must leave the cloud-capped peaks, and ramble with the reader through "cultivated meadows, luxuriant foliage, steep heathy hills, and craggy rocks, while the eye is enchanted with brilliant streams." Such indeed is the character of the dales, especially those through which the Derwent, the Dove, and the Wye meander. Hitherto we have but adverted to the natural beauties of the country; although they are checkered with many mouldering relics of "hoar antiquity"—many crumbling memorials of ages long past, reminding us of the nothingness of man's labours, yet harmonizing most happily with the feelings inspired by the natural sublimities of the scene. By such associations, the decaying glories of art lend even a charm to ever flourishing nature!

The Cuts are but three vignettes from the architectural lore of the district. They stand in sheltered valleys, though, as their ruinous condition implies, their situation has not saved them from the destroying hand of time. Indeed, one of them, Beauchief Abbey, gives name to its locality, Abbey Dale, not far from the partition line that separates Derbyshire from Yorkshire. In this road, the ruin in the Cut is the first object that claims the attention of the tourist in his progress to the Peak; being part of a once magnificent abbey, founded by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton; as an expiation for the part he is said to have taken in the murder of Thomas à Becket. The late Dr. Pegg, the antiquary, discountenances this tradition. His arguments, however, which are chiefly founded on the circumstance of the brother of Robert Fitz-Ranulph, being afterwards in great favour with Henry the Second, do not appear conclusive, particularly when opposed to the authority of Dugdale, Fuller, Bishop Tanner, and others who have written on the subject.*

The walls of Beauchief Abbey, with the exception of the west end, represented in the Cut, have long since either been removed, or have mouldered into dust. Parochial service is still performed in the remains; but the whole of the original form of the once extensive pile of building cannot now be traced.

The exterior architecture of the chapel is almost destitute of ornament; if we except the reeded windows, and the double buttresses at the angles of the tower, which is stated to be short of its original height. On the east side, two angular lines mark the connexion which the chapel had with the other buildings, and a part of the ground plan may be traced by an adjoining wall, in which are the remains of two circular arches, comparatively little impaired. Mr. Rhodes observes "a wreath of ivy which falls from the top of the tower, and nearly invests one side of it, breaks the dull monotony of its outline, and produces a tolerably good effect: in other respects it is not strikingly attractive as a picturesque object. The Abbey of *Bello-Capite* will ever be dear to the antiquary who will visit it with veneration and delight; nor will the artist pass it by unnoticed. The magnificent woods, and the beautiful hills that environ the Abbey of Beauchief, amply compensate for any deficiency of grandeur in the subordinate adornments of so rich a scene."

Beauchief Abbey, though once a considerable structure, was never proportionally wealthy. At the time of its dissolution, (Henry VIII.) the whole of its revenues were estimated but at 157*l.*; and with the materials furnished by its demolition was built Beauchief House upon the same estate, granted by Henry VIII. to Sir William Shelly. The mansion is still tenanted.

* Dugdale says, "Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, Norton, and Marnham, was one of the four knights who martyred the blessed Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; and afterwards founded the Monastery of Beauchief, by way of expiating his crime; in the reign of Henry the Second." Bishop Tanner writes, "Beauchief, an Abbey of Premonstatentian, or White Canons, founded A. D. 1183, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, one of the executioners of Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom canonized, this monastery was dedicated." These authorities are quoted by Mr. Rhodes. Sir James Mackintosh names the four "knights of distinguished rank," (apparently upon the authority of Hoveden,) to have been "William de Tracy, Hugh de Moreville, Richard Britto, and Reginald Fitz-Urse." We do not attempt to reconcile the conflicting chroniclers; but we should add, from the subsequent page, by Sir James, "the conspirators, despairing of pardon, found a distant refuge in the Castle of Knaresborough, in the town of Hugh de Moreville, and were, after some time, enjoined by the Pope to do penance for their crime, by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where *they died*, and were interred before the gate of the Temple." Sir James describes the murder of Becket with minuteness: "the assassins fell on him with many strokes; and though the second brought him to the ground, they did not cease till *his brains were scattered over the pavement*."—We know the Cathedral guide at Canterbury shows you the stone in the place of that on which Becket fell, and states the original stone to be preserved in St. Peter's, at Rome; but the story is to us rather apocryphal. At St. Alban's they show you the *dust* of the good Duke Humphrey: we once begged a pinch, which the guide granted freely; this induced us to ask him how often he re-supplied the dust: the man stared at our ungrateful incredulity.

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CROSSES.

THESE emblematic relics stand in two of the villages in the Peak district: viz. Eyam and Wheston. They are places of little importance; though a touching interest is attached to Eyam, from it having been visited by the Great Plague of the year 1666; its population, at this time, was about 330; of whom 259 fell by the plague.* The history of this calamitous visitation forms the subject of a meritorious poem by W. and M. Howitt, entitled *the Desolation of Eyam*, in which the piety of Mr. Mompesson, (who then held the living of Eyam,) his pastoral consolations to his mourning people, and the amiable character of his beautiful wife, who fell a victim to the plague,—are narrated with true pathos. Yet, this afflicting episode in village history—

So sad, so tender and so true.

having been but recently related by our ingenious contemporary, Mr. Hone,† we quote but two of the opening stanzas by the Messrs. Howitt:

Among the verdant mountains of the Peak
There lies a quiet hamlet, where the slope
Of pleasant uplands wards the north-wind's bleak;
Below wild dells romantic pathways ope;
Around, above it, spreads a shadowy cope
Of forest trees: flower, foliage, and clear rill
Wave from the cliffs, or down ravines elope;
It seems a place charmed from the power of ill
By sainted words of old: so lovely, lone, and still.

And many are the pilgrim's feet which tread
Its rocky steps, which thither yearly go;
Yet, less by love of Nature's wonders led,
Than by the memory of a mighty woe,
Which smote, like blasting thunder, long ago,
The peopled hills. There stands a sacred tomb,
Where tears have rained, nor yet shall cease to flow;
Recording days of death's sublimest gloom;
Mompesson's power and pain,—his beauteous Catherine's doom.

The cross at Eyam stands near the entrance into the chancel of the church. According to village tradition, this rare relic was found on some of the neighbouring hills. It is curiously ornamented with symbolic devices in bold relief. "It has suffered dilapidation from the culpable neglect of those who should have felt an interest in its preservation. About two feet of the top of the shaft is wanting, as may be seen by reference to the engraved sketch, (*See the Cut,*) which was taken in the year 1815." The sexton of the church, who was then an old man, told Mr. Rhodes in 1818, that he well recollected the missing part being thrown carelessly about the churchyard, as if of no value, until it was broken up by some of the inhabitants, and knocked to pieces for domestic purposes. The preservation of the Cross, to the extent we have shown, is referable to the philanthropic Howard, who, in a visit to Eyam, about the year 1788, or 44 years since, particularly noticed the finest part of the relic lying in a corner of the churchyard, and nearly overgrown with docks and thistles. "The value this hitherto unregarded relic had in the estimation of Howard," says Mr. Rhodes, "made it dearer to the people of Eyam: they brought the top part of the cross from its hiding-place, and set it on the still dilapidated shaft, where it has ever since remained." Other crosses, similar in appearance and workmanship, have been found on the hills of Derbyshire, particularly one in the village of Bakewell, which we have already figured in *The Mirror*.‡ It evidently originated with the same people as that at Eyam, though it is much more mutilated. These crosses have been generally regarded as Saxon or Danish, though the probability is in favour of the Saxon origin, from the high veneration of the Saxons for the sacred symbol of the cross. Thus, stone crosses were not only parts of the decorations of every church and altar, but set up as land-marks on the high roads as aids to devotion, and in market-places as incentives to integrity and fair-dealing.

Near the cross at Eyam, and in the distance of the Cut, is the tomb of Mrs. Mompesson, on one end of which is an hour-glass with two expanded wings; and underneath on an oblong tablet is inscribed CAVETE; (beware,) and nearer the base, the words *Nescitis Horam* (ye know not the hour). On the other end of the tomb is a death's head resting on a plain, projecting tablet; and below the words *Mihi lucrum* (mine is the gain).

The second hallowed relic is at Wheston a small and pleasant village, which is situated on an eminence that forms one side of Monksdale, and which at this place is known by the name of Peter-dale. A short distance from hence is Tideswell, about four miles from Eyam.§ "Wheston," observes Mr. Rhodes, "though consisting of a few houses only, is a picturesque little place: the trees which are mingled with the cottages, are so abundant, and everywhere so finely foliaged, that the place altogether, particularly when seen at a short distance, appears more like a copse or wood than a village. The position of the Wheston cross favours the conclusion already made as to the purposes for which this kind of emblem was originally set up in England. It stands in the village, *near the road-side*. The upper part of the cross resembles in some of its ornaments the mullion-work of a Gothic

* Dr. Mead, in his Narrative of the Great Plague in London, particularly mentions its introduction into Eyam, through the medium of a box of clothes, sent to a tailor who resided there.

† Table Book, 1827, p. 481.

‡ Vol. xi. p. 40.

§ From King John, the Eyam estate descended to the Stafford family, on whom it was bestowed in consideration of certain military services, and on the express condition "that a lamp should be kept perpetually burning before the altar of St. Helen, in the parish-church of Eyam." The lamp has long since ceased to burn, and the estate has passed into other hands: it now constitutes a part of the immense property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

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window: the shaft is unadorned, and more modern. One side represents the infant Saviour in the arms of his mother: over their heads is a faint indication of a star, emblematic of the ray that directed the wise men of the East to the birthplace of Jesus. The reverse of the cross exhibits the crucifixion of Christ, whose birth and death it has apparently been the design of the sculptor to commemorate in the erection of this symbol of his faith. Similar structures are by no means uncommon by the road-sides throughout France, and to this day the peasantry may be seen bending before them; while the drivers of carriages on the most frequented roads are not unmindful of an act of passing homage to the time-worn emblem.

Several crosses have been found in this part of Derbyshire, but only a few have escaped the dilapidations of age; the others have been, we had almost said sacrilegiously, destroyed as objects of no value. Mr. Rhodes tells us that "in one place the shaft of a cross, originally of no mean workmanship, has been converted into a gate-post; at another, one has been scooped and hollowed out, and made into a blacksmith's trough. I have seen one, which is richly sculptured on the three remaining sides, with figures and a variety of ornaments, all well executed, that was long applied to this humble purpose." The Cut shows that a portion of the cross at Wheston has been broken off; Mr. Rhodes saw the fragment as a common piece of stone, built and cemented into an adjoining wall; and he judiciously adds, "where so little interest has been felt in the preservation of these relics, it is only surprising that so many of them yet remain in different parts of the kingdom." Among all acts of wanton license, the destruction of a cross is to us the most unaccountable. We can readily refer the defacement of imperial insignia and the spoliation of royal houses to political turbulence engendered by acts of tyrannical misrule; but the mutilation of *the cross*—the *univeral* Christian emblem—remains to be explained, unless we attribute it to the brutal ignorance of the spoilers. Its religious universality ought consistently to protect it from intolerance.

We must not bring this paper to a close without explaining that the preceding Engravings have been copied from the first of Mr. Rhodes's excursions of seventeen miles, viz. from Sheffield to Tideswell. The Abbey and the two Crosses therefore occur in that district. The original plates are effectively engraved by W. and W. B. Cook, from drawings by Mr. Chantrey, R. A., who presented to Mr. Rhodes a series of drawings for his work, "as a token of his friendship, and a mark of his attachment to his native country."

Select Biography.

M. CASIMIR PERIER,

(Partly from the French.)

THE late French premier, was the son of a rich merchant at Grenoble, where he was born October 12, 1777. At an early age he entered the army: he served in the Italian campaigns of 1799 and 1800, in the staff of the Military Engineers. On the death of his father, however, he quitted the service and devoted himself wholly to commercial pursuits. In 1802, he opened a bank at Paris, and subsequently, establishments for cotton-spinning and sugar-refining, and a steam flour mill, all of which were eminently successful, and contributed to the formation of his immense fortune.

He first became known to the public in 1816, by a pamphlet against the foreign loan system, which was equally remarkable for its clearness of argument and profound knowledge of finance. In 1817, he was elected one of the Deputies for the Department of the Seine, and from that time until the revolution of 1830, he continued the firm opponent of every ministerial encroachment on the rights and privileges of the people. He particularly distinguished himself by his hostility to the Villele administration; himself supporting almost singly the whole burden of the opposition to the famous budget of Villele, which he disputed, item by item, with talent and perseverance worthy of entering the lists with the distinguished financier to whom he was opposed. When M. de Polignac became President of the Council, the opposition of M. Perier assumed a more violent character, and he was pre-eminent among the 221 deputies who voted the address which led to the fatal ordonnances of July. When the revolution broke out, he at once avowed himself the advocate of the popular cause, and opened his house as the place of meeting of the deputies, who assembled to protest against the illegality of the proceedings of the Crown. Firmly, however, attached to the principles of constitutional opposition, and shrinking, therefore, from the probable effects of a revolution, he was one of the last to abandon the hope that his infatuated sovereign would open his eyes to the gulf on the brink of which he was standing, and by a timely revocation of the ordonnances, prevent the necessity of the extreme measure of an appeal to arms, and a consequent change of dynasty. When these became inevitable, M. Perier attached himself firmly to the work of consolidating the new throne of Louis Philippe, and reassembling those elements of order and stability which the convulsion of July had scattered, but not annihilated. On the dissolution of the ministry of M. Lafitte, M. Casimir Perier was called to the head of the government, and imme-

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diately entered into the system of conservative policy, which he continued until the close of his career. The last time he took any important part in the debates of the Chamber of Deputies was on the 20th of March, when he made an ingenious defence of the conduct of government with respect to the events of Grenoble. His last appearance in the Chamber was on the 29th of March, when he merely brought in several private bills. On the 3rd of April he was attacked by the cholera, and, although the indefatigable care bestowed on him by his medical attendants had more than once apparently eradicated the disease, his frame, enfeebled by a long standing internal complaint, as well as by his intense and incessant application, was unable to resist the violence of the disease, and, after several relapses, he at length sunk under his sufferings, on the morning of the 16th of May, 1832.

As an orator M. Perier was energetic and impassioned: the natural warmth of his temper, added to the irritability produced by illness, frequently imparted a *brusque* acerbity to his style, which injured both the oratorical and moral effect of his eloquence; but his reasoning was forcible, and his manner commanding and effective. "It is not our province," says the editor of the Journal, whence these particulars have been chiefly obtained, "to examine the merits or demerits of his political system: recorders of, not actors in, the great political struggle in which France is engaged, we have too often had occasion to quote the enthusiastic eulogiums and unmeasured invectives heaped upon him by different parties, to render it necessary to repeat here, that he possessed the strongest proofs against the reproach of mediocrity ever being applicable to him." W. G. C.

New Books.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WOMEN.

[The elegantly embellished volumes by Mrs. Jamieson, with the above attractive title, present the prettiest code of ladye-philosophy we have ever witnessed on paper. They aim at illustrating the characters of Intellect, Passion, and Imagination, the Affections, and what are purely Historical Characters, in the females of Shakspeare's Plays. Such is the design: of its beautiful execution we can give the reader but a faint idea by extracting from Passion and Imagination, part of the *Character of Juliet*:—]

It is not without emotion, that I attempt to touch on the character of Juliet. Such beautiful things have already been said of her—only to be exceeded in beauty by the subject that inspired them!—it is impossible to say any thing better; but it is possible to say something more. Such in fact is the simplicity, the truth, and the loveliness of Juliet's character, that we are not at first aware of its complexity, its depth, and its variety. There is in it an intensity of passion, a singleness of purpose, an entireness, a completeness of effect, which we feel as a whole; and to attempt to analyze the impression thus conveyed at once to soul and sense, is as if while hanging over a half-blown rose, and revelling in its intoxicating perfume, we should pull it asunder, leaflet by leaflet, the better to display its bloom and fragrance. Yet how otherwise should we disclose the wonders of its formation, or do justice to the skill of the divine hand that hath thus fashioned it in its beauty?

All Shakspeare's women, being essentially women, either love, or have loved, or are capable of loving; but Juliet is love itself. The passion is her state of being, and out of it she has no existence. It is the soul within her soul; the pulse within her heart; the life-blood along her veins, "blending with every atom of her frame." The love that is so chaste and dignified in Portia—so airy-delicate, and fearless in Miranda—so sweely confiding in Perdita—so playfully fond in Rosalind—so constant in Imogem—so devoted in Desdemona—so fervent in Helen—so tender in Viola,—is each and all of these in Juliet. All these remind us of her; but she reminds us of nothing but her own sweet self: or if she does, it is of the Gismunda, or the Lisetta, or the Fiamminetta of Boccaccio, to whom she is allied, not in the character or circumstances, but in the truly Italian spirit, the glowing, national complexion of the portrait.*

There was an Italian painter who said that the secret of all effect in colour consisted in white upon black, and black upon white. How perfectly did Shakspeare understand this secret of effect! and how beautifully he has exemplified it in Juliet!

> So shews a snowy dove trooping with crows,
> As yonder lady o'er her fellows shews!

Thus she and her lover are in contrast with all around them. They are all love, surrounded with all hate; all harmony, surrounded with all discord; all pure nature, in the midst of polished and artificial life. Juliet, like Portia, is the foster-child of opulence and splendour: she dwells in a fair

* Lord Byron has remarked of the Italian women (and he could speak *avec connaissance de fait*,) that they are the only women in the world capable of impressions, at once very sudden and very durable; which, he adds, is to be found in no other nation. Mr. Moore observes afterwards, how completely an Italian woman, either from nature or her social position, is led to invert the usual course of frailty among ourselves, and weak in resisting the first impulses of passion, to reserve the whole strength of her character for a display of constancy and devotedness afterwards.—Both these traits of national character are exemplified in Juliet.—*Moore's Life of Byron*, vol. ii. p. 303, 338, 4to edit.

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city—she has been nurtured in a palace—she clasps her robe with jewels—she braids her hair with rainbow-tinted pearls; but in herself she has no more connexion with the trappings around her, than the lovely exotic transplanted from some Eden-like climate, has with the carved and gilded conservatory which has reared and sheltered its luxuriant beauty.

But in this vivid impression of contrast, there is nothing abrupt or harsh. A tissue of beautiful poetry weaves together the principal figures and the subordinate personages. The consistent truth of the costume, and the exquisite gradations of relief with which the most opposite hues are approximated, blend all into harmony. Romeo and Juliet are not poetical beings placed on a prosaic background; nor are they, like Thekla and Max in the Wallenstein, two angels of light amid the darkest and harshest, the most debased and revolting aspects of humanity; but every circumstance, and every personage, and every shade of character in each, tends to the developement of the sentiment which is the subject of the drama. The poetry, too, the richest that can possibly be conceived, is interfused through all the characters; the splendid imagery lavished upon all with the careless prodigality of genius, and all is lighted up into such a sunny brilliance of effect, as though Shakspeare had really transported himself into Italy, and had drunk to intoxication of her genial atmosphere. How truly it has been said, that "although Romeo and Juliet are in love, they are not love-sick!" What a false idea would any thing of the mere whining amoroso, give us of Romeo, such as he is really in Shakspeare—the noble, gallant, ardent, brave, and witty! And Juliet—with even less truth could the phrase or idea apply to her! The picture in "Twelfth Night" of the wan girl dying of love, "who pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy," would never surely occur to us, when thinking on the enamoured and impassioned Juliet, in whose bosom love keeps a fiery vigil, kindling tenderness into enthusiasm, enthusiasm into passion, passion into heroism! No, the whole sentiment of the play is of a far different cast. It is flushed with the genial spirit of the south; it tastes of youth, and of the essence of youth; of life, and of the very sap of life. We have indeed the struggle of love against evil destinies and a thorny world; the pain, the grief, the anguish, the terror, the despair:—the aching adieu; the pang unutterable of parted affection; and rapture, truth, and tenderness trampled into an early grave: but still an Elysian grace lingers round the whole, and the blue sky of Italy bends over all!

Lord Byron's Haidée is a copy of Juliet in the Oriental costume, but the development is epic, not dramatic.

I remember no dramatic character, conveying the same impression of singleness of purpose, and devotion of heart and soul, except the Thekla of Schiller's Wallenstein: she is the German Juliet; far unequal, indeed, but conceived, nevertheless, in a kindred spirit. I know not if critics have ever compared them, or whether Schiller is supposed to have had the English, or rather the Italian, Juliet in his fancy when he portrayed Thekla; but there are some striking points of coincidence, while the national distinction in the character of the passion leaves to Thekla a strong cast of originality.

With regard to the termination of the play, which has been a subject of much critical argument, it is well-known that Shakspeare, following the old English versions, has departed from the original story of Da Porta;* and I am inclined to believe that Da Porta, in making Juliet waken from her trance while Romeo yet lives, and in his terrible final scene between the lovers, has departed from the old tradition, and as a romance, has certainly improved it: but that which is effective in a narrative is not always calculated for the drama; and I cannot but agree with Schlegel, that Shakspeare has done well and wisely in adhering to the old story.† Can we doubt for a moment that Shakspeare, who has given us the catastrophe of Othello, and the tempest scene in Lear, might also have adopted these additional circumstances of horror in the fate of the lovers, and have so treated them as to harrow up our very souls—had it been his object to do so? But apparently it was *not*. The tale is one,

> Such, as once heard, in gentle heart destroys
> All pain but pity.

It is in truth a tale of love and sorrow, not

* The "Giulietta" of Luigi da Porta was written about 1520. In a popular little book published in 1565, thirty years before Shakspeare wrote his tragedy, the name of Juliet occurs as an example of faithful love, and is thus explained by a note in the margin. "Juliet, a noble maiden of the citie of Verona, which loved Romeo, eldest son of the Lord Monteschi; and being privily married together, he at last poisoned himself for love of her: she, for sorrow of his death, slew herself with his dagger." This note, which furnishes in brief, the whole argument of Shakspeare's play, might possibly have made the first impression on his fancy.

† There is nothing so improbable in the story of Romeo and Juliet as to make us doubt the tradition that it is a real fact. "The Veronese," says Lord Byron, in one of his letters from Verona, "are tenacious to a degree of the truth of Juliet's story, insisting on the fact, giving the date 1303, and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden—once a cemetery, now ruined, to the very graves! The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love." He might have added, that when Verona itself, with its amphitheatre and its Palladian structures, lies level with the earth, the very spot on which it stood will still be consecrated by the memory of Juliet. When in Italy, I met a gentleman, who being then "*dans le genre romantique*," wore a fragment of Juliet's tomb set in a ring.

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of anguish and terror. We behold the catastrophe afar off with scarcely a wish to avert it. Romeo and Juliet *must* die: their destiny is fulfilled: they have quaffed off the cup of life, with all its infinite of joys and agonies, in one intoxicating draught. What have they to do more upon this earth? Young, innocent, loving, and beloved, they descend together into the tomb: but Shakspeare has made that tomb a shrine of martyred and sainted affection consecrated for the worship of all hearts,—not a dark charnel vault, haunted by spectres of pain, rage, and desperation.

The poem, which opened with the enmity of the two families, closes with their reconciliation over the breathless remains of their children; and no violent, frightful, or discordant feeling, is suffered to mingle with that soft impression of melancholy left within the heart, and which Schlegel compares to one long, endless sigh.

"A youthful passion," says Goëthe, (alluding to one of his own early attachments), "which is conceived and cherished without any certain object, may be compared to a shell thrown from a mortar by night: it rises calmly in a brilliant track, and seems to mix, and even to dwell for a moment, with the stars of heaven; but at length it falls—it bursts—consuming and destroying all around even as itself expires."

PALACE OF CHARLEMAGNE, AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

At Aix-la-Chapelle, situated nearly in the centre of his vast dominions, and in a salubrious climate, Charlemagne had fixed upon a spot for building a palace, in the neighbourhood of some natural warm baths,—a Roman luxury, in which the Frankish monarch particularly delighted. All that the great conception of Charlemagne could devise, and the art of the age could execute, was done, to render this structure, and the church attached to it, worthy of their magnificent founder. But no account can be given;* for nothing has come down to the present age which can justify any thing like detailed description. Nevertheless, a number of circumstances in regard to this building are occasionally mentioned in the historians of the time, that convey an idea of vastness and splendour, which probably might have been lost had minute examination been possible. Immense halls†—magnificent galleries—a college—a library—baths, where a hundred persons could swim at large—a theatre and a cathedral—a profuse display of the finest marble—gates and doors of wrought brass—columns from Rome, and pavements from Ravenna,—such, we know, to have been some of the many things which that great palace displayed.

Workmen were gathered together from every part of Europe; and, though but small reliance can be placed upon the anecdotes related by the Monk of St. Gall, it is evident, from every account, that the building must have been the most magnificent architectural effort which Europe had beheld since the days of the splendour of ancient Rome.

Besides the palace itself, we find, that an immense number of buildings were constructed around it, for the accommodation of every one in any way connected with the court, and adjoining, were particular halls, open at all times, and in which all classes and conditions might find a refuge from the cold of night, or from the wintry storm.‡

Within the walls, was that famous domestic college, on the maintenance, extension, and direction of which Charlemagne, amidst all the multiplicity of his occupations, found means to bestow so much of his time and attention. But every trace of his actions tends to prove, that his first and greatest object—to which even conquest was secondary, if not subservient—was to civilize his dominions, and to raise mankind in general from that state of dark ignorance into which barbarian invasion had cast the world.

During the first ten or fifteen years after its establishment, the college of the palace had probably followed the court during its frequent migrations, notwithstanding the number of members, and the difficulty of transporting the library, which soon became considerable. Many circumstances, however, seem to show, that after the construction of the great palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, it became fixed in that place. The library, we know, was there concentrated; and several of the books thus collected, such as the Codex Carolinus, &c. have come down through a long line of emperors to the present day. Indeed, a great part of the most valuable literature of former ages, was preserved alone by the efforts of the French monarch for the revival of science; and the link of connexion between ancient and modern civilization, owes its existence, as much to the endeavours of Charle-

* In all probability, the crypt of the church of Aix-la-Chapelle, as it stands at present, is all that remains of the original edifice.

† The baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, constructed by the emperor for the enjoyment of this recreation, were of immense extent; and while their splendour and their size showed the progress of luxury, the manner in which they were used, evinces the curious simplicity and condescension of the monarch. "Not only his sons," says Eginhard, "but also the great men of his court, his friends, and the soldiers of his guard, were invited to partake of the enjoyment which the monarch had provided for himself; so that sometimes as many as a hundred persons were known to bathe there together."

‡ Stoves were furnished also to warm those who might take refuge in these general chambers; and the Monk of St. Gaul asserts, that the apartments of Charlemagne were so constructed, that he could see everything which took place in the building round about,—an impossible folly, imagined by the small cunning of a monk.

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magne, as even to the papal preservation of antique Rome.

WRITING IN FRANCE.

In the reign of Charlemagne, in the year 796, the mode of writing underwent a change. The rude characters employed under the Merovingian race were disused, and the small Roman letters were introduced. As the spirit of improvement proceeded, new alterations were sought; and some years afterwards, to write in the large Roman capitals, became the mode of the day, the initial letter of each paragraph being always highly ornamented, and sometimes painted, many specimens of which have come down to the present time. Though at an advanced * period of life when this method of writing first began to prevail, Charlemagne endeavoured to learn it, and even caused models of the letters to be laid by his pillow, that during the waking moments of the night, he might practise the art which he sought to acquire.

Nor did the monarch remain satisfied with leading the way himself on the path of knowledge which he desired the whole nation to follow; nor content himself with bestowing on his children a careful and judicious education, both mental and corporeal; but by constantly proposing in writing questions for solution, addressed to the various prelates and teachers of his realm, he forced them to exercise their talents and cultivate their minds, under the severe penalty of shame and ridicule. On the other hand, literary merit was never without its reward, for though, as far as we can discover, Charlemagne, wise in his generosity, seldom if ever gave more than one profitable charge at once to one man, yet those who distinguished themselves by talent and exertion, were sure to meet with honour, distinction, and competence.—*James.*

* I do not know whether it be worth while to attempt to refute the opinion which has been founded on an erroneous passage in Eginhard, that Charlemagne could not write. Eginhard understood, as Gibbon says, the court and the world, and the Latin language, it is true; but, nevertheless, we may much more rationally believe that the secretary made use of a vague expression, than suppose that he wished to imply, in one sentence, the manifest contradiction of Charlemagne being in the habit of going through all the abstruse calculations of astronomy, in an age when those calculations were most complicated, without being able to write. The whole of Charlemagne's life renders the supposition absurd. He studied under Alcuin, whose first rule was to teach the most correct orthography in writing. We know that he subscribed many deeds, though his signature was abbreviated, to render it as rapid as possible. Eginhard himself states, that the monarch wrote the history of the ancient kings in verse: and Lambecius, one of the highest antiquarian authorities, declares, that the imperial library still contains a manuscript, corrected by the hand of Charlemagne himself.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE MONEY OF BETRAYAL, OR "PRICE OF BLOOD."

The following very curious notice respecting the money (coin and value) for which Judas Iscariot betrayed our Redeemer, (and afterwards, with it, purchased "the Potter's Field, to bury strangers in,") is extracted from *The Sovereign Order of Saint John of Jerusalem*, by Andrew Favine, 1620, and will no doubt prove acceptable to the reader:—

"In this citty of Rhodes they did beate and stamp money of silver, in bignesse somewhat neare to an half teston of France, but yet much thicker, and the figures thereon more embossed than ours are. These pieces of silver are like to the halfe sickle of the Jews, or the diobrachma of the Romaines, but they be more worth. There is a tradition, that the thirtie pence, for which the Saviour of the world was sold and delivered to the Jews, by the traitor, Judas, were of this kinde. And in very deede, in the Church of the Holy Crosse of Jerusalem, at Rome, is to be seene one of those thirtie pence, which is wholly like to that in the Church of the Temple, in the citty of Paris. It is enchased in a shrine, and is to be seene but thorow a christall glasse, and on the side which may be noated, appeareth nothing but a head.

"The learned Gulielmus Budeus, the ho-

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nour of our Citty of Paris, and of all France, is the remarkable tract which he wrote, *De Asse*, affirmeth that he had seene the pennie of silver, in the Temple at Paris, and that on it was represented a head, as in truth there is. But, concerning the other side, neither the learned Cardinall Baronius, nor Budeus, doe speake anything else; then of the weight of those silver pence, which the Evangelists tearme Argenteos. One of those silver pence of Rhodes I have, and both the sides thereof, in this manner I shew to you. (*vide Engraving.*)

"I have confronted and compared it with the sight of that pennie at Rome, and the other in the Temple at Paris, and they are all three alike, both in the visage and in the circumference. Mine is in weight two groates, a halfe pennie less of silver, which commeth to twelve sols and one liard. On the other (*one?*) side, it hath the visage of the sunne, like to the fashion of a young man's face, without a beard, with long locks of hayre, as here it is figured, and as poets have feigned. On the other side is a blowne rose, higher and greater than ours are;* which commeth somewhat neare in resemblance to the rose which we tearme of Jericho, and which are brought from the Holy Land. Upon this pennie the rose hath, on eache side, a button, (bud) the one whereof beginneth to blome, but not the other. Above the rose, on the ring of the piece, is formed in capitall Greeke letters, POΔION, (Rhodian,) which signifieth, and would say (if it could) *a rose.* At the foote whereof is this sillable, Er. (Favine then mentions the arms of Rhodes, which, as well as we are able to translate the old French, left untranslated, appears to be Field *d'Argent*, a rose *proper*, with buds; *gules*, stalk, *de synople.*) So," he continues, "that thirtie pence of this money amounteth not but altogether to the summe of eighteen poundes seaven shillings and sixe-pence of our money, and seemeth a very small summe for buying a piece of ground, or land, which the Evangelists call Ackeldemach, (Alcedæma), "The Potter's Field," so neere to Jerusalem peopled with more than a million of men, solde for an offence, and with condition that it should never be redeemed, in regard it was destined for the Burial-place of Pilgrims, which came to Jerusalem at the solemn Feasts there held; and every one well knoweth, that (amongst the Jews) inheritances were sold, more or less, according as the conditions were made, either neere, or further off, from the yeare of jubilee, which they feasted from fifty yeares, to fifty yeares; a feast, so solemnly observed among them, that the sellers did then re-enter into their sold inheritances, which they possessed again freely, and without any charge, or paying any arrerages, according as it was ordained by their law, in the five-and-twentieth chapter of Leviticus. But it may be, this Potter's Field was (in parte) bought with those thirtie pence, and the other parte might be the almes and giftes of the proprietaries or owners, both in the Temple of Jerusalem and publickly, for so good a subject as the buriall of pilgrims, and poore strangers. For ever, and beside the offerings and Tribute-money, which the Jews offered and paid to the treasurers in the Temple, for maintaining the Tribe of Levi, (the deserving ministers thereof) who, at the distribution and division of the Land of Promise to the Jewish people, had not any lot or partage (but were assigned to the Jews devotion,) inheritances might be legacied to them, which falling into mortmaine, could not be redeemed by any custome of kindred, whatsoever jubilee might be alledged, or selling, or alienating, as it is written in the seaven-and-twentieth of Leviticus. And such an inheritance was called *Ager Anathematis* —a field wholly dedicated and consecrated to God; and which from thenceforward, might fall no more into any secular, or prophane hand."

After this erudite disquisition, which endeavours to account for the *smallness* of the sum for which our blessed Lord was betrayed, and for which Alcedama was purchased, how would honest Andrew Favine stare, could he learn that modern commentators have, *without comment*, assigned something less than *one-fifth* of 18*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* as the "price of innocent blood." We transcribe in proof, the annotation on Mat. 26 c. 15 v. from D'Oyly and Mant's Bible:—"'*Thirty pieces of silver.*' Thirty shekels, about 3*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* of our money. It appears from Exod. 21 c. 32 v., that this was the price to be paid for a slave or servant, when killed by a beast. So vilely was He esteemed, who shed his precious blood for man; and so true it is, that *Christ* took upon him the form of a servant." Now, the Jewish *shekel* being valued at 2*s.* 4½*d.* and the coin of the *next* superior denomination, (the *maneh*) being set down in our Bible money-tables, at 7*l.* 1*s.* 5*d.* it is clear that *several* of *intermediate value* must have existed, for exchange, which might reconcile this difference. M. L. B.

* Amongst other interpretations of "*Under the Rose,*" why may we not conjecture that it may have something to do with *bribes to silence?* with *hush-money?* the *Rose*, in many countries, being not an unusual stamp on their coins.

The Public Journals.

PORTDOWN FAIR.

[A series of characteristic sketches of Life in the Navy, has appeared in the successive numbers of the *Metropolitan*, from the pen of Captain Marryatt, author of the *King's Own*, and other popular novels, with a high stamp of originality. The sketches before us

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are entitled Peter Simple, and detail the early adventures of a Middy with much of that delightful ease we are wont to admire in the writings of Smollett, Fielding, and the *character* novelists of the latter half of the past century. The style of Captain Marryatt is fresh, vigorous, and racy—"native and to the manner born,"—abounding in lively anecdote, but never straying into caricature—with just enough of the romance of life to keep the incidents afloat from commonplace, and probability above-board. This and the following are specimen sketches.]

We all had leave from the first lieutenant to go to Portdown fair, but he would only allow the oldsters to sleep on shore. We anticipated so much pleasure from our excursion, that some of us were up, and went away in the boat sent for fresh beef. This was very foolish. There were no carriages to take us to the fair, nor indeed any fair so early in the morning: the shops were all shut, and the Blue Posts, where we always rendezvoused was hardly open. We waited there in the coffee-room, until we were driven out by the maid sweeping away the dirt, and were forced to walk about until she had finished, and lighted the fire, when we ordered our breakfast; but how much better would it have been to have taken our breakfast comfortably on board, and then to have come on shore, especially as we had no money to spare. Next to being too late, being too soon is the worst plan in the world. However, we had our breakfast, and paid the bill; then we sallied forth, and went up George Street, where we found all sorts of vehicles ready to take us to the fair. We got into one which they called a dilly. I asked the man who drove us why it was so called, and he replied because he only charged a shilling. O'Brien, who had joined us after breakfasting on board, said that this answer reminded him of one given to him by a man who attended the hackney-coach stands in London. "Pray," said he, "why are you called Watermen?". "Watermen," replied the man, "vy, sir, 'cause ve opens the hackney-coach doors." At last, with pleaty of whipping, and plenty of swearing, and a great deal of laughing, the old horse, whose back curved upwards like a bow, from the difficulty of dragging so many, arrived at the bottom of Portdown hill, where we got out, and walked up to the fair. It really was a most beautiful sight. The bright blue sky, and the coloured flags flapping about in all directions, the grass so green, and the white tents and booths, the sun shining so bright, and the shining gilt gingerbread, the variety of toys and variety of noise, the quantity of people and the quantity of sweetmeats; little boys so happy, and shop people so polite, the music at the booths, and the bustle and eagerness of the people outside, made my heart quite jump. There was Richardson, with a clown and harlequin, and such beautiful women, dressed in clothes all over gold spangles, dancing reels and waltzes, and looking so happy! There was Flint and Gyngell, with fellows tumbling over head and heels, playing such tricks—eating fire, and drawing yards of tape out of their mouths. Then there was the Royal Circus, all the horses standing in a line, with men and women standing on their backs, waving flags, while the trumpeters blew their trumpets. And the largest giant in the world, and Mr. Paap, the smallest dwarf in the world, and a female dwarf, who was smaller still, and Miss Biffin, who did every thing without legs or arms. There was also the learned pig, and the Herefordshire ox, and a hundred other sights which I cannot now remember. We walked about for an hour or two, seeing the outside of every thing: we determined to go and see the inside. First we went into Richardson's, where we saw a bloody tragedy, with a ghost and thunder, and afterwards a pantomime, full of tricks, and tumbling over one another. Then we saw one or two other things, I forget which, but this I know, that generally speaking, the outside was better than the inside. After this, feeling very hungry, we agreed to go into a booth and have something to eat. The tables were ranged all around, and in the centre there was a boarded platform for dancing. The ladies were there already dressed for partners; and the music was so lively, that I felt very much inclined to dance, but we had agreed to go and see the wild beasts fed at Mr. Polito's menagerie, and as it was now almost eight o'clock, we paid our bill and set off. It was a very curious sight, and better worth seeing than any thing in the fair; I never had an idea that there were so many strange animals in existence. They were all secured in iron cages, and a large chandelier, with twenty lights, hung in the centre of the booth, and lighted them up, while the keeper went round and stirred them up with his long pole; at the same time he gave us their histories, which were very interesting. I recollect a few of them. There was the tapir, a great pig with a long nose, a variety of the hiptostomass, which the keeper said was an amphibious animal, as couldn't live on land, and *dies* in the water—however, it seemed to live very well in a cage. Then there was the kangaroo with its young ones peeping out of it—a most astonishing animal. The keeper said that it brought forth two young ones at a birth, and then took them into its stomach again, until they arrived at years of discretion. Then there was the pelican of the wilderness, (I shall not forget him,) with a large bag under his throat, which the man put on his head as a night-cap; this bird feeds its young with its own blood—when fish are scarce.

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And there was the laughing hyæna, who cries in the wood like a human being in distress, and devours those who come to his assistance—a sad instance of the depravity of human nature, as the keeper observed. There was a beautiful creature, the royal Bengal tiger, only three years old, what growed ten inches every year, and never arrived at its full growth. The one we saw measured, as the keeper told us, sixteen feet from the snout to the tail, and seventeen feet from the tail to the snout; but there must have been some mistake there. There was a young elephant and three lions, and several other animals, which I forget now, so I shall go on to describe the tragical scene which occurred. The keeper had poked up all the animals, and had commenced feeding them. The great lion was growling and snarling over the shin bone of an ox, cracking it like a nut, when by some mismanagement, one end of the pole upon which the chandelier was suspended fell down, striking the door of the cage in which the lioness was at supper, and bursting it open. It was all done in a second; the chandelier fell, the cage opened, and the lioness sprung out. I remember to this moment seeing the body of the lioness in the air, and then all as dark as pitch. What a change! not a moment before all of us staring with delight and curiosity, and then to be left in darkness, horror and dismay! There was such screaming and shrieking, such crying, and fighting, and pushing, and fainting, nobody knew where to go, or how to find their way out. The people crowded first on one side, and then on the other, as their fears instigated them. I was very soon jammed up with my back against the bars of one of the cages, and feeling some beast lay hold of me behind, made a desperate effort, and succeeded in climbing up to the cage above, not however without losing the seat of my trousers, which the laughing hyæna would not let go. I hardly knew where I was when I climbed up; but I knew the birds were mostly stationed above. However, that I might not have the front of my trousers torn as well as the behind, as soon as I gained my footing I turned round, with my back to the bars of the cage; but I had not been there a minute, before I was attacked by something which digged into me like a pickaxe, and as the hyæna had torn my clothes, I had no defence against it. To turn round would have been worse still; so after having received above a dozen stabs, I contrived by degrees to shift my position, until I was opposite to another cage, but not until the pelican, for it was that brute, had drawn as much blood from me as would have fed his young for a week. I was surmising what danger I should next encounter, when to my joy I discovered that I had gained the open door from which the lioness had escaped. I crawled in, and pulled the door too after me, thinking myself very fortunate; and there I sat very quietly in a corner during the remainder of the noise and confusion. I had not been there but a few minutes, when the beef-eaters, as they were called, who played the music outside, came in with torches and loaded muskets. The sight which presented itself was truly shocking; twenty or thirty men, women, and children, lay on the ground, and I thought at first the lioness had killed them all, but they were only in fits, or had been trampled down by the crowd. No one was seriously hurt. As for the lioness, she was not to be found; and as soon as it was ascertained that she had escaped, there was as much terror and scampering away outside, as there had been in the menagerie. It appeared afterwards, that the animal had been as much frightened as we had been, and had secreted himself under one of the wagons. It was sometime before she could be found. At last O'Brien who was a very brave fellow, went a-head of the beef-eaters, and saw her eyes glaring. They borrowed a net or two from the carts which had brought calves to the fair, and threw them over her. When she was fairly entangled, they dragged her by the tail into the menagerie. All this while I had remained very quietly in the den, but when I perceived that its lawful owner had come back again to retake possession, I thought it was time to come out; so I called to my messmates, who with O'Brien were assisting the beef-eaters. They had not discovered me, and laughed very much when they saw where I was. One of the midshipmen shot the bolt of the door, so that I could not jump out, and then stirred me up with a long pole. At last I contrived to unbolt it again, and got out, when they laughed still more, at the seat of my trousers being torn off. It was not exactly a laughing matter to me, although I had to congratulate myself upon a very lucky escape: and so did my messmates think, when I narrated my adventures. The pelican was the worst part of the business. O'Brien lent me a dark silk handkerchief, which I tied round my waist, and let drop behind, so that my misfortunes might not attract any notice, and then we quitted the menagerie; but I was so stiff that I could scarcely walk.

SCOTCH "BLUID."

We had a new messmate of the name of M'Foy. I was on the quarter-deck when he came on board and presented a letter to the captain, inquiring first if his name was "Captain Sauvage." He was a florid young man nearly six feet high, with sandy hair, yet very good-looking. As his career in the service was very short, I will tell at once what I did not find out till some time afterwards. The captain had agreed to receive him to

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oblige a brother officer, who had retired from the service, and lived in the Highlands of Scotland. The first notice which the captain had of the arrival of Mr. M'Foy, was from a letter written to him by the young man's uncle. This amused him so much, that he gave it to the first lieutenant to read. It ran as follows;—

Glasgow, April 25th, 1——.

"Sir,

"Our much esteemed and mutual friend, Captain M'Alpine, having communicated by letter, dated the 14th inst., your kind intentions relative to my nephew Sholto M'Foy, (for which you will be pleased to accept my best thanks,) I write to acquaint you that he is now on his way to join your ship the Diomede, and will arrive, God willing, twenty-six hours after the receipt of this letter.

"As I have been given to understand by those who have some acquaintance with the service of the King, that his equipment as an officer will be somewhat expensive, I have considered it but fair to ease your mind as to any responsibility on that score, and have therefore enclosed the half of a Bank of England note for ten pounds sterling, No. 3742, the other half of which will be duly forwarded in a frank promised to me the day after to-morrow. I beg you will make the necessary purchases, and apply the balance, should there be any, to his mess account, or any other expenses which you may consider warrantable or justifiable.

It is at the same time proper to inform you, that Sholto had ten shillings in his pocket at the time of his leaving Glasgow; the satisfactory expenditure of which I have no doubt you will inquire into, as it is a large sum to be placed at the discretion of a youth only fourteen years and five months old. I mention his age, as Sholto is so tall that you might be deceived by his appearance, and be induced to trust to his prudence in affairs of this serious nature. Should he at any time require further assistance beyond his pay, which I am told is extremely handsome to all king's officers, I beg you to consider that any draft of yours, at ten days' sight, to the amount of five pounds sterling English, will be duly honoured by the firm of Monteith, M'Killop, and Company, of Glasgow. Sir, with many thanks for your kindness and consideration,

"I remain your most obedient,

"Walter Monteith."

The letter brought on board by M'Foy was to prove his identity. While the captain read it, M'Foy stared about him like a wild stag. The captain welcomed him to the ship, asked him one or two questions, introduced him to the first lieutenant, and then went on shore. The first lieutenant had asked me to dine in the gun-room; and when the captain pulled on shore, he also invited Mr. M'Foy, when the following conversation took place.

"Well, Mr. M'Foy, you have had a long journey; I presume it is the first that you have ever made."

"Indeed is it, Sir," replied M'Foy; "and sorely I've been pestered. Had I minded all they whispered in my lug as I came along, I had need been made of money—sax-pence here, sax-pence there, sax-pence every where. Sich extortion I ne'er dreamt of."

"How did you come from Glasgow?"

"By the wheel-boat, or steam-boat, as they ca'd it, to Lunnon: where they charged me sax-pence for taking my baggage on shore—a wee boxy nae bigger than yon cocked-up hat. I would fain carry it mysel', but they wadna let me."

"Well, where did you go to when you arrived in London?"

"I went to a place ca'd Chichester Rents, to the house of Storm and Mainwaring, Warehousemen, and they must have anither sax-pence for showing me the way. There I waited half-an-hour in the counting-house, till they took me to a place ca'd Bull and Mouth, and put me into a coach, paying my whole fare; nevertheless they must din me for money the whole of the way down. There was first the guard, and then the coachman, and another guard, and another coachman; but I wudna listen to them, and so they growled and abused me."

"And when did you arrive?"

"I came here last night; and I only had a bed and a breakfast at the twa Blue Pillars' house, for which they extortioned me three shillings and sax-pence, as I sit here. And then there was the chambermaid hussy and waiter loon axed me to remember them, and wanted more siller; but I told them, as I told the guard and coachman, that I had none for them."

"How much of your ten shillings have you left?" inquired the first lieutenant, smiling.

"Hoot! sir lieutenant, how came you for to ken that? Eh! it's my uncle Monteith at Glasgow. Why, as I sit here, I've but three shillings and a penny of it lift. But there's a smell here that's no canny; so I just go up again into the fresh air."

When Mr. M'Foy quitted the gun-room, they all laughed very much. After he had been a short time on deck, he went down into the midshipmen's berth; but he made himself very unpleasant, quarrelling and wrangling with every body. It did not, however, last very long; for he would not obey any orders that were given to him. On the third day, he quitted the ship without asking the permission of the first lieutenant; when he returned on board the following day, the first lieutenant put him under an arrest, and in charge of the sentry at the cabin door. During the afternoon I was under the half-deck, and

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perceived that he was sharpening a long clasp knife upon the after truck of the gun. I went up to him, and asked him why he was doing so, and he replied, as his eyes flashed fire, that it was to revenge the insult offered to the bluid of M'Foy. His look told me that he was in earnest. "But what do you mean?" inquired I. "I mean," said he, drawing the edge and feeling the point of his weapon, "to put into the wheam of that man with the gold podge on his shoulder, who has dared to place me here."

I was very much alarmed, and thought it my duty to state his murderous intentions, or worse might happen; so I walked up on deck and told the first lieutenant what M'Foy was intending to do, and how his life was in danger. Mr. Falcon laughed, and shortly afterwards went down on the main-deck. M'Foy's eyes glistened, and he walked forward to where the first lieutenant was standing; but the sentry, who had been cautioned by me, kept him back with his bayonet. The first lieutenant turned round, and perceiving what was going on, desired the sentry to see if Mr. M'Foy had a knife in his hand; and he had it sure enough, open, and held behind his back. He was disarmed, and the first lieutenant, perceiving that the lad meant mischief, reported his conduct to the captain, on his arrival on board. The captain sent for M'Foy, who was very obstinate, and when taxed with his intention would not deny it, or even say that he would not again attempt it; so he was sent on shore immediately, and returned to his friends in the Highlands. We never saw any more of him; but I heard that he obtained a commission in the army, and three months after he had joined his regiment, was killed in a duel, resenting some fancied affront offered to the bluid of M'Foy. —*Metropolitan*

Notes of a Reader.

A CHANCELLOR'S START IN LIFE.

(From the Double Trial.)

THURLOW had travelled the ——— Circuit for some years with little notice, and with no opportunity to put forth his abilities; when the housekeeper of a Duke of N——— was prosecuted for stealing a great deal of linen, with which she had been intrusted. An attorney of little note and practice conducted the woman's case. He knew full well that he could expect no hearty co-operation in employing any of the leading counsel: it was a poor case, and a low case; and it could not be supposed that they, "the foremost men of all the bar," would set themselves, "*tooth and nail*," against the Duke, who in himself, his agents, and his friends, made the greatest part of every high legal and political assemblage in the country. The attorney looked round, therefore, for some young barrister who had nothing to lose, and might have something to win; and he fixed upon Thurlow. Thurlow read over his brief with the highest glee, and had an interview with the prisoner. As he entered the court, he jogged another briefless one like himself, and said, in his favourite slang language—"Neck or nothing, my boy, to-day! I'll soar or tumble!" The opening speech of the eminent counsel for the Duke, and the evidence, completely convicted the woman. The articles stolen were brought into court. When Thurlow rose to cross-examine the leading witness, before he asked a question, he merely, bending his black brows upon the man, turned round, and desired to look at the things that were said to be stolen. They were before him all the time, and were then presented to him; and, without a word, he carelessly tossed them again upon the table before him. He now closely questioned the witness, as to points of honour and honesty; then, in a minute or two, again asked to see the things. He was informed that he had already had them handed to him, and that they were now before him. "I mean," said he, with well-assumed ignorance, "the things that this unhappy woman is accused of having stolen." The witness, with great sufficiency and knowledge, as if to prove his own correctness, pointed them out upon the table before him. "And what else?" said he. He was answered that they were the whole. "And you, Mr. Witness," said he, with a sneer, "are the man of great trust, of accredited honour and honesty; and, full of your own consequence, and in high feather, you come here to follow up a prosecution against a fellow-servant, and a confidential one (you tell me), whom you have indicted as a felon, for taking these rags," exhibiting some cloth that happened to be torn; "and this is the sum and substance of her offence! And all these witnesses," pointing to a group, who had pushed themselves forward, "have been brought into this honourable court, to affix the ownership of the high and mighty noble Duke and Duchess to these cast-off, worn-out clothes! And here comes this fine gentleman to swear to the robber of that," holding up the garment, "which he himself would not accept as a gift! Shame, say I; and I am certain every one of your hearts, Gentlemen of the Jury, reechoes my indignant feeling! Shame, say I, on every one of the party," pausing to give one of his looks to each individual, "that is concerned in such a business! Why, it is more like a conspiracy against this poor destitute woman, against whom I lament to see my very honourable and learned brethren," pointing to the other counsel, "here arrayed—it is more like a conspiracy (not that my learned friends have lot, or part, or feeling in the business)—more like a conspiracy against

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this woman, than any, the least act of felony on her part. These clothes! I pray you look at them, Gentlemen of the Jury—these clothes!! Can you conceive, Gentlemen, that if you were a Duke and Duchess of N———, you would have even offered to give a housekeeper, a woman of credit and respectability —a fellow-servant of this fine gentleman before you—such worn-out rags as these? Would you have thought it worthy of consideration, if such a servant had thought proper to appropriate to her own use a cart-load of this trumpery? If the poor woman did remove out of sight such trash as this, all I say is, that she seems to have had more respect for the credit and honour of that noble house than any of the people whose ridiculous pretensions to honesty have persecuted her, and exhibited themselves here. *Gentlemen and Ladies*, witnesses! I have done with you; you may all leave the court!"

They were all glad to take him at the first word, and in a few minutes not one of them was to be seen. "I have heard," he continued, "of the pride of a noble house, and of its poverty, being nearly allied; but here we have all the poverty and none of the pride!" Some one unluckily said that the things were not all in that torn state. "What," said he, with the utmost contempt, looking to the party, "is there any one that wishes to exhibit his devoted baseness? Let him not whisper here behind my back, but come forward and get into the box." He paused, and had no further interruption. "To you, Gentlemen of the Jury, I appeal. I ask you if you have seen enough of the rags of this noble family?" and he pulled out the worst piece of the linen, and held it at arm's length during the greater part of a taunting speech of the same kind: then, throwing it contemptuously from him—"Away, away, I say, with these rags of the noble family of N———!" (and some one gathered up all together, and took them out of court)—"and God grant that they may never rise up in judgment against them! Poor, weak, foolish woman! she took them as her perquisite. Perquisite indeed! her folly was her fault; for you have seen that they were not worth the taking.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I cannot believe that you will lend yourselves to such a grovelling prosecution—*persecution*, as this. I pause not to investigate where the evil spirit arose, in principles or agents, against this injured and calumniated female. If the great ones of our earth will disgrace themselves—if they will listen to the suggestions of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, I trust that you, more humble members of the community, will not be partakers of these evil passions. Where the prosecutor has sustained no personal fear and no personal loss, it is impossible that any offence can have been committed. You are not twelve despots sitting upon a case of high treason against the game-laws, and are to have your consciences racked, to bring in a verdict of trespass, where no damage can be proved; you are not required to strain right against justice and honesty. What is the offence? How is our Lord the King or his subjects aggrieved? Those rags!—I know not what the splendid household of the Duke may require for matches and tinder; for this is all the value that can be attached to them. Shall we call for them back again, lest the Duke and the Duchess should lose their recovered treasure? I am not disposed to dispute their right; for even if they were the perquisite of the housekeeper, I am convinced that she would not get a farthing emolument for those tattered remnants of nobility. Of one thing I am well assured, that there is not a sufficiency of sound linen in the whole to make lint enough to cover the wound that the reputation of the noble Duke and Duchess has sustained in this disgraceful prosecution. Gentlemen, I will trouble you no further—I confidently expect your verdict." And the woman was acquitted: and from that day the powers of Thurlow, in voice, sarcasm, gesture, and all the superior intonations of browbeating, which raised him to the most dangerous pinnacle of legal greatness, became known, and rapidly advanced him to fame,* and the grandchildren of his father to be enrolled among the established peers of our realm.

* "The foregoing anecdote was told to the writer by the late James Burton, Esq., of Lockeridge House, a seat of the Marquess of Aylesbury's, near Marlborough. Mr. Burton married a daughter of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Cibber, by *General Sloper*, a man of the highest fashion of *his* day, from whom, I believe, Mr. Burton received the account; the particulars of which, as I have narrated, no doubt, many persons of Mr. Burton's acquaintance still remember."

Spirit of Discovery.

ON THE POTATO.

By T. A. Knight, Esq., F. R. S., Pres. Hort. Soc.

Mr. Knight is convinced by the evidence of experiments, "that the potato plant, under proper management, is capable of causing to be brought to market a much greater weight of vegetable food, from any given extent of ground, than any other plant which we possess." There is no crop, he says, "so certain as that of potatoes; and it has the advantage of being generally most abundant, when the crops of wheat are defective; that is, in wet seasons." The following observations are extremely interesting:—

"I think I shall be able to adduce some strong facts in support of my opinion, that by a greatly extended culture of the potato for the purpose of supplying the markets with vegetable food, a more abundant and more wholesome supply of food for the use of the

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labouring classes of society may be obtained, than wheat can ever afford, and, I believe, of a more palatable kind to the greater number of persons. I can just recollect the time when the potato was unknown to the peasantry of Herefordshire, whose gardens were then almost exclusively occupied by different varieties of the cabbage. Their food at that period consisted of bread and cheese with the produce of their gardens; and tea was unknown to them. About sixty-six years ago, before the potato was introduced into their gardens, agues had been so exceedingly prevalent, that the periods in which they, or their families, had been afflicted with that disorder, were the eras to which I usually heard them refer in speaking of past events; and I recollect being cautioned by them frequently not to stand exposed to the sun in May, lest I should get an ague. The potato was then cultivated in small quantities in the gardens of gentlemen, but it was not thought to afford wholesome nutriment, and was supposed by many to possess deleterious qualities. The prejudice of all parties, however, disappeared so rapidly, that within ten years the potato had almost wholly driven the cabbage from the gardens of the cottagers. Within the same period, ague, the previously prevalent disease of the country, disappeared; and no other species of disease became prevalent. I adduce this fact, as evidence only, that the introduction of the potato was not injurious to the health of the peasantry at that period; but whether its production was, or was not, instrumental in causing the disappearance of ague, I will not venture to give an opinion. I am, however, confident, that neither draining the soil (for that was not done,) nor any change in the general habits of the peasantry, had taken place, to which their improved health could be attributed. Bread is well known to constitute the chief food of the French peasantry. They are a very temperate race of men; and they possess the advantages of a very fine and dry climate. Yet the duration of life amongst them is very short, scarcely exceeding two thirds of the average duration of life in England; and in some districts much less. Dr. Hawkins, in his *Medical Statistics*, states, upon the authority of M. Villerme that, in the department of Indre, 'one fourth of the children born die within the first year, and half between fifteen and twenty; and that three fourths are dead within the space of fifty years. Having inquired of a very eminent French physiologist, M. Dutrochet, who is resident in the department of Indre, the cause of this extraordinary mortality, he stated it to be their food, which consisted chiefly of bread; and of which he calculated every adult peasant to eat two pounds a day. And he added, without having received any leading question from me, or in any degree knowing my opinion upon the subject, that if the peasantry of his country would substitute (which they could do) a small quantity of animal food, with potatoes, instead of so much bread, they would live much longer, and with much better health. I am inclined to pay much deference to M. Dutrochet's opinion; for he combines the advantages of a regular medical education with great acuteness of mind, and I believe him to be as well acquainted with the general laws of organic life as any person living: and I think his opinion deserves some support, from the well known fact, that the duration of human life has been much greater in England during the last sixty years, than in the preceding period of the same duration. Bread made of wheat, when taken in large quantities, has probably, more than any other article of food in use in this country, the effect of overloading the alimentary canal: and the general practice of the French physician points out the prevalence of diseases thence arising amongst their patients. I do not, however, think, or mean to say, that potatoes alone are proper food for any human being: but I feel confident, that four ounces of meat, with as large a quantity of good potatoes as would wholly take away the sensation of hunger, would afford, during twenty-four hours, more efficient nutriment than could be derived from bread in any quantity, and might be obtained at much less expense."—*Trans. Hort. Soc. quoted in Gardeners' Mag.*

The Gatherer.

CLOCK-MAKING IN THE NINTH CENTURY.

THE Caliph Haroun al Raschid is stated to have maintained an unbroken friendship with his contemporary Charlemagne, throughout their mutual reign. A variety of magnificent presents attested the esteem of the caliph for his Christian friend. Among them were several objects, which tend to show the advance which art had made, at this time in the East. The first of these was a clock of gilded bronze, round which the course of the twelve hours was displayed; while, at the end of each hour, the number of brazen balls which were requisite to mark the division of time, were thrown out from above, and falling consecutively on a cymbal below, struck the hour required. In like manner a number of horsemen issued forth from windows placed around the dial; while a number of other clock-work miracles attested the height which the mechanical arts had reached at the court of Haroun.

The carriage of such objects, as the above presents sent from Bagdad to France, was, of course, attended with no small inconvenience; and the neglected state of the science of navigation, rendered the journeys of the

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ambassadors long and dangerous. Between three and four years were generally consumed in a mission from one capital to another; and, indeed, it happened more than once, that even after arriving within the dominions of the Frankish monarchs, the envoys had still to seek him over a tract nearly as extensive as that which they had before crossed.

Parliamentary Debates.—Originally these debates were given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the fiction of "Debates in the Senate of Liliput," and the speakers were disguised under feigned names. Guthrie, for a time, composed these speeches from such hints as he could bring away in his memory. Dr. Johnson first assisted in this department, and then entirely filled it, and the public was highly gratified with the eloquence displayed in these compositions. P. T. W.

Steam Carriages.—By the formation of rail-roads, a loss has occurred in the revenue from stage coaches, to the amount of 8,384*l.*

Electro-Magnetism.—The largest electro-magnet is that constructed by the American philosophers. It is of a horse-shoe form, and weighs about 60 lbs.; around it are 26 coils of wire, the united lengths of which are 800 feet. When excited by about five feet of galvanic surface, it is said to have supported nearly two tons. We here see that the exciting cause of magnetism is the action of the galvanic battery; and a variety of other interesting experiments in electro-magnetics, tend to the conclusion that the magnetic and electric fluids are nearly allied.—*Imperial Magazine.*

Salary of the Chancellor, 700 years since.—The salary of the Chancellor, as fixed by Henry I., amounted to five shillings per diem, and a livery of provisions.

Dibdin.—On the tombstone of Dibdin, the celebrated song composer, in St. Martin's, by Pancras New Church, is the first verse of his *Tom Bowling:*

"His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful on earth he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft."

Studious Printer.- Morel was an eminent French printer, who sacrificed every thing to study. On being informed that his wife was dying, he refused to quit his pen till he had finished what he was about, and by that time news was brought him that she was dead; to which he coolly replied, "I am sorry for it—she was a good woman." He died in 1638, at the age of 78. P. T. W.

A Painter's Retort, or Dangerous Retouch.—Antonio More, the celebrated painter, was highly favoured by Philip of Spain, whose familiarity with him placed his life in danger; for More ventured to return a slap on the shoulder which the king in a playful moment gave him, by rubbing some carmine on his majesty's hand. This behaviour was accepted by the monarch as a jest, but it was hinted to More that the holy tribunal might regard it as sacrilege, and he fled, to save himself, into Flanders, where he was employed by the Duke of Alva. P. T. W.

Steam Power.—Mr. Alexander Gordon states, that in various departments of the revenue, the saving of expenditure by the substitution of inanimate for animate power, would, in the Post Office alone, amount to upwards of half a million; whilst, from the cheapness of food which the substitution would produce, the navy and army estimates would be most essentially reduced.

Steam may now be said to maintain the power which can engrave a seal, and crush a mass of obdurate metal like wax before it; draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift a ship of war like a bauble in the air; to embroider muslin, forge anchors, cut steel into ribands, and impel itself against the opposition of the veering tempest.

Charlemagne was buried on the day of his death in the great church which he had constructed at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Monk of Angouleme declares that he was inhumed in his imperial robes, and that the pilgrim's wallet which he wore on his journeys to Rome was also consigned with his body to the tomb.

Indian Hail Storms.—Captain Skinner says, during one in which a heavy shower of hail fell, the thermometer sunk nine degrees in fewer minutes—from 75 to 66; it rose again as rapidly. Although it was more than four o'clock in the afternoon when the hail fell, it was still on the ground the following morning; a proof of the coldness of the night air.

Waterloo Child.—A private of the 27th regiment, who was severely wounded at the battle of Waterloo, was carried off the field by his wife, then far advanced in pregnancy; she also was wounded by a shell, and with her husband, remained a considerable time in one of the hospitals at Antwerp, in a hopeless state. The man lost both his arms, his wife was extremely lame, and here gave birth to a daughter, to whom it is said the late Duke of York stood sponsor; her names being Frederica M'Mullen Waterloo. A. H. K—r.

The Royal Academy.—The receipts for admission to the Exhibition of this year were £300. short of what they were last year. The sale of pictures at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists has been greater than in any preceding season.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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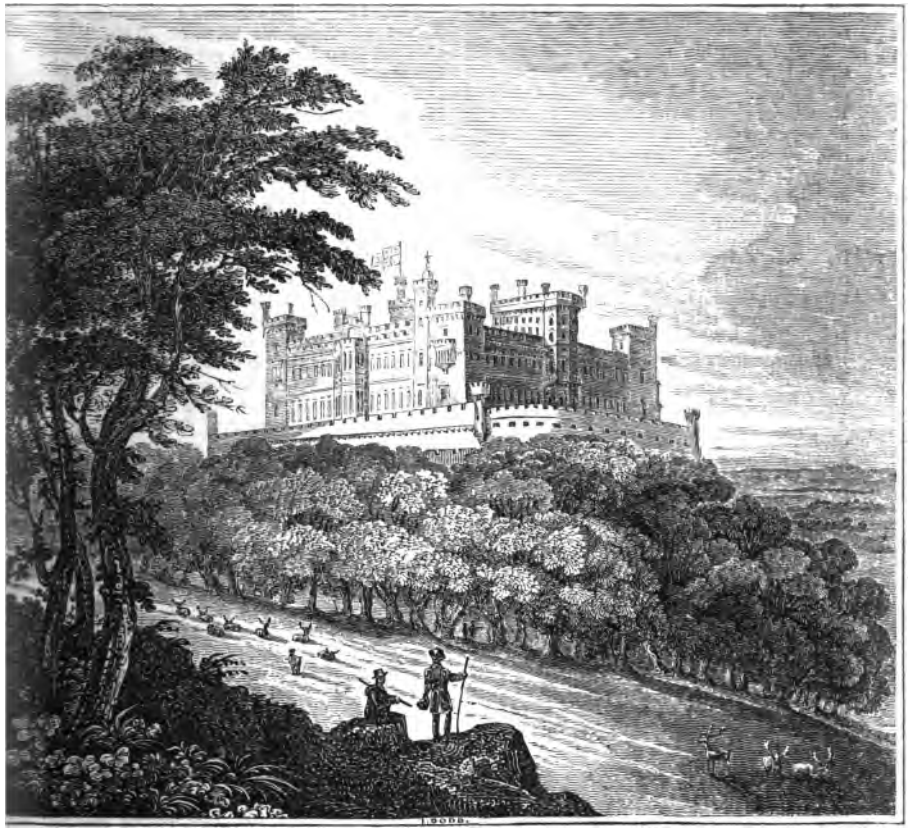
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 564.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



BELVOIR CASTLE.

Belvoir Castle, (or Bever, as it was formerly and is now sometimes called,) in situation and aspect partly resembles "majestic Windsor." It has a similar "princely brow," being placed upon an abrupt elevation of a kind of natural cliff, forming the termination of a peninsular hill, the basis of which is red grit stone, but now covered with vegetable mould, well turfed by nature and art, and varied into terraces of different elevation. It has been the seat of the noble family of Manners for several generations; it claims the pribrity of every other seat in the county wherein it is situate; and is one of the most magnificent castellated structures in the kingdom.

This castle, in some topographical works, is described as being in Lincolnshire. Camden says, "In the west part of Kesteven, on the edge of Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, there stands Belvoir Castle, so called (whatever was its ancient name) from the fine prospect on a steep hill, which seems the work of art." Burton expressly says that it "is certainly in Lincolnshire," and the authors of *Magna Britannia* are of the same opinion; but Mr. Nichols, whose authority on subjects of local history, respecting Leicestershire, is generally decisive and satisfactory, states that "the castle is at present in every respect considered as being within this county with all the lands

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of the extra-parochial part of Belvoir thereto belonging, (including the site of the Priory,*) consisting in the whole of about 600 acres of wood, meadow, and pasture land; upon which are now no buildings but the castle, with its offices and the inn. It would be a difficult matter, notwithstanding, to trace out with accuracy, the precise boundary of the two counties in this neighbourhood."

That Belvoir has been the site of a castle since the Norman Conquest appears well established. Leland says, "The Castle of Belvoir standeth in the utter part of that way of Leicestershire, on the nape of an high hill, steep up each way, partly by nature, partly by working of men's hands, as it may evidently be perceived. Whether there were any castle there before the Conquest or no I am not sure, but surely I think no rather than ye. Toteneius was the first inhabiter after the Conquest. Then it came to Albeneius, and from Albeney to Ros."

The Belvoir estate came into the Manners family, by the marriage of Eleanor with Robert de Manners of Ethale, Northumberland. Eleanor was the eldest sister of Edmund, Lord Ros, who resided at the manor-house of Elsinges, in Enfield, Middlesex, where he died without issue in the year 1508. His sisters became heiresses to the estates, and Belvoir being part of the moiety of Eleanor, became the property of the Manners family, who have continued to possess it to the present time.

As the possessors of this castle and lordship have been chiefly persons of considerable eminence, and many of them numbered among the great men of history, it may be as well to interweave a few notices of them with a brief chronological account of the noble structure. Robert, the first Norman lord, died in 1088, and was buried in the chapter-house of the Priory, where Dr. Stukely discovered the stone already named, to his memory. "By a general survey taken at the death of Robert, it appears that he was in possession of fourscore lordships: many of which, by uninterrupted succession, continue still to be the property of the Duke of Rutland. In Lincolnshire his domains were still more numerous. In Northamptonshire he had nine lordships; one of which, Stoke, acquired the additional name of Albini, when it came into the possession of his son." William de Albini, son of the above, succeeded to these lordships; and, like his father, was a celebrated warrior: according to Matthew Paris, he valourously distinguished himself at the battle of Tinchebrai, in Normandy, September 27, 1106; where Henry I. encountered Robert Curthose, his brother. This lord obtained from Henry the grant of an annual fair at Belvoir, to be continued for eight days. During the changeful reigns of Stephen and Henry II., the castle fell into the hands of the crown, and was granted to Ranulph de Gernons, Earl of Chester; but repossession was obtained by de Albini, who died here about the year 1155. William de Albini, (alias Meschines and Britto,) the next possessor of Belvoir, endowed the Priory here with certain lands, and, in 1165, certified to Henry II. that he then held of him thirty-two knights' fees under the old feoffments, whereby he was enfeoffed in the time of Henry I. William de Albini, the third of that name, accompanied Richard I. during his crusading reign, into Normandy: he was also one of the sureties for King John, in his treaty of peace with Philip of France. He was too, engaged in the barons' wars in the latter reign, and was taken prisoner by the king's party at Rochester Castle; his own castle at Belvoir also falling into the royal hands. He was likewise one of the twenty-five barons, whose signatures were attached to Magna Charta and the charter of Forests at Runnemede. This lord richly endowed the priory of Belvoir, and founded and endowed a hospital at Wassebridge, between Stamford and Uffingham, where he was buried in 1236. Isabel, of the house of Albini, now married to Robert de Ros, or Roos, baron of Hamlake, and thus carried the estates into a new family. The bounds of the lordship of Belvoir, at this time, are described by a document printed in Nichols's History. This new lord obtained a license from Henry III. to hold a weekly market and annual fair at Belvoir. He died in 1285, and his body was buried at Kirkham, his bowels before the high altar at Belvoir, and his heart at Croxton Abbey; it being a practice of that age for the corporeal remains of eminent persons to be thus distributed after death. The next owner, William de Ros was, in 1304, allowed to impark 100 acres under the name of *Bever* Park, which was appropriated solely to the preservation of game. He died in 1317: his eldest son, William de Ros, took the title of Baron Ros, of Hamlake, Werke, Belvoir, and Trusbut; was Lord High Admiral of England, and sat in parliament from 11 Edw. II. to 16 Edw. III; he died in 1342. Sir William de Ros, knight, was Lord High Treasurer to Henry IV.; he died at the Castle in 1414, and bequeathed 400*l.* "for finding ten

* At Belvoir was formerly a priory of four black monks, subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban, in Hertfordshire, to which it was annexed by its founder, Robert de Belvideir, or De Todenci, in the time of William the Conqueror. It was dedicated to St. Mary; and was valued, at the Dissolution, at £104. 19*s.* 10*d.* per annum. Dr. Stukely, in the year 1736, saw the coffin and bones of the founder, who died in 1088, dug up in the Priory chapel, then a stable: and on a stone was inscribed in large letters, with lead cast in them, ROBERT DE TODENE LE FVDEVR. Another coffin and cover near it was likewise discovered with the following inscription:—"The Vale of Bever, barren of wood, is large and very plentiful of good corn and grass, and lieth in three shires, Leicester, Lincoln, and much in Nottinghamshire."

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honest chaplains to pray for his soul, and the souls of his father, mother, brethren, sisters, &c." for eight years within his chapel at Belvoir castle. John and William Ros, the next owners, were distinguished in the wars of France; the former was slain at Anjou; the latter died in 1431, and was succeeded by his son, Edmund, an infant, who, on coming of age, engaged in the civil wars of York and Lancaster: he was attainted in 1641, and his noble possessions parcelled out by Edward IV; the honour, castle, and lordship of Belvoir, with the park and all its members, and the rent called castle-guard, (then an appurtenance to Belvoir,) being granted in 1647, to Hastings the court corruptionist.* The attainder was, however, repealed, and Edmund, Lord Ros re-obtained possession of all his estates in 1483: he died at Enfield, and the estates then passed into the Manners family, as we have stated.

George, eldest son of the above-named Robert Manners, succeeded to his father's estates, including Belvoir: in his will, a copy of which is given by Mr. Nichols, dated Oct. 6, 1513, he is styled "Sir George Manners, knight, Lord Ros." He was interred, with his lady, in a chantry chapel, founded by his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Ledger, in the chapel of St. George, at Windsor. His son, Thomas, Lord Ros, succeeded him, and was created by Henry VIII. a knight, and afterwards Earl of Rutland, a title which had never before been conferred on any person but of the blood royal. This nobleman aided Henry in the dissolution of the monasteries, and for his zeal received from the monarch several manors and estates. He caused many of the ancient monuments of the Albinis and the Rosses to be removed from the priory churches of Belvoir and Croxton to that of Bottesford. He also restored and in part rebuilt the castle, which had been in ruins since Hastings's attack. The state of the castle at this period is thus described by Leland:—"It is a straunge sighte to se be how many steppes of stone the way goith up from the village to the castel. In the castel be two faire gates; and the dungeon is a faire rounde towere now turned to pleasure, as a place to walk yn, and to se al the countrye aboute, and raylid about the round (wall,) and a garden (plotte) in the midle. There is also a welle of grete depth in the castelle, and the spring thereof is very good." Henry, the second Earl of Rutland, succeeded his father in 1543; and in 1556 was appointed captain-general of all the forces then going to France, and commander of the fleet, by Philip and Mary. Edward, the third earl, eldest son of the former, succeeded in 1563: Camden calls him "a profound lawyer, and a man accomplished with all polite learning." John, a colonel of foot in the Irish wars, became fourth earl in 1587, and was followed by his son Roger, the fifth earl, who dying without issue, his brother Francis was nominated his heir, and made the sixth earl. He married two wives, by the first of whom he had only one child, named Catherine, who married George Villiers, the first Duke of Buckingham. Her issue, George, the second Duke of Buckingham, dying without an heir, the title of Lord Ros of Hamlake again reverted to the Rutland family. By a second marriage he had two sons, who, according to the monument, were murdered by wicked practice and sorcery."† George was created seventh earl in 1632; and was honoured with a visit from Charles I. at Belvoir castle, in 1634. The eighth earl was John Manners, who attaching himself to the Parliamentarians, the castle was attacked by the royal army, and lost and won again and again by each party, till the earl being "put to great streights for the maintenance of his family," petitioned the house of peers for relief, and Lord Viscount Campden having been the principal instrument in the ruin of the "castle, lands, and woods about Belvoyre," parliament agreed that 1,500*l.* a year be paid out of Lord Campden's estate, until 5,000*l.* be levied, to the earl of Rutland. In the civil wars the castle was defended for the king by the rector of Ashwell, co. Rutland. In 1649, the parliament ordered it to be demolished; satisfaction was, however, made to the earl, whose son rebuilt the castle after the Restoration. John, the ninth earl, suc-

* "The Lord Ros took Henry the VIth's part against King Edward, whereupon his lands were confiscated, and Belever Castle given in keeping to Lord Hastings, who coming thither on a time to peruse the ground, and to lie in the castle, was suddenly repelled by Mr. Harrington, a man of power thereabouts, and friend to the Lord Ros. Whereupon the Lord Hastings came thither another time with a strong power, and upon a raging will spoiled the castle, defacing the roofs, and taking the leads off them.—Then fell all the castle to ruins, and the timber of the roofs uncovered, rotted away, and the soil between the walls at the last grew full of elders, and no habitation was there till that, of late days, the Earl of Rutland hath made it fairer than ever it was."—*Leland.*

† As illustrative of the folly and superstition of the times, it may be interesting to explain this. Joan Flower, and her two daughters, who were servants at Belvoir Castle, having been dismissed the family, in revenge, made use of all the enchantments, spells, and charms, that were at that time *supposed* to answer their malicious purposes. Henry, the eldest son, died soon after their dismissal; but no suspicion of witchcraft arose till five years after, when the three women, who are said to have entered into a formal contract with the devil, were accused of "murdering Henry Lord Ros by witchcraft, and torturing the Lord Francis, his brother, and Lady Catharine, his sister." After various examinations, before Francis Lord Willoughby, of Eresby, and other magistrates, they were committed to Lincoln gaol. Joan died at Ancaster, on her way thither, by wishing the bread and butter she ate might choak her if guilty. The two daughters were tried before Sir Henry Hobbert, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Sir Edward Bromley, one of the Barons of Exchequer, confessed their guilt, and were executed at Lincoln, March 11, 1618-19.

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ceeded his father in 1679. He preferred the baronial retirement and rural quiet of Belvoir, to the busy court; though he was created Marquess of Granby, in the county of Nottingham, and Duke of Rutland. He died in 1710-11, and was succeeded by his son John;* whose eldest son became the third Duke of Rutland, and was the last of the family who resided at Haddon, Derbyshire. He died in 1779, and was succeeded by his grandson, Charles, Lord Ros, fourth duke, who died lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1787, when his son John Henry, the present and fifth duke succeeded to the titles and estates.

It is now time to speak of the present magnificence of Belvoir. The castle which surrounds a quadrangular court, occupies nearly the summit of the hill, which is ascended by superb stone steps. On the castle are mounted seven small pieces of cannon, which were presented to the Duke of Rutland by George the Third; from these pieces 21 rounds were fired Nov. 5, 1808, in commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot. The view from the terraces and towers comprehends the whole vale of Belvoir, and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln, including twenty-two of the Duke of Rutland's manors. On the southern slope of the hill are enclosed terraces, on which there are several flower-gardens, surrounded by extensive shrubberies. The kitchen-gardens extend to eight acres. The park is of great extent, and contains fine forest trees which form a woodland beneath the hill, so extensive as to afford shelter for innumerable rooks. There are likewise thriving plantations, containing some remarkably fine young oaks.

Belvoir Castle has one of the most superb *interiors* in the kingdom: its furniture and decorations are of the most costly description. It also contains one of the most valuable collections of paintings, whether considered for the variety of schools, or the judicious choice of the works of each master. Among those who have contributed to this invaluable assemblage, are Poussin, Carlo Dolci, Guido, Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa, Murillo, Reubens, Teniers, and Reynolds. The collection was principally formed by John, the third duke, and Charles, his successor, who were munificent patrons of the arts. All the modern pictures, of which there are a considerable number, were collected by the former duke.

The last general repairs of Belvoir Castle are stated to have cost the noble owner upwards of 60,000*l*. The structure has been more than once extensively injured by fire. A conflagration there in October, 1816, consumed a large portion of the ancient part of the castle, and several of the pictures. Among them was Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Nativity*, a composition of thirteen figures, and in dimensions 12 feet by 18. This noble picture was purchased by the late Duke of Rutland for 1,200 guineas.

* "The *great Marquess of Granby*," born in 1721, was the son of this duke. During the rebellion he raised a regiment of foot. In 1758, being lieutenant-general, he was sent into Germany, and eminently distinguished himself under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He died in 1770, and was buried with his ancestors at Bottesford, where, a few years since, there was no monumental record of his name!

THE PAINTER'S LAST PASSION.

A HECTIC hue is on my feverish cheek,
And slowly throbs my pulse—but it will cease;
And cease, too, will the visions instinct,
Impalpable, and deep, that haunt my soul!
Death, who can dash the chalice from the lips
Of Pleasure's votary, and hush the lyre
While poetry is breathing on its strings;
Death, who can quench the spirit which portrays
Beauty's resemblance on the marble urn,
Will steep my feelings in oblivion's gloom,
Ere wintry winds disperse the sunny leaves
That cluster round the bosom of the rose.
But I have communed with enchanting shapes,
And felt the silver gush of many a song
Amid the air, until my spirit seem'd
Instinct with glorious draughts of paradise!
Mine eyes have scarcely closed their burning lids
For many a night; and I have watch'd the stars
That smiled upon me from the brow of heaven,
Like deep blue orbs familiar to my youth;
But now abstraction clouds me, and the fire—
Ambition's fire—it can be nothing less—
Deserts its lonely shrine; but I must give
The last bright touch to this bewitching form,
This pictured rainbow of my solitude!
I have invested her with loveliness
More pure than beings of the earth assume,
And Memory calls her beauteous image back
From the forgotten things of distant years,
Warm, eloquent, and holy, as the balm
Of flow'rs impearl'd with dew, which summer skies
Diffuse around—I mark the marble brow
Of polish'd symmetry, the eyes more blue
Than violets in their vernal bloom, the neck
Swanlike, and moulded with ethereal grace;
And feel their magic influence on my mind.
I will embody them, and give the stamp
Of fervid genius to their various charms,
Ere this last aspiration is extinct
In the unbroken slumbers of the tomb!
For I have had prophetic monitors
To warn me of my fate, and I must leave
All that is lovely in this lovely world.

It is a summer eve—the sunbeams tinge
The glassy bosom of the quiet lake;
The music of the birds enchants the air,
And Nature's verdant robe is gemm'd with flow'rs,
From which the breeze derives its liquid balm.
Oh! in my youth, this hour has been to me
Bright as the fairy arch upon the clouds
Of earthly grief and gloom, and even now
It gives the silent fountain of my heart
A renovated action, and recalls
The energies that long ago were mine.
My fancy wanders as I thus portray
The lineaments on which 'tis bliss to gaze:
How beautiful their prototype! to whom
I breath'd in youth the most impassion'd words,
And felt as if Elysium had disclosed
Its glory to my eye—around this brow,
Stainless as marble, cluster golden curls
Like sunbeams on the bosom of the cloud,
And o'er the radiant azure orbs beneath,
The snowy lids suspend their glossy fringe.
Upon such beauty shall my pencil stamp
Its immortality, and make it seem
More beautiful in Fancy's softest glow;
And, my beloved! when this warm hand that traced

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Thy pictured charms is moulderiag in the dust,
Thou wilt proclaim the painter's mastery,
And consecrate the canvass with a power
Which shall defy the wasting hand of Time!

G. R. C.

PRESERVATION OF A HUMAN BODY.

In a vault under the Font of the Old Church of St. Dunstan in the West, has lately been discovered the leaden coffin of a "Mr. Moody, (without a Christian name,) who "died in the year 1747, aged 70 years." After this interment of 85 years, the face was found not decomposed, but perfect; the mouth extended—the teeth and eye-brows unimpaired, and to the touch, the flesh solid (covered with a cloth) and no appearance of worms; which puzzles the common opinion that such insects prey upon the dead:

"And food for worms brave Percy!"

exclaimed Prince Henry over the expiring body of Hotspur.

This observation was made by a person who saw the remains on the 8th of August, 1832, an older object by twelve years, and without teeth,—a gum-biter!

An Old Inhabitant of Clifford's Inn.

THE ROSE OF THE CASTLE.

A summer morn, with all its golden light,
Gilded the snowy bosom of the cloud,
And robed the verdant earth with sunny hues.
The bees sang music to their passion-flow'rs,
The birds, with melody which seem'd to gush
From joyful hearts, entranced the crystal air;
But, spectre-like, the ancient castle frown'd
Over the deep, whose softly-rippling waves
Reflected its array of ruined towers.
In times of old, the gallant chiefs for whom
Its stately walls arose, the men who made
Their names a terror to the Saracen,
Adopted as their symbol in the field,
The rose—that flower of faction and of blood!
I saw it sculptured on the marble shield
Which graced the lofty gate, it was enroll'd
Among the records of departed days;
Over the hearth, upon the pictured crest
It met mine eye, and to my mind recall'd
The glorious deeds of England's chivalry.

The Rose—it appear'd on the portal proud,
Which the ivy robed in its mournful shroud;
As the sunshine gleam'd in the silent hall
I traced its image upon the wall.

Although the castle was old and grey,
And its summer of glory had pass'd away,
Though the roof had fall'n, and the walls sunk low,
The rose still smiled in the sunbeam's glow.

But, oh! that symbol of purest faith
Had cheer'd the heart in the hour of death,
And shone triumphant o'er the brave
As they crush'd the power of the sceptred slave.

It seem'd like a spell on the lips of all
Whom the trumpet call'd from their festive hall,
And the soldier to it upturn'd his eye
As he lay on the grassy turf to die.

But it gleams no more on land or sea,
A star to the feudal chivalry!
On the silent hearth, and the ivied tower,
Hath it found a last forsaken bower.

G. R. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

SPIRIT DRINKING.

(To the Editor.)

Much as has been said about gin-drinking in the present times, it would appear from the following curious extract, that our forefathers (of the last century,) were more addicted to that pernicious custom, than we are even in the nineteenth century:—

"Several of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the County of Middlesex, having, in pursuance of an order of a former Quarter Session, made an inquiry into the houses and places where Geneva and other such pernicious distilled liquors are sold by retail, about this time made their report; by which it appears, to the great surprise and concern of those who have the trade and welfare of the public truly at heart, that there are in the limits of Westminster, Holborn, the Tower, and Finsbury divisions (exclusive of London and Southwark) 7,044 houses and shops, where the said liquors are publicly sold by retail, (which in several parishes, is computed to be, at least, every sixth house,) besides what is privately sold in garrets, cellars, back-rooms, and other private places.

"That of this number, no less than 2,105 are unlicensed; and that Geneva is now sold, not only by distillers and Geneva shops, but by above 80 other inferior trades; particularly chandlers, weavers, tobacconists, shoemakers, carpenters, barbers, tailors, dyers, labourers, &c. &c.; there being in the Hamlets of Bethnal Green, upwards of 90 weavers who sell this liquor."

"*January 20th*, 1736." G. K.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

(From the German.)

When Adam was nine hundred and thirty years old, he felt in himself the word of the judge, "Thou shalt die." Then spoke Adam to the weeping Eve: "Let my sons come before me, that I may see and may bless them." They all came at their father's word, and stood before him, many hundred in number, and prayed for his life. "Who among you," said the old man, "will go to the holy mountain? Very likely he may find pity for me, and bring to me the fruit of the tree of life." Immediately, all his sons offered themselves; and Seth, the most pious, was chosen by his father for the message. He besprinkled his head with ashes, hastened, and delayed not, until he stood before the gate of Paradise. Then prayed he, "Let my father find pity, kind-hearted one, and send to him fruit from the tree of life." Quickly there stood the glittering cherub, and instead of the tree of life, he held a twig of three leaves in his hand. "Carry this to thy father," said he, friendly, "his

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last consolation is here; for eternal life dwells not on the earth." Swiftly hastened Seth, threw himself down, and said, "No fruit of the tree of life bring I to thee, my father, only this twig has the angel given me, to be thy last consolation here." The dying man took the twig, and was glad. He smelled on it the fragrance of Paradise, and then was his soul elevated: "Children," said he, "eternal life dwells not for us on the earth; you must follow after me; but on these leaves I breathe the refreshing air of another world." Then his eyes failed; his spirit fled hence.

Adam's children buried their father, and wept for him thirty days; but Seth wept not. He planted the twig upon his father's grave, at the head of the dead man, and named it the twig of the new life, of the awakening up out of the sleep of death. The little twig grew up into a high tree, and by it many of Adam's children strengthened themselves with comfort of the other life. So it came to the following generation. In the garden of David it blossomed fair, until his infatuated son began to doubt on immortality; then withered the twig, though its blossoms came among other nations. And as on a stem from this tree, the restorer of immortality gave up his holy life; from it the fragrance of the new life scattered itself around far among all nations. W. G. C.

ANCIENT NAVAL LAWS.

The laws made by Richard I. for the preservation of good order in his fleet, when he was sailing to Palestine, were as follows:—He that kills a man on board shall be tied to the body and thrown into the sea. If he kills one on land he shall be buried with the same. If it be proved that any one has drawn a knife to strike another, or has drawn blood, he shall lose his hand. If he strike with his fist, without effusion of blood, he shall be thrice plunged into the sea. If a man insult another with opprobrious language, so often as he does it, to give so many ounces of silver. A man convicted of theft, to have his head shaved, and to be tarred and feathered on the head, and to be left on the first land the ship shall come to. Richard appointed officers to see these laws executed with rigour, *two of which officers were bishops.* A. H. K—t.

Notes of a Reader.

THE ATMOSPHERE.—CLIMATOLOGY.

(From Part XIV. of Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because.)

Why may the atmosphere be termed a fourth kingdom of Nature?

Because it extends its influence in an equal degree over the three kingdoms, the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral, operates upon each after a distinct manner, and appears rather to be independent, and allied to all of them, than to be rightly included within any one.

Why is a knowledge of the atmosphere important to the naturalist?

Because it serves to throw much light on the history and functions both of the animal and vegetable creation; for it is through this great medium that heat, light, electricity, oxygen, and the great springs of vital phenomena, are conveyed to all classes of organized matter. It is by means of this wonderful agent, that we gain the theory of respiration in all classes of creatures possessing animal life; and that we become acquainted with the migrations of animals, as well as many of their peculiar instincts and habits. It is the atmosphere that enables us to account for the periodical changes in the plumage of birds and the furs of animals, and the variety of colours to be found amongst them. By means also of the elasticity of the atmosphere, sounds and odours are transmitted to sensitive beings. Atmospherical phenomena, it may be safely inferred, attracted the observation of mankind in the earliest ages: we know that the Egyptians and the Greeks wrote upon the subject; the Jews too, a pastoral people, "could discern the face of the sky;" and even in our day, shepherds may be ranked among the weather-wise. "This is a fine morning, a soft day, or a cold evening," are modes of salutation with us, as commonly as is the "Salem Alikem" (Peace be with you!) amongst the inhabitants of the more serene countries of the East. Shenstone says, though with nearly equal spleen and truth: "there is nothing more universally commended than a fine day: the reason is, that people can commend it without envy."

Why do we call the atmosphere a fluid?

Because it has a tendency to move in all directions, and consequently rushes in and fills every space not previously occupied by a more solid substance. Hence we find, that every cave, crevice, place, and vessel, having communication with the atmosphere, if it be not filled with something else, is filled with air; against which it is no argument that we do not see it, as it is perfectly transparent, and consequently invisible.

Why do birds fly?

Because of the inertia of the atmosphere, which gives effect to their wings. Were it possible for a bird to live without respiration, and in a space void of air, it would no longer have the power of flight. The plumage of the wings being spread, and acting with a broad surface on the atmosphere beneath them, is resisted by the inertia of the atmosphere, so that the air forms a falcrum, as it

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were, on which the bird rises, by the leverage of its wings.

Why is air generally considered to be invisible?

Because, though a coloured fluid, and naturally blue, its colour acquires intensity only, or, in other words, becomes visible only, from the depth of the transparent mass. According to rigid Newtonians, air is transparent, or, rather, invisible; and the azure colour of the atmosphere arises from the greater refrangibility of the blue rays of light. Other philosophers imagine that the blue tint is inherent in air; that is, that the particles of air have the property of producing a blue colour, in their combination with light.

Why are the most distant objects in a prospect of a blue tinge?

Because their colours are always tinted by the deepening hues of the interjacent atmosphere. Again, the blending of the atmospheric azure with the colours of the solar rays, produces those compound and sometimes remarkable tints, with which the sky and clouds are emblazoned. Hence, the mountains appear blue, not because that is their colour, but because it is the colour of the medium through which they are seen.

Why do the Heavens appear blue?

Because of our looking at the dark vacuity beyond our atmosphere through an illuminated medium. Were there no atmosphere, it is universally admitted the appearance would be perfectly black, except in the particular direction of the sun, or some other of the heavenly bodies, and since the atmosphere is transparent, this blackness (if such an expression may be used) must be seen through it, only somewhat modified by the rays of light reflected by the atmosphere to the eye, from the direction in which we look. For this reason, the clearer or more transparent the atmosphere is, the darker is the appearance of the heavens, there being then less light reflected by the atmosphere to the eye. In the zenith, the appearance is always darker than nearer the horizon; and from the tops of high mountains, the heavens in the zenith appear nearly black.—*Mr. B. Hallowell, in the American Journal of Science and Arts.*

Why does the heat of temperature of different parts of the earth vary?

Because of the position of the place with respect to the equator, or rather to the ecliptic, or, more strictly still, with respect to the plane in which the earth revolves around the sun; for on this relation depends the temperature of the place, so far as it is produced, directly, by the influence of the sun. Maltebrun ascribes to it the following influences: 1, the action of the sun upon the atmosphere: 2, the interior temperature of the globe: 3, the elevation of the earth above the level of the ocean: 4, the general inclination of the surface, and its local exposure: 5, the position of its mountains relatively to the cardinal points: 6, the neighbourhood of great seas, and their relative situation: 7, the geological nature of the soil: 8, the degree of cultivation, and of population, at which a country has arrived: 9, the prevalent winds.

Why are the strata of air upon all mountains of successive coldness?

Because the air does not acquire immediately, by the passage of the solar rays, a considerable degree of heat. Thus, with the elevation of land, cold may be said to increase in very rapid progression. Winter continues to reign on the Alps and the Pyrenees, while the flowers of spring are covering the plains of northern France. This beneficent appointment of Nature considerably increases the number of habitable countries in the torrid zone. It is probable, that at the back of the flat burning coasts of Guinea, there exist in the centre of Africa, countries which enjoy a delightful temperature; as we see the vernal valley of Quito, situate under the same latitude with the destructive coasts of French Guyana, where the humid heat constantly cherishes the seeds of disease. On the other hand, it is the continued elevation of the ground, which, in the central parts of Asia, extends the cold region to the 35th parallel of latitude, so that in ascending from Bengal to Thibet, we imagine ourselves in a few days transported from the equator to the pole.—*Maltebrun.*

Why does the destruction of forests sometimes prove beneficial to a country?

Because a freer circulation of air is thus procured—but carried too far, it becomes a scourge which may desolate whole regions. We have a sad example of this in the Cape de Verde islands, not to mention others. It is the destruction of forests, and not a supposed *cooling of the globe*, which has rendered the southern part of Iceland more accessible to the dreadful cold which is too often produced by those masses of floating ice which are intercepted and detained by its northern coasts.—*Ibid.*

Why do mountains influence climates?

Because, although they cannot prevent the general motions of the atmosphere from taking place, they may, by stopping them in part, render particular winds more or less frequent throughout a certain extent of country. Maltebrun observes, there cannot be a doubt that the Alps contribute in securing to Italy its delightful and happy climate, its perpetual spring, and its double harvests.

The Naturalist.

THE TOAD FISH.

[We quote these interesting details from a paper on the Sargasso Weed, or gulf weed, with which a certain part of the Atlantic

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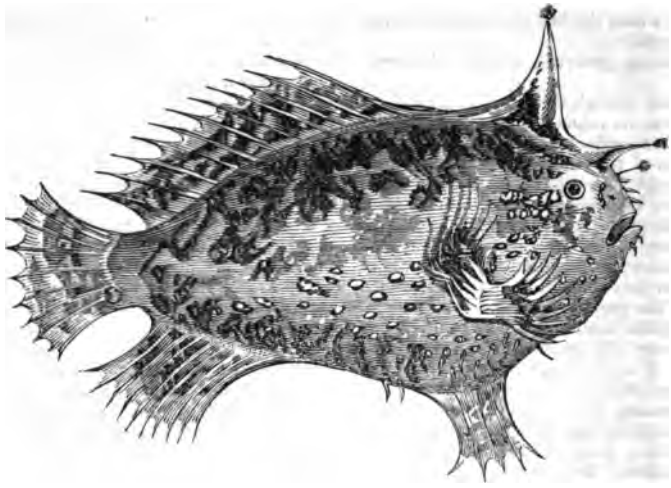

Ocean is generally covered, and amongst which Toad Fish are found. The reason of the weed accumulating has given rise to much difference of opinion, which is the main subject of the above communication, by Mr. Benet, of Bulstrode-street, to the *Naval Magazine*.*]

The figure represents one of those fishes to which, on account of their uncouth appearance, the name of Toad Fish has been popularly given. Under this denomination there have been included many very dissimilar kinds, extreme ugliness being held as alone sufficient for the establishment of an undeniable claim to the title. The present fish, and those nearly related to it, advance, however, peculiar claims to the appellation. Their belly and side fins are borne upon supports which project from the body in the semblance of limbs, their similarity to which is increased by the jointed form they acquire at the point of union of the fin with its support, and still farther by the finger-like appearance of the rays of these fins, which are unconnected by membrane at their tips. This curious structure imparts to these fishes not only somewhat of the outward form of a quadruped, but also a portion of its habits, and they are, accordingly, capable of crawling like toads among the sea-weeds and rocks which they usually inhabit; the side fins, which are placed farther back than those of the belly, performing on each occasion the functions of hinder feet. Nor is this mode of locomotion confined to the water alone; it may, also, be exercised by them on land, for their gill-openings are so small, that evaporation takes place but slowly from within them, and thus the gills are kept moistened, and the circulation of the blood is preserved, even out of the water, for two or three days. So remarkable a deviation from the usual appearance and habits of the class to which they belong, has naturally caused them to be regarded as objects of curiosity; and it is recorded, that living specimens have been successfully transported from the East to Holland, where they have been sold at considerable prices.

The fishes of this genus, to which Commerson gave the name of Antennarius, (on account of the filament which they possess on the forehead,) are met with in the sea of warm climates, in the east as well as in the west. They subsist chiefly on small crabs, to surprise which they hide themselves among the sea-weed, or behind stones. Their flesh is said not to be edible; it may, perhaps, have been rejected, on account of their disgusting appearance, and is certainly too small in quantity to allow of its being important as an article of food. In swimming, they usually gulp down air, and, thus distending their capacious stomachs, enlarge themselves into a rounded half-floating mass, much in the same manner as the globe or balloon fishes. Their nearest affinity is to the fishes known as anglers, with which they agree in the form of their gill-openings and fins, and in the possession of filaments on the head; but the monstrously disproportioned head of the anglers, which is depressed from above downwards, and the enormous opening of their mouth, readily distinguish them from the Toad Fishes, whose head is of moderate size, and, like their bodies, compressed laterally. They are either smooth or variously hairy or bristly, and are always destitute of the regular scales with which fishes are generally invested. They are furnished, especially on the lips and the under parts, with numerous short, loose

* We are happy to perceive that the above journal rises in interest and value as it proceeds; and merits all the encouragement our notice of its first appearance may have induced our readers to confer upon it.

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processes of skin, which add considerably to their sense of touch. There is great variety in the different kinds in the length of the filament on the head, and its termination is still more varied; in some it is almost simple, as though formed of a single undilated hair; in others, it is surmounted by a small, dense, globular mass of short filaments; and in others again, it has two, or even three large fleshy processes at its end, not unlike the baits which terminate the fishing filaments of the anglers.

In the species figured, the Antennarius lævigatus, the skin is smooth, and furnished with short loose processes; the filament on the head is short, and terminated by a small knob of clustered minute filaments; this is succeeded by two other processes, each resembling a fin supported by a single ray, and fringed, especially towards its upper part, by loose portions of skin; to these succeed the back fin, supported, as usual, by many rays. The colour is pale, irregularly blotched, spotted, and streaked with brown, the markings varying considerably in different individuals; it is also dotted irregularly with white. By these characters it may be known from the other species of the genus, with which it appears to have been associated by Linnæus, under the common name of Lophius Histrio. It was first scientifically distinguished by M. Bosc, a French naturalist, who observed it, on his voyage to America, among the Sargasso weed: he described and figured it, not without some imperfections, in the Nouveau Dictionnaire d'Histoire Naturelle. It has since been figured, but not described, by Dr. Mitchell in the Transactions of the New York Society; and one very nearly resembling it has been described by Mr. Bennett with a figure, in the Geological Journal. The genus to which it belongs is most completely treated of by M. Cuvier, in the Memoires du Museum d'Histoire Naturelle.

Select Biography.

CUVIER.

Cuvier, the great naturalist, paid the debt of nature in May last, after a life devoted to science with an unwearied application and a success exceeded by none in modern times. He was born at Montbelliard in 1769, a year which gave birth to so many remarkable men — a Napoleon — a Chateaubriand — a Wellington — a Humboldt, &c. and his first discoveries were on the Mollusca, and shook to its base the zoological classification which then universally prevailed.

Invited to Paris to fill the place of Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the *Jardin des Plantes*, his lectures speedily drew crowds around him, attracted by his popular eloquence and lucid arrangement. His next work, *Lecons d'Anatomie Comparee*, 1805, was rewarded by the Institute with the decennial prize for the work which had contributed the most to our knowledge of the Natural Sciences during that period. At the same period he published a series of Memoirs on the Anatomy of the Mollusca, and devoted his attention to a detailed examination of the fossil remains of the bones of mammiferous animals; he particularly examined the numerous fossils in the environs of Paris, assisted in the geological part of his task by his friend M. A. Brogniart. The sagacity and accuracy which M. Cuvier displayed in the examination of fossil bones, raised this branch of inquiry to the dignity of a perfectly new science, which has thrown a powerful light on geology, and directed it into a more philosophical route. A number of works and of elaborate memoirs published since by various naturalists, have shown the prodigious influence which the labours of Cuvier have exercised on the study of geology, of the animal kingdom, and even of fossil botany. M. Cuvier amused himself during these laborious works by particular researches which would alone have been sufficient to have distinguished any other man, such as his five Memoirs on the Voice of Birds, on Crocodiles, and on numerous subjects of zoology; such also as his descriptions of the living animals in the menagerie, &c. In all his works, even to the minutest details, we discover the same luminous, clear, and methodical mind, and the sagacity which characterized him. Feeling the want of a work which should present a general view of his ideas on zoological classification, he published in 1817 his work entitled *Le Regne Animal distribue d'après son Organisation*, in 4 vols, 8vo. which speedily became the text-book of all zoological students. When employed on this work he felt how far in arrear of the other branches of zoology was that which respects the class of fish, and saw how much difficulty had accumulated in it, as well from our ignorance of the anatomy of these animals, and the impossibility of determining with precision the laws of their comparative organization, as from the want of large collections, and perhaps also from the too artificial spirit which had hitherto prevailed in ichthyology. He employed his influence to form a collection in the Paris Museum of specimens of fish from all parts of the world, and was so successful in

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his endeavours that the number of specimens which at first scarcely amounted to 1,000, in a few years amounted to 6,000. Of these he dissected a large portion with a care hitherto unknown, having the advantage of an able associate in the study of the details in M. Valenciennes; he was thus enabled in a period of time that may be called short, looking to the extent of the results, to collect the materials of his great *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, of which eight volumes have appeared, with their appropriate plates, and for the continuation of which we have to look to his laborious assistant. The recent embarrassment among the Paris publishers having occasioned a stoppage in the progress of this work, M. Cuvier availed himself of this (as the part prepared for the press was already in advance of the printer) to make preparations for republishing his *Lecons d'Anotomie Comparee*, of which a second edition had been long anxiously called for. This design, however, he was not permitted to complete; but it is to be hoped that we shall not be long deprived of the edition he had contemplated, and that it will be accompanied with those beautiful and accurate plates on which he had bestowed so much pains, and in the execution of which he himself excelled; for he was a skilful draftsman, and seized external forms with rapidity and accuracy, and possessed the art of representing in his drawings the forms of organic tissues in a style peculiar to himself. His last course of lectures, on the History of the Natural Sciences, and on the Philosophy of Natural History, delivered at the College of France, is now publishing in livraisons, and will extend to three or four vols, 8vo. This work, however, we believe, has been published without his consent or revision. His memory was prodigious, and he scarcely knew what it was to forget anything. Although his great powers were more particularly devoted to natural history, no part of science was a stranger to him, and his taste for literature and works of imagination was particularly refined and elegant. In his *Eloges* of illustrious men, delivered in his capacity of perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences, he always displays the utmost impartiality and love of truth; he never debased the dignity of science by any love of intrigue, and displayed the utmost disinterestedness in his efforts to promote science. The qualities of his heart were not less estimable than those of his head, and he possessed the happy art of inspiring his friends with an unalterable attachment. His conversation was varied and animated, adapted by turns to every subject, and he may truly be said to have been the grace and ornament of society. We must not forget the great services he rendered to public education as head of the University; his Report on the State of Primary Education in Holland is a lasting monument of his solicitude for the education of the people, and all those who have observed his conduct with regard to the higher branches of education, know how constantly his influence was directed to favour their progress and to remove obstacles. In other departments of the civil service into which he was successively called, as Master of Requests, Counsellor of State, President of the Section of the Interior, Director of Protestant Worship, (for he was an enlightened and liberal Protestant, and watched over the interests of his co-religionists with constant solicitude,) and at last as a Peer of France—in all these he displayed the same superiority of talent. The office of Censor of the Press, which was offered to him, he, to his eternal honour, refused. Such was the man whose loss the world has now to deplore: but the mind that traced her age and history—in the wrecks of ages dug from her bosom—will live for ever in his works to enlighten and instruct mankind.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

Cuvier is said to have died of a paralytic affection of the œsophagus. His body was examined by several eminent pathologists: his brain is stated to have presented a mass of extraordinary volume, weighing three pounds thirteen and a half ounces; a fact which will be treasured up by contemporary phrenologists as evidence of Cuvier's great intellectual capabilities.

[Cuvier was Professor of Geology in the College of France. The chair, vacant by his death, has just been filled by the appointment of M. Elie Beaumont, celebrated for his investigation of mountain formations.]

New Books.

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

[THESE are three novel-sized volumes from the prolific pen of Mr. Grattan, whose *Highways and Byeways* have probably started off hundreds of scribbling tourists to the Continent, much to the annoyance of the keepers of old castles and other necromantic haunts. These Legends, however, have little to do with the Rhine, which is perhaps fortunate for their success, as most of the traditionary stories of the romantic river have been dished up in as many forms and fashions as French cooks are accustomed to serve up eggs. A few of our Correspondents have tried their taste, but we hope not the reader's patience, in *Rhin*-onomy; and Mr. Planché, moreover, has wandered and sailed up and down the district, picking to new van its mystic stories in every form common to our literature. We have enjoyed every inch of the stream and its banks, coloured after nature, in a panorama on paper, to put

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into your pocket or portmanteau; and just now Views on the Rhine are publishing in sixpenny portions, and becoming as little rare as Views on the Thames; till we may as well say thick as leaves on the Rhine, as in Vallambrosa.

Mr. Grattan's Legends are stated to be freely adapted from the literature of the countries where the scenes are laid. They consist of some ten or dozen stories of untiring length but too much for entire extract. For the sake of some delightfully graphic writing we are induced to quote a portion of one of the tales —*The Curse of the Black Lady*, a legend of the twelfth century. The scene lies in the Low Countries, and introduces an admirably-drawn portrait of a knight of the period.]

The Castle of the Countess of Hainault at Mons was a complete specimen of the splendid architecture of the twelfth century, or that which is now called Gothic; pointed windows abounding in coloured glass, unpolished marble, heavy wooden doors, thickly studded with iron nails, leading into immense corridors, interminable passages, and branching staircases.

It was early in a morning of the month of February, that the horn of a knight was heard beyond the castle wall, and immediately replied to by the warder; and when the draw-bride was slowly replaced and the portcullis heavily withdrawn, a knight followed by a squire, whose surcoat bore the Flander's lion, entered. The cap of the knight was of black velvet, and slight bars of steel, bent into the form of a semicircle, crossed each other at the top of his head and served at once for defence and for ornament. His boots of thick leather reaching almost to the knees bespoke him an inhabitant of a maritime country, having spurs formed of a single point of iron, long and obtuse, and these being gilt would have announced the wearer's rank in chivalry, even if his whole equipment and bearing had not proclaimed his right to the deference with which he was received. As he dismounted from his horse, he threw off the large mantle, not unlike the military cloaks of our days, and discovered the knightly armour, which showed to peculiar advantage his powerful limbs. A straight black tunic without sleeves descended to his knees. It was fastened by a silver girdle, from which depended on one side a strong sword, and on the other a dagger, the richly wrought handle of which seemed to declare it of Turkish make. His arms and hands were covered with a steel tissue, sitting close and so flexible that it yielded lightly to every motion. The squire who followed him was old, and a certain familiarity was mingled with the respect of his manner, and seemed to declare that he had been long accustomed to his master. In truth he had served the father of our knight, and the latter had grown up beneath his attendance, which had not unfrequently become his protection. His armour, far from adorning his person, scarcely left a human figure visible beneath its heavy plates of iron, fastened by nails whose monstrous heads seemed cast in the same mould with those which strengthened the heavy oak doors of the palace. His helmet seemed the section of a water-pipe of cast iron. Visor it had none; but in its place was a plate or bar of iron descending from the forehead to the chin, almost touching the nose and mouth, and he had a group of arms suspended from his saddle. It was Sir Guy de Dampierre and his squire.

The seneschal conducted them with much ceremony to the knight's apartments in the castle, where a small table placed by the side of an enormous log-fire in the middle of the room, and plentifully furnished with cold salted and dried meats, together with the thin wines of France, and the more potent juice of the German grape, soon made him forget the cold and thirst he had endured in the forest. The beer he quaffed with peculiar pleasure, as it invitingly foamed in a silver tankard, which had been thickly embossed by the abbot of Wansfort, and presented by him to the Emperor Baldwin previous to his embarkation for the Holy Land.

Having praised the flavour of the beer and helped himself to some slices from a well cured wild boar's head, he said to the chamberlain, "And Baldwin of Avesnes is not yet arrived, you say?"

"No, Count," replied the chamberlain; "we expected he would be with you."

"Why, my road lay through Namur, and he comes directly from Bruges. I marvel therefore he be not arrived—and I have news for him," said the knight.

[The next page includes a passing notice of the *introduction of chimneys* into England, referable, though not without dispute, to this date:—]

The warder's horn was again heard; and after due time the person in question made his appearance. He looked harassed and fatigued, and gladly took the seat Count Guy pointed to, close by his own, and having stirred the logs which burned lazily in the huge hearth, he observed, "Methinks the wood emits this sulphureous vapour more strongly than ever. I marvel, Guy, that you have not repaid the compliment of the English king's invitation to your weavers, by bringing over workmen to build you some of those long narrow passages which, beginning just over the fire, project from the top of the house to carry off the smoke."

"What mean you, Baldwin?"

"Nay, have you not heard that in England they are beginning to build along the end of the rooms, lodges or troughs to contain the fuel, on the base of which they raise a brick funnel, through which all the smoke mounts

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and so evaporates at the top of the house?" replied Baldwin.

"Think you then, d'Avesnes, that the whole room can be warmed with the fire at one end of it, particularly if the smoke be carried out?"

"Indeed they say," replied d'Avesnes, "it casts a strong heat everywhere"

["The Black Lady" is thus characterised:—"They speak of her as one entirely destitute of natural sensibility; they hint at some dark practices, and they designate her so frequently by the epithet of the 'Black Lady,' that many, both in Hainault and Flanders, are ignorant that this is not really her title." Here follows a whole-length portrait of this specimen of black-letter majesty.]

In the tapestried room into which the brothers were conducted, sat the Black Lady of Brabant on a throne elevated considerably above the floor. The dais was covered with the same rich tapestry as the hangings which covered the walls, for even in this early age Bruges was celebrated for such manufactures. The draperies of the throne were of purple velvet fringed with gold, with a canopy and curtains of the same rich materials, the latter being looped back with a massive cord and tassels. The constable supported one side of the throne, and the seneschal the other. Below these were the cup-bearer and grand huntsman. Six pages were placed about the steps of the throne, and the same number of ladies in waiting were also there. Yet Marguerite herself wanted not the surrounding magnificence to mark her superior dignity of "Countess by the grace of God," then accorded to only one county besides her own; for there was a sort of fearful majesty about her towering height, unbowed either by the weight of years (and she had already passed what the Psalmist has declared to be the age of man) or luxurious indulgence. Her face was pale and marked by deep furrows, indicating an unlimited indulgence of the strong passions which had rendered her life so unquiet. Her eye was black, and retained all the fire of lively feeling, yet it was sunken. Her forehead was low, yet there was an inflexibility of resolve in its deep lines that added much to the majestic character of her appearance. Her teeth too were perfect, and her thin and colourless lips left them visible to attract the painful admiration excited by their contrast with the unlovely expression of her features; her chin was small. Her hair was all drawn from her face to the crown of her head and concealed under the black lace veil, which concealing the upper part of her forehead, fell over each shoulder even to her feet. Her upper garment was a long mantle of black velvet lined with ermine, which, opening in front, fell over the arms of her throne, and discovered a dress of crimson cloth of Bruges of that beautiful sort called *ecarlate*. The boddice was drawn tightly to her shape by rich gold cord, the ends of which, finished by heavy tassels, fell downwards to the edge of her robe. The crimson tunic reached only to her knees, and discovered an under dress of white Syrian silk, on which was a border of gold, evidently of oriental workmanship. Her hard bust was covered by many rows of the finest Asiatic pearls, and depending from her girdle was a rosary of jet, which sustained a richly embossed golden cross, probably enshrining a piece of wood of the true cross from Palestine. The small gold crown which circled her brows, and the sceptre she held, were evidently made by the same skilful artist—probably the work of the celebrated Erembert, Abbot of Wansfort. Her arms, which notwithstanding her towering statue were disproportionably long, were covered by sleeves of the finest Bruges linen, which however only appeared at the shoulders and elbows, the rest of the arm being covered with the crimson cloth which formed the tunic, and these were laced with gold cord down to the waist, where the Bruges linen formed a cuff. Her form was harsh and bony, and no grace of motion relieved its outlines; for she was so fearfully still, you might have thought the living form had been placed in sight of the Gorgon's head and so transformed to stone. Her features seemed alike immovable, all sunk into a dark, fixed, and settled discontent with life.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[This is the seventeenth volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*; and, like the majority of its predecessors, it aims at rendering popular, and of obvious interest, subjects which had hitherto been abstruse and uninviting. It is the first of a series of volumes to be published on the Antiquities of the British Museum, so as in some measure to set them free from their national imprisonment; for such we must term any assemblage of works of art (the property of the country), which are not unconditionally open to public inspection.

The portion before us is the first of two volumes devoted to the Egyptian Antiquities in the Museum. It has been diligently compiled, and rendered more interesting than would be a bare account of what the Museum contains, by correct notices generally "of the history of art among the Egyptians." The best authorities have been consulted and acknowledged, as Hamilton, Heeren, Gau, and Belzoni, and the more recent labours of Mr. James Burton. The whole is attractively arranged in chapters; on the Physical Character of Egypt; Political Sketch of Ancient Egypt, and the monuments of the respective divisions of the country. We subjoin

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an extract, containing a graphic outline of *Thebes :*]

We pass by Kenneh, on the east bank, from which travellers may go to Cosseir to embark on the Red Sea; we hasten by the remains of Kouft, the ancient Coptos, and the solitary propylon of Kous, standing alone without its temple,—to the plain of Thebes, to the most wonderful assemblage of ruins on the face of the earth.

All travellers agree that it is impossible to describe the effect produced by the colossal remains of this ancient capital; nor does it lie within our plan to attempt this description at present any farther than is necessary to make our readers acquainted with the general character and localities of the existing temples of Egypt.

No knowledge of antiquity, no long-cherished associations, no searching after something to admire, is necessary here. The wonders of Thebes rise before the astonished spectator like the créations of some superior power. "It appeared to me," says Belzoni, "like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, were all destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their former existence." Denon's description of the first view of Thebes by the French army, which he accompanied in the expedition into Upper Egypt, is singularly characteristic. "On turning the point of a chain of mountains which forms a kind of promontory, we saw all at once ancient Thebes in its full extent—that Thebes whose magnitude has been pictured to us by a single word in Homer, *hundred-gated*, a poetical and unmeaning expression which has been so confidently repeated ever since. This city, described in a few pages dictated to Herodotus by Egyptian priests, which succeeding authors have copied—renowned for numerous kings, who, through their wisdom, have been elevated to the rank of gods; for laws which have been revered without being known; for sciences which have been confided to proud and mysterious inscriptions, wise and earliest monuments of the arts which time has respected;—this sanctuary, abandoned, desolated through barbarism, and surrendered to the desert from which it was won; this city, shrouded in the veil of mystery by which even colossi are magnified: this remote city, which imagination has only caught a glimpse of through the darkness of time,—was still so gigantic an apparition, that at the site of its scattered ruins, the army halted of its own accord, and the soldiers, with one spontaneous movement, clapped their hands." It is, however, rather unfortunate for Denon's description, that another traveller denies that there is such an approach to Thebes as is mentioned in the extract, and he assures us that the ruins cannot be seen till the traveller comes near them; and further, that to produce such astonishing effects as the Frenchman describes, we ought to be *very* near them or *among* them. Without pretending to reconcile these contradictions, we can readily believe that the ruins may produce a considerable effect, even at some distance, if Denon's drawings are at all correct. As to the impression made by a near inspection of these wonderful remains, there is no discrepancy among travellers.

Thebes lay on each side of the river, and extended also on both sides as far as the mountains. The tombs, which are on the western side, reach even into the limits of the desert. Four principal villages stand on the site of this ancient city,—Luxor and Carnak on the eastern, Gournou and Medinet-Abou on the western side. The temple of Luxor is very near the river, and there is here a good ancient jettée, well built of bricks. The entrance to this temple is through a magnificent propylon, or gateway, facing the north, 200 feet in front, and 57 feet high above the present level of the soil. Before the gateway stand the two most perfect obelisks that exist, formed, as usual, of the red granite of Syene, and each about 80 feet high, and from 8 to 10 feet wide at the base. Travellers differ in their estimate of the width of the base, some, perhaps, taking the actual measure on the surface of the soil while others may make allowance for that part that is buried; for that the soil is much elevated will appear from what follows: "Between these obelisks and the propylon are two colossal statutes, also of red granite; from the difference of the dresses it is judged that one was a male, the other a female, figure;—they are nearly of equal sizes. Though buried in the ground to the chest, they still measure 21 and 22 feet from thence to the top of the mitre." Another cause of discrepancy in the measurements may be, that the adjacent sides of the obelisks are of different dimensions; which is generally the case.

It is this gateway that is filled with those remarkable sculptures, which represent the triumph of some ancient monarch of Egypt over an Asiatic enemy, and which we find repeated, both on other monuments of Thebes, and partly also on some of the monuments of Nubia, as, for example, at Ipsambul. This event appears to have formed an epoch in Egyptian history, and to have furnished materials both for the historian and the sculptor, like the war of Troy to the Grecian poet. The whole length of this temple is about 800 feet.

But the remains of Carnak, about one mile and a quarter lower down the river, are still more wonderful than Luxor: one of the buildings is probably the temple of Ammon, which we know from Diodorus was on this side of the river. An irregular avenue of sphinxes, considerably more than a mile in length

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(about 6,560 feet), connected the northern entrance of the temple of Luxor with it; but this was only one of several proud approaches to perhaps the largest assemblage of buildings that ever was erected. For a minute description of Carnak we must refer to the plans in the great French work, and to Dr. Richardson's and Mr. Hamilton's accounts. The irregularities in the structure and approaches of this building show that the various parts of it were raised at different periods, for indeed it would have been impossible for any one sovereign to have completed such a monument in his life-time; and we know, also, that the great temple at Memphis received numerous additions during a long succession of ages. Some parts, both of this temple and of the larger building at Carnak (sometimes called a palace), have been constructed out of the materials of earlier buildings, as we see from blocks of stone being occasionally placed with inverted hieroglyphics. It is impossible without good drawings and very long descriptions, to give anything like an adequate idea of the enormous remains of Carnak, among which we find a hall whose roof of flat stones is sustained by more than 130 pillars, some 26 feet, and others as much as 34 feet, in circumference. The remains on the western side of the river are, perhaps, more interesting than those on the east.

That nearly all the monuments of Thebes belong to a period anterior to the Persian conquest, B. C. 525, and that among them we must look for the oldest and most genuine specimens of Egyptian art, is clear, both from the character of the monuments themselves and from historical records; nor is this conviction weakened by finding the name of Alexander twice on part of the buildings at Carnak, which will prove no more than that a chamber might have been added to the temple and inscribed with his name; or that it was not unusual for the priests to flatter conquerors or conquerors' deputies by carving on stone the name of their new master. Thebes was the centre of Egyptian power and commerce, probably long before Memphis grew into importance, or before the Delta was made suitable to the purposes of husbandry by the cutting of canals and the raising of embankments.

[In a note to this passage, it is stated that "Herodotus has given no description of Thebes. Denon several times quotes Herodotus for what is not in that author. But this is so common, even with people who have claims to scholarship, that it has become almost a fashion to say that any thing is in Herodotus." So that the audience of Lord Goderich with the late King, as described in the *Edinburgh Review*, in the Herodotean (or *says he* and *says she*) dialect, is no great license.

[The volume is profusely embellished.]

The Public Journals.

ERRORS OF THE DAY.

The devoutest believers in "the march of intellect" must at intervals be almost driven to renounce their creed in despair. Errors which were supposed to have been exploded centuries ago, sometimes reappear on a sudden, and propagate themselves for a season with a rapidity which no reasoning can pursue, no ridicule arrest. Notions, worthy only of the dark ages, spring up in the glare of the supposed illumination of the present day, and resist all the efforts of the Briarean press itself to dispel them. At one time, it is a pious Hungarian prince who performs preternatural cures, at the request of the friends of the sick parties in Ireland, conveyed through that droll medium for a miracle, the Hamburgh letter-bag! At another, it is an old dropsical impostor, whom thousands of blaspheming dupes venerate as a second virgin quick of a new Messiah! A short time since animal magnetism was in vogue; and the strong will of certain gifted individuals was believed to have the power of entering into a mystical communication with the spirits of others, and of absolutely controlling their whole physical and mental being! To-day we are startled by the actual exhibition of a miracle, the "unknown tongue," on alternate Sundays, at the Caledonian Chapel in Regent Square, London! If at any time we are tempted to plume ourselves on the fact, that the belief in ghosts and witchcraft has disappeared, we are quickly humiliated by the recollection that there are yet thousands of devout believers in the prophecies of Francis Moore, physician; or by overhearing the rhapsodies of some millenarian dreamer, who as confidently gives us the date of the opening of the New Jerusalem as if he were speaking of the New London Bridge.—*Quarterly Review.*

PUBLIC CREDIT.

It is physically impossible to carry on the commerce of the civilized world by the aid of a *purely* metallic currency—no, not though our gold and silver coins were every tenth year debased to a tenth! Why, in London alone, five millions of money are daily exchanged at the Clearing-house, in the course of a few hours. We should like to see the attempt made to bring this infinity of transactions to a settlement in coined money. Credit money, in some shape or other, always has, and must have, performed the part of a circulating medium to a very considerable extent. And (by one of those wonderful compensatory processes which so frequently claim the admiration of every investigator of civil, as well as of physical economy) there is in the nature of credit an elasticity which causes it, when left unshackled by law, to adapt itself

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to the necessities of commerce, and the legitimate demands of the market. Well may the productive classes exclaim to those who persist in legislating on the subject, and are not content without determining who may, and who may not, give credit to another, what kind of monied obligations shall, or shall not, be allowed to circulate—that is, to be taken in exchange for goods at the option of the parties—well might they exclaim, as the merchants of Paris did to the minister of Louis, when he asked what his master could do for them—"Laissez nous faire,"—"Leave us alone, to surround ourselves with those precautions which experience will suggest, and the instinct of self-preservation put in execution."—*Ibid.*

HOARDING MONEY.

THERE can be no doubt too that "*hoarding*" coin goes on to a considerable extent, and greatly augments the scarcity, and consequently the value of the precious metals. Even the old practice of "making a stocking" is by no means given up in rural districts. We ourselves, but a few days back, personally witnessed an old crone, the wife of a small, and apparently poor farmer, in a wild pastoral district, bring no less than three hundred sovereigns in a bag to a neighbouring attorney, to be placed by him in security: her treasure having accumulated till she was afraid to keep it longer at home. Such examples are by no means so rare as may be imagined. The failures of so many country banks in 1825 destroyed the confidence of country people in the bank-notes of the present banks, and causes their preference of gold. The failure of many attorneys, as well as of those country banks which received and gave interest on deposits, and (with the exception of the savings banks, which are very limited in the amount of the deposits they allow) the total absence, in the rural districts of England, of any safe and accessible depositaries for the savings of the economical, such as the invaluable Scotch banks, have tended most injuriously to discourage economy; and where that principle was strongly ingrafted, have converted it into a practice of hoarding, —have caused that to stagnate in unprofitable masses which, spread through proper channels, would have stimulated new industry and new accumulations, and added both to the wealth of the owner, and to the general stock.—*Ibid.*

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

[OUR Correspondent, W. M. of the Regent's Park, should read the following announcement, which supersedes the necessity of printing his communication. At least, we do not feel ourselves justified in doing so, without reference to the undernamed German work.]

It is proposed to erect a monument in Mentz, by public subscription and support of all nations, to Gutenberg, the great inventor of the art of printing, and to celebrate the immortal discovery in a grand and becoming style. The erection is to take place in 1836, being the fourth centenary anniversary of the great achievement, for it is capable of historic proof that Gutenberg communicated his discovery of movable letters to some friends at Strasburg in 1436, to which city he had retired on account of some disturbances in his native place: vide Schaab's *Geschichte der Erfinding der Buchdruckerkunst*, Mainz, 1831, 3 vols. 8vo. The subscriptions and support, in particular, of printers, booksellers, authors and literary bodies, is solicited. Kings and princes, in behalf of the best interests of their subjects and of civilization, it is hoped, will not be backward to support so noble a design. The public will be informed, from time to time, by means of the daily papers and journals, of the progress of the subscription, for which the smallest sums will be received, and the names of the donors entered in a book kept by the Corporation of Mentz, to which all communications are requested to be addressed.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

GOETHE.

A MEDAL, in commemoration of Goethe, has been struck at Berlin. On one side is the portrait of the deceased, by the celebrated Leonard Posch, crowned with laurel, bearing the inscription Jo. W. DE GOETHE NAT. XXVIII AUG. MDCCXXXXIX. The likeness was taken a few years ago at Weimar, and has been universally admired for its accuracy. On the reverse is represented the Poet's Apotheosis. A swan bears him on his wings to the starry regions, that appear expanded above, and to which the Poet, having a golden lyre in his left arm, extends his right arm with longing gaze. On this side is the inscription AD ASTRA REDIIT D. XXII MART. MDCCCXXXII.—*Ibid.*

The Gatherer.

Wilkes's Luckiest Number.—A rich farmer in Devonshire made a will, in which the following article was found:—"I bequeath to John Wilkes, late member of parliament for Aylesbury, five thousand pounds sterling, as a grateful return for the courage with which he defended the liberty of his country, and opposed the dangerous progress of arbitrary power"

Owen's Alms-houses, Islington, were founded by Dame Alice Owen, in consequence of a providential escape. In the fields, near this spot, in the reign of Queen Mary, the archers frequently exercised with bows and arrows. Dame Owen walking with her maid,

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and observing a woman milking a cow, was desirous of trying to milk the cow herself, which she did, when on leaving the cow, an arrow pierced the crown of her hat, without doing her the least injury. In gratitude for her escape, she built the school and houses. For many years an arrow was fixed on the top of them. SWAINE.

Origin of Tory.—Our friend, Mr. George Olaus Borrow, who has devoted his attention specially to the Celtic dialect, suggests that the long-disputed etymology of the word *Tory* may be traced to the Irish adherents of Charles II., during the Cromwellian era. The words *Tar a Ri* (pronounced *Tory,*) and meaning *Come, O King*, having been so constantly in the mouths of the Royalists as to have become a by-word to designate them. Mr. Borrow's paper on the subject has appeared in the *Norfolk Chronicle.*

Toast.—May the man who wins a woman's heart never be instrumental in breaking its peace.

Progress of Life.

When man full thirty years has spent,
The road at times both rough and stony,
To clear life's vapour, and repent
He seeks the stream of *Matrimony!*

Caught at last.—Sir Jervis Elwayes, lieutenant of the Tower, being much addicted to gaming, used to say, in his prayers, "Lord, let me hanged, if ever I play more." He broke this serious prayer a thousand times, and at last *was hanged* on Tower Hill, in 1615, for the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury.

Edward the Confessor took great delight in Haverley Bower, in Essex, it being woody, solitary, and fit for devotion; but it so abounded with warbling nightingales, that they disturbed him in his devotions. He earnestly prayed for their absence, since which time it is superstitiously said, never nightingale was heard to sing in the park, though occasionally the warbler is heard outside the pales.

Wages.—In 1352, (25th Edward III.) the wages paid to haymakers was 1*d.* a-day; a mower of meadows, 3*d.* a-day, or 5*d.* an acre; reapers of corn in the first week of August, 2*d.*, in the second 3*d.* per day, and so on till the end of August, without meat, drink, or other allowance; finding their own tools. For threshing a quarter of wheat or rye, 2½*d.*; a quarter of barley, beans, peas, and oats, 1½*d.* A master carpenter, 3*d.* per day, other carpenters 2*d.* A master mason 4*d.* per day, other masons 3*d.*, and their servants 1½*d.* per day. Tilers 3*d.*, and their "knaves" 1½*d.* Thatchers 3*d.* a-day, and their knaves 1½*d.* Plasterers, and other workers of mud walls and their knaves in like manner, without meat or drink, and this from Easter to Michaelmas; and from that time less, according to the direction of the justices. T. GILL.

Literary Quizzing.—Of all human quizzing, ancient and modern, plebeian or patrician, nothing equals that now in triumphant practice in the lists of literature. From Zoilus to the penny newspapers, never has there been criticism, penned or spoken, so bitterly pungent as some of the grave laudatory articles, by which authors are now quizzed down to zero in the popular reviews. Satan Montgomery is bantered with the name of Isaiah; Miss Landon by a comparison with La Rochefoucault; and Don Trueba, with Pigault le Brun. This is a refinement in cruelty. It is twining the rack with flowers, and hanging a man with a cord of gold. The sentence of the reviewer should be "Yea, yea; and nay, nay!" A Barmecide's feast of fame is a supererogation of malice. We hold that all authors so derided have a right to call upon their critics to make good their words; and build up the visionary castles of their *Fata Morgana*, (like London Bridge in the nursery song) with "gravel and stone;" or rather, "with silver and gold." A heavy mulct should be imposed on literary quizzing.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

Cross Readings, (from the Spanish.)—Suddenly King Alphonso Riberro Fernando rose from his couch, and sallying from his tent with fierce looks and sword in hand—swore the total annihilation of every bug in the Castiles.

And the king with great despatch, forthwith ordered a strong body of cavalry, for—there was a mouse scratching behind the wainscot.

So the queen, Mary, rising majestically from her throne, with imperial, yet gentle look, exclaimed in a sweet voice—"Scratch Poll's head."

There was a goodly array of gay knights following the king to the hunt—the rats being numerous they afforded good sport.

*** These specimens of Spanish satire came out in the form of cross-readings, a few months after the death of Cervantes; they were affirmed to be by that illustrious author; how truly so I know not. R. N.

Cannon Clock.—In the gardens of the Palais Royal and the Luxembourg, at Paris, is a specimen of this contrivance invented by one Rousseau. A burning-glass is fixed over the vent of a cannon, so that the sun's rays, at the moment of its passing the meridian, are concentrated by the glass, on the priming, and the piece is fired. The burning-glass is regulated, for this purpose, every month.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, *Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by* ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, *New Market, Leipsic; G. G.* BENNIS, 55, *Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.*

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 565.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1832. [Price 2d.

PERSIAN BATH.

The luxurious indulgence of baths in the East is generally known to the reader of travels, so as to render acceptable the following details. They are extracted from Mr. Buckingham's Travels,* and bear all the graphic minuteness of his entertaining pen.

The Bath is one of the principal ones of Kermanshah, an important frontier town of Persia. "It was entered by a porch, extremely clean, and neatly ornamented by painting and other devices on its ceiling and walls. This remarkable contrast to the low, dark, and foul passages which generally lead to Turkish baths, was a presage, upon the very threshold, of greater comfort and accommodation within.

"When we reached the undressing-room, this prepossession was still further strengthened. Here we found a square hall, well lighted from above, having on three of its sides elevated recesses for the visiters, and on the fourth, the passage from the outer porch to the hall, and from this to the inner bath. At the angles of these raised recesses, and dividing their lower roof, which they supported, from the higher one of the central square, were four good marble pillars, with spirally fluted shafts, and moulded capitals, perfectly uniform in size and design, and producing the best effect. In the centre of the square space, which these marked out, and on a lower floor, was a large marble cistern of cold water; and at each end of this, on wooden stands, like those used in our arbours and breakfast rooms, were arranged coloured glass jars, with flowers of various kinds in them, well watered and perfectly fresh.

"The walls of this outer hall were ornamented all around by designs of trees, birds, and beasts, in fanciful forms, executed in white upon a blue ground. We undressed here, and were led from hence into the inner bath, where all was still free from every thing offensive, either to the sight or smell. This inner room was originally an oblong space of about fifty feet by twenty-five, but had been since made into two square divisions. The first, or outer one, was a plain paved hall, exactly like the undressing-room, except that it had no side recesses, but its floor was level, close to the walls. There were here also four pillars; and in the square space which they enclosed in the centre of the room, was a cistern of water as in the outer one. It was on the floor of this that the visiters lay, to be washed by the attendants; for there were no raised seats for this purpose as in Turkish baths, and the great octagonal one, with its cold fountain, the sides and tops of which are

* Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia. H. Colburn, 4to., 1829.

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ornamented with mosaic work of marble in Turkey, was here replaced by the cistern described.

"The second division to which this room led, consisted of three parts; the central one was a large and deep bath, filled with warm water, its bottom being level with the lower floor of the building, and the ascent to it being by three or four steep steps.

"As few pleasures are entirely perfect, so here, with all its general apparent superiority to the baths of Turkey, this was inferior to them in the most essential points. The attendants seemed quite ignorant of the art of twisting the limbs, moulding the muscles, cracking the joints, opening the chest, and all that delicious train of operations in which the Turks are so skilful. The visiters were merely well though roughly scrubbed, and their impurities then rinsed off in the large cistern above, from which there was neither a running stream to carry off the foul water, nor cocks of hot and cold to renew and temper it at pleasure, as in Turkey.

"In place of the luxurious moulding of the muscles, the use of the hair-bag, or glove, for removing the dirt, and the profusion of perfumed soap, with which the Turks end a course of treatment full of delight, the Persians are occupied in staining the beard and hair black, the nails of the toes and fingers of a deep red, and the whole of the feet and hands of a yellow colour, by different preparations of henna. This operation is the most unpleasant that can be imagined. The Persians do not shave the whole of the head, as is usual with most of the Turks and Arabs, but, taking of all the hair from the forehead, over the crown, and down the neck, for about a hand's breadth, they leave on each side two large bushy masses depending over their shoulders. This, then, with a very long and full beard, in which all the people here take pride, is plastered with a thick paste, of the consistence of hog's lard, and not less than two pounds weight of which is sometimes used on one person. It possesses a strongly astringent and penetrating quality, and requires great skill in the use of it, to avoid doing considerable mischief. As the eye-brows are plastered with it, as well as the rest of the hair, and as it softens by the heat of the room and of the body, it frequently steals into the eyes, and produces great pain.

"When all is finished, and the visiter leaves the inner bath, he is furnished with two cloths only, one for the waist, and the other to throw loosely over the head and shoulders: he then goes into the outer room into a colder air, thus thinly clad, and without slippers or pattens; no bed is prepared for him, nor is he again attended to by any one, unless he demands a nargeel to smoke; but, most generally, he dresses himself in haste, and departs."

ORIGIN OF PSALMODY.

In D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, there is an amusing and instructive account of the *Origin of Psalm-Singing*. It appears that Psalms in verse were first written by that elegant French poet, Clement Marot, the favoured court bard of Francis I., who was termed by his *un-envious* brother poets, "the poet of princes." They were published at Paris, and the volume contained fifty Psalms, written in various measures, and, which, from the beauty of their composition, (some specimens of which we have seen,) appear to be worthy of the muse of Marot. This "Holy Song Book," as he entitled it, was "humbly dedicated to the powerful King of France," and being considered by the volatile French people as an amusing novelty, it sold faster than any book of that period. In fact, the printers could not supply impressions fast enough for the demand; and, as the Psalms were considered in the light of ballads, they were set by the people to popular tunes, and were commonly *sung* as ballads.

This good reception of Marot's Psalms induced the celebrated Theodore Beza to continue the collection; and another volume was printed, of which 20,000 were immediately sold: this was a considerable circulation, when we consider the few readers that then existed, in comparison with the number of readers in the present age. These had the advantage over Marot's of being set to tunes of greater spirit. Beza, in his preface, says, that "these Psalms are admirably suited for the violin and other musical instruments;" and our readers will learn, not without surprise, that through the instrumentality of the gloomy Calvin, these compositions were set to most beautiful and simple airs. He wisely took advantage of popular feeling to spread his religious opinions, through the means of melody, and, in furtherance of this plan, he engaged the most celebrated composers of his time to furnish tunes to these Psalms. At first, the scheme was not discovered: for Catholics sang the Psalms as well as Hugonots; but, when Calvin appointed these Psalms, with their music, to be sung at his meetings, there was an end to the solace of the dreary hours of the poor Catholics. Marot himself was compelled to quit Geneva; Psalm-singing became an open declaration of Lutheranism; and "woe to the poor wight" who was caught in the *diabolical* act of singing these "pernicious Psalms."

The history of Psalm-singing in our own island can be comprised in very few words. When the enthusiasm of the French in favour of their Psalms was at its height, one Sternhold, undertook to be *our* Marot, and wrote a Book of Psalms, which captivated the hearts of the Puritans, by whom they were practised at their chapels in the Protec-

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torate of Cromwell, but were more particularly set and sung in the reign of Elizabeth. Psalms, about this time, were sung at City and Lord Mayors' feasts, and turtle-eaters delighted to honour Psalm-singers. Soldiers used them as stimulants to exertion on their march, and even on parade; and there was scarcely a regiment but could boast of its Marot. About this time, too, it was customary for the inhabitants of houses which had windows facing the street, to regale the passenger with the "holy songs" of Sternhold. E. J. H.

*** [By way of an appropriate pendent to our Correspondent's paper, we quote the following excellent passage on Psalmody, by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, in his *Memoir of Felix Neff*.]

The effect produced by the words, or by the music, or by the combination of the two, is such, that the cultivation of psalmody has ever been earnestly recommended by those who are anxious to excite true piety. Tradition, history, revelation, and experience, bear witness to the truth, that there is nothing to which the natural feelings of man respond more readily. Every nation, whose literary remains have come down to us, appears to have consecrated the first efforts of its muse to religion, or rather all the first compositions in verse seem to have grown out of devotional effusions. We know that the book of Job, and others, the most ancient of the Old Testament, contain rhythmical addresses to the Supreme Being. Many of the psalms were composed centuries before the time of king David, and it is not extravagant to imagine, that some of them may have been sung even to Jubal's lyre, and were handed down from patriarch to patriarch by oral tradition. Nor did the fancy of Milton take too bold a flight when it pleased itself with the idea that our first parents, taught by the carols of the birds in the garden of Eden, raised their voices in tuneful notes of praise to the Creator of all, when they walked forth in the cool of the day to meet their God before the fall. But this is certain, that one of our Lord's last acts of social worship on earth was to sing a hymn with his disciples. Few, therefore, can be slow to understand, that if Christ and his disciples broke forth in holy song, immediately after the solemnities of the Last Supper, and just before the Shepherd was smitten, and the sheep were scattered; and if Paul and Silas sung praises unto God in their prison-house, congregational worship may always be the better for such helps. Add to these examples, the apostolical exhortation to the merry hearted to sing psalms, and the apostolical descriptions of the choral strains which resound in the courts of heaven, and we cannot but feel certain, that the services of the Christian church were cheered from the earliest times by hymns and psalms. "Those Nazarenes sing hymns to Christ," said Pliny, in contempt. We thank him for recording the fact. The words of the Te Deum were composed by a native of Gaul, (for the use probably of one of the churches on the Rhone, or of the Alps) about the third century; and at the same period, men, women, youths of both sexes, and even children joined in the psalmody of the sanctuaries, in such cordial and harmonious unison, that a father of the church has well compared the sound to the loud, but not discordant, noise of many waves beating against the sea shore.

At the time of the Reformation, sacred music, which had begun to run wild, was brought back to its first principles. The melodies of religious worship were rendered more heart-touching, by being set to words in the vernacular tongues, which every body could understand. Luther's hymn, "Great God, what do I hear and see," led the way. Henry VIII. hated the German reformer, and all that he did, but he burned to rival him in every thing, and he gave a stimulus to the public taste, by composing words and music for the service of the English church. In France, soon after the middle of the sixteenth century, when it was doubtful whether the nation would become Protestant or remain Roman Catholic, the pathetic tunes and devotional stanzas of the reformers obtained so great an influence over the minds of men, that the music of the temples, as the Protestant sanctuaries were called, to distinguish them from the Roman Catholic churches, became the fashionable melodies of the day. This taste found its way even to the court, and to the great alarm of the Romish party, some of the sweetest and most stirring of the psalms, which had been translated into French metre by Clement Marot, were set to music by Lewis Guadimel, and were constantly in the mouths not only of the Protestant families of the provinces, but of the ornaments of the saloons of Paris, and of the palace of the Louvre. It is said to have been quite astonishing how much this pious and simple device found favour for the Protestant cause, and induced people, who had never read Scripture before, to search the holy volume out of which those treasures were drawn, which so charmed their ears and their imagination. It is still the practice in most of the mountain churches to make sacred music a part of family devotion, and many of the tunes which Guadimel composed with such success are still sung to the praise of God. I can bear witness to the forcible manner in which these strains, rising to heaven from the lips of parents, children and domestics, quicken piety, and stir up the best affections of the heart towards God and man. I have seen and felt the effect produced by them in

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the humble dwelling of the village pastor, where none but human voices swelled the notes; and in the chateau, where the harp and the organ have mingled their fine sounds with the well modulated tones of an accomplished family of sons and daughters. My thoughts, at the moment I am writing this, are at Chateâu Blonay, but most of the voices, which I heard there, are now silent in death! I am thoroughly convinced that family worship, and congregational worship lose a great auxiliary to piety, when there is not the power or the inclination to join in psalmody.

LINES

*Written after reading the Memoir and Poems of Miss Lucretia Davidson.**

Ev'n till thy latest hour, Lucretia! thou
Didst cherish *that* which but consum'd thy frame.
'Twas *then* it shone the brightest on thy brow,
Like the last flickerings of an earthly flame—
Yes, thy brain harass'd by deep toil, became
With all its fire, a tenant of the tomb,
And dim is now thine eye, Belov'd of Fame!
Thy cheek is pale—thy lip without perfume—
And there thou liest—the child of Genius—and its doom.

Like the proud eagle soaring to the skies,
Intent "the topmost arch" of heaven to scale,
When heeding naught that would oppose its rise,
It breaks with fearless nerve the tempest-gale—
And spreads its wings like a majestic sail,
Full on the bosom of the raging blast,
Thy spirit soar'd—but ah! too like us frail,
When the same breeze which bore it from the dust
Wing'd home the fatal shaft that tore its bleeding breast.

Would I could sing thy fame with thine own lyre,
Then should I breathe a more deserving lay,
A lay which every spirit would inspire,
And melt each eye to tears of sympathy;
But others at thy shrine, their tributes pay,
Offspring of Beauty! child of native song!
And I, ev'n I, would venture to essay,
To raise my lauding voice amidst the throng
Of those who weep thy loss—and who shall weep it long!

N. C.

* See Memoir, and specimens of her Poetry, *Mirror*, vol. xiv. p. 340.

Spirit of Discovery.

IMPROVED RAW SUGAR.

[We find the following information communicated to the *Literary Gazette*, apparently by the parties connected with the improvement.]

Considerable interest has been excited in the market by the introduction of an improved native raw sugar, which portends very great advantages to all who are engaged in this so long unprofitable branch of colonial and commercial intercourse. It is pure raw sugar, obtained direct from the cane-juice, without any secondary process of decoloration or solution, and by which all necessity for any subsequent process of refining is entirely obviated. It is obtained in perfectly pure, transparent, granular crystals, being entirely free from any portion of uncrystallisable sugar or colouring matter, and is prepared by the improved process of effecting the last stages of concentration in vacuum, and at a temperature insufficient to produce any changes in its chemical composition; the mode of operation first proposed by the late Hon. Ed. Charles Howard, and subsequently introduced, with the most important advantages and complete success, into the principal sugar-refineries of Great Britain.

By this improved and scientific process of manufacture, the application of which to the purpose of preparing raw sugar from the cane-juice has now first been proposed, the most singular advantages are secured to the planter, in an increased quantity of sugar, the product of his operation, and in saving from the immense quantity of deteriorated material, uncrystallisable sugar and molasses, which were products of the former mode of operation, from the intense and long-continued degree of heat employed in the processes. The time and labour of the operation are also greatly decreased; the apparatus possesses the power to make double the quantity in the same space of time as the old method, and this is ready for shipment in four days, in lieu of three weaks, as heretofore. The sugar likewise readily commands an advanced price in the market to the planter of ten or twelve shillings per cwt.

This improved sugar readily ensures a preference for all purposes of manufacture, solution, or domestic economy. It is a purer sweet, and of a richer mellifluous taste than even the best refined; it is not apt to become ascescent in solution; and, from its superior quality, it well answers all purposes of the table. In the manufacture of rum from the molasses, which are separated during the first process of the operation, there is no danger of deterioration in the production of empyreuma, and a far purer spirit is obtained than that made from ordinary molasses.

This improved process is now in complete and successful operation on eight estates in Demerara. The general introduction of the process is considered by the best practical judges to ensure certain means of revivifying the spoiled fortunes of the planters, and to open a new era in the prosperity of those portions of the British crown, of which this forms the principal staple commodity of support.

[According to Dr. Moseley, the art of refining sugar, and what is called loaf sugar, is a modern European invention, the discovery of a Venetian, about the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. Sugar candy is of much earlier date, for in Marin's *Storia del Commercio de Veneziani*, there is an account of a shipment made at Venice for England in 1319, of 100,000 lbs. of sugar, and 10,000 lbs. of sugar candy. Refined, or loaf sugar is mentioned in a roll of provisions in the reign of Henry VIII.

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The process of refining sugar *in vacuo* is the most useful application of "the fact that liquids are driven off, or made to boil at lower degrees of heat when the atmospheric pressure is lessened or removed."* The first part of the process is to dissolve impure sugar in water, and after clarifying the solution, to boil off or evaporate the water again, that the dry crystallized mass may remain. Formerly this evaporation was performed under the atmospheric pressure, and a heat of 218° or 220° was required to make the syrup boil; by which degree of heat, however, a portion of the sugar was discoloured and spoiled, and the whole produce was deteriorated. The valuable thought occurred to Mr. Howard, that the water might be dissipated by boiling the syrup in a vacuum or place from which air was *excluded*, and therefore at a low temperature. This was done accordingly; and the saving of sugar and the improvement of quality were such as to make the patent right, which secured the emoluments of the process to him and other parties, worth many thousand pounds a-year. The syrup, during this process, is not more heated than it would be in a vessel merely exposed to a summer sun.

Lord Brougham, in his Introduction to the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, characterizes this as a process, by which more money has been made in a shorter time, and with less risk and trouble, than was ever perhaps gained from an invention; and as "the fruit of a long course of experiments, in the progress of which known philosophical principles were constantly applied, and one or two new principles ascertained."†

The scene of this discovery was, in all probability, the Deepdene, near Dorking, the retreat of the late Mr. Thomas Hope, the author of *Anastasius*. Here the Hon. Mr. Howard, brother of the Duke of Norfolk, resided at the commencement of the last century, and is stated to have enjoyed that philosophical retirement which may be described as the happy haven of a truly great mind. He planted a portion of the grounds, the greater part of the estate being so admirably disposed by nature as almost to forbid the fashioning of men's hands. At Mr. Howard's death, the estate descended to the Duke of Norfolk, who sold the property, in 1791, to the late Sir William Burrell, whose lady wrote the following lines, which are on a tablet in the grounds:

"This votive Tablet is inscribed to the memory of the Honourable Charles Howard, who built an oratory and laboratory on this spot: he died at the Deepdene, 1714.

If worth, if learning, should with fame be crown'd,
If to superior talents, fame be due,
Let *Howard's* virtues consecrate the ground
Where once the fairest flowers of science grew.

Within this calm retreat, th' illustrious sage
Was wont his grateful orisons to pay,
Here he perused the legendary page,
Here gave to chemistry the feeling day.

Cold to ambition, far from courts remov'd,
Though qualified to fill the statesman's part,
He studied nature in the paths he lov'd,
Peace in his thoughts, and virtue in his heart:

Soft may the breeze sigh through the ivy boughs
That shade this humble record of his worth;
Here may the robin undisturbed repose,
And fragrant flowers adorn the hallow'd earth.

January 1792."

The tablet is of plain wood—black letters painted on a white ground. It is an unostentatious memorial, which has been respected amidst the extensive alteration and embellishment of the grounds by the late Mr. Hope. To our minds, neither of the treasures of art which are assembled within the splendid saloons of the adjoining mansion, or sculpture gallery, will outvie the interest of this humble tribute to the memory of departed genius.]

* Arnott's Elements of Physics.

† Objects, Advantages, and Pleasures of Science. In the first edition, the inventer is erroneously stated to be Edward Howard.

THE LANDERS' VOYAGE AND DISCOVERIES ON THE NIGER.

The travellers, in embarking on the Atlantic, had solved the greatest problem in African, and even in modern geography;—one which had exercised the ingenuity and conjecture of so many learned inquirers, and in the efforts to solve which so many brave and distinguished adventurers had perished. This discovery divested the Niger of that singular and mysterious character, which had been one chief cause of the interest that it had excited—when seen rolling its ample flood *from* the sea towards vast unknown regions in the interior. The circuit by which it reaches the Atlantic assimilates its character to that of ordinary rivers, without any much more remarkable windings than are found in others of similar length. It displays, however, a magnitude considerably greater than had been suggested by any former observation.

We can now trace very distinctly, the entire line of this great river. Its source, though not actually visited, seems ascertained by Laing to exist in the high country of Kissi, about 200 miles in the interior from Sierra Leone. Thence it rolls through Foota Jallo and Kankan, where Caillie describes himself to have found it already a rapid and considerable stream. At Bammakoo, having received the tributary from Sankari in Manding, which Park mistook for the main river, it begins its course over the fine plain of Bambarra, where it forms a noble stream; and in passing Sego, the capital, has been considered as equalling the Thames at Westminster. Thence it pursues a north-westerly course, and flowing through the lake Dibbie, reaches Timbuctoo. Its course from that city to Youri has not yet been delineated; but the fact that Park navigated down from one place to the other, fully establishes the continuity,

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During this reach the Niger makes a great change of direction from north-east to almost due south. From Youri to the sea, it was navigated by the present travellers, and was found following generally a southern direction, though making in one part a rapid bend to the east, whence it gradually returns. If we measure two distances, one from the source to Timbuctoo, and the other from that city to the sea, we shall have nearly 2,000 miles, which may be considered as the direct course; and the various windings must raise the whole line of the stream to upwards of 3,000 miles. For several hundred miles of its lower course, it forms a broad and magnificent expanse, resembling an inland sea. The Niger must after all yield very considerably to the Missouri and Orellana, those stupendous rivers of the new world. But it appears at least as great as any of those which water the old continents. There can rank with it only the Nile, and the Yangtse-kiang, or Great River of China. But the upper course of neither is yet very fully ascertained; and the Nile can compete only in length of course, not in the magnitude of its stream, or the fertility of the regions which it waters. There is one feature in which the Niger may defy competition from any river, either of the old or new world. This is in the grandeur of its Delta. Along the whole coast, from the river of Formosa or Benin to that of Old Calabar, about 300 miles in length, there open into the Atlantic its successive estuaries, which navigators have scarcely been able to number. Taking this coast as the base of the triangle or Delta, and its vertex at Kirree, about 170 miles inland, where the Formosa branch separates, we have a space of upwards of 25,000 square miles, equal to the half of England. Had this Delta, like that of the Nile, been subject only to temporary inundations, leaving behind a layer of fertilizing slime, it would have formed the most fruitful region on earth, and might have been almost the granary of a continent. But, unfortunately, the Niger rolls down its waters in such excessive abundance, as to convert the whole into a huge and dreary swamp, covered with dense forests of mangrove, and other trees of spreading and luxuriant foliage. The equatorial sun, with its fiercest rays, cannot penetrate these dark recesses; it only exhales from them pestilential vapours, which render this coast the theatre of more fatal epidemic diseases than any other, even of Western Africa. That human industry will one day level these forests, drain these swamps, and cover this soil with luxuriant harvests, we may confidently anticipate; but many ages must probably elapse before man, in Africa, can achieve such a victory over nature.

The Niger, besides its own ample stream, has a number of tributaries, equal perhaps in magnitude and importance to those of any other river on the globe; with the exception of the united streams of the Mississippi and Missouri. At no great distance above the point where the Delta commences, the Tshadda, nearly equal in magnitude to itself, enters it; after watering large and fruitful kingdoms, of which the names only, and of these but a very few, have reached us. On this river an extensive commerce and active navigation is said to prevail; the existence of which is further confirmed by the great importance attached to Funda, and other cities situated at or near the junction. It would have been deeply interesting, and have given a new importance to the river communications of Africa, could we have believed, what was positively asserted by very credible witnesses, that vessels by its channel sailed to and from the lake Tchad, and thus held intercourse with the kingdoms of Loggun and Bornou. It seems certain that the names Tshadda, Shary, and Tchad, are one and the same. But the identity of the two first as rivers is what we are precluded from all possibility of believing, by the circumstance that the Shary of Loggun and Bornou, which Major Denham saw and sailed upon, was found by him falling *into* lake Tchad, while the Tshadda of Lander fell *into* the Niger; consequently they are distinct streams, flowing in opposite directions. It is very probable indeed that their fountains may be in the same mountain chain, and at no great distance; and even that some of their branches may approach very near, so that merchants may, by an easy portage, convey commodities between them. Nay, it is not quite impossible that they may be united by some connecting channel, as the Amazons and the Oronooka are; but this seems scarcely probable.

At no great distance above the Tshadda, enters the Coodonia, a smaller river, but which Lander had seen flowing through a very fertile and highly cultivated country. Considerably higher is the Cubbie, a large stream from the country and city of that name; and higher still the Quarrama, which has passed by Zirmie and Sackatoo. Between this point and Timbuctoo, we have no means of knowing whether any or what rivers fall into the Niger. The tributary which passes that city is of no great importance; but at the eastern boundary of Bambarra, Park describes the influx from the south of two great streams, the Maniana and Nimma; and it seems very doubtful if Caillie was not mistaken in supposing the latter to be a mere branch of the Niger. The higher tributaries, descending from the mountains, swell the stream, without themselves affording any important navigation.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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Notes of a Reader.

LAURENCEKIRK SNUFF-BOXES.

[PROBABLY one of the most amusing articles in Mr. Macculloch's bulky *Dictionary of Commerce* of 1,150 pages, is the following account of the manufacture of the celebrated Laurencekirk snuff-boxes. It is right, however, to explain, that Mr. Macculloch only mentions these boxes here for the purpose of giving the following details, not to be met with in any other publication.]

These beautiful boxes were first manufactured at the village of Laurencekirk, in Kincardineshire, about forty years since. The original inventer was a cripple hardly possessed of the power of locomotion. In place of curtains, his bed (rather a curious workshop) was surrounded with benches and receptacles for tools, in the contrivance and use of which he discovered the utmost ingenuity. The inventer, instead of taking out a patent, confided his secret to a joiner in the same village, who in a few years amassed a considerable property; while the other died, as he had lived, in the greatest poverty. The great difficulty of the manufacture lies in the formation of the hinge, which in a genuine box is so delicately made as hardly to be visible. Peculiar, or, as they are called, secret tools are required in its formation; and though they must have been improved by time and experience, the mystery attached to their preparation is still so studiously kept up, that the workmen employed in one shop are rigorously debarred from having any communication with those employed in another.

About the beginning of this century, an ingenious individual belonging to the village of Cumnock, in Ayrshire, of the name of Crawford, having seen one of the Laurencekirk snuff-boxes, succeeded, after various attempts, by the assistance of a watchmaker of the same village, who made the tools, in producing a similar box; and by his success, not only laid the foundation of his own fortune, but greatly enriched his native parish and province. For awhile, the Laurencekirk boxes were most in demand; but Mr. Crawford and his neighbours in Cumnock not only copied the art, but so improved and perfected it, that in a very few years, for every box made in the north there were, probably, twenty made in the south. In 1826, the Cumnock trade was divided amongst eight master manufacturers, who employed considerably more than 100 persons. The demand at that time equalled the supply, and it was calculated that the trade yielded from 7,000*l.* to 8,000*l.* annually,—a large product for a manufacture seemingly so insignificant, and consisting almost exclusively of the wages of labour. Plane is the wood in common use, and the cost of the wood in an ordinary sized box does not exceed 1*d.*; the paints and varnish are rated at 2*d*; and though something is lost by selecting timber of the finest colour, the whole expense of the raw material falls considerably short of ½ per cent. on the return it yields!

Snuff-box, like pin making, admits of subdivision of labour; and in all workshops of any size three classes of persons are employed —painters, polishers, and joiners. At the period alluded to, an industrious joiner earned from 30*s.* to 40*s.* weekly, a painter from 45*s.* to 3*l.*, and a polisher considerably less than either. When Mr. Crawford first commenced business he obtained almost any price he chose to ask; and many instances occurred, in which ordinary sized snuff-boxes sold at 2*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, and ladies' work-boxes at 25*l.* But as the trade increased, it became necessary to employ apprentices, who first became journeymen and then masters; and such have been the effects of improvement and competition, that articles such as are specified above, may now be obtained at the respective prices of *six* and *twenty-five shillings*. While the joiner's part of the art has remained pretty stationary, that of the painter has been gradually improving. By means of the *Pentagraph*, which is much employed, the largest engravings are reduced to the size most convenient for the workman, without injuring the prints in the slightest degree; and hence a snuff-box manufacturer, like a Dunfermline weaver, can work to order by exhibiting on wood his employer's coat of arms, or in short, any object he may fancy within the range of the pictorial art. Some of the painters display considerable talent, and as often as they choose to put forth their strength, produce box-lids, which are really worthy of being preserved as pictures. At first, nearly the whole subjects chosen as ornaments, were taken from Burns's poems; and there can be no doubt, that the "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Tam O'Shanter," "Willie brewed a peck o' maut," &c. &c., have penetrated in this form into every quarter of the habitable globe. Now, however, the artists of Cumnock take a wider range; the studios of Wilkie, and other artists, have been laid under contribution; landscapes are as often met with as figures; and there is scarcely a celebrated scene in the country that is not pictured forth more or less perfectly on the lid of a Cumnock snuff-box. A few years ago, the art in question was much affected by the long-continued depression of the weaving business; so much so, that many left it for some other employment. And some of those who emigrated, having made a good deal of money, instead of being cooped up in a workshop, are now thriving proprietors in Upper Canada. But after a brief interval the trade rallied; and though prices are low, it is now more flourishing than ever. In Cum-

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nock the number of hands has increased considerably, and in Mauchline there is one workshop so extensive that it may almost be compared to a cotton mill or factory. In other quarters the trade is extending, such as Helensburgh near Greenock, Catrine, Maxwelltown, Dumfries, &c. The principal markets for the snuff-boxes are London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh. At one time large lots of boxes were exported to South America, and probably are so at present. Cumnock, in a word, in regard to its staple manufacture, is in that palmy state so well described by a modern writer:—"the condition most favourable to population is that of a laborious, frugal people ministering to the demands of opulent neighbours; because this situation, while it leaves them every advantage of luxury, exempts them from the evils which accompany its admission into a country. Of the different kinds of luxury, those are the most innocent which afford employment to the greatest number of artists and manufacturers; or those in which the price of the work bears the greatest proportion to that of the raw material." Some very wretched imitations of Cumnock boxes have been produced in different parts of England; but they can deceive no one who ever saw a genuine box. The hinge, as well as the finishing, is clumsy in the extreme.

[Mr. Macculloch acknowledges himself indebted for this curious and instructive article to his esteemed friend "John M'Diarmid, Esq. Editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, one of the best provincial papers published in the empire."

By the way, what a colossal labour must have been the preparation of the above Dictionary. How it reminds us of the words of poor, patient Antony Wood: "What toyle hath been taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth, but he that hath made the trial." Yet it has often occurred to us that the compiler, or editor, as he is complimentarily called, is barely treated with proper respect in these days. What is all knowledge but a continued accumulation and comparison of facts, by "following the example of time?" Yet, all this is not *original*; but we ask, in what does the intellectual originality of the present day consist? does it add a spark to the minds of men which they cannot find in the labours of past ages? New books (we mean new *original* works) are like dull, pointless flints; the reader cannot scintillate, strike-fire, or *steal* from them; they are mere changes of words, often at the sacrifice of sense to sound. A flashy novel would, perhaps, secure the writer more celebrity than Mr. Macculloch's *Dictionary* will obtain for him, though his reputation for talent and industry want not the false glory, the commonplace praise—the dullest outpourings—of a very dull perception. Perhaps the whole series of the Waverley Novels might have been written while this Dictionary was in course of compilation.

We heartily wish that Mr. Macculloch's work may become as popular as it deserves. It will then enjoy extensive fame. It would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to acquaint the reader with its mass of well-arranged materials; its laborious abstracts, documents, and information upon every point that bears upon the main subjects, commerce and commercial navigation, practical, theoretical, and historical. It deserves to be the library of every counting-house, manufactory, and workshop in the empire; it is, indeed, a delightful relief to mere figures, and we should think better of the man whom we caught dipping into its pages by turns with his book of accounts: for, with Addison, we have no noble opinion of a man who is ever poring over his cash-book, and deriving all his ideas of happiness from its balances.]

COMPARATIVE MORTALITY.

A CURIOUS official paper has been circulated, ordered by the House of Commons, showing the comparative mortality in many large towns, &c., of the kingdom, from 1813 up to the present year. Among the towns included in this comparative calculation of mortality are, Leeds (town), Bradford, Holbeck, Beeston, Wigan, Preston, Norwich, Bolton-le-Moors, London, Bury, (Lancashire), Essex, &c. The result of the investigation of mortality may be concisely stated as follows:—Of children born there die, in Leeds, 53 per cent. under 5 years of age, and 62 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Bradford, 47 per cent. under 5, and 59 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Beeston, 39 per cent. under 5, and 52 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Holbeck, 50 per cent. under 5, and 62 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Norwich, 42 per cent. under 5, and 50 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Bolton, 49 per cent. under 5, and 61 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Wigan, 48 per cent. under 5, and 59 per cent. under 20 years of age; in London, 38 per cent. under 5, and 46 per cent. under 20 years of age; in Rutland, 29 per cent. under 5, and 37½ per cent. under 20 years of age, &c. It further appears, that in Essex, Rutland, and the metropolis, persons live to an advanced age in a greater extent than others.—*Morning Herald.*

LEE, KENT.

THE rural village of Lee is situate six miles south of London, on the south side of Blackheath, and on the road to Maidstone. It is a place of considerable antiquity; and was originally written *Legheart*, and in old Latin, *Laga*, i. e. a place which lies sheltered. "The manor was held of Edward the Confessor by

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Lee Church and Parsonage.

Alwin. William the Conqueror gave it to his half-brother, Odo, bishop of Baieux, and Earl of Kent, of whom it was held by Walter de Douay." In the time of the Confessor, it was valued at 3*l.* and in Domesday at 100*s.* Its extent is somewhat more than 1,000 acres. Hasted enumerates the successive lords, among whom were Lord Rivers, who was beheaded at Banbury in 1649; and his son, Anthony, Earl Rivers, who was beheaded at Pomfret, in 1483. The manor was purchased by Sir Francis Baring, bart., in 1798.

The picturesque vignette includes the church and parsonage. The Church is in what is called the pointed style, or rather in humble imitation of antiquity, for it is a recent structure built on the site of the walls of the old church, but with the addition of side-aisles. Nearly two centuries before the erection of the present church, the villagers reported the old building to be in a state too ruinous to admit of repair: how long did its stability gainsay their judgment, while they were laid asleep about the walls. The church was an appendage to the manor till the time of Charles I., who granted away the fee of the manor, but reserved the patronage of the church to the crown, where it continues to this time. It was valued 15 Edward I. at 10 marks; in the king's books it is at 3*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; and the yearly tenths at 7*s.* 2*d.* The parsonage has much of the snug character of the glebe-house; it was rebuilt in 1636, by the rector, the Rev. Abraham Sherman.

In the church are some monumental *brasses* and a handsome tomb of marble and alabaster. One of the former is to the memory of Nicholas Ansley, or Annesley, Esq. who died in 1593; with the following inscription:—

When the Quene Elizabeth full five years had rain'd,
Then Nicholas Ansley, whos corps lyes here interred,
At fyve and twenty yeres of age was entertayned
Into her servis, where well himself he caried
In eche man's love till fifty and eight yeres ould,
Being Sergant of the Seller, death him contrould.

Above is an upright figure (on a brass plate,) of the deceased, in armour, kneeling at a desk. The latter monument is to Brian Annesley, Esq. (son of Nicholas) gentleman pensioner to Queen Elizabeth. It consists of an elliptic arch supported by Corinthian columns, and ornamented with a Mosaic pattern studded with roses. Beneath lie the effigies of Annesley, in armour, and his wife, in a gown and ruff; their son, and three daughters.

In the churchyard, among the tombs, is that of Dr. Halley, who succeeded Flamstead as Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, where he died in 1741-2: Halley published a treatise on Comets, when he was nineteen years old; and first applied the barometer to measure heights. Here also lie William Pate, whom Swift, in his Letters, calls the learned woollen-draper: Sir Samuel Fludyer, bart., the courtly lord mayor; Parsons, the comedian, with this quaint epitaph:—

Here Parsons lies, oft on life's busy stage
With nature, reader, hast thou seen him vie;
He science knew, knew manners, knew the age,
Respected knew to live, lamented die.

Bliss, the Astronomer Royal, who died in 1762, is also buried here; Charnock, the author of *Biographia Navalis*, a *Life of Nelson*, &c.; the amiable Lord Dacre, who died in 1794; and Mary, his relict, 1808.*

Harris says that Samuel Purchas resided at Lee, and there wrote a great part of his collection of travels, or "Celebrated Pilgrimages and Relations of the World."

Among the grateful recollection of Lee we must not omit the alms-house, chapel, and school-house founded by C. Boone, Esq. in 1638.

* Lady Dacre visited her dear lord's tomb daily for several years: at the foot of the grave she was accustomed to kneel, and utter a fervent prayer. We can just remember seeing this devout lady on one of these pilgrimages. She usually rode from her mansion in the neighbourhood to the churchyard, on a favourite poney, and wore a large, flapping, drab beaver hat, and a woollen habit, nearly trailing on the ground. At home she evinced an eccentric affection for her deceased lord: his chair was placed, as during his lifetime, at the dinner-table; and its vacancy seemed to feed his lady's melancholy.

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The Public Journals.

THE VICTIMS OF SUSCEPTIBILITY.

By a Modern Pythagorean.

FORTUNE, it has been truly said, is blind, and the same thing may be alleged of nature; for while there are some to whom the latter goddess has denied the commonest gifts, either of person or intellect, she has bestowed the most splendid upon others, with a prodigality which astonishes and perplexes the world. A beautiful person, and genius almost superhuman, fell to the share of Milton; nor can it be doubted, that in these respects the blind goddess was equally kind to the bard of Avon, whose presence, even judging from the imperfect, and somewhat apocryphal likenesses handed down to us, was noble to behold, while his genius more resembled that of a superior nature than of a human being. The same remark applies to the beautiful, the divine Raphael,—nor less to Tasso, and various others, whom we might easily point out.

It will perhaps be deemed presumptuous, after naming those illustrious characters—those "demigods of fame"—to allude to Augustus Merton, who, although he obtained the distinction of first wrangler at Brazennose, Oxford, and carried off a multitude of prizes from that seat of learning, may yet be thought an inadequate testimony of the fact with which we set out, more especially when placed in juxtaposition with the Miltons, the Shakespeares, the Raphaels, and the Tassos of the world. We discuss not this point. We claim for him no equality with these august names; and yet, with all such reservations, do we set him forward as no unmeet proof of the soundness of our assertion.

Merton was gifted with fine genius, and with a person all but faultless. In stature he rose to six feet, and was slightly but elegantly formed; while his whole air bespoke at once the gentleman and scholar. Those who have seen his fine Spanish countenance, dark eyes, and rich clustering hair,—the whole communicating dignity, grace, and interest to his natural melancholy,—will not soon efface his imposing image from their remembrance. His talents were of a highly-diversified order. He was a first-rate Grecian and had he turned his attention exclusively to that language might have contested the palm with Porson himself; nor do those who are best qualified to judge hesitate to place him upon an equality with Burney, Young or Parr. He was also an excellent Latinist, and had a profound acquaintance with geometry, and the other branches of mathematical science. For knowledge of the various eastern tongues he was no unequal match for Lee, of Cambridge; while his acquirements in natural philosophy, political economy, and metaphysics, were such as would have fairly entitled him to prelect on these subjects in any university in Europe. Besides this, he had an exquisite poetical genius; and, in his very first contest, succeeded in carrying off the prize of poetry, to the utter discomfiture of many formidable rivals.

But, with all these high acquirements, he was not a happy man. He had been baptized in the waters of melancholy; and a circumstance which occurred in the fifth year of his curriculum had a baleful and, ultimately, a fatal effect upon him, dethroning reason from its lofty seat, and plunging not him only, but another estimable individual, in the deepest distress. This circumstance, painful as it is, we must relate; and, on perusing it, the reader will see that the noble aspirations, the keen susceptibilities, of the mind do not always lead to happiness; for, alas! it was such an excess of susceptibility in his intellect which disturbed so sadly the current of his ideas, and made him an inmate of St. Luke's.

The weather at the period we speak of was truly melancholy. It was in the gloomy month of November,—that month in which it is said the suicidal propensities of the English nation are most strongly in force. The air was either filled with dull, sluggish, unwholesome fogs, which hung upon it like a nightmare, or soaked in a constant drizzle of small, annoying, contemptible rain-drops, which, without possessing the energy and dignity of a shower, were infinitely more disagreeable, and found their way to the flesh in spite of all the protective armoury of great-coats, hessian cloaks, or umbrellas. It seemed as if a wet blanket were drawn between the sun and the earth. The atmosphere was always foggy, often perfectly wet, but never thoroughly dry. It wanted vitality; and every person that breathed it partook of its own damp, hypochondriac, inanimate character.

It was in the morning of one of those days of fog, gloom, and *ennui*, that Augustus last sallied out to lounge about the streets of Oxford, as was his custom, before breakfast. There was a favourite spot in which he was wont to walk; it was upon the footpath of a very short street, about the middle of which stood the shop of Jonathan Hookey, a barber. This street (we forget its name) is not above fifty yards in length, and opens at each end into a cross street. Now, Merton's walk extended from one of those cross streets to the other, including, of course, the whole extent of the short street; he always walked on one side of this street, viz. on that opposite to the barber's shop. These particulars may seem trifling, but they are essential to the proper understanding of the story.

While making these morning perambulations, he had always an air of deep thought,

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his arms were crossed, and he kept his eyes constantly fixed upon the ground, as if deeply engrossed in profound meditation. It boots not now to inquire on what subjects his thoughts were mostly employed, but it was unquestionably on themes of deep import, and concerned not himself only, but the interests of science, learning, and humanity at large. The morning in question was peculiarly dull and foggy; but whether it was this or something else, certain it is, that he felt himself more than usually overpowered. The air oppressed him like a leaden shroud, and the energies of his soul seemed for once on the point of sinking beneath the superincumbent burden.

Turn we now to Jonathan Hookey, the barber. In person he differed much from Merton. His height did not exceed five feet, but he made amends for it in breadth; for he was a man of a lusty habit, and sported a paunch which no London alderman or burgomaster of Amsterdam would look upon with contempt. Bald was his head, and his nose was not merely large but immense; but it is idle to grow eloquent upon noses. Has not Sterne exhausted the theme? have not we ourselves more than once expatiated upon it? Swakenbergius had a nose, so had Ovidius Naso; but to neither would Jonathan Hookey's strike its colours, and good crimson ones they were.

Jonathan, despite his bald head, his diminutive stature, his ample pot-belly, and ampler nose, was a man of fine feelings. Nature was outraged when he became a barber. He most assuredly was never destined by her to shave beards, and manufacture perukes for heads more brainless, many of them, than his own blocks. He ought to have been a professor of metaphysics or logic in some famous university, such as Heidelburg, Gottingen, or Glasgow;—but why lament over cureless evils? it is sufficient to say he is a barber, and there is an end of the matter.

We must now return to Merton. His solitary walks on the opposite side of the street had not even, from the first, escaped the scrutinizing eyes of Mr. Hookey. No: he saw in the tall, pale, elegant, dark-haired student the victim of deep sensibility. From seeing him, he wondered, from wondering he loved him, from loving he adored him: he knew at once he was no common man. Having perused Byron's *Manfred*, he conceived him to be such another as that strange character; or he might be a second Lara; or, more, he might be, nay he was, a glorious genius, full of high imaginings. Little do we know what bright thoughts passed through the mind of the enthusiastic Hookey. He cursed his profession, which debarred him from the fellowship of such a man: he cursed his nose, which stood between him and the object of his adoration.

Day after day had Mr. Hookey noticed th accomplished, the highly-gifted Merton; bu it was only upon this particular morning that the recognition was mutual. Merton, on turning his eyes by chance from the ground, looked to the opposite side of the street, and there beheld *a nose*. He then turned his eyes to the earth in his usual meditative mood; but, reflecting that a nose without an owner was rather a singular phenomenon, he looked a second time, and there, behind the nose, he saw a man; it was Mr. Hookey himself.

This was the first time that the melancholy and intellectual student reciprocated upon Hookey the attention which Hookey had hitherto bestowed exclusively upon him. No more was the barber's "sweetness wasted upon the desert air," but fell on one who knew how to appreciate it to its fullest extent. Merton stood stock-still, and gazed upon him with mute admiration. He was positively fascinated. The nose operated upon him like the head of Medusa, and almost turned him to stone. And Mr. Hookey was fascinated too. Merton also had become Medusafied, and exercised a petrifactive influence upon the barber. He was nailed fast to the threshold of his own door, and gazed upon his fancied personification of Lara and Manfred with an indomitable and resistless perseverance, which utterly confounded himself; while Merton, nailed alike fast to the opposite footpath, stood staring at his antagonist, or rather at his nasal protuberance. This impressive scene continued for several minutes, when Merton, regaining the power of locomotion, slowly approached the barber, his arms all the while crossed, and his eyes intently fixed upon the nose. Nine slow and awful steps brought him face to face with Hookey. The barber's eyes were fixed intently upon *his*—*his* eyes upon the barber's nose. The scene was extremely dreadful; and Mr. Hookey, after vainly trying to keep his ground, retreated into the shop, still facing Merton, who kept advancing upon him as he receded. Back, step by step, went Hookey; forward, step by step, came Merton; each all the while eyeing the other with equal astonishment. The barber continued retreating, the other following him,—first through the shop, then through the kitchen, then through the parlour—the three apartments leading into one another. At last he got to the remotest corner of the parlour, and could get no farther. Here he paused, and Merton paused also. Still they gazed on each other,—the barber in the corner overpowered with amazement, and the student standing before him hardly less surprised. At last Merton broke silence in the following awful words,—"GRACIOUS HEAVENS WHAT A NOSE!" So saying, he retreated as slowly as he entered, leaving Mr. Hookey utterly stupified and bewildered. The sentence went like iron

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into the barber's soul; he felt it in all its bitterness.

It is almost unnecessary to say what an effect this scene had upon the highly-susceptible temperament of Merton. From that moment peace fled his mind. He went instantly home; but instead of devoting himself, as before, to those studies in which he delighted, and in which he was wont so highly to excel, he immured himself in his chamber, giving way to gloomy abstraction, and agonizing his spirit with painful and most distressing fancies. The great power of his imagination caused him, in a peculiar manner, to suffer from the remembrance of what he had witnessed; and, accordingly, his waking as well as his sleeping hours were haunted with visions of noses,—noses of stupendous size, which arose, like ocean islands, amid the gloomy tabernacle of his brain, and filled him with utter despair. At last, from bad to worse, he became the mere shadow of his former self, the wreck of what he was, and a picture of fallen and shattered genius. To drive away the hideous phantasmagorias that tortured him, as with the stings of demons, he had recourse to gin, and soon became a confirmed drunkard: the next stage was lunacy; and he was confined for fourteen months in Saint Luke's Hospital for the insane.

The fate of the barber was equally deplorable. The awful words pronounced by Merton may be considered his death-knell. They rang ever after in his ears; and, in a few weeks, his head was turned, his shop shut up, and himself sent to Bedlam. "*Gracious heavens, what a nose!*" This dreadful sentence—more dreadful than the hand-writing on the wall to Belshazzar,—haunted him by day and by night. Reason was dethroned, and "moody madness, laughing wild," was the result. Such are the frightful consequences of *extreme susceptibility*, against which the youth of both sexes ought to be constantly on their guard.

The worst remains to be told. These unhappy men were liberated from confinement about the same time, and both returned to Oxford. They seemed to have recovered their reasoning faculties, but the result showed that this was very far from being the case; for, happening to meet on the banks of the Cherwell, they attacked each other with such fury, that, like Brutus and Aruns, they were both killed on the spot,—the barber having been *burked* in the encounter, and the student having died of a wound which he received in the throat by his antagonist's razor.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

I BID thee welcome to my father's halls,
But fled for ever is their wonted mirth,
Death hath been busy in these fated walls,
Casting dark shadows o'er our house and hearth,
The brave—the beauteous from their home have past,
And I remain of that loved band the last.

Thou wilt not now my gallant brothers greet,
Riding amidst the glades with hound and horn,
Nor my fair sisters, warbling ditties sweet,
While gathering wild flowers in the dewy morn;
Evening will come, but will not bring again,
The song—the tale—the dance—the festal train.

I can but bid thee to my lonely room,
Where in fond dreams I pass my blighted youth,
Musing on vanished loveliness and bloom,
Man's dauntless courage, woman's changeless truth,
And scenes of joyous glee, or tranquil rest,
Shared with the early-lost—the bright—the blest.

Yet chide me not—mine is no impious grief,
Meekly I pray for Heaven's supporting grace,
And soon, I feel, his hand will give relief,
And the last sad survivor of her race
Quit this lone mansion for the home above,
Where dwell her happy family of love!

Metropolitan.

CONVERSATIONS WITH LORD BYRON.

By the Countess of Blessington.

IT is difficult to judge when Lord Byron is serious or not. He has a habit of mystifying, that might impose upon many; but that can be detected by examining his physiognomy; for a sort of mock gravity, now and then broken by a malicious smile, betrays when he is speaking for effect, and not giving utterance to his real sentiments. If he sees that he is detected, he appears angry for a moment, and then laughingly admits, that it amuses him to *hoax* people, as he calls it, and that when each person, at some future day, will give their different statements of him, they will be so contradictory, that *all* will be doubted,—an idea that gratifies him exceedingly! The mobility of his nature is extraordinary, and makes him inconsistent in his actions as well as in his conversation.

Byron spoke to-day in terms of high commendation of Hope's "Anastasius;" said that he wept bitterly over many pages of it, and for two reasons, first, that *he* had not written it, and secondly, that *Hope* had; for that it was necessary to like a man excessively to pardon his writing such a book—a book, as he said, excelling all recent productions, as much in wit and talent, as in true pathos. He added, that he would have given his two most approved poems to have been the author of "Anastasius."

From "Anastasius" he wandered to the works of Mr. Galt, praised the "Annals of the Parish" very highly, as also "the Entail," which we had lent him, and some scenes of which he said had affected him very much. "The characters in Mr. Galt's novels have an identity," added Byron, "that reminds me of Wilkie's pictures."

As a woman, I felt proud of the homage he paid to the genius of Mrs. Hemans, and as a passionate admirer of her poetry, I felt flattered, at finding that Lord Byron fully sympathized with my admiration. He has, or at least expresses a strong dislike to the

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Lake school of poets, never mentions them except in ridicule, and he and I nearly quarrelled to-day because I defended poor Keats.

On looking out from the balcony this morning, I observed Byron's countenance change, and an expression of deep sadness steal over it. After a few minutes silence he pointed out to me a boat anchored to the right, as the one in which his friend Shelley went down, and he said the sight of it made him ill.—"You should have known Shelley (said Byron) to feel how much I must regret him. He was the most gentle, most amiable, and *least* worldly-minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius, joined to a simplicity, as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a *beau ideal* of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal even to the very letter. He had a most brilliant imagination but a total want of worldly-wisdom. I have seen nothing like him, and never shall again, I am certain. I never can forget the night that his poor wife rushed into my room at Pisa, with a face pale as marble, and terror impressed on her brow, demanding, with all the tragic impetuosity of grief and alarm, where was her husband! Vain were all our efforts to calm her; a desperate sort of courage seemed to give her energy to confront the horrible truth that awaited her; it was the courage of despair; I have seen nothing in tragedy on the stage so powerful, or so affecting, as her appearance, and it often presents itself to my memory. I knew nothing then of the catastrophe, but the vividness of her terror communicated itself to me, and I feared the worst, which fears, were alas! too soon fearfully realized."

Byron talked to-day of Leigh Hunt, regretted his ever having embarked in the "Liberal," and said that it had drawn a nest of hornets on him, but expressed a very good opinion of the talents and principle of Mr. Hunt, though, as he said, "our tastes are so opposite, that we are totally unsuited to each other. He admires the Lakers, I abhor them; in short, we are more formed to be friends at a distance, than near." I can perceive that he wishes Mr. Hunt and his family away. It appears to me that Byron is a person who, without reflection, would form engagements which, when condemned by his friends or advisers, he would gladly get out of without considering the means, or at least, without reflecting on the humiliation such a desertion must inflict on the persons he had associated with him. He gives me the idea of a man, who, feeling himself in such a dilemma, would become cold and ungracious to the parties with whom he so stood, before he had mental courage sufficient to abandon them. I may be wrong, but the whole of his manner of talking of Mr. Hunt gives me this impression, though he has not said what might be called an unkind word of him.

Much as Byron has braved public opinion it is evident he has a great deference for those who stand high in it, and that he is shy in attaching himself publicly to persons who have even, however undeservedly, fallen under its censure. His expressed contempt and defiance of the world, reminds me of the bravadoes of children, who, afraid of darkness, make a noise to give themselves courage to support what they dread. It is very evident that he is partial to aristocratic friends, he dwells with complacency on the advantages of rank and station, and has more than once boasted that people of family are always to be recognised by a *certain air*, and the smallness and delicacy of their hands.

New Books.

THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF A WOMAN OF FASHION.

[This work is, to our thinking, what it professes to be, an actual correspondence, and from the pen of a lady who, as her motto states —"writes of countries and their societies as she finds them, and as they strike her imagination." There is much good sense in her letters, and less aristocratic affectation than might be expected. The subjects are of the most miscellaneous description. Her pen is what the small critics call eminently graphic: in short, the work is one of the pleasantest of the season. To be more explicit, it consists of letters written between June, 1814, and December, 1816; dated from South Lancing, (near Worthing), Rouen, Paris, and Brussels; and the writer's *domicile*, Hampton Court. The most interesting portion of the work is the gossip it contains on the *state of things* in the French capital, on the return of Napoleon, in 1815, and in Brussels, before and after the battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless, as the whole is indiscribably discursive, so must be our quotations.].

Arundel Castle.—Arundel Castle did not gratify my expectations although the *coup d'œil*, taking the structure *en masse*, is imposing, and it has an advantageous position on the banks of the river Arun. The Castle has undergone modern alterations in bad taste; the details are of that description of the ornamental gothic, which appear to me to throw severe criticism on the abilities of the architect; and, as a family residence, its interior is neither grand nor comfortable. From its commanding site and vicinity to the Roman villa, it was probably a Roman station previous to its becoming a Saxon residence. The walls and Norman gateway are fine. The massive keep, ponderous in stability, has the characteristic marks of the twelfth century, and is a noble ruin. It is

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called King Alfred's Keep; and with what hallowed feelings of reverence must a *locale* ever be approached which bears the name of that illustrious monarch! The present occupants are an assemblage of German owls, of varied species; they look analagous with the venerable ruin.

The castle contains a few curious portraits of the illustrious race of Howard, which have an interest also from the distinguished parts that family have played in English history. There is one of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, so famous for his talents in state affairs, and for his bravery in the field. He is represented standing under a noble gateway. The picture is moreover valuable as a work of art.*

Some richly-wrought chalices† and censers, and other symbolic emblems of the Roman Catholic religion are there, but I imagine little prized by the present noble possessor; for at the age of twenty-seven he became a convert to the Protestant faith. Whether conviction, or ambition to serve his country as a legislator were his motives, it is not for man to judge: but he is unlike his ancestor, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who, braving the power of Queen Elizabeth, disregarded her favour, and almost merited the title of martyr from the persecutions she heaped upon him for having abjured the Protestant worship, although educated in it by his father, the attainted Duke of Norfolk, in despite of Mary and her Spanish consort, who was likewise his sponsor.

The late Queen Caroline.—A servant entered in haste to induce me to go down to the sea-shore, and witness the embarkation of the P——ss of W——s. I immediately sallied forth, and found her r——l h——ss seated on the shingles, the *adopted boy* at her feet; and on her left sat, with the skirts of his coat spread under his r——l mistress, to protect her from the stones, our old ally Sir W——m G——l. The frigate had arrived off Worthing some days previous, commanded by the handsome Captain K——g; but her r——l h——ss was deterred from embarking there by a numerous assemblage of John Bulls, their wives, and babes, who were so rude and impetuous, as to terrify and induce her to take refuge on a less populous shore. The lively and merry Lady C—— L——y, and the less pleasing Lady E—— F—s, with two foreign women, Major S—r, and the odious S——o, composed her suite. Her r——l h——ss was habited in light green cloth, embroidered in silver, a Prussian cap of green satin, with a splendid plume of green feathers: the crown of the cap was conical, giving her an air something resembling Mother Shipton. Terror and dismay were depicted on her countenance, with all the varieties of unhappy feelings—not a smile played over her features—her voice was tremulous, and her brow contracted into one deep furrow—she was highly rouged, and her eyebrows pencilled with a broad line of black chalk—never was any person's appearance less formed to inspire interest!

Sir W——m forgot his usual indifferent manner on seeing me, and put on one of his comic expressions. In the impulse of the moment, I was on the point of addressing him, but fortunately recovered my presence *d'esprit*, and did not commit such a breach of etiquette, although there was such a total deficiency of r——l dignity in the group that I might almost have been excused. In half an hour the cutter put off from the frigate: Captain K—g came from W—— by land, and apologized for the delay. Her r——l h——ss replied in a tremulous voice "Never mind!" A small group of persons kept a respectful distance and a profound silence. One old man blessed her and wished her a safe return—when her footman burst into tears. The ocean raged tempestuous, as if in the spirit of anger, and the boat could not reach the shore. Her r——l h——ss was obliged to enter a pony cart, and her coachman drove it with difficulty through the billows. With some exertion Captain K—g and his lieutenant dragged her unwieldy form into the barge: the P——ss went first, Lady E. F——s followed, and then the *tin box:* our knight went last; he came up to me, squeezed my hand affectionately, whispered a saucy adieu, and jumped into the boat. Such was the embarkation of the P——ss of W——s, and so passed away the illustrious consort of the heir apparent of these realms.

[We shall return to these amusing vols.]

* Surrey's accomplishments and political talents, and his bravery in the battle-field, cast additional splendour over the house of Howard; and his violent death, another stain on the tyranny of Henry VIII.

† Several of these splendid emblems of the Roman Catholic faith the late duke gave to his worthy kinsman, the present possessor of C——y Castle; and they decorate his house in London, amidst some *chef d'œuvres* of the old Italian masters, which his good taste selected in Italy.

EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS AND HINDOO TEMPLES COMPARED.

The most common form of the Hindoo pagodas‡ is the pyramidal, of which one of the most remarkable is that of Chalembaram, on the Coromandel coast, about thirty-four geographical miles south of Pondicherry, and seven from the sea.

The whole temple with its attached buildings covers an area of 1,332 feet by 936, (according to others 1,230 feet by 960,) and is surrounded with a brick wall§ 30 feet high

‡ The word pagoda is a corruption of *Bhagawati*, "holy house," one of the several names by which the Hindoo temples are known.

§ The outer wall is brick cased with stone: the inner is all of stone. The four sides are turned respectively to the four cardinal points.—Heeren, India, p. 74.

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and 7 thick, round which there is another wall furnished with bastions. The four entrances are under as many pyramids, which, up to the top of the portal, 30 feet in height, are formed of free-stone, ornamented with sculptured figures. Above the portal, the pyramid is built of tiles or bricks, to the height of 150 feet, with a coat of cement upon it, which is covered with plates of copper, and ornaments of baked clay. On passing through the chief portico of the western propylæa, we see on the left an enormous hall with more than 1,000 pillars, which are above 36 feet high, and covered over with slabs of stone; this hall might have served as a gallery for the priests to walk about in, just like the hypostyle halls of the Egyptian temples. In the midst of these columns, and surrounded by them, is a temple called that of eternity. On the right or south side, we see the chief temple, with halls of several hundred pillars at the east and west end, also supporting a flat roof of stone. The pagoda itself rests on a basis 360 feet long and 260 broad, and rises to a surprising height. It is formed of blocks of stone 40 feet long, 4 feet wide, and 5 thick, which must have been brought about 200* miles, as there are no stone quarries in the neighbourhood. The temple has a peristyle round it; and thirty-six of the pillars, which are placed in six rows, and form the portico, support a roof of smooth blocks. The columns are 30 feet high, and resemble the old Ionic pillar. The whole pyramid surpasses in size St. Paul's church in London, the latter being only 474† feet long and 207 wide. The roof of the pyramid has a copper casing covered with reliefs referring to mythical subjects; the gilding which was once on it is still visible. In the middle of the courtyard there is a great tank, surrounded with a gallery of pillars and also an enclosure round it of marble, well polished and ornamented with sculptures and arabesques. In the eastern part there is still another court surrounded with a wall, on the inside of which is a colonnade covered with large slabs of stone. Here also there is a pagoda, which is but little inferior in size to the larger one; but it contains only large dark chambers covered with sculptures, which have reference to the worship of certain deities, particularly Vishnu. The interior ornaments are in harmony with the whole; from the nave of one of the pyramids there hang, on the tops of four buttresses, festoons of chains, in length altogether 548 feet, made of stone. Each garland, consisting of twenty links, is made of one piece of stone 60 feet long; the links themselves are monstrous rings 32 inches in circumference, and polished as smooth as glass. One chain is broken, and hangs down from the pillar. In the neighbourhood of the pagodas there are usually tanks and basins lined with cement, or buildings attached for the purpose of lodging pilgrims who come from a distance. It is, however, often the case that the adjoining buildings, as well as the external ornaments in general, are in bad taste, and the work of a later age than the pagoda itself.

The pyramidical entrances of the Indian pagodas are analogous to the Egyptian propyla, while the large pillared rooms which support a flat roof of stone, are found frequently in the temples of both countries. Among the numerous divisions of the excavations of Ellora, there is an upper story of the *Dasavatara*, or the temple of Vishnu's incarnations, the roof of which is supported by sixty-four square based pillars, eight in each row. This chamber is about 100 feet wide, and somewhat deeper, and as to general design may be compared with the excavated chambers of Egypt, which are supported by square columns. The massy materials, the dark chambers, and the walls covered with highly wrought sculptures; and the tanks near the temples, with their enclosure of stone, and the steps for the pilgrims, are also equally characteristic of a pagoda and an Egyptian temple. To this we may add the high thick wall, of a rectangular form, carried all round the sacred spot: it is, however, principally the massy structure of these surrounding walls which forms the point of comparison, as Greek temples also had a wall enclosing the sacred ground, and the temples and churches of all countries are as a general rule separated from unhallowed ground, if not by strong walls at least by some mark which determines the extent of the sacred precincts. Yet there is a further resemblance worth noticing between some of these Hindoo pagodas and the great temple of Phtha at Memphis. The Egyptian temple had four chief entrances, or propyla, turned to the four cardinal points of the compass; which is also the case with the pagoda of Chalembaram, with another at Siringam, and probably others also. The pagoda of Chalembaram, according to Indian tradition, is one of the oldest in their country, and this opinion is confirmed by the appearance of the principal temple contained within the walls; but other parts, such as the pyramidal entrances, the highly finished sculptures, and the chain festoons, must be the work of a later date. It seems probable then that this enormous religious edifice was the growth of many ages, each adding something to enlarge and perfect the work of former days.—*Lib. Ent. Knowledge.*

* Fifty meilen.

† These dimensions are not exact, even making allowance for Berlin feet.

I LOOK upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

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The Gatherer.

A true Abernethian.—"An old country curate," says Zimmerman, "who had all his life resided upon a lofty mountain in the Canton of Berne, was one day presented with a moor-cock. A consultation took place in what manner it should be disposed of—at last it was agreed to bury it in the garden!"

Epitaph on a notorious Liar.

I always *lied* and *lied* till death,
But now I *lie* for want of breath.

Castanets are small wooden rattles, made in the shape of two bowls or cups, fitted together, and tied by a string, and then fastened to the thumbs. The fingers being rapidly struck upon them, a tremulous sound is produced, which marks exactly the measure of the dance. Something similar to this was the *crotalon* of the ancients, who also made use of small cymbals in their dances and festivals in honour of Bacchus. It is probable, however, that they had their origin in the East, and were brought by the Moors into Spain. Here too they received their name *castennalas*, from being commonly made of the wood of the chestnut, (*castano*) or from their colour. They are still common in Spain, and here and there in the South of France. In this country they are common in stage dances only.

Cannon were formerly dignified with great names. Twelve cast by Louis XII. were called after the twelve peers of France. Charles V. had twelve, which he called the Twelve Apostles. One at Bois-le-Duc is called the Devil; a sixty-pounder at Dover Castle, is named Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol; an eighty-pounder at Berlin, is called the Thunderer; another at Malaga, the Terrible; two sixty-pounders at Bremen, the Messengers of Bad News.

Dripping Rock, in India.—Sansadhara or the dripping rock, is a singular phenomenon, situated at the head of a dell, through which a rapid stream runs, between two lines of hills towards the valley of the Dhoon. It is an overhanging rock, about 50 feet high, through which water pours from above, in innumerable little streams, like a perpetual shower of rain! The never-abating action of the water has worn the rock into many fantastic shapes; and, crusting round the moss and fibres of the roots of trees, has given to it almost the appearance of a spar cavern. In several places the water has worn little reservoirs for itself, which are always full. It is cool, clear, and pleasant to the taste.—*Captain Skinner.*

Catching Wild Ducks, &c. in India.—In the lower parts of Bengal, wild ducks, widgeon, and teal, are often taken by means of earthen pots. A number of these pots are floated amongst them in the lakes where they abound, to the sight of which they soon become reconciled, and approach them fearlessly. A man then goes into the water up to the chin, with one of these pots over his head, in the centre of which two small holes are made for him to see through; and when he gets into the midst of the birds, he pulls them by the legs under water, fastening them to a girdle round his waist. T. GILL.

Hampden.—Lord Nugent, in his *Memorials of John Hampden*, relates the attack of Rupert's troops upon the village of Chinnor. A local tradition of the affair has been related to me by an old inhabitant. In the room of a house, until lately occupied as a boarding-school, two of Rupert's soldiers are said to have evinced great brutality. On entering the house, they demanded a flitch of bacon, hanging up in the room; one of them held up a child which he had taken from a cradle, and crossing a sword over it, threatened its immediate destruction if their demands were not instantly complied with. There appear to have been sharp hostilities in the vicinity of Chinnor, and more particularly on the hills, as military buttons, sword handles, &c. and other vestiges of war are frequently found there. W. H.

Parody on Scott's Lines "Breathes there the Man," &c.

Breathes there a cit, with taste so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This haunch surpasses all the rest;"
Whose mouth hath ne'er within him burn'd,
Whene'er his footsteps he hath turn'd
From home, to Guildhall's civic feast?
If such there breathe, go mark him well—
For him no portly paunch can swell;
Large though his shop, his trade the same,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite his shop, his trade, his cash,
The wretch who knows not ven'son hash,
Living, shall forfeit civic fame,
And dying, shall descend with shame,
In double death, to Lethe's pools,
Despis'd by epicures and fools, REX.

Alchemy and Printing.—Antimony, once celebrated in the laboratories of the alchemists, who hoped to discover in it the philosopher's stone, is now employed in the casting of types for printing.—There is much food for reflection in this curious fact in the history of science. How has this simple substance originated dreams of spell-bound ignorance, and realities of godlike intelligence. Nay, we are almost persuaded that the hopes of the alchemists were not altogether unfounded—that antimony is indeed what they hoped to find it—that the invention of printing was the finding of the philosopher's stone; and that we are at this moment enjoying ten-fold the advantages which the alchemists anticipated from their secret. J. T.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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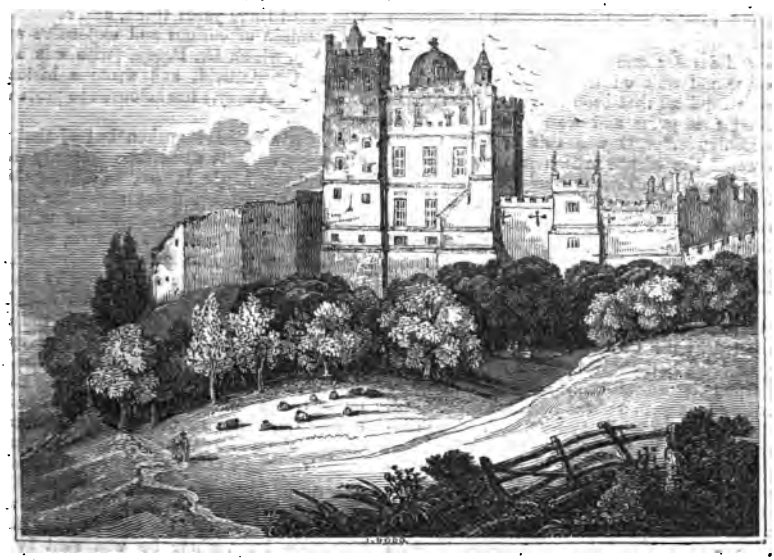
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 566.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1832. [Price 2d.



BOLSOVER CASTLE.

Bolsover is a populous village on the eastern verge of Derbyshire upon the adjacent county of Nottingham; and but a short distance from the town of Chesterfield. The Castle occupies the plain of a rocky hill that rises abruptly from the meadows. The building is of great extent, and, from its elevated situation, it is a landmark for the surrounding country.

Bolsover has been the site of a castle from the Norman Conquest to the present time; but, of the first fabric of this description not a single vestige now remains. At the Domesday survey it, belonged to William Peveril, lord of Derbyshire, in whose family it remained for three generations. King John, when Earl of Moreton, became the possessor of Bolsover; but, during his continuation with Longchamp, bishop of Ely, it became the property of that prelate. Subsequently it again reverted to John, who, in the eighteenth year of his reign, issued a mandate to Bryan de L'Isle, the then governor of Bolsover, to fortify the castle and hold it against the rebellious barons; or, if he could not make it tenable, to demolish it. This no doubt was the period when the fortifications, which are yet visible about Bolsover, were established. In the long and tumultuous reign of Henry III., this castle still retained its consequence. William, Earl Ferrars, had the government of it for six years: afterwards it had eleven different governors in twice that term. It is not necessary to trace the place through all its possessors. In the reign of Henry VIII. it was the property of Thomas Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk. On the attainder of his son, the castle escheated to the crown. Shortly afterwards it was granted to Sir John Byron for fifty years. In the reign of James I., Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was the owner of Bolsover. In the year 1613, he sold it to Sir Charles Cavendish, whose eldest son William, was the first Duke of Newcastle, a personage of great eminence among the nobility of his time, and in high favour at court.* He was sincerely attached to his

* The duke was an important personage in the hostilities between his soverign and the parliament. In 1642, he was appointed general of all his majesty's forces, raised north of Trent, with very full powers. He levied a considerable army at his own expense, with which he for some time maintained the king's cause in the north. He, however, possessed little of the skill of a general, though he was a splendid soldier of fortune. He gained a signal victory over Lord Fairfax, near Bradford, and some others of less importance; but he was utterly defeated at Marston

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royal master, Charles I., whom he entertained at Bolsover Castle, on three different occasions, in a style of princely magnificence. On the king's second visit here, where he was accompanied by his queen, upwards of 15,000*l.* were expended. The Duchess of Newcastle, in her Life of the Duke, her husband, says, "The Earl employed Ben Jonson in fitting up such scenes and speeches as he could devise; and sent for all the country to come and wait on their Majesties; and, in short, did all that even he could imagine to render it great and worthy of their royal acceptance." It was this nobleman who erected the edifice which is now in ruins. Mr. Bray, in his *Tour in Derbyshire*, observes: "This place was seized by the Parliament after the Duke went abroad, and was sold and begun to be pulled down, but was then bought by Sir Charles, the Duke's youngest brother, and so restored to the family."†

The present castle was built at different periods. The north-east end, which was erected by Sir Charles Cavendish, about the year 1613, is the oldest. The interior of this portion is uncomfortably arranged. The rooms are small, and the walls are wainscoted, and fancifully inlaid and painted. The ceilings of the best apartments are carved and gilt, and nearly the whole of the floors are coated with plaster. There is a small hall, the roof of which is supported by pillars; and a star-chamber, richly carved and gilt. The only comfortable apartment, according to Mr. Rhodes, is now called the drawing room, but was formerly the *pillar-parlour*, from its having in the centre a stone column, from which springs an arched ceiling, while round the lower part of the shaft is a plain dinner-table, in the right chivalric fashion. From the roof of this building, to which the ascent is by winding stairs, the view extends "till all the stretching landscape into mist decays." The garden beneath is surrounded with a wall about three yards thick, and contains an old fountain of curious and expensive workmanship, which Dr. Pegge, (who was a native of Chesterfield, and wrote a history of Beauchief Abbey,) has laboured to prove very beautiful.

Hitherto we have spoken but of that part of Bolsover Castle which was formerly denominated the Little House, to distinguish it from the more magnificent structure adjoining. This immense fabric, whose walls are now roofless and rent into fissures, was built by William, the first Duke of Newcastle, in the course of the reign of Charles II., but is said never to have been entirely finished. The interior walls are but bare stones; the door and window cases, and the different apartments, are of unusually large dimensions, the principal remaining apartment being 220ft. by 28: the entire western part, including the *Little House* at the northern extremity, extends about 150 yards. The designs for the whole castle are said to have been furnished by Huntingdon Smithson, (an architect noticed by Walpole,) but he did not live to witness its erection. He collected his materials from Italy, where he was sent by the Duke of Newcastle for the purpose. Smithson died at Bolsover, in 1648, and was buried in the chancel of the church, where there is a poetical inscription to his memory, in which his skill in architecture is commemorated.

The whole pile is now wearing away. Trees grow in some of the deserted apartments, and ivy creeps along the walls; though the ruins have little of the picturesqueness of decay. The best point of view, or north-west, is represented in the Engraving; a short distance hence lies the village of Bolsover.

Moor, after which he left the country in despair of the royal cause. He resided for some time at Antwerp with his lady, where they were frequently in much distress. On his return to England, at the Restoration, he was received with the respect due to his unshaken fidelity, and in 1664, was created Earl of Ogle and Duke of Newcastle. He passed the remainder of his life in retirement, devoting himself to literature, to which he was much attached, and attending to the repair of his fortune. He died in 1676, aged 84, and was buried with his duchess in Westminster Abbey. His literary labours are now almost forgotten, if we except his principal production, "A new method and extraordinary invention to dress Horses," &c., which has obtained much praise from judges in the art. Grainger quaintly remarks, that "the Duke of Newcastle was so attached to the Muses, that he could not leave them behind him, but carried them to the camp, and made Davenant the poet-laureate, his lieutenant-general of the ordnance." His second wife was Margaret, the imaginative Duchess of Newcastle, who never revised what she had written, lest it "should disturb her following conceptions," by which means she composed plays, poems, letters, philosophical discourses, orations, &c.; of these she left enough to fill thirteen folio volumes, ten of which have actually been printed. Lord Orford has drawn a curious picture of the literary characters both of this lady and her husband. They were panegyrised and flattered by learned contemporaries; for, in those days flattery was well paid. It is, however, gratifying to learn that the duchess derives infinitely more honour from her fine character as a wife and mistress of a family, than from either her literary productions or these panegyrics.

† Rhodes's Excursions, Part iv.

WITCHCRAFT AND SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

(To the Editor.)

As your journal is open to the elucidation of any facts or traditions connected with history, perhaps you will not consider the following attempt at the elucidation of a singular subject, unworthy of your pages. There is something pleasing in every successful attempt at tracing tradition to a rational and philosophical cause, an origin to which many of the most absurd and incredible may be referred.

It was well known that to witchcraft was ascribed only the power of effecting the destruction of certain parts of the human body, and that some of the members could be pro-

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tected against the effects of incantation. The spells of contra-incantation were often successfully exerted in the destruction of the human body, except in those parts previously rendered invulnerable. Jezebel was destroyed except her hands and feet, and the same fate is recorded of many other witches, or of those who suffered under the influence of malevolent spells.

Might not the vulgar, in search of a cause for so singular a phenomenon, which has often occurred, as spontaneous combustion of the human body, find in the powers of witchcraft an easy solution? Grace Pitt who was burnt in this manner in Suffolk (recorded in the *Philosophical Transactions*,) was a reputed witch, and her death was assigned by the country people to the effects of contra-incantation; that her hands and feet (generally left untouched by this phenomenon) were not consumed, was attributed to the influence of her spell. Indeed, we may suppose that these *old ladies*, who were distinguished by the respectable appellation of witches, gained that title by their excessive devotion to spirituous liquors, which, in every case that has occurred, have been found to predispose to spontaneous combustion of the human body.

Colchester. A. BOOTH.

The Cosmopolite.

ANCIENTS AND MODERNS, OR THE TOILETTE OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

(From the French of Voltaire.)

Mad. de Pomp.—Who may this lady be with acquiline nose and large black eyes; with such height and noble bearing; with mien so proud, yet so coquettish, who enters my chamber without being announced, and makes her obeisance in a religious fashion?

Tullia.—I am Tullia, born at Rome, about eighteen hundred years ago; I make the Roman obeisance, not the French, and have come, I scarce know from whence, to see your country, yourself, and your toilette.

Mad. de. P.—Ah, madam, do me the honour of seating yourself. An arm-chair for the Lady Tullia.

Tullia.—For whom? me, madam? and am I to sit on that little incommodious sort of throne, so that my legs must hang down and become quite red?

Mad. de P.—Upon what then would you sit?

Tullia.—Madam, upon a couch.

Mad. de P.—Ay, I understand—you would say upon a sofa; there stands one, upon which you may recline at your ease.

Tullia.—I am charmed to see that the French have furniture as convenient as ours.

Mad. de P.—Hah, hah, madam, you've no stockings! your legs are naked, but ornamented, however, with a very pretty ribbon, after the fashion of a sandal.

Tullia.—We knew nothing about stockings, which, as a useful and agreeable invention, I certainly prefer to our sandals.

Mad. de P.—Good heavens, madam, I believe you've no *chemise!*

Tullia.—No, madam, in my time nobody wore one.

Mad. de P.—And in what time did you live?

Tullia.—In the time of Sylla, Pompey, Cæsar, Cato, Cataline; and Cicero, to whom I have the honour of being daughter: of that Cicero, of whom one of your *protegés* has made mention in barbarous verse.* I went yesterday to the theatre, where Cataline was represented with all the celebrated people of my time, but I did not recognise one of them; and when my father exhorted me to make advances to Cataline, I was astonished! But, madam, you seem to have some beautiful mirrors; your chamber is full of them; our mirrors were not a sixteenth part so large as yours; are they of steel?

Mad. de P.—No, madam, they are made with sand, and nothing is more common amongst us.

Tullia.—What an admirable art! I confess we had none such! And oh! what a beautiful painting too you have there!

Mad. de P.—It is not a painting, but a print, done merely with lamp-black; a hundred copies of the same design may be struck off in a day, and this secret immortalizes pictures, which time would otherwise destroy.

Tullia.—It is indeed an astonishing secret! we Romans had nothing like it!

Un Savant.—(A literary man there present, taking up the discourse, and producing a book from his pocket, says to Tullia:) You will be astonished, madam, to learn, that this book is not written by hand, but that it is printed almost in a manner similar to engravings; and that this invention also immortalizes works of the mind.

(The *Savant* presents his book, a collection of verses dedicated to the Marchioness, to Tullia, who reads a page, admires the type, and says to the author:)

Tullia.—Truly, sir, printing is a fine thing; and if it can immortalize such verses as these, it appears to me to be the noblest effort of art. But do you not at least employ this invention in printing the works of my father?

The *Savant.*—Yes, madam, but nobody reads them; I am truly concerned for your father, but in these days, little is known of him save his name.

(Here are brought in chocolate, tea, coffee, and ices. Tullia is astonished to see, in

* Crébillon, author of Catalina.

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summer, cream and strawberries* iced. She is informed that such congealed beverages are obtained in five minutes, by means of the salt-petre with which they are surrounded, and that by continual motion, is produced their firmness and icy coldness. She is speechless with astonishment. The dark colour of the chocolate and coffee, somewhat disgust her, and she asks whether these liquids are extracted from the plants of the country?—A duke who is present replies:)

Duke.—The fruits of which these beverages are composed, come from another world, and from the Gulf of Arabia.

Tullia.—Arabia I remember; but never heard mention made of what you call coffee; and as for another world, I know only of that from whence I came, and do assure you, we have no chocolate there.

Duke.—The world of which we tell you, madam, is a continent, called America, almost as large as Europe, Asia, and Africa, put together; and of which we have a knowledge less vague, than of the world from whence you came.

Tullia.—What! Did we then, who styled ourselves masters of the world, possess only half of it? The reflection is truly humiliating!

The *Savant.*—(piqued that Tullia had pronounced his verses bad, replies dryly:) Yes, your countrymen who boasted of having made themselves masters of the world, had scarce conquered the twentieth part of it. We have at this moment, at the further end of Europe, an empire larger in itself than the Roman:† it is governed, too, by a woman, who excels you in intellect and beauty, and who wears *chemises;* had she read my verses, I am certain she would have thought them good.

(The Marchioness commands silence on the part of the author, who has treated a Roman lady, the daughter of Cicero, with disrespect. The duke explains the discovery of America, and taking out his watch, to which is appended, by way of trinket, a small mariner's compass, shows her how, by means of a needle, another hemisphere is reached. The amazement of the fair Roman redoubles at every word which she hears, and every thing she beholds; and she at length exclaims:)

Tullia.—I begin to fear that the moderns really do surpass the ancients; on this point I came to satisfy myself, and doubt not I shall have to carry back a melancholy report to my father.

Duke.—Console yourself, madam, no man amongst us equals your illustrious sire; neither does any come near Cæsar, with whom you were contemporary, nor the Scipios who preceded him. Nature, it is true creates, even at this day, powerful intellects, but they resemble rare seeds, which cannot arrive at maturity in an uncongenial soil. The simile does not hold good respecting arts and sciences; time, and fortunate chances, have perfected them. It would, for example, be easier for us to produce a Sophocles, or an Euripides, than such individuals as your father, because, theatres we have, but no tribunals for public harangues.‡ You have hissed the tragedy of Cataline; when you shall see Phædrus played, you will probably agree that the part of Phædrus, in Racine, is infinitely superior to the model you have known in Euripides. I hope, also, that you will agree our Molière surpasses your Terence. By your permission, I shall have the honour of escorting you to the opera, where you will be astonished to hear song in parts; that again is an art unknown to you.§ Here, madam, is a small telescope, have the goodness to apply your eye to this glass, and look at that house which is a league off.

Tullia.—Immortal gods! the house is now at the end of the telescope, and appears much larger than before.

Duke.—Well, madam, it is by means of such a toy that we have discovered new heavens, even as by means of a needle, we have become acquainted with a new earth. Do you see this other varnished instrument, in which is inserted a small glass tube? by this trifle, we are enabled to discover the just proportion of the weight of the atmosphere. After much error and uncertainty, there arose a man who discovered the first principle of nature, the cause of weight, and who has demonstrated that the stars weigh upon the earth, and the earth upon the stars. He has also unthreaded the light of the sun, as ladies unthread a tissue of gold.

Tullia.—What, sir, is it to unthread?

Duke.—Madam, the equivalent of this term will scarcely be found in the orations of Cicero. It is to unweave a stuff, to draw out thread by thread, so as to separate the gold. Thus has Newton done by the rays of the sun, the stars also have submitted to him; and one Locke has accomplished as much by the Human Understanding.

* *Groseilles*, literally gooseberries or currants; but we have taken the liberty here, and elsewhere, slightly to deviate from the original text, in compliment to English customs, tastes, idioms, &c.

† Russia: whose Empress, Catherine II., is intended by the succeeding sentence.

‡ The well-known poetic vanity of Voltaire must be taken into full account, when he thus talks of the easiness of producing a (modern) Sophocles, or an Euripides; perhaps he thought his own tragedies equal, or superior to theirs; and for what follows, the French national prejudice in favour of their own dramatic writers, and which is far more laudable than the English indifference to the interests of the drama, should be recollected.

§ To "astonished" the author might almost have added alarmed, or disgusted. The conversant in music, know that song in parts, i. e. harmonized, is peculiarly distasteful to the ear unaccustomed to it; song, in unison, is the natural music of savage man; harmony is art; to be pleased with it therefore, implies a mind and ear cultivated and refined. The same remark holds good with instrumental music.

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Tullia.—You know a great deal for a duke and a peer of the realm; you seem to me more learned than that literary man who wished me to think his verses good, and you are far more polite.

Duke.—Madam, I have been better brought up; but as to my knowledge it is merely commonplace. Young people now, when they quit school, know much more than all the philosophers of antiquity. It is only a pity that we have, in Europe, substituted half-a-dozen imperfect jargons, for the fine Latin language, of which your father made so noble a use; but with such rude implements we have produced, even in the *belles lettres*, some very fair works.

Tullia.—The nations who succeeded the Romans must needs have lived in a state of profound peace, and have enjoyed a constant succession of great men, from my father's time until now, to have invented so many new arts, and to have become acquainted so intimately with heaven and earth.

Duke.—By no means, madam, we are ourselves, some of those barbarians, who almost all came from Scythia, and destroyed your empire, and the arts and sciences. We lived for seven or eight centuries like savages, and to complete our barbarism, were inundated with a race of men termed monks, who brutified, in Europe, that human species which you had conquered and enlightened. But what will most astonish you is, that in the latter ages of ignorance amongst these very monks, these very enemies to civilization, nature nurtured some useful men. Some invented the art of assisting the feeble sight of age; and others, by pounding together nitre and charcoal, have furnished us with implements of war, with which we might have exterminated the Scipios, Alexander, Cæsar, the Macedonian phalanxes, and all your legions; it is not that we possess warriors more formidable than the Scipios, Alexander, and Cæsar, but that we have superior arms.*

Tullia. — In you, I perceive united, the high breeding of a nobleman, and the erudition of a man of (literary) consideration; you would have been worthy of becoming a Roman senator.

Duke.—Ah, madam, far more worthy are you of being at the head of our court.

Mad. de P. — In which case, this lady would prove a formidable rival to me.

Tullia. — Consult your beautiful mirrors made of sand, and you will perceive you have nothing to fear from me. Well, sir, in the gentlest manner in the world, you have informed me that your knowledge (infinitely) transcends our own.

Duke. — I said, madam, that the latter ages are better informed than those which preceded them; at least no general revolution has utterly destroyed all the monuments of antiquity: we have had horrible, but temporary convulsions, and amid these storms, have been fortunate enough to preserve the works of your father, and of some other great men: thus, the sacred fire has never been utterly extinguished, and has in the end produced an almost universal illumination. We despise the barbarous scholastic systems, which have long had some influence among us, but revere Cicero and all the ancients who have taught us to think. If we possess other laws of physics than those of your times, we have no other rules of eloquence, and this perhaps may settle the dispute between the ancients and moderns.

(Every one agreed with the duke. Finally they went to the opera of Castor and Pollux, with the words and music of which, Tullia was much gratified, and she acknowledged such a spectacle to be extremely superior to that of a combat of gladiators.*)

Great Marlow, Bucks. M. L. B.

* It is a pity that when Voltaire wrote this clever paper, Gas and Steam were not in vogue, to add to the "astonishments" of Tullia. They would also most miraculously have assisted Madame de Genlis, in that no less clever exposition of the wonders of nature and art, the story of Alphonso and Thelismar.

* We apologize to our zealous correspondent for omitting the ingenious defence of War, contained in the Note to this passage. Its insertion would involve ourselves in a war—we mean of "words, words, words." As a private opinion, we admit the argument of the defence; though it militates so strongly with passion and prejudice that its insertion would be the war-hoop for a whole community of peace-makers to break in upon our literary *otium*. We wish to be the last in the world to feed a popular fallacy on any subject; but in some respects the argument employed in the journal quoted by *M. L. B.* is of too general a description to controvert the error in the present case. We must be courteous—though not of the court: ours is a system of non-intervention in politics; even in matters of literary dispute we do little more than "bite our thumb." It is hoped our correspondent will rightly understand us; and so now, like Mr. Peake's bashful man in the farce, we offer our apology for having apologized. By the way, in the newspapers is advertised a pamphlet, containing an apology for its publication.—Ed. M.

New Books.

THE YEAR OF WATERLOO.

[In continuation of our extracts from the very amusing *Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion* are the following incidents of this memorable era.]

Return of Napoleon.—At half-past nine o'clock the secretary announced to us that Napoleon had entered Paris quietly, without pageantry or mark of splendid triumph, and was seated at supper in the vacated palace of Louis XVIII!—

"On that same throne where Henri great and good,
In glory sat—now sits this man of blood;
Yet let not prejudice debase my line,
As warrior, as statesman, let him shine,—
Through all the world his mighty name resound,
For arts of peace and deeds of arms renown'd;
Mark with what steady hand he rules the State!
Yet wants the stamp of *Virtue* to be *Great!*"

Thus did the French people permit his

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return without firing a gun in defence of truth, and of their legitimate sovereign, whom they had recalled to the throne of his ancestors *only ten months* before! Our excellent friend, the minister, joined us soon after; but he was taciturn and thoughtful, and retired early. The next morning I determined to see Napoleon; but when our carriage arrived at the Pont Royal, thousands were collected there. Our servant advised us to descend and make our way on foot. The crowd civilly made way—they were waiting to see the review. An unusual silence prevailed, interrupted only by the cries of the children, whom the parents were thumping with energy for crying "Vive le Roi," instead of "Vive l'Empereur!"—which, some months before, they had been thumped for daring to vociferate! We proceeded to the Bibliothêque Royale: its outward appearance is that of an hospital or prison, its interior heavy and dark,—it was almost deserted.—Van Pratt still lingered there.—A Dutchman's phlegm tempered his emotions on the proceedings without; perhaps the repeated changes of government during his long life had diminished his interest in them. After showing me, with great complacency, much of the valuable possessions of this national collection of learning, splendid missals written on vellum, MSS. &c. &c. upon which my mind cannot now dwell, he recommended us to proceed to the review, to see which he had the good-nature to procure me admittance to the small apartment of a friend in the Tuileries; and from the window I saw and heard for the first time this scourge of the Continent,—his martial, active figure mounted on his famed white horse. He harangued with energetic tone (and in those bombastic expressions we have always remarked in all his manifestoes, and which are so well adapted to the French,) the troops of the divisions of Lepol and Dufour. There was much embracing of Les Anciens Aigles of the Old Guard—much mention of "*great days, and souvenirs dear to his heart,*" of the "scars of his brave soldiers;" which, to serve his views, he will re-open without remorse, like the vampire of Greece. The populace were tranquil, as I had remarked them on the bridge. Inspirited by my still unsatisfied curiosity, I rejoined my escort, and proceeded to the gardens, where not more than thirty persons were collected under the windows. There was no enthusiastic cry, at least none deemed sufficient to induce him to show himself. In despair at not being able to contemplate his physiognomy at greater ease, I made my cavalier request some persons in the throng to cry "Vive l'Empereur!" Some laughed, and replied "Attendez un peu," while others advised us to desire some of the children to do so. A few francs thrown to the latter, soon stimulated their little voices into cries of the *loyalty of that day*, and Napoleon presented himself at the window; but he did not stand there in a firm attitude—he retired often, and re-appeared, standing rather *sideways*, as if wanting confidence in the disposition of our little assemblage. A few persons arrived from the country, and held up petitions, which he sent an aid-de-camp to receive. His square face and figure struck me with involuntary emotion. I was dazzled, as if beholding a supernatural being!—and then dismayed, as gazing upon one mortal like myself, but possessing such powers and capabilities of outraging humanity, and overstepping the bounds of honour, good faith, and freedom's laws,—the laws of God and man! There is a sternness spread over his expansive brow, a gloom on the lids of his darkened eye, which renders futile his attempts to smile. Something of the Satanic sported round his mouth, indicating the ambitious spirit of the soul within!

The Day after the Battle of Waterloo.—June 19.

British bayonets are victorious!—Napoleon's army a wreck, panic-stricken, flies before Wellington and Blucher! I will not forget your anxieties even in this moment of fatigue and agitation. The combined forces are covered with immortal fame; they have vanquished the *élite* of Napoleon's empire, and those veteran generals most attached to his person and dynasty. They are in full flight, and we in glorious pursuit!—Ere this reaches you, the Allies will probably have entered Paris a second time within the year. We learnt that Napoleon had left the capital of France on the 12th: on the day of the 15th the frequent arrival of couriers excited extreme anxiety; and towards evening General Muffling presented himself at the Duke's with dispatches from Blucher. We were all aware that the enemy was in movement, and the ignorant could not resolve the enigma of the Duke going tranquilly to the ball at the Duke of Richmond's:—his coolness was above their comprehension; had he remained at his own hotel, a panic would have probably ensued amongst the inhabitants, which would have embarrassed the intended movement of our division of the army.

I returned home late, and we were still talking over our uneasiness, when our domestic distinctly heard the trumpet's shrill appeal to battle within the city walls, and the drum beat to arms. Ere the sun had risen in full splendour, I distinguished martial music approaching, and I soon beheld from my windows the 5th reserve of our army passing: the Highland brigade, in destructive warlike bearing, were the first in advance, led by their noble thanes, the bagpipes playing their several pibrochs; they were succeeded by the 28th, their bugles' note falling more blithely upon the ear. Each regiment

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passed in succession with its band playing, impatient for the affray and fearless of death, meeting the peaceful peasant's carts bringing sustenance for the living. Those of my acquaintance looked gaily up at the window—alas! how many of them were before sunset numbered with the dead;—Scotland's thanes, ere they had traversed the Bois de Soignies, and the Duc de Brunswick-Oels that evening at Quatre Bras, stimulating onward his valiant hussars, and too carelessly exposing his person.

On the 17th the Duke of Wellington displayed his whole force to the enemy, and seemed to defy them to the combat—but in the evening retired upon Waterloo, and there reposed with some of his officers in the village, which lies embosomed in the Forêt de Soignies. Picton had fallen; each herald brought us tidings of a hero less, where all were heroes.

That night was dreadful for the soldier and his horse. No sooner had darkness covered the earth, than a fearful tempest arose; it was awful for man and beast—for the houseless peasant and his children, who had been driven from their late peaceful habitations, and stood exposed to the pitiless storm, viewing in wild dismay their fields devastated, the spring produce of their gardens laid low in human gore! At early dawn, on the Sabbath,—that hallowed day, enjoined to be held sacred for the worship of God, and for rest to toil-worn animals—the British army beheld the *chevaleresque* legions of the enemy, in all its superior numbers, ranged in order of battle on the rising ground. The sun at mid-day flashed its brilliant radiance over their military casques and arms. The cannonade then became general; the Duke of Wellington exposed himself like a subaltern; his personal venture in the strife excited anxiety; it was in vain that the officers of his staff urged him to be less conspicuous, that the fate of the battle hung upon his life: it was evident that he had determined to conquer or die: we knew it in Bruxelles, and we knew also that the Prince of Orange would succeed to the command in such a dread emergency; and although we did not doubt his Royal Highness's personal valour, we questioned much his experience in military tactics. In the streets every one demanded, "Will Blucher be able to advance?" and we were fully aware if that veteran General could not effect a junction with Wellington before eight o'clock that evening, all would be lost. At nine o'clock the two heroes mutually felicitated each other at the small *auberge* of Genappe. But it was not till three o'clock in the morning that the word "Victory!" was proclaimed by an *affiche* on the walls to the terrified population of Bruxelles!

The Prince of Orange had been wounded early in that evening, after having in the morning disputed every inch of ground against the superior force of the enemy, and continued to fight like a valourous chevalier each succeeding day for his kingdom: he has fairly won it. May his future subjects record the fact in ineffaceable characters on their memory! The British army had faught thirteen successive hours; they halted, and to the fresh troops of the Prussians the task of pursuing the fugitive enemy was assigned: they gladly forgot all fatigue, in vengeful feeling and relentless retaliation against their former merciless and insulting invaders. The British moved forward this day, and will enter France to-morrow. Eight hundred lion-mettled and noble sons of Britain have fallen by the side of *thirty thousand* of their own brave soldiers! It has been a dear-earned victory to England; a dread tragedy, in the small circumference of three miles! The veterans of the Peninsular campaign assert that those scenes of carnage were less cruel. This city, where pleasure so lately reigned, now presents only the images of death. *Vraiment nous respirons la mort dans les rues!* L'Hôtel-de-Ville, the hospitals, and some of the churches, are already occupied by the wounded; wagons full remaining in the streets, and many sitting on *the steps of the houses*, looking round in vain for immediate succour!

Our escape has been mavellous, for Napoleon's plan was to penetrate to Bruxelles, and to surprise the Duke and his staff at the ball, when surrounded by the British *belles;* for he had his spies to report even the hour of our pastimes, and he reckoned upon a rise of the Belgians in his favour. For three days and nights we expected the enemy to enter; treachery reigned around us, and false reports augmented our alarms, as we knew the terrible numbers of the French forces. It was Bulow and his corps that protected us from that calamity. On the Saturday we took refuge within the city, from the scenes of horror before our villa. Baggage-wagons of the different regiments advancing—the rough chariots of agriculture, with the dead and the dying, disputing for the road—officers on horseback wounded! I spoke to one: 'twas Colonel C———, of the Scotch brigade; he replied with his wonted urbanity to my inquiries—gave me his hand—"I am shot through the body—adieu for ever!" He left me petrified with horror, and I saw him no more! One hour afterwards I sent to his apartment—the gallant veteran had expired as they lifted him from his horse!

I could not abandon the Baroness and her children in such an hour; but I must ever gratefully recollect the kind offers of asylum made to me by my Belgian acquaintance, and for months, they said, had the battle been lost. It is truly pitiable to see the wounded

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arriving on foot; a musket reversed, or the ramrod, serving for a staff of support to the mutilated frame, the unhappy soldier trailing along his wearied limbs, and perhaps leading a more severely-wounded comrade, whose discoloured visages declare their extreme suffering;—their uniforms either hanging in shreds, or totally despoiled of them by those marauders who ravage a field of battle in merciless avidity of plunder and murder. These brave fellows, these steady warriors, so redoubtable a few hours since, are now sunk into the helplessness of infancy, the feebleness of woman, over whom man arrogates a power that may not be disputed, but whose solacing influence in the hour of tribulation and sickness they are willing to claim.

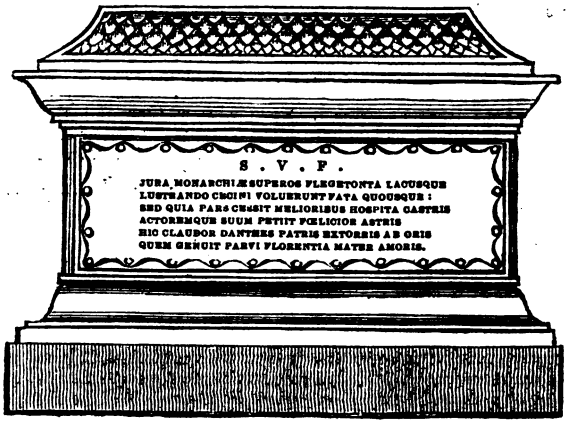
The Belgian females are in full activity, acting with noble benevolence. They are running from door to door begging linen, and entreating that it may be scraped for lint; others beg matrasses.

TRIBUTES TO GENIUS.

The Cuts represent unostentatious yet affectionate tributes to three of the most illustrious names in literature and art: Dante, and Petrarch, the celebrated Italian poets; and Canova, whose labours have all the freshness and finish of yesterday's chisel. Lord Byron, whose enthusiasm breathes and lives in words that "can never die," has enshrined these memorials in the masterpiece of his genius. Associating Dante and Petrarch with Boccaccio, he asks:

But where repose the all Etruscan three—
Dante and Petrarch, and scarce less than they,
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he
Of the Hundred Tales of Love—where did they lay
Their bones, distinguish'd from our common clay
In death as life? Are they resolved to dust,
And have their country's marbles nought to say?
Could not their quarries furnish forth one bust?
Did they not to her breast their filial earth entrust?*

* Childe Harold, canto 4, st. lvi.


S . V . F .
JURA MONARCHIÆ SUPEROS FLEGETONTA LACUSQUE
LUSTRANDO CECINI VOLUERUNT FATA QUOUSQUE:
SED QUIA PARS CESSIT MELIORIBUS HOSPITA CASTRIS
ACTORREMQUE SUUM PETIIT FELICIOR ASTRIS
HIC CLAUDOR DANTHES PATRIS EXTORRIS AB ORIS
QUEM GENUIT PARVI FLORENTIA MATER AMORIS.

(Dante's Tomb.)

Dante was born at Florence in the year 1261. He fought in two battles, and was fourteen times ambassador, and once prior of the republic. Through one fatal error, he fell a victim to party persecution, which ended in irrevocable banishment. His last resting-place was Ravenna, where the persecution of his only patron is said to have caused the poet's death. What an affecting record of gratitude! His last days at Ravenna are thus referred to by an accomplished tourist:†

"Under the kind protection of Guido Novello da Polenta, here Dante found an asylum from the malevolence of his enemies, and here he ended a life embittered with many sorrows, as he has pathetically told to posterity, 'after having gone about like a mendicant; wandering over almost every part to which our language extends; showing against my will the wound with which fortune has smitten me, and which is so often imputed to his ill-deserving, on whom it is inflicted.' The precise time of his death is not accurately ascertained; but, it was either in July or September of the year 1321. His friend in adversity, Guido da Polenta, mourned his loss, and testified his sorrow and respect by a sumptuous funeral, and, it is said, intended to have erected a monument to his memory; but, the following year, contending factions deprived him of the sovereignty which he had held for more than half a century; and he, in his turn, like the great poet whom he had protected, died in exile. I believe, however, that the tomb, with an inscription purporting to have been written by Dante himself, of which I have

† Duppa—Observations on the Continent.

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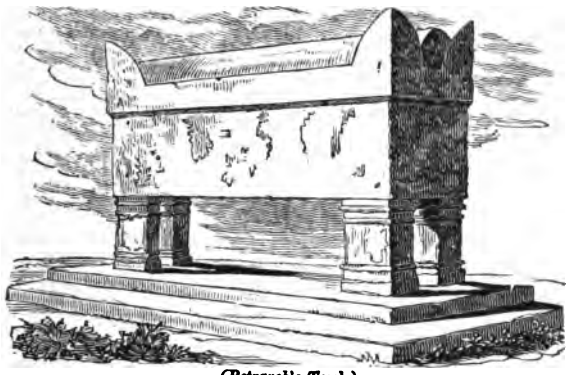
here given an outline, was erected at the time of his decease: and, that his portrait, in bas-relief, was afterwards added by Bernardo Bembo, in the year 1483, who, at that time was a Senator and Podestà of the Venetian republic."

Byron truly sings:

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages.



(*Petrarch's Tomb.*)

There is a tomb in Arquà; rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover.
* * * * *
They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died;
The mountain-village where his latter days
Went down the vale of years; and 'tis their pride—
An honest pride—and let it be their praise,
To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
His mansion and his sepulchre, both plain
And simply venerable, such as raise
A feeling more accordant with his strain
Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental fame.*

"The tomb is in the churchyard at Arquà. Petrarch is laid, for he cannot be said to be buried, in a sarchophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys, and the only violence that has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch was prompted, not by hate, but veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure, and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine through a rent which is still visible."†

The third Memorial is a red porphyry Vase containing the heart of Canova. It is placed in the great hall of the Academy of Arts at Venice, beneath the magnificent picture of the Assumption of the Virgin, by Titian. The vase is ornamented with ormoulu, and bears the inscription *Cor magni Canovæ*, in raised gold letters. M. Duppa describes it as "a vase fit for a drawing-room, not grand, nor lugubrious: it is surmounted with a capsule of a poppy, which is a great improvement on a skull and cross bones."

* Childe Harold, canto 4, st. xxxi. xxxii.
† Notes to Childe Harold, ibid.—See Engraving of Petrarch's House at Arquà, *Mirror*, vol. xvii. p. 1.

Canova was not only the greatest sculptor of his own but of any age. Byron says—

Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

He was, in great part, self-taught. In one of his early letters, he says, "I laboured for a mere pittance, but it was sufficient. It was the fruit of my own resolution; and, as I then flattered myself, the foretaste of more honourable rewards—for I never thought of wealth." He wrought for four years in a small ground cell in a monastery. From his great mind originated the founding of

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the study of art upon the study of nature. His enthusiasm was perfectly delightful: he made it a rule never to pass a day without making some progress, or to retire to rest till he had produced some design. His brother sculptors, hackneyed in the trammels of assumed principles, for a time ridiculed his works, till, at length, in the year 1800, his merits became fully recognised; from which time till his death, in 1822, he stood unrivalled amidst the honours of an admiring world.

The Public Journals.

THE HOME OF LOVE.

"They sin who tell us Love can die,
With Life all other Passions fly,
All others are but Vanity;—
* * * * *
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
And hath in Heaven its perfect rest."—SOUTHEY.

THOU movest in visions, Love!—Around thy way,
E'en through this World's rough path and changeful day,
For ever floats a gleam,
Not from the realms of Moonlight or the Morn,
But thine own Soul's illumined chambers born—
The colouring of a dream!

Love, shall I read thy dream?—Oh! is it not
All of some sheltering, wood-embosomed spot—
A Bower for thee and thine?
Yes! lone and lonely is that Home; yet there
Something of Heaven in the transparent air
Makes every flower divine.

Something that mellows and that glorifies
Bends o'er it ever from the tender skies,
As o'er some Blessed Isle;
E'en like the soft and spiritual glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon th' ethereal bow
Sleeps lovingly awhile.

The very whispers of the Wind have there
A flute-like harmony, that seems to bear
Greeting from some bright shore,
Where none have said *Farewell!*—where no decay
Lends the faint crimson to the dying day;
Where the Storm's might is o'er.

And there thou dreamest of Elysian rest,
In the deep sanctuary of one true breast
Hidden from earthly ill:
There wouldst thou watch the homeward step, whose sound
Wakening all Nature to sweet echoes round,
Thine inmost soul can thrill.

There by the hearth should many a glorious page,
From mind to mind th' immortal heritage,
For thee its treasures pour;
Or Music's voice at vesper hours be heard,
Or dearer interchange of playful word,
Affection's household lore.

And the rich unison of mingled prayer,
The melody of hearts in heavenly air,
Thence duly should arise;
Lifting th' eternal hope, th' adoring breath,
Of Spirits, not to be disjoined by Death,
Up to the starry skies.

Thou, dost thou well believe, no storm should come
To mar the stillness of that Angel-Home;—
There should thy slumbers be
Weighed down with honey-dew, serenely blessed,
Like theirs who first in Eden's Grove took rest
Under some balmy tree.

Love, Love! thou passionate in Joy and Woe!
And canst *thou* hope for cloudless peace below—
Here, where bright things must die?
Oh, thou! that wildly worshipping, dost shed
On the frail altar of a mortal head
Gifts of infinity!

Thou must be still a trembler, fearful Love!
Danger seems gathering from beneath, above,
Still round thy precious things;—
Thy stately Pine-tree, or thy gracious Rose,
In their sweet shade can yield thee no repose,
Here, where the blight hath wings.

And, as a flower with some fine sense imbued
To shrink before the wind's vicissitude,
So in thy prescient breast
Are lyre-strings quivering with prophetic thrill
To the low footstep of each coming ill;—
Oh! canst *Thou* dream of rest?

Bear up thy dream! thou Mighty and thou Weak
Heart, strong as Death, yet as a reed to break,
As a flame, tempest swayed!
He that sits calm on High is yet the source
Whence thy Soul's current hath its troubled course,
He that great Deep hath made!

Will He not pity?—He, whose searching eye
Reads all the secrets of thine agony?—
Oh! pray to be forgiven
Thy fond idolatry, thy blind excess,
And seek with *Him* that Bower of Blessedness—
Love! *thy* sole Home is Heaven!

New Monthly Magazine.

ORIENTAL SMOKING.

IN India a hookah, in Persia a nargilly, in Egypt a sheesha, in Turkey a chibouque, in Germany a meerschaum, in Holland a pipe, in Spain a cigar—I have tried them all. The art of smoking is carried by the Orientals to perfection. Considering the contemptuous suspicion with which the Ottomans ever regard novelty, I have sometimes been tempted to believe that the eastern nations must have been acquainted with tobacco before the discovery of Raleigh introduced it to the occident; but a passage I fell upon in old Sandys intimates the reverse. That famous traveller complains of the badness of the tobacco in the Levant, which, he says, is occasioned by Turkey being supplied only with the dregs of the European markets. Yet the choicest tobacco in the world now grows upon the coasts of Syria.

What did they do in the East before they smoked? From the many-robed Pacha, with his amber-mouthed and jewelled chibouque, longer than a lancer's spear, to the Arab clothed only in a blue rag, and puffing through a short piece of hollowed date-wood, there is, from Stamboul to Grand Cairo, only one source of physical solace. If you pay a visit in the East, a pipe is brought to you with the same regularity that a servant in England places you a seat. The procession of the pipe, in great houses, is striking: slaves in showy dresses advancing in order, with the lighted chibouques to their mouths waving them to and fro; others bearing vases of many-coloured sherbets, and surrounding a superior domestic, who carries the strong and burning coffee in small cups of porcelain supported in frames of silver filla-

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gree, all placed upon a gorgeous waiter covered with a mantle of white satin, stiff and shining with golden embroidery.

In public audiences all this is an affair of form. "The honour of the pipe" proves the consideration awarded to you. You touch it with your lips, return it, sip a half-filled cup of coffee, rise, and retire. The next day a swarm of household functionaries call upon you for their fees. But in private visits, the luxury of the pipe is more appreciated. A host prides himself upon the number and beauty of his chibouques, the size and clearness of the amber mouth-piece, rich and spotless as a ripe Syrian lemon, the rare flavour of his tobaccos, the frequency of his coffee offerings, and the delicate dexterity with which the rose water is blended with the fruity sherbets. In summer, too, the chibouque of cherry-wood, brought from the Balkan, is exchanged for the lighter jessamine tube of Damascus or Aleppo, covered with fawn-coloured silk and fringed with silver.

The hills of Laodicea celebrated by Strabo for their wines, now produce, under the name of Latakia, the choicest tobacco in the world. Unfortunately this delicious product will not bear a voyage, and loses its flavour even in the markets of Alexandria. Latakia may be compared to Chateau Margaux; Gibel, the product of a neighbouring range of hills, similar, although stronger in flavour, is a rich Port, and will occasionally reach England without injury. This is the favourite tobacco of Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt. No one understands the art of smoking better than his Highness. His richly carved silver sheesha borne by a glossy Nubian eunuch, in a scarlet and golden dress, was a picture for Stephanoff. The Chibouquejee of the Viceroy never took less than five minutes in filling the Viceregal pipe. The skilful votary is well aware how much the pleasure of the practice depends upon the skill with which the bowl is filled. For myself, notwithstanding the high authority of the Pacha, I give the preference to Beirout, a tobacco from the ancient Berytus, lower down on the coast, and which reminded me always of Burgundy. It sparkles when it burns, emitting a bright blue flame. All these tobaccos are of a very dark colour.

In Turkey there is one very fine tobacco, which comes from Salonichi, in ancient Thrace. It is of a light yellow colour, and may be compared to very good Madeira. These are the choicest tobaccos in the world. The finest Kanaster has a poor, flat taste after them.

The sheesha nearly resembles the hookah. In both a composition is inhaled, instead of the genuine weed. The nargilly is also used with the serpent, but the tube is of glass. In all three, you inhale through rose-water.

The scientific votary after due experience, will prefer the Turkish chibouque. He should possess many, never use the same for two days running, change his bowl with each pipe-full, and let the chibouque be cleaned every day, and thoroughly washed with orange flower water. All this requires great attention, and the paucity and cost of service in Europe will ever prevent any one but a man of large fortune from smoking in the Oriental fashion with perfect satisfaction to himself.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

Notes of a Reader.

BUILDING A SCHOOL IN THE HIGH ALPS.

[We find the following "labour of love" recorded by the Rev. W. S. Gilly, in his Life of Felix Neff, Pastor of the French Protestants in these cheerless regions. Its philanthropy has few parallels in the proud folio of history, and will not be lessened in comparison with any record of human excellence within our memory.]

It was among the grandest and sternest features of mountain scenery, that Neff not only found food for his own religious contemplations, and felt that his whole soul was filled with the majesty of the ever present God, but here also he discovered, that religious impressions were more readily received and retained more deeply than elsewhere by others. In this rugged field of rock and ice, the Alpine summit, and its glittering pinnacles, the eternal snows and glaciers, the appalling clefts and abysses, the mighty cataract, the rushing waters, the frequent perils of avalanches and of tumbling rocks, the total absence of every soft feature of nature, were always reading an impressive lesson, and illustrating the littleness of man, and the greatness of the Almighty.

The happy result of his experiments, made the pastor feel anxious to have a more convenient place for his scholastic exertions than a dark and dirty stable; and here again the characteristic and never-failing energies of his mind were fully displayed. The same hand which had been employed in regulating the interior arrangements of a church, in constructing aqueducts and canals of irrigation, and in the husbandman's work of sowing and planting, was now turned to the labour of building a school-room. He persuaded each family in Dormilleuse to furnish a man, who should consent to work under his directions, and having first marked out the spot with line and plummet, and levelled the ground, he marched at the head of his company to the torrent, and selected stones fit for the building. The pastor placed one of the heaviest upon his own shoulders—the others did the same, and away they went with their burthens, toiling up the steep acclivity, till they reached the site of the proposed build-

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ing. This labour was continued until the materials were all ready at hand; the walls then began to rise, and in one week from the first commencement, the exterior masonry work was completed, and the roof was put upon the room. The windows, chimney, door, tables, and seats, were not long before they also were finished. A convenient stove added its accommodation to the apartment, and Dormeilleuse, for the first time probably in its history, saw a public school-room erected, and the process of instruction conducted with all possible regularity and comfort.

I had the satisfaction of visiting and inspecting this monument of Neff's judicious exertions for his dear Dormilleusians—but it was a melancholy pleasure. The shape, the dimensions, the materials of the room, the chair on which he sat, the floor which had been laid in part by his own hands, the window-frame and desks, at which he had worked with cheerful alacrity, were all objects of intense interest, and I gazed on these relics of "the Apostle of the Alps," with feelings little short of veneration. It was here that he sacrificed his life. The severe winters of 1826-7, and the unremitted attention which he paid to his duties, more especially to those of his school-room, were his death-blow.

[Neff then relates some preliminary arrangements.]

Dormilleuse was the spot which I chose for my scene of action, on account of its seclusion, and because its whole population is Protestant, and a local habitation was already provided here for the purpose. I reckoned at first that I should have about a dozen élèves; but finding that they were rapidly offering themselves, and would probably amount to double that number, at the least, I thought it right to engage an assistant, not only that I might be at liberty to go and look after my other churches and villages, but that I might not be exposed to any molestation, for in France nobody can lawfully exercise the office of a schoolmaster without a license, and this cannot be granted either to a foreigner or a pastor. For these reasons I applied to Ferdinand Martin, who was then pursuing his studies at Mens, to qualify himself for the institution of M. Olivier, in Paris. It was a great sacrifice on his part to interrupt his studies, and to lose the opportunity of an early admission to the institution; nor was it a small matter to ask him to come and take up his residence at the worst season of the year, in the midst of the ice and frightful rocks of Dormilleuse. But he was sensible of the importance of the work, and, without any hesitation, he joined our party at the beginning of November. The short space of time which we had before us, rendered every moment precious. We divided the day into three parts. The first was from sunrise to eleven o'clock, when we breakfasted. The second from noon to sunset, when we supped. The third from supper till ten or eleven o'clock at night, making in all fourteen or fifteen hours of study in the twenty-four. We devoted much of this time to lessons in reading, which the wretched manner in which they had been taught, their detestable accent, and strange tone of voice, rendered a most necessary, but tiresome duty. The grammar, too, of which not one of them had the least idea, occupied much of our time. People who have been brought up in towns, can have no conception of the difficulty which mountaineers and rustics, whose ideas are confined to those objects only to which they have been familiarized, find in learning this branch of science. There is scarcely any way of conveying the meaning of it to them. All the usual terms and definitions, and the means which are commonly employed in schools, are utterly unintelligible here. But the curious and novel devices which must be employed, have this advantage,—that they exercise their understanding, and help to form their judgment. Dictation was one of the methods to which I had recourse: without it they would have made no progress in grammar and orthography; but they wrote so miserably and slowly, that this consumed a great portion of valuable time. Observing that they were ignorant of the signification of a great number of French words, of constant use and recurrence, I made a selection from the vocabulary, and I set them to write down in little copy-books,* words which were in most frequent use; but the explanations contained in the dictionary were not enough, and I was obliged to rack my brain for new and brief definitions which they could understand, and to make them transcribe these. Arithmetic was another branch of knowledge which required many a weary hour. Geography was considered a matter of recreation after dinner: and they pored over the maps with a feeling of delight and amusement, which was quite new to them. I also busied myself in giving them some notions of the sphere, and of the form and motion of the earth; of the seasons and the climates, and of the heavenly bodies. Every thing of this sort was as perfectly novel to them, as it would have been to the islanders of Otaheite; and even the elementary books, which are usually put into the hands of children, were at first as unintelligible as the most abstruse treatises on mathematics. I was consequently forced to use the simplest, and plainest modes of demonstration; but these amused and instructed them at the same time. A ball made of the box tree,

* They have no slates in this country—nor in the valleys of Piemont.—Two benevolent benefactors to the Protestant cause in Italy, who wished to confer a benefit upon the schools of Piemont, have enabled me to supply the Vaudois schools with this useful and economical article.

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with a hole through it, and moving on an axle, and on which I had traced the principal circles; some large potatoes hollowed out; a candle, and sometimes the skulls of my scholars, served for the instruments, by which I illustrated the movement of the heavenly bodies, and of the earth itself. Proceeding from one step to another, I pointed out the situation of different countries on the chart of the world, and in seperate maps, and took pains to give some slight idea, as we went on, of the characteristics, religion, customs, and history of each nation. These details fixed topics of moment in their recollection. Up to this time I had been astonished by the little interest they took, Christian-minded as they were, in the subject of Christian missions, but, when they began to have some idea of geography, I discovered, that their former ignorance of this science, and of the very existence of many foreign nations in distant quarters of the globe, was the cause of such indifference. But as soon as they began to learn who the people are, who require to have the Gospel preached to them, and in what part of the globe they dwell, they felt the same concern for the circulation of the Gospel that other Christians entertained. These new acquirements, in fact, enlarged their spirit, made new creatures of them, and seemed to triple their very existence.

In the end, I advanced so far as to give some lectures in geometry, and this too produced a happy moral developement.

Lessons in music formed part of our evening employment, and those being, like geography, a sort of amusement, they were regularly succeeded by grave and edifying reading, and by such reflections as I took care to suggest for their improvement.

Most of the young adults of the village were present at such lessons, as were within the reach of their comprehension, and as the children had a separate instructor, the young women and girls of Dormilleuse, who were growing up to womanhood, were now the only persons for whom a system of instruction was unprovided. But these stood in as great need of it as the others, and more particularly as most of them were now manifesting Christian dispositions. I therefore proposed that they should assemble of an evening in the room, which the children occupied during the day, and I engaged some of my students to give them lessons in reading and writing. We soon had twenty young women from fifteen to twenty-five years of age in attendance, of whom two or three only had any notion of writing, and not half of them could read a book of any difficulty. While Ferdinand Martin was practising the rest of my students in music, I myself and two of the most advanced, by turns, were employed in teaching these young women, so that the whole routine of instruction went on regularly, and I was thus able to exercise the future schoolmasters in their destined profession, and both to observe their method of teaching, and to improve it. I thus superintended teachers and scholars at the same time.

It is quite impossible for those who have not seen the country, to appreciate the devotedness to the Christian cause, which could induce Neff to entertain even the thought of making the dreary and savage Dormilleuse his own head quarters from November to April, and of persuading others to be the companions of his dismal sojournment there. I learn from a memorandum in his Journal, that the severity of that winter commenced early. "We have been in snow and ice since the first of November, on this steep and rugged spot, whose aspect is more terrible and severe than any thing can be supposed to be in France." He himself was the native of a delightful soil and climate, and even some of the mountaineers, whom he drew to that stern spot, were inhabitants of a far less repulsive district, but had yet made it their custom to seek a milder region than their own, during the inclemency of an Alpine winter. To secure attendance and application, when once his students were embarked in their undertaking, he selected this rock, where neither amusement, nor other occupations, nor the possibility of frequent egress or regress, could tempt them to interrupt their studies:—and he had influence enough to induce them to commit themselves to a five months' rigid confinement within a prison-house, as it were, walled up with ice and snow.

It was a long probation of hardship. Their fare was in strict accordance with the rest of their situation. It consisted of a store of salted meat, and rye bread, which had been baked in autumn, and when they came to use it, was so hard, that it required to be chopped up with hatchets, and to be moistened with hot water. Meal and flour will not keep in this mountain atmosphere, but would become mouldy,—they are, therefore, obliged to bake it soon after the corn is threshed out. Our youthful anchorites were lodged gratuitously by the people of Dormilleuse, who also liberally supplied them with food for fuel, scarce as it was, but if the pastor had not laid in a stock of provisions, the scanty resources of the village could not have met the demands of so many mouths, in addition to its native population.

A note of the expenditure upon this occasion will excite some wonder in the minds of many readers, who are not aware how much good may be done at a small cost, when the stream of bounty is made to pass through proper channels.

"Our disbursements for the adult school, including candles, ink, and paper, the salary

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of an assistant master, and food for the sixteen or seventeen students who came from a distance, did not exceed 560 francs (about 22*l.* 10*s.*) for four months. Of this sum I can replace a little more than two-thirds, because some of the students have repaid their share of the expense, and even the poorest furnished their quota of bread. We did not provide commons for those who belonged to Dormilleuse, because they boarded at home."

The Naturalist.

NOTES

Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.

Habits of the Fern Owl, by Rusticus.—Beyond Godalming, on the Liphook road, is a great tract of barren heathy land: it stretches wide in every direction, and includes immense peat-bogs, and several large ponds. One particular district, called the Pudmores, is the favourite resort of the fern owl. In the daytime, while walking across the moor, you will every now and then put up one of these singular birds; their flight is perfectly without noise, and seldom far at a time: but of an evening it is far different; about twenty minutes after sunset, the whole moor is ringing with their cry, and you see them wheeling round you in all directions. They look like spectres; and, often coming close over you, assume an unnatural appearance of size against a clear evening sky. I believe its very peculiar note is uttered sitting, and never on the wing. I have seen it on a stack of turf with its throat nearly touching the turf, and its tail elevated, and have heard it in this situation utter its call, which resembles the birr of the mole-cricket, an insect very abundant in this neighbourhood. I have almost been induced to think this noise serves as a decoy to the male mole-cricket, this being occasionally found in the craw of these birds when shot. Those who may not be acquainted with the cry of the bird or the insect, may imagine the noise of an auger boring oak, or any hard wood, continued, and not broken off, as is the noise of the auger, from the constant changing of the hands. The eggs of the fern owl have frequently been brought me by boys: they are only two in number, greyish white, clouded and blotched with deeper shades of the same colour; the hen lays them on the soil, which is either peat, or a fine soft blue sand, in which she merely makes a slight concavity, but no nest whatever. The first cry of the fern owl is the signal for the night-flying moths to appear on the wing, or rather the signal for the entomologist expecting them.

The migratory periods of this bird are not well ascertained; but I have known one shot Nov. 27th, 1821, and they had arrived April 28th, 1830. As there is scarcely a British bird of which so little is known, the following notes may be interesting:—It has been seen perched on the bar of a gate, not across, but according to its length, with the tail elevated; uttering its peculiar sounds; but when perching, as it often does, on the summit of a twig of oaken copse, it fixes upright, with the feet grasping the twig, and not sitting; just as the swift perches against a wall. One was killed in broad daylight, perched on the upper side of a sloping branch of considerable size; the head was uppermost, and it rested on the feet and tarsi, the latter being bare on the under surface for that purpose. Its attitude in this situation much resembled that of a woodpecker. One that was kept alive with its wing broken sat across the finger, like another bird. When about to take flight it makes a cracking noise, as if the wings smote together, after the manner of a pigeon.

(The Fern Owl, showing the greater length of the middle claw, and its provision for the peculiar posture of the bird.)

Harbingers of Spring.—One of the earliest intimations of approaching spring is the appearance of the *Phalæna primaria*, and of one or two other moths, floating with expanded wings on the surface of ponds and still water. A butterfly, *Caltha palustris*, is commonly drawn forth from its winter quarters by one of the first warm and sunny days that happen to occur in the month of March: hence it has been termed *fallax veris indicium*, (the deceitful token of spring.) In the Isle of Wight it has been seen on the wing the 8th of January, 1805.—*Rev. W. T. Bree.*

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Ravages of the Beetle.—Mr. Bree describes the *Scarabæus horticola* as "exceedingly destructive in gardens. Being on a visit in Staffordshire, in the month of June, I observed whole beds of strawberries (not hautboys) likely to prove nearly barren, though they had flowered copiously, and the season was favourable for a crop. I was informed that the failure was owing to the fernshaws (the provincial name for the beetle), which are accused of eating the anthers and interior parts of the blossom. In the same garden my attention was also called to the ravages committed by this depredator on the apples, by gnawing holes in the young fruit; which consequently dies and falls of, or at least becomes much blemished. I was assured that the fernshaws had been detected in the fact; and I am rather disposed to think that the charge in both instances is well founded. I had long been aware of the insect's partiality for rosebuds and blossoms, which it greedily devours. In the north of England, where it is much used as a killing bait for trout, the insect is commonly known by the name of 'bracken-clock,' a name of the same import with the Staffordshire term 'fernshaw,' each signifying 'fern-beetle.'" Another correspondent says—*Scarabæus horticola*, called "the chovy" in Norfolk, is there deemed very injurious to apple-trees, and other trees and plants, as it feeds both on leaves and all the parts of the flower. Chovies were abundant at Thetford, Norfolk, about ten years ago; but, as far as my experience has reached, always rare about Bury St. Edmunds. On the 9th of June, 1829, I saw one in the botanic garden of the last-named town, flitting about a flowering bush of the Provence rose.

Ink of the Cuttle-fish.—[By way of *addenda* if not *corrigenda* to our description of the Cuttle-fish, at page 104 of the present volume, we quote the following observations.]

When in danger, cuttle-fish are said to eject a copious black liquor through their funnel or excrementary canal, as a means of obscuring the circumfluent water, and concealing themselves from all foes:—

"Long as the craftie cuttle lieth sure
In the blacke cloud of his thicke vomiture."*

This inky fluid is a very remarkable secretion, produced in a bag that lies near the liver, and sometimes even embosomed in it, and communicating with the funnel by means of its own excretory duct. The interior of the bag is not a simple cavity; it is filled with a soft cellular or spongy substance in which the ink is diffused. This has no relation or analogy with bile, as Munro believed; but it is a peculiar secretion, somewhat glutinous, readily miscible with water, and variable in point of shade, according to the species of cephalopode from which it comes; so that, as Dr. Grant remarks, a more intimate acquaintance with this character might be useful in tracing relations among the different species. The colour of the ink in Loligo sagittata† is a deep brown, approaching to yellowish brown when much diluted, and corresponds remarkably with the coloured spots on the skin of that species; but in Octopus ventricosus the colour of the ink is pure black, and it is blackish grey when diluted on paper. "The ink (*Edin. Phil. Journ.*, vol. xvi. p. 316.) brought in a solid state from China has the same pure black colour as in the Octopus ventricosus, and differs entirely in its shade, when diluted, from that of the Loligo sagittata, as may be seen from specimens of these three colours on drawing paper. Swammerdam suspected the China ink to be made from that of the Sepia; Cuvier found it more like that of the Octopus and Loligo; but different kinds of that substance are brought from China, probably made from different genera of these animals, where they abound of gigantic size." At the present day, according to Cuvier, an ink is prepared from the liquor of these animals in Italy, which differs from the genuine China ink only in being a little less black. (*Mem.*, vol. i. p. 4.) Davy found it to be "a carbonaceous substance mixed with gelatine;" but on a more careful analysis, Signor Bizio procured from it a substance *sui generis* [peculiar in kind], which he calls melania. "The melania is a tasteless, black powder, insoluble in alcohol, ether, and water, while cold, but soluble in hot water: the solution is black. Caustic alkalies form with it a solution even in the cold, from which the mineral acids precipitate it unchanged. It contains much azote: it dissolves in, and decomposes, sulphuric acid: it easily kindles at the flame of a candle: it has been found to succeed, as a pigment, in some respects better than China ink." (*Edin. Phil. Journ.*, vol. xiv. p. 376.)

* "The ink secreted in this bag has been said to be thrown out to conceal the animal from its pursuers; but, in a future lecture, I shall endeavour to show that this secretion is to answer a purpose in the animal economy connected with the functions of the intestines." (Home's *Comp. Anat.* vol. i. p. 376.) Dr. Coldstream, in a letter to the author, detailing the manners of Octopus ventricosus in captivity, says, "I have never seen the ink ejected, however much the animal may have been irritated." I have, however, been told by our fishermen, that they have seen this species eject the black liquid, with considerable force, on being just taken from the sea.

† Sir R. Sibbald says that the Loligo, or hose-fish, besides its ink has another purple juice. (*Scot. Illust.* vol. ii. lib. 3. p. 36.) I find no mention of this in any other author.

LUXURIANCE OF NATURE.

Upper Louisiana (we are told) has all the trees known in Europe, besides others that are here unknown. The cedars are remark-

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ably fine; the cotton trees grow to such a size, that the Indians make canoes out of their trunks; hemp grows naturally; tar is made from the pines on the sea coast; and the country affords every material for ship-building. Beans grow to a large size without culture; peach trees are heavily laden with fruit; and the forests are full of mulberry and plum trees. Pomegranates and chestnut trees are covered with vines, whose grapes are very large and sweet. There are three or four crops of Indian corn in the year; as there is no other winter besides some rains. The grass grows to a great height, and towards the end of September is set on fire, and in eight or ten days after, the young grass shoots up half a foot high. P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Annual Cost of a Private Soldier.—The daily pay of a foot soldier is one shilling, with a penny for beer; the daily pay of a life-guardsman is 1*s.* 11½*d.* and the annual cost is 74*l.* 4*s.* 11*d.* per man, besides horse and allowances, or 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* per week; dragoons, 56*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* per annum, or 1*l.* 1*s.* 9*d.* per week; footguards 34*l.* 6*s.* or 13*s.* 2*d.* per week; infantry, 31*l.* per annum, or 11*s.* 10*d.* per week. A regiment of horse-soldiers, of about 360, officers and men, cost about 25,000*l.* per annum. The wages of seamen in the Royal Navy are 2*l.* 12*s.* per month, or 13*s.* per week; and 1*l.* 12*s.* or 8*s.* per week more, are allowed for their provisions.—*Examiner.*

The *Morning Chronicle* report of the examination of Mr. Horsley, the Governor of the Bank of England, has the following odd question:—"Is there any large proportion of London noses circulated by the Branch Banks?"—"There are none."

Convenient Deafness.—A few days since at the Court of Assizes, in Paris, a M. Lecluse, who was summoned on the jury, produced a certificate that he was deaf, and consequently unable to serve. The Advocate General was observing to the court, in no very elevated tone of voice, that the certificate was inadmissible, since it bore date so far back as June 24, 1813, when M. Lecluse immediately set him right by stating that the date was July 13, instead of June 24, 1813. This at once decided the question, as it proved the acuteness of his hearing, and the Court ordered him to be sworn.

Walnut Water.—Dr. Sully, of Wiveliscombe, a very eminent medical practitioner, in a letter to the editor of the *Taunton Courier*, has communicated the mode of preparing this article, which has been found so effectual a remedy in subduing nausea and vomiting:—Take a quarter of a peck of walnuts at the time they are fit for pickling; bruise them, and, with four ounces of fresh angelica seeds, put them into an alembic, with a bottle of French brandy, and enough water to prevent empyreuma, or burning; distil from this mixture a quart, which is called walnut water, and administer a wine-glass-full to the patient, to be repeated every half-hour till the vomiting ceases." Dr. Sully says that he communicated this recipe to Sir Astley Cooper and Mr. Abernethy, both of whom frequently used it in their practice, and that it has been prepared by a house in London for him for the last 40 years.—*Morning Herald.*

The first Review.—Reviews of books originated in the *Journal des Scavans*, projected by Dennis de Sallo, in 1664.

Hint to Tea Makers.—Put a small quantity of carbonate of soda into the pot along with the tea, and this, by softening the water, will accelerate the infusion amazingly. Should the water be hard, it will increase the strength of your tea at least one half.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

It is a curious fact, that the Chinese make no use of milk, either in its liquid state, or in the shape of curds, butter, or cheese.

Chairing Members of Parliament.—This custom was taken from the practice in the northern nations, of elevating the king after his election, upon the shoulders of the senators. The Anglo-Saxons carried their king upon a shield when crowned. The Danes set him upon a high stone, placed in the middle of twelve smaller. Bishops were chaired upon elections, as were abbots and others.

Illumination was formerly common not only upon occasions of joy, but even the return home of the master of the house. Some writers have contended, but evidently by mistake, that it was only a part of religious ceremonies. It is even mentioned in Ossian's Carthon, and obtained in the middle ages. The classical illuminations were made not only with lamps, but links, and wax flambeaux.

Lord Mayor.—The first Lord Mayor who went by water to Westminster, was John Norman, in 1453. Sir John Shaw, according to Lambard, was the first who rode on horseback, in 1501; but Grafton says, correctly, that they rode before. Sir Gilbert Heathcote was the last, in Queen Anne's time. Before building the Mansion-House, the first stone of which was laid Oct. 25, 1739, the Lord Mayor resided in the hall of some Company, hired for the term of the mayoralty.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

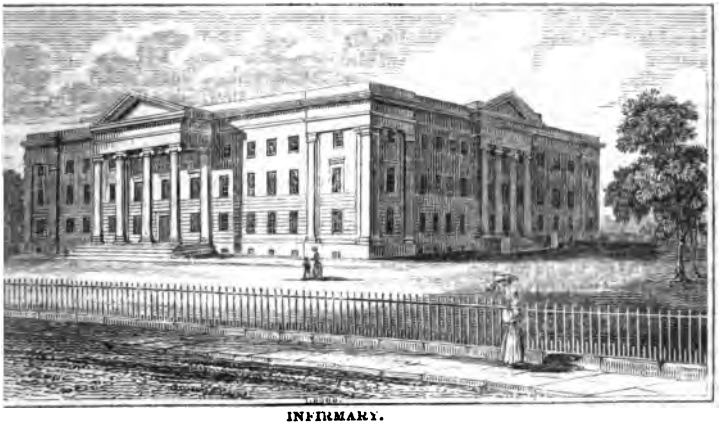
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

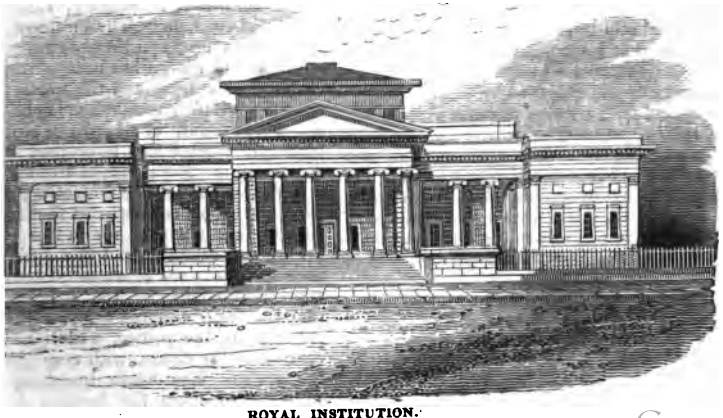
567.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22. 1832. [Price 2d.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF MANCHESTER:

TOWN HALL.



INFIRMARY.



ROYAL INSTITUTION.

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PUBLIC BUILDINGS OF MANCHESTER.

THE annexed Engravings are important illustrations of the statement in a recent *Edinburgh Review*:*—that Lancashire from being amongst the most backward parts of England, has *worked* its way into the front rank. They are, however, not only characteristic of the public spirit which animates the whole county; but they are monuments of commercial wealth, active benevolence, and intellectual superiority, of which the Manchesterians have ample cause to be proud. It will be seen from their details, that the structures have been built within the last half century, at an expense of more than one hundred thousand pounds; while their association with the fame and fortunes of men illustrious in science† will render the subjoined Engravings of no common interest. The details which follow have been abridged from Lewis's Topographical Dictionary, 4to. 1831.

THE TOWN-HALL

Is a noble and elegant edifice, erected under the superintendance and from a design of Mr. Francis Goodwin, of London, in the Grecian style, after the temple of Erectheus at Athens, with a beautiful tower and dome in the centre, resembling the tower of Andronicus, called "The Temple of the Winds." The principal entrance is by a magnificent colonnade, with a rich entablature, in front of which are sculptured representations of the town of Manchester, and emblems of trade and commerce. In the wings are niches for statues of Solon and Alfred; in the medallions of the attic are busts in alto relievo of Pythagoras, Lycurgus, Hale, and Locke. The building contains various apartments for conducting the public business of the town: on the principal floor is a splendid room, 132 feet long, 43 ft. 8 in. wide, and 51½ feet in height to the centre of the principal dome. The room is divided into three parts by two ranges of eight elegant Ionic pillars, so disposed that each may form a separate apartment; the central part being lighted by a superb dome, supported on 16 dwarf columns of scagliola marble, corresponding with the exterior design of the tower. The style of the whole room is that of chaste and classic beauty: the light is tastefully introduced into the extreme sections of the great room by concealed skylight, and through stained glass in the panels of the ceiling and the dome, decorated to correspond with those that are not pierced for that purpose. Three staircases lead to this splendid room, with the interior of which the principal staircase is made to harmonize. The foundation-stone of the building was laid August 19, 1822, by James Brierley, Esq. Boroughreeve; and its expense is stated at 40,000*l.*

THE INFIRMARY

WAS established in 1752, by Joseph Bancroft, Esq., in conjunction with Charles White, Esq., M. D.; and in 1755, a building for the purpose was erected by subscription. It has been liberally supported, and since it was first opened for the reception of patients, has afforded medical relief to more than half a million of the labouring class. The buildings, which have been progressively enlarged, and to which other establishments have been attached, contain 180 beds for the accommodation of in-patients, with apartments for the officers and attendants, and a surgery, library of medical books, committee-rooms, and other offices; also a complete set of baths for the use of the patients. The grounds are tastefully laid out in gravel-walks, lawns, and parterres, and form a public promenade, to which a fine pool in front of the buildings adds considerable beauty. A complete set of hot, cold, vapour, and medicated baths has been fitted up here, with every accommodation for the public use, the profits arising from which are appropriated to the support of the institution. A Lunatic Asylum and Hospital was founded in 1765, and the building was opened for the reception of patients in the following year. The Dispensary was established in 1792, and an edifice for its use erected by subscription adjoining the Infirmary. In 1830, his Majesty, on the solicitation of the chairman and committee, graciously became the patron of this institution, which is now styled "The Manchester Royal Infirmary, Dispensary, Lunatic Hospital, and Asylum." The builings for these several uses being previously contiguous, an uniformity of design has been given to them by facing the front and the north side with stone. The plan comprehends a principal and a side front, of which the elevation is strikingly elegant and imposing. (*See the Engraving.*) The principal front has in the centre a lofty and boldly projecting portico of four fluted Ionic columns, 38 feet high, supporting a pediment, of which the frieze and cornice are carried round the building, the angles of which are ornamented with antæ of appropriate character: the side-front is of similar design, differing only in the slighter projection of the portico, which has but two columns in the centre, with engaged antæ at the angles. The whole building is three stories high above the basement, and the lower story is channelled in horizontal lines.

* Ed. Rev. No. 109—article "Life and Writings of Dr. Currie. For quotations from this paper, see "Improvement of Lancashire," and "London and the Provinces compared;—in *The Mirror*, vol. xix.

† DR. FERRIAR was physician to the Infirmary and Lunatic Asylum; and the Royal Institution has been the area of the philosophical labours of DALTON and HENRY.

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THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,

Embracing a variety of objects connected with the pursuits of literature and science, and the cultivation of the fine arts, originated with a few public-spirited individuals, in the year 1823, and was soon honoured with the public, and finally, with royal, patronage. The building, which has been erected from a design by Mr. Barry, of London, and is of a durable and richly-coloured stone, from the vicinity of Colne, forms a splendid addition to the architectural ornaments of the town. It is in the Grecian style. The principal elevation, (*seen in the Engraving*,) towards Mosley-street, has a noble portico of six lofty columns of the Ionic order, supporting a rich entablature and pediment in the centre, on each side of which are columns and pilasters connecting it with the wings. Above the doors and windows are panels for bas-reliefs symbolical of the design of the Institution: the attic story of the hall has been recently, or is to be, surmounted by a finely-sculptured figure of Minerva. The area round the building is enclosed with a handsome iron palisade on a lofty plinth of masonry, with pedestals at the angles of the steps leading to the portico and side entrances. The centre comprises the Hall and the Theatre; one of the wings is appropriated as an Academy of the Fine Arts, with exhibition rooms, and the other as a Museum of Natural History. The Hall which is wholly lighted from the attic story, is 40 feet square, and 60 feet high; it contains a grand staircase of stone, consisting of central and lateral flights, with pedestals for sculptures, leading to a gallery on three sides of the hall, supported on Doric pillars; and to the theatre, which is of a semicircular form. On the gallery are entrances on each side leading through corridors flanked with columns, into the exhibition-rooms in each wing of the building; the cieling of the Hall is richly-paneled in deeply-recessed compartments, and beneath the attic windows is a rich frieze for bas-reliefs. The Theatre will hold 600 persons, has a gallery supported on columns of bronze, and the walls are decorated with engaged columns, and with isolated columns in the angles: the cieling is richly paneled, and the theatre is lighted by a lantern, which, by machinery, may be darkened instantaneously, at the will of the lecturer. There are three exhibition rooms in each wing, which may be thrown into one. There are also various rooms for the use of officers and others connected with the Institution, to which access is obtained from the hall and other parts of the building. The whole cost of this elegant pile is stated at about 50,000*l*. The Institution is under the direction of a president, twelve vice-presidents, and a committee, chosen from a body of nearly 700 hereditary and life governors, of whom the former are contributors of forty, and the latte of twenty-five guineas each.

These Views are from well-executed engravings, by Fothergill, of Manchester, which we recommend to the notice of tourists, for memoranda of their visit, as well as of the due rank of Manchester among the provincial towns of the United Kingdom.

Among the other public buildings of Manchester, are the Exchange, a handsome Grecian structure; the Hall of the Literary and Philosophical Society, universally known by its excellent published memoirs; the Portico, and other public libraries; theatres, hospitals, churches, bridges, &c.

PRAYER.—A FRAGMENT.

Prayer is an arrow wing'd with love,
And urg'd by mercy on
Which by "the arm of Faith" is driv'n
Up through the starry vault of heav'n,
And scales "the Eternal's throne."
On seraph's wings the spirit flies,
Ev'n in that arrows flight,
Soars through its *vista* in the skies
And gains the realms of light. N. C.

BREVITIES.

Poverty will often lead to great intellectual pursuits; but the resources of fortune will frequently suppress the most cogent ideas.

Never subdue a feeling arising from principle; for the mockery of conscience will contend against the hostile powers of a nation.

Never wantonly offend any man however feeble his situation: you know not how soon his personal interest may be acceptable.

In choosing a wife, a good disposition will be found the most staple commodity. Most other virtues will flourish in so luxuriant a soil.

It should be the study of every individual to become rather a *useful* than a *rich* member of society.

Weak opponents are universally great calumniators.

To adduce an opinion without some argumentative reason to support it, shows great precipitancy of idea. It is like raising a sumptous pile for the mere gratification of witnessing its destruction.

It is not the *enormity*, but the *certainty*, of punishment that deters mankind from evil. Hope will always gain the ascendancy.

Precept and example are great opposites. The one is generally too extravagantly lavished: the other abridges more personal comfort than most people like to sacrifice.

Few individuals are patriotic enough to participate in the correction of a public abuse, until the corruption produces personal inconvenience.

Flattery will ever, more or less, accompany the first overtures to friendship. It may not be deemed impolitic if it be found to recede as the intimacy matures. W. H.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

ROBIN HOOD.

Lithe and lysten, gentylmen,
That be of frebore blode,
I shall you tell of a good yeman,
His name was Robyn Hode.
Old Ballad.

CENTURIES have passed away, yet are the merry men of the cross-bow not forgotten. The oft-told tale of blended theft and charity has run the round of ages, delighting the homely circle; historians and poets have found in them a theme suited to their energies, and sung the song of their exploits to everlasting remembrance. It may be said that few subjects of yore can boast so bewitching an interest as the present: for even now, after the lapse of six or seven hundred years, the names of Robin Hood and Little John are

Familiar in our mouths as household words.

Drayton writes

In this our spacious isle I think there is not one,
But he, of Robin Hood hath heard, and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much, the miller's son,
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade.

Robin Hood, from the best accounts, was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of King Henry II., and about the year of Christ 1160. His extraction was noble, and his true name was Robert Fitzoothes, which vulgar pronunciation corrupted into Robin Hood. He was frequently styled, and commonly reputed to have been Earl of Huntington, descending from Ralph Fitzoothes, a Norman, who came over to England with William Rufus; marrying Maud, daughter of Gilbert de Gaunt, Earl of Kyme and Lindsey, to which title in the latter part of his life, he appears to have had some pretension. In his youth, he is reported to have been of a wild and extravagant disposition, insomuch that his inheritance being consumed or forfeited by his excesses, and his person outlawed for debt, either from necessity or choice, he sought an asylum in the woods and forests. Or, as some writers state, one of his first exploits was the going into a forest, when, bearing with him a bow of exceeding strength, he fell into company with certain rangers or woodmen, who quarrelled with him for making show to use such a bow as no man was able to shoot with. Robin replied, that he had two better than that at Locksley, only he bore that with him now as a byrding bowe. At length the contention grew so hot that a wager was laid about the killing of a deer at a great distance, for performance of which Robin offered to lay his head to a sum of money, the advantage of which rash speech the others presently took; the mark being found out, one of them, to make Robin's heart faint, and hand unsteady, when he was about to shoot, urged him with the loss of head if he missed the mark, notwithstanding which, Robin killed the deer, and gave every man his money again, except him who upbraided him with loss of head if he lost the wager; he now said they would drink together, when they began to quarrel and fight with him, but Robin getting a little distance off, with shooting, despatched them, then fled away and retired to the woods; the chief of which seems to be Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and Plompton Park, in Cumberland. Here he either found, or was afterwards joined by, a number of persons in similar circumstances,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of lawful men;

who appear to have considered him as their leader. Of these, his principal favourites, or those in whose courage and fidelity he most confided, were Little John, (whose surname is said to have been Nailor;) William Scadlock, (Scathelock or Scarlet;) George a Green, pinder, (or pound-keeper;) of Wakefield; Much, a miller's son; and a certain monk or friar, named Tuck. He is likewise said to have been accompanied in his retreat by a female, of whom he was enamoured, and whose real or adopted name was Marian. His company, in process of time consisted of a hundred archers, "men," says Major, "most skilful in battle, whom four times that number of the boldest fellows durst not attack." His manner of recruiting was somewhat singular; for, in the words of an old writer, "wheresoever he heard of any that were of unusual strength and hardiness, he would disgyse himselfe, and rather than fayle, go lyke a begger to become acquaynted with them, and after he had tryed them with fyghting, never give them over tyl he had used means to drawe them to lyve after his fashion; numerous instances of which are recorded in the common and popular songs, where indeed he seldom fails to receive a sound thrashing. After such manner he procured the pynner of Wakefyld, friar Tuck, and Scadlock. One day meeting him, Scadlock, as he walked solitary, and like to a man forlorn, because a maid to whom he was affianced was taken from him by her friends, and given to another that was old and wealthy; Robin hearing when the marriage day would be, came to the church as a beggar, having his own company not far off; and who at the sound of his horn rushed in, took the bride from him that was to marry her, and caused the priest to wed her and Scadlock together." In shooting with the long bow, the company excelled all the men in the land; their archery indeed was unparalleled, as both Robin Hood and Little John,

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it is said, have frequently shot an arrow a measured mile, or 1,760 yards.

Charlton informs us, that in one of Robin's peregrinations, he, attended by his trusty mate, John, went to dine at Whitby Abbey, with the abbot, Richard, who having heard them often famed for their great dexterity in shooting with the long bow, begged them after dinner to show him a specimen. They went up top of the abbey, and each of them shot an arrow that fell not far from Whitbylaths. The abbot placed a pillar on the spot where each arrow fell, and named one Robin Hood's field, the other John's field. Their distance from Whitby is more than a measured mile.

In these forests, and with his company, Robin for many years reigned like an independent sovereign. At perpetual war with the King of England and all his subjects, (with the exception of the poor and needy, the desolate and oppressed, and those who stood in need of his protection,) he defied the power of law and government; an outlaw in those times having no protection, owed no allegiance, his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him;

The world was not his friend, nor the world's law.

The deer with which the royal forests then abounded, afforded Robin and his companions an ample supply of food throughout the year. Their mode of life and domestic economy are more easily guessed at than described. Nevertheless, the poet has endeavoured to give us an outline in the following:

The merry pranks he play'd would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel;
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd:
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
And of these archers brave, there was not any one
Bvt he could kill a deer, his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger, the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the poor,
From wealthy Abbot's chests, and churl's abundant store,
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game;
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forests wild, Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.

Robin took away the goods of rich men only, never killing any person unless he was attacked: nor would he suffer a woman to be maltreated. Fordun, in the fourteenth century, calls him "that most celebrated robber;" and Major says, "I disapprove of the rapine of the man, but he was the most humane, and prince of all robbers."

Robin Hood seems to have held bishops, abbots, priests, and monks, indeed all the clergy, in decided aversion; and this hostility was strongly impressed upon his men:

Thyse Byshoppes and thyse Archbyshoppes,
Ye shall them bete and bynde.

The abbot of St. Mary's, York, from possessing so much wealth, appears to have met with Robin's especial animosity: his yearly revenues amounted to £2,850. 1*s*. 5*d*. Robin was, however, a man of exemplary piety, according to the notions of that age, and retained a domestic chaplain, (friar Tuck,) no doubt, for the diurnal celebration of the divine mysteries. This we learn from an anecdote preserved by Fordun, "One day, as he heard mass, he was espied by a certain sherif and officers belonging to the king, who had frequently before molested him. His people perceiving what was going forward, advised him to fly with all speed, but out of reverence of the Sacrament in which he was then engaged, he refused to do so. Most of his men fled, fearing death, but Robin confiding in him whom he worshipped, with the few that remained, set upon his enemies, and soon vanquished them, enriching himself with the spoils and ransom." Robin held masses in greater veneration ever after, stating, that Providence deserved still more from him, having delivered him thus miraculously. At length, the infirmities of age increasing, and having a great sickness upon him, Robin was desirous to lose a little blood, and for that purpose he applied to the prioress of Kirkleys Nunnery, in Yorkshire; who, though a relation, treacherously suffered him to bleed to death, in, it is said, his 87th year. According to Grafton's Chronicle, it is said that after his death, the prioress caused him to be buried under a great stone "by the hywayes syde, and vpon his grave the sayde prioresse did lay a very fayre stone, wherein the names of Robert Hood, William of Goldesborough, and others were graven. And the cause why she buryed him there was for that the common passengers and travailers, knowyng and seeyng him there buryed, might more safely and without feare take their jorneys that way, which they durst not do in the life of the sayed outlawes; and at eyther ende of the sayde tombe was erected a crosse of stone."

Amongst the papers of the learned Dr. Gale, late Dean of York, was found this epitaph of Robin Hood, written in old English:—

Hear underneath this laitl stean,
Laiz Robert, Earl of Huntingtun,
Near arcir ther az hie sa goud
An pipl kauld im Robin Heud,
Sick utlawz az hi an iz men
Wil England nivr si agen.
Obiit 24—kal dekembris, 1247.

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There is an odd story related of this tombstone: that a certain knight taking it into his head to have it removed and placed as a hearth-stone in his great hall, it was laid over night, but the next morning it was surprisingly removed on one side; it was again laid a second and third time, and as often turned aside. The knight thinking he had done wrong by removing it, ordered it should be drawn back again, which was performed by a pair of oxen and four horses, when twice the number could scarce remove it before.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Anecdote Gallery.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

In the year ——, as Wull, or William Hall, then overseer of the farm of Sunderland, in Selkirkshire, Scotland, the labours of the day being over, was leaning against the dyke of the farm-yard, a young gentleman of genteel appearance came up to him, wished him good evening, and observed that the country here looked beautiful. The two getting into conversation, Hall, who was a talkative lad, after a few observations, asked him "where he was ga'in?" He said he intended going to Jedburgh; and what business hae ye at Jedbart?" says Wull. "Oh," says the gentleman, "I am going to attend the circuit court; but my feet have failed me on the road." And observing a pony in the farm-yard, he said, "That's a bit nice pony of yours;—is it to sell?—would you like to part with it?" "A wad' na' care," Wull says; "but ma brother Geordy, he's the farmer; and he's at Selkirk the day. But if we could get a guid price for't, a daresay we might part wi't." "What do you ask for it?" says the stranger. "Ma brother," quoth Wull, "says it's a thing we hae nae use for, and if we could get ought of a wisslike price for't, it would be as well to let it gang." There were only two words to the bargain; the gentleman and Wull agreed. Says the gentleman, "By the way, I cannot pay you to-night; but if you have any hesitation about me, my name is Henry Brougham, and I refer you to the Earl of Buchan, or Mr. George Currie, of Greenhead, who will satisfy you." It will be observed that the places of residence of this nobleman, and Henry's brother advocate, Mr. Currie, were in the neighbourhood. On this reference, without making any inquiry, honest, Wull immediately gave the gentleman the pony, with the necessary trappings. Wull being a man of orderly habits, went early to bed; and next morning, when the business of the farm called him and Geordy together, says Wull to Geordy, "Ye was unco late in coming hame last night; aw salt the powny." "And wha did you sell it to?" "Oh, to a young gentleman." "And what did you get for't?" Wull having mentioned the price—"My faith," says Geordy, "ye hae selt it weel." "But," says Wull, "a did na' get the siller." "You d—d idiot, ye did na' gie away the powny without getting the siller for't; wha was he?" "Oh, he ca'd himsel' Henry Brougham, and he said if a had ony jealousin' about him, that the Earl of Buchan, or George Currie, advocate, Greenhead, would say he was guid enough for the money. Oh, he was an honest-looking lad; a could hae trusted ony thing in his hand." Geordy's temper became quite ungovernable at Wull's simplicity. After the whole southern circuit was finished, there was no word of payment, and Wull's life became quite miserable at Geordy's incessant grumbling and taunting; the latter ever and anon repeating, "What a d—d idiot Wull was to gie the beest without the money till a man he kend naething about;" and the other as pertinaciously insisting, "that he (the gentleman) was an honest-looking man, there was nae fear o' him." In the course of six weeks an order came for the payment of the steed. "L—d," says Wull, "did na I tell ye he was an honest man, a kend by the look o' him." From that moment Wull stood eminently high in Geordy's eyes; and while the one chuckled at his penetration of character, the other was no less humbled at having called his superior judgment in question. William Hall is still alive, and there is not a prouder man in Britain's Isle than he is when he relates the little incident in his life, of which the present Lord Chancellor of Great Britain forms the hero.—*Schoolmaster.*

O'BRIEN, THE IRISH GIANT.

This extraordinary giant, whose height was nearly nine feet, was born at Kinsale, in the kingdom of Ireland. His real name was Patrick Cotter; he was of obscure parentage, and originally laboured as a bricklayer; but his uncommon size rendered him a mark for the avarice of a showman, who, for the payment of £50. per annum, obtained the liberty of exhibiting him for three years in England. Not contented with his bargain, the chapman attempted to *underlet* to another speculator, the liberty of shewing him, and poor Cotter resisting this nefarious transaction, was saddled with a fictitious debt, and thrown into a spunging house in Bristol. In this situation he was, happily for him, visited in prison by a gentleman of the city, who, in compassion to his distress, and having reason to think that he was unjustly detained, very generously became his bail, and ultimately so far investigated the affair, that he not only obtained him his liberty, but freed him from all kind of obligation to serve his task-master any longer. He was at this time eighteen years old. He

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subsequently retained, to his last breath, a most lively sense of the obligation conferred upon him when a stranger, and in need; which he manifested also by very *honourable mention* in his will. It happened to be September when he was liberated, and, by the further assistance of his benefactor, he was enabled to set up for himself in the fair then held in St. James's. Success crowned his undertaking, and in three days, instead of being in penury, he saw himself possessed of thirty pounds, English money. Let those who know the peasantry of Ireland, judge of his riches! He now commenced a regular exhibition of his person, which he continued until the last two years of his life, when, having realized a sufficient fortune to keep a carriage and live in good style, he declined what was always exceedingly irksome to his feelings. He was inoffending and amiable in his manners, to his friends and acquaintance, of whom he had latterly a large circle; and he was neither averse to a cheerful glass nor pleasant company. He had naturally good sense, and his mind was not uncultivated. Mr. Cotter had at one time in his possession, a regular journal of his life, written from day to day, for amusement, but which a whim of the moment induced him to commit to the flames, though he afterwards much regretted the circumstance. He died in his 46th year, September 8, 1806, at the Hotwells, Bristol. In his last moments he was attended by Mr. Plowden, and departed without the smallest apparent pain or agony. He was buried in the Romish chapel, Trenchard-street, at the early hour of six, to prevent as much as possible, a crowd; notwithstanding which, the street was so thronged, that the assistance of the constables, was necessary to keep the door of the chapel, and resist the importunity of the public to behold the interment. It is supposed 2,000 persons at least were present. The ceremony of High Mass was performed at ten o'clock. The coffin, of lead, measured 9 feet 2 inches in the clear, and the wooden case 4 inches more. It was 3 feet across the shoulders. No hearse could be procured sufficiently long to contain it; on which account, that end of the coffin which could not be shut in, was covered with black cloth. Fourteen men bore him from the hearse to the grave, into which he was let down with pulleys. To prevent any attempt to disturb his remains, of which Cotter had, when living, the greatest horror, the grave was made 12 feet in a solid rock.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

Spirit of Discovery.

STEAM CARRIAGES ON COMMON ROADS.

[One of the most accredited works upon this vital topic is *An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion;* by Mr. Alexander Gordon, Civil Engineer. It shows the commercial, political, and moral advantages; the means by which an elemental power is obtained; the rise, progress, and description of steam-carriages; the roads upon which they may be made to travel; and the ways and means for their general introduction. This arrangement of the subject is exceedingly well executed by Mr. Gordon, who has added a series of efficient illustrations —from a diagram simplifying the high-pressure modification of the steam-engine as applied to steam-carriages, to the last completed Steam Drag and Carriage attached; while the most material points of Mr. Gordon's views are fortified by a condensation of the evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons. All this and much more is accomplished within two hundred octavo pages, which a less economical and therefore less praiseworthy editor would have expanded into a costly quarto. Mr. Gordon's work has thus been planned and executed in the right spirit: he maintains national benefits which must arise from the adoption of steam carriages, and he seeks to place his views in the hands of all who are immediately interested in the subject by means as efficient as economical. We quote a few extracts, (the most interesting to the general reader,) from the first chapter, which aims at a cursory estimate of a few of the leading commercial, political, and moral advantages which will accrue to the community by the substitution of inanimate or steam power for animate or horse power, for locomotive purposes; leaving its spirit of fairness to the just appreciation of the reader.]

Economy of Conveyance.

In a great commercial country like ours, extending its ramifications to every branch of natural and artificial produce, it is almost superfluous to remark that a vast capital is sunk annually in the mere transport of marketable commodities: and which is not only a loss to the seller as being an unproductive outlay, but entails a heavy increase of expense to the buyer also upon every article of daily consumption. Any means, therefore, that will accelerate the conveyance, and at the same time reduce materially the expense of carriage, bears upon its surface a great public gain.

Expeditious locomotion, to the commercial world more particularly, in every mercantile transaction, is equivalent to capital: and such is the vast importance of economy of time here, that no extra expense is considered as too great to accomplish the utmost speed. We have this practically illustrated in the preference which society gives to a complicated machinery put into motion at an enormous expense, to travelling by the winds of heaven which cost nothing.

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To the merchant time gained is equal to money: for time occupied in travelling is just so much profitable employment lost. Time occupied in the transport of goods is equivalent to so much interest of capital spent: for a thousand pounds invested in merchandise is unproductive so many days as the transport is tedious. That part of the capital of an individual which is employed in the carrying of his goods to and from market, is so much abstracted from his means of producing more of the article in which he exerts his ingenuity and labour, whether it be in agriculture or manufacture.

Easy communication lessens the time occupied in the transport; and a saving of time lessens the distance, or our notion of distance. This effects a saving of money: and a saving of money permits of a greater employment of capital. The man who can only afford to keep one traveller soliciting orders for his goods, will thus be enabled to keep two; because the expense of travelling will be reduced a half. Or it may be, he will find it more advantageous to employ the saving in the production of a more delicate and desirable article in the way of his trade. The increased traffic from place to place will give likewise an impulse to business, which, in the present stagnant times, is most desirable. The manufacturer in Scotland will find the London market more easily arrived at: and the merchant in the metropolis will be able to get his orders more rapidly given and executed. A conveyance which, in good management, would be a weekly one, is, in bad management, a monthly one: and the carrier is obliged to quadruple his charge for the transport. To meet this charge the merchant has to add to the cost of the article, and so on throughout the various gradations of mercantile transition, until the consumer pays the necessarily increased price. Hence, whatever reduces the price of transportation, reduces the price of the commodity transported. Whatever reduces the traveller's time, reduces his claim for compensation, and (competition being always at work) he is content with a smaller profit upon his merchandise. If a scarcity of any article occurs at one point of the kingdom, the monopolist there cannot continue his increased price for any duration of time. Commerce may, in this respect, be resembled to water, for, if not obstructed, it will always circulate till it finds its level. An opening or channel being furnished, an equalised supply will make its way wherever required.

Thus we see that the strength, wealth, and happiness of a nation, depend very much upon facility of communication. The ill-defended spot in the empire is alive to the reality, that subsidies having bad roads or a tedious navigation to pass may arrive too late to present an effectual resistance to a plundering enemy. The hard-working emigrant of a remote settlement, distant from a market, feels the difficulty and loss he sustains in bringing produce to the spot where merchants and dealers meet for the purposes of exchange. A spot uncommunicated with may be visited by the horrors of famine, and no channel exist for conveying thither the food required. A grievous pestilence may sweep off an isolated people before the aid of the physician can arrive to arrest its progress.

Such facts are obvious to even the most indifferent observers of human society. Yet, nevertheless, there have been, and are, short-sighted individuals, in every gradation of it, with minds and views so warped and distorted by an ignorant selfishness, that they have opposed every improvement which tended to make the least change in their long-established habits. Such persons were they, who, during the last century, promoted petitions from counties in the neighbourhood of London, praying Parliament not to extend the turnpike-roads into remoter parts of the country, lest these remote districts, by means of a less expensive labour, should be able to sell their agricultural products in the London markets at a cheaper rate than themselves!—and such in our own day are the attempts made to put down steam conveyance. How short-sighted we are! Did we consult our own advantage we should see that those facilities of communication, against which we oppose ourselves, are the growing sinews of a greater fabric of wealth and prosperity.

Such are the numerous and important advantages, in a commercial point of view, which will result to society from the substitution of elementary for physical power. But even these, great though they be, are of trifling consideration when compared with the immense benefits which will result from the substitution when brought into operation as an economic principle.

Substitution of Steam for Horse Power.

[Mr. Gordon then refers to the conclusion of political economists "that the grand source of all our evils is *redundancy* of population; or in other words, an increase of animated life *beyond* the nourishment adequate to support it."]

The substitution of inanimate for animate power, if not the panacea which is to cure all the evils of our condition, is at least one that comes recommended as a matter of fact—easy of operation, and effectual in its result. If want of food, or, in other words, redundancy of population be the bane of the country, it does not propose to meet that evil by a visionary project, tending in its operation to unhinge society—tedious in its process, and ending at length in bitter disappointment—but it meets the evil directly, substantially, and effectually, by the substitution of food.

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And how are all these immense advantages to be effected?—By the substitution of inanimate for animate power. At present, the animate power employed in the commercial transportations of this great kingdom is estimated to amount to two millions of horses: each horse consumes as much food as is necessary for the support of eight men. Hence the conversion of its consumption to purposes of human existence would, if carried to this practical extent, amount to a quantity of food equal to support sixteen millions of people.

Where the product is so enormous—so vastly beyond our immediate necessities—it is not requisite to go into any minutiæ of detail. To calculate all the gains we will leave to the political economist, as also to bring the matter out in its fair proportions; but to establish the matter clearly within the bounds of a safe, an easy, and practical issue, we have merely to state, that a conversion of food from a physical to a moral purpose, adequate to the supply of one-fourth part of the above aggregate estimate, that is to say, to four millions, is amply sufficient to relieve us at the present moment from that pressure of pauperism which sits like an incubus upon the energies of the nation, and which will precipitate us, if not timely avoided, into speedy and irretrievable ruin.

Now the suppression of the stage-horses upon our principal thoroughfares, and of the dray-horses in the great commercial towns, may be calculated to economize a saving of food equivalent to the supply of the above number of human beings.

It is, perhaps, not superfluous to remark, that the amount of food, equal to the supply of the said four millions, is not the produce of an extended agriculture and proportionate outlay, but is just *that part* of the annual produce of the country, subtracted from the whole, which is at present required for the mere purpose of *transportation*—i. e. to feed the animals used for draught,—and is consequently a dead loss as unproductive capital.

In addition to the evil arising from such a consumption of unproductive food, is also to be considered the very great loss consequent upon the heavy capital sunk in *horse* purchase. Were this viewed, as properly it ought, as money withheld from other purposes of trade, and which might be more advantageously invested, our capitalists and men of science would not oppose the substitution of inanimate for animate power in the way they have done. Neither, did the landed interest maturely weigh the varied benefits it will produce in agriculture, would they view it in the light of an invasion upon their respective interests. They do not give a *quid* without receiving a *quo* every way as valuable. The reduction of farm consumption—the bugbear of the project—will be met and compensated by a steady and proportionate demand from other quarters. Whilst in the United Kingdom, the 8,100,000 acres of land now required to feed the horses, together with the capital sunk in their purchase, will, when both applied to other and general purposes, amply compensate for the exchange.

In order more readily to show one effect, let the horses be considered only 1,000; a smaller number may not make the argument so difficult. Let us reduce *this* number, and the farmer may then turn his oat-ground into wheat-ground; and instead of so much land being employed to furnish food for a thousand horses, the same land, when turned into tillage fit to sow wheat upon, will produce sufficient bread-corn to feed two thousand poor families.

Again, if instead of 20,000 horses, we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butchers' meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap: and so many hides lower the price of leather, and of shoes and all other articles made of leather. Or the same quantity of land may then keep thirty thousand cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor, as well as the labouring manufacturer; all which articles are very considerable, and of material moment in the prices of our manufacturers, as they, in a great measure, work their trade to rise and fall in price, according to the cheapness of their materials and the necessaries of life. The same may be said in favour of more sheep and woollen cloths.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE EXPECTED COMET.

The comet of Biela is approaching the earth's orbit with increasing velocity, and towards the end of the following month it will partially intersect the course which the earth traverses in its journey round the sun. Happily, the comet will be in advance of the earth, so that unless our globe augments its pace, or the anticipated visitant retards its journey, there will be no risk of any dangerous proximity, much less of a hostile collision. During this return, at least, it will always be more than two hundred times the moon's distance from us; and were it, at any future time, to approach very much nearer than the orbit of our satellite, its influence would be too inconsiderable to affect any of the elements of the earth's path.

This comet is about 40,000 miles in diameter, and of that class termed nebulous, having no tail, and probably no solid nucleus. The point where the comet's centre crosses the plane of the ecliptic is within and very near the curve which the earth describes,—so very near, that the outskirts of the nebulous matter of the comet might possibly, at some future visit, envelope our planet, and would thus enclose the earth, it is not un-

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likely, at its ensuing return, if it were about a month later than the time calculated, of its intersecting the plane of the earth's motion.

The presence of the moon during the past week has interfered with telescopic observations, or probably the comet might have been detected as a small round nebulosity, moving midway between the northern horn of Taurus and the bright star Capelle, towards Gemini. There are nebulæ near its course for which it must not be mistaken. J. T. Barker.

Deptford. *Literary Gazette.*

New Books.

THE NEW GIL BLAS

[This is, in its way, a clever book with a very un-clever title. We expected better fact in its author, Mr. Inglis, than the adoption of the title of one of the most successful and least imitable fictions of modern times. The very title-page provokes a comparison between the Gil Blas of Le Sage, and a string of romantic adventures, by Mr. Inglis; we need not add, much to the disadvantage of the latter. It reminds us of an attempt to cover the sun with a wet blanket. At the same time, the merit of Mr. Inglis's Gil Blas must not be lowly rated. It abounds with lively incident, pleasant bits and scenes of travel, and world-knowledge very agreeably communicated, while its episodal narratives are of the most wonder-fraught character. It has all the glitter and gaiety of Spanish life and manners. The author discourses eloquently of "the charming Andaluz," and other *intriguantes*—absolute Dons of fathers and monsters of husbands—mingling "bloody-minded assassins," and hideous wretches, with the sweet emotions of dark eyes, jetty ringlets, and heaving bosoms. Limbs are lopped off, eyes put out, heads slivered, and blood spilled like water; and there are scenes in dark towers and visions of clanking chains in terrific abundance. One of the latter description we have abridged and adapted to our pages. The hero is convicted of murder, upon such evidence as this:—"We found the poor dead man dead at his feet, and the sword in his hand, covered with blood,—the murdered man lies in the ante-room run through and through." A pretty scene of justice ensues, the fact being that the murdered man was a noted robber who had attacked the hero, and became worsted in the affray. The sentence is solitary imprisonment for life:]

The unfortunate persons whose crimes have subjected them to the dreadful punishment of solitary imprisonment for life, in any of the southern parts of Spain, are most generally sent to Tarifa.* Along both sides of the port, there is a mole nearly half a mile in length; at the extremity of which on either side, and at the entrance of the harbour, stands a huge and ancient Moorish tower, about a hundred and sixty feet in height above the sea. In this tower, which contains six chambers, one above another, prisoners for life are confined; and thither I was accordingly conveyed. It is the policy of the Spanish laws, to render the punishment of criminals subservient to public utility; and this is in some degree effected even by solitary confinement. The prisoners confined in these towers are employed in turns, night by night, in trimming the lamps—which are a beacon to the vessels at sea. From each chamber, there is a separate ascent to the summit of the tower; so that the prisoners never see each other, and each in his turn is obliged to remain from night until day-break upon the summit,—part of his punishment for the destruction of human life, being thus made subservient to its preservation.

From these towers there are no visible means of escape: in the chambers, the windows are merely circular holes in walls at least six feet in thickness; and the outside walls being entirely smooth, there are no means of descent from the summit unless by a fearful leap of a hundred and sixty feet into the sea; for on the side towards the town, a wall of twenty feet high shuts out the prospect of land; serving at the same time as a hindrance to any communication, and as an aggravation of punishment, by shutting out from the eye of the prisoner, the cheerful lights of human habitations, or perhaps even, it might be, the dim view of human forms. It only requires to be added to this description, that a ponderous iron chain stretches from one tower to the other, across the mouth of the port, depending from fastenings situated about two feet below the summit of each, but forming a curve by its own weight; and in the centre, reaching to within twenty or thirty feet of the surface of the water, from which point, other chains are attached, reaching horizontally to the towers on either side. It is needless to say, that during the day this great chain is lowered into the water when vessels desire to enter; but at night, it is again raised; and there being rumours of war at this period, no ships were admitted during the night,—the chain being a security against an enemy entering, and cutting out vessels under favour of the darkness.

[By aid of a telescope, he recognises on the opposite tower a fair prisoner, "the lovely Isabel," who had been confined there upwards of a year for conspiring to murder her first husband. The hero by aid of the chain, swings to Isabel's tower, where they concert an escape.]

As Isabel pressed closer to me, I felt, that, although far from agreeable to sojourn in such a place, even with Isabel, this would yet be greatly preferable to solitude. But to

* A town in the straits of Gibraltar, the most southern point of the continent of Europe.

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such a project, many serious difficulties presented themselves: I represented to Isabel, that if I did not reach the opposite tower that night, it would be discovered, when the food put into my cell remained untasted, that I was gone; and as the conclusion would necessarily be, that I had leaped into the sea, no more food would be put into my cell, and consequently, when I did return, I should die of hunger. "But," said Isabel, "why return ever? Providence seems to delight in throwing us together,—and if, as unhappily seems too true, the doom of both of us be to live and die in these towers, why should we not———"

"Live and die together, you would say;" and, in truth, there was reason in this proposal of Isabel. "Why, indeed, should we not?" said I; but in yielding so readily to this suggestion, I looked farther than Isabel did. Isabel had doubtless many charms,—and here, I should at least have nothing to fear from rivals; but that which weighed with me fully as much as the prospect of a honey-moon, was this,—that a man who is supposed to be dead, has greater facilities of escape,—and so, without at that time saying any thing upon this subject to Isabel, I acquiesced in the proposal of changing my quarters, and being her guest for the present.

"There cannot be a doubt," said Isabel, "that the Pope has long ago been applied to by my husband to dissolve our marriage."

"And that his holiness has granted the petition, too," said I. "And although ours be a new case, as it probably never happened before that the idea of marrying was entertained by persons in solitary imprisonment,—yet as there is here neither church nor priest, Heaven will, without doubt, accept our vows, and bless us:" and thus did I become all but the husband of Isabel.

Several days elapsed before it was again the turn of Isabel to watch on the summit; meantime the food that was intended for one, was made to suffice for two; we conversed in whispers, lest my embryo plan of escape should be frustrated by a premature discovery of my dwelling place; and even if I had looked to no ulterior advantages, from my change of quarters, the society of Isabel would have been a sufficient reward for the peril of my journey. But I had now concocted in my mind, a plan of escape, which I hastened to put in execution, after having first communicated it to Isabel, whose co-operation was necessary to ensure its success.

It may have been already gathered, that the characteristic of the punishment of solitary confinement in the towers of Tarifa, consisted in the rigidness with which it was enforced: once admitted there, and no human eye ever more rested upon the living form of the prisoner. The food necessary for the preservation of life, and therefore, for the continuance of punishment, was placed, and removed, by unseen hands; nor was the sound of a human voice ever heard within these stone chambers. But to this, one exception was provided: although it was the policy of the law, to punish the living culprit thus severely, the church did not resign her claims to the care of his soul; once accordingly, in every month, a holy tread was heard along the secret passages, and an iron screen being thrown back, the confessor, a Franciscan friar, took his seat at a thick grating; behind which nothing could be seen, though the confession of the prisoner might pass to the ear of the holy man, and his counsel in return reach the ear, or it might be, the heart, of the solitary criminal. The door by which the prisoner first entered was never unbarred, until the hour when his coffin was carried in and out.

The day now approached, when the visit of the confessor might be expected, and I laid my plans accordingly, and executed them in the following manner:—

"Isabel," said I, as the slow tread announced the approach of the confessor, "you must feign to be dead; spread the pallet opposite to the grating, and lay yourself upon it."

I found some difficulty in prevailing upon Isabel to mock the king of terrors; but, at length, I succeeded in persuading her,—by representing that it was easier to counterfeit death than to meet it; and that to do the one afforded the only chance of avoiding the other; and scarcely was Isabel extended upon the floor, when the screen was heard to open upon its harsh hinges, and the confessor to say, "erring daughter, approach."

"Father," said I, in a low sepulchral tone, at the same time advancing noiselessly towards the grating.

"Holy St. Francis," said the confessor, in a voice of terror, and making at the same time a retrograde movement from the grating, "'tis a man!"

"Father," said I, in the same unearthly tone, "fear nothing, it is no man that addresses thee; well thou knowest that no fleshly form can gain entrance here; it is not a man, but a spirit, with whom thou art communing." As I spoke thus, I could hear the Friar rapidly commending himself to the protection of the Holy Mother of God, and of all the Saints; and I continued, "She whom thou comest to confess, is now beyond the reach of thy counsel: her soul has gone to its heavy account, and her body lieth there;" said I, gliding aside, and knowing well, that although nothing could be seen from the cell through the grating, yet all within was visible from the other side. "I am the ghost of the murdered José Andrades;" (the husband of Isabel) and at the same time that I made

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this announcement, I threw back a part of the hood that covered my face, and the dim light from the circular hole falling upon the upper part of the countenance, showed a visage which fasting and confinement had already made more like the face of a dead than of a living man, and which I had taken care to besmear with blood.

A new exclamation of horror, and still more rapid prayers, followed this revelation.

"Here," continued I, again drawing the hood over my face, and approaching the grate—from which I could hear the Friar retreating; "here will I remain, in dread communion with the body of my murderer, until it be taken hence; delay not to let this be done, else I will speak with thee nearer anon."

The Friar being already as near to the ghost of a murdered man as he probably desired to be, and willing to prevent the execution of this threat of a nearer colloquy, swung the screen forward, which closed with a tremendous clank, and the rapid footsteps of the terrified confessor speedily died away.

"Ah, Dios!" said Isabel, "I had scarcely courage to go through my part: when you spoke of my soul having gone to its account, I was on the point of rising, to convince myself that I was yet living."

"Surely," returned I, "you may find courage to personate a dead woman, when I have no hesitation in personating the ghost of a murdered man; the stratagem succeeds; you will have but once more to play your part; and I am much mistaken if we be not both outside of this tower before another day shall pass over our heads;" and animated by this hope, Isabel promised to obey my directions.

Now, it will easily be believed, that the confessor, upon leaving the tower, would immediately communicate to the civil and spiritual authorities, the particulars of the extraordinary interview that had taken place; and that although doubts might at first be entertained of the sanity of the narrator, yet, that his positive asseverations would at length so far weigh with the alcalde, and the bishop of Ronda, who then chanced to be making his yearly visitation to Tarifa, as to induce them to judge with their own eyes, of the truth of what had been told to them. I was prepared for this; and when in less than three hours, the iron screen was heard to fall back, Isabel was again stretched upon the ground, while I stood motionless by her side. Who were the persons that peered through the grate, I am unable to tell, but whoever they might be, they were quickly satisfied with their scrutiny; for when I glided towards the grate, at the same time allowing the hood to fall partially back, the screen was suddenly closed, and quick retiring footsteps announced the further success of the stratagem.

However extraordinary the thing might seem, and however hard of belief, no doubt could any longer rest upon the minds of those whom first duty, and then incredulity, had led to the tower, that something supernatural inhabited the chamber where lay the dead Isabel. Her, they had seen extended on the floor; and they had seen another being, which could not be a mortal, because well they were convinced no mortal could gain entrance there. That it was the ghost of him who had been murdered by the inmate of the cell, no one could doubt: and the sooner therefore the body of the wretched prisoner could be carried out, the sooner would this spirit cease to haunt the tower of Tarifa. It was in this manner therefore, that the affair was argued by the confessor, the bishop, and the alcalde, among whom the following colloquy took place:—

"I suppose, gentlemen," said the confessor, "you are now sufficiently convinced that I have told you no tale."

"Sufficiently convinced," said the alcalde; yet breathless with fear.

"There is no doubt of it," said the bishop; panting from the rapidity of his descent from the tower.

"Why," rejoined the confessor, "I was as near to it as I am to you!" shuffling up close to the alcalde's nose.

"Ah, Dios!" said the alcalde, drawing involuntarily back.

"'Tis certainly," said the bishop, "a stain upon the sanctity of this catholic town, that a thing of this kind should have taken place; the quieter the affair is kept, the better: no doubt, senor alcalde, a coffin can be prepared to-night, to carry away the body; those who carry it, must know nothing of what we have seen; and you, as chief magistrate, will superintend the removal."

"Truly," said the alcalde, "'tis a duty I would rather avoid: I am a poor sinful man, ill fitted to grapple with the powers of darkness; whereas holy men, like my lord bishop and the good friar, can have nothing to fear."

"I fear nothing," said the confessor.

"Oh, we fear nothing," said the bishop; "and it does seem to me, that the reverend father cannot well be excused taking a part in this duty, as he is in some sort under an engagement to the evil spirit (crossing himself) to see it executed."

"But," rejoined the friar, "would it not be felt by us all to be a great security, were we in this emergency to make use of the relics which are deposited in the church of San Salvador,—and which no one, save the bishop, is worthy to handle?"

"'Tis an excellent suggestion," said the alcalde.

Now the bishop, desirous no doubt of paying a compliment to the alcalde and the friar

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by intrusting these sacred relics to their care, in place of taking upon himself the honourable office of being their bearer, said:—"The relics are indeed efficacious in cases of this nature; and while handling them, the greatest sinner upon earth has nothing to fear from an interview with any spirit. I possess the power of delegating to whom I will, the high honour of bearing these relics,—and into your hands, gentlemen, I will jointly commit them; and while you are engaged in the performance of your duty, I will invoke for you the protection of our tutelary saint."

Such, I say, was the colloquy that took place between the bishop, the alcalde, and the friar,—and when this proposal was made by the bishop, there can be no question that the fears of the alcalde were greatly allayed; and that the qualms even of the friar were in some degree quieted—so great was the confidence placed in the virtues of the relics.

Meanwhile, the hours passed away, and night came. I entertained little doubt, that this very night the coffin would be sent for Isabel; trusting to the efficacy of the threat held out to the confessor; and I prepared accordingly. "You will have nothing to do, Isabel," said I, "but to follow close at my heels." In thus providing for the escape of Isabel, I confess it was chiefly a regard for my own safety that prompted me to this. A sojourn of between one and two weeks in the tower, upon half the miserable pittance of a prisoner, had greatly cooled the fever of my love; and I foresaw that a companion would, in no small degree, interfere with my projects of independence, and might even perhaps lessen the chances of my ultimate escape,—but then, if Isabel were left behind, or could be prevailed upon to allow herself to be put into her coffin, it was too much to expect of her, that she would permit it to be consigned to the earth without giving some audible demonstration of being alive; and if one part of the trick were detected, threats or punishment would soon discover all the other parts of it; and my recapture would no doubt be the consequence. Besides—for why should I conceal the virtuous movements of my mind—I felt a repugnance in leaving Isabel to perpetual imprisonment, or to the chance of being buried alive; but feeling at the same time, that if successful in delivering her from confinement, I should in that case have sufficiently acquitted myself of obligations, and satisfied my scruples, I resolved that upon the first favourable opportunity I would dispose of Isabel, and recover my independence.

And now, the crisis was at hand. Slow, heavy steps, as of persons carrying a burden, were heard approaching: other, and more hesitating steps, mingled with these. At length they reached the massive iron door, and the burden was put down. The thickness of the door was too great, to permit the words spoken without to be heard within; but for some time the monotonous sound of a voice continued—doubtless, a prayer of length and efficacy by the Franciscan. The voice ceased; the chains and bolts were one by one withdrawn; the door slowly swung back, and a glare of flambeaux flashed into the cell. Isabel lay on the pallet, while I stood motionless in the middle of the floor—my face turned towards the door, and my hood partly thrown back. No sooner did the light reveal my figure, than the coffin-bearers, uttering an affrighted scream, made but one step from the top to the bottom of the staircase: for a moment the alcalde and the friar, who partly expected what they saw, and who partly trusted to the protection of the relics which they held in their hands, stood their ground; crossing themselves with great rapidity, and muttering prayers the while: but upon the first movement I made towards them, they followed the coffin-bearers with so much precipitancy, that in their eagerness which should be the first, both rolled down the stairs, and the flambeaux falling from their trembling hands, were extinguished.

"Now is the time," said I in a whisper; and I quickly descended the staircase, followed by Isabel. By the light of a smothered flambeau, I could perceive that the alcalde and the friar lay senseless, whether from fear or from wounds, I could not tell. The friar's habit had somehow slipped off his shoulders; and thinking it might be useful as a disguise, I picked it up, and stumbling also upon one of the boxes of relics, I hid it in my bosom: there was no obstacle to our escape—the doors all stood open; and in a few moments we found ourselves outside of the tower, while the retreating steps of the coffin-bearers were heard dying away in the distance. We lost not a moment's time, but immediately proceeded quickly along the mole, which we had all to ourselves; the terrified coffin-bearers had no doubt spread the alarm, for as we approached every post was in its turn abandoned; the alarmed sentinels throwing down their weapons, and flying before us; and I took care not to neglect the opportunity of arming myself against need, with a good sabre.

The Naturalist.

THE ORNITHORHYNCUS PARADOXUS.

The following interesting fact in natural history was communicated by Dr. Weatherhead, to the committee of science of the Zoological Society, at their last meeting.

For the last five-and-twenty years naturalists in Europe have been striving to obtain the carcass of the impregnated female *Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*, for the purpose of ascertaining its mode of gestation, but without success; for it is by dissection alone that

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the hitherto doubtful and disputed point concerning the anomalous and paradoxical manner of bring forth and rearing its young can be satisfactorily demonstrated. This long-sought-for desideratum is at length attained. Through the kindness of his friend, Lieut. the honourable Lauderdale Maule, of the 39th regiment, Dr. Weatherhead has had the bodies of several *ornithorynchi* transmitted to him from New Holland, in one of which the ova preserved; establishing, along with other curious circumstances ascertained, the extraordinary fact, that this animal, which combines the bird and quadruped together in its outward form, lays eggs and hatches them like the one, and rears and suckles them like the other.—*Proc. Zool. Soc.*

Notes of a Reader.

JUNOT AND NAPOLEON.

This soldier of fortune being one day, during the siege of Toulon, at his post at the battery of St. Culottes, an officer of artillery, who had recently come from Paris to direct the operations of the siege, asked from the officer who commanded the post for a young non-commissioned officer who had at once intelligence and boldness. The officer immediately called for Junot; the officer surveyed him with that eye which already began to take the measure of human capacity.

"You will change your dress," said the commander, "and you will go there to bear this order." He showed him with his hand a spot at a distance on the same side. The young sergeant blushed up to the eyes; his eyes kindled with fire. "I am not a spy," said he, "to execute their orders; seek another to bear them." "Do you refuse to obey?" said the superior officer; "do you know to what punishment you expose yourself in so doing?" "I am ready to obey," said Junot, "but I will go in my uniform, or not at all." The commander smiled, and looked at him attentively. "But if you do, they will kill you." "What does that signify?" said Junot; "you know me little to imagine I would be pained at such an occurrence, and, as for me, it is all one—come, I go as I am; is it not so?" And he set off singing.

After he was gone, the superior officer asked, "What is the name of that young man?" "Junot," replied the other. The commanding officer then wrote his name in his pocket-book. "He will make his way," he replied. This judgment was already of decisive importance to Junot, for the reader must readily have divined that the officer of artillery was Napoleon.

A few days after, being on his rounds at the same battery, Bonaparte asked for some one who could write well. Junot stepped out of the ranks and presented himself. Bonaparte recognised him as the sergeant who had already fixed his attention. He expressed his satisfaction at seeing him, and desired him to place himself so as to write under his dictation. Hardly was the letter done, when a bomb, projected from the English batteries, fell at the distance of ten yards, and, exploding, covered all present with gravel and dust. "Well," said Junot, laughing, "we shall at least not require sand to dry the ink."

Bonaparte fixed his eyes on the young sergeant; he was calm, and had not even quivered at the explosion. That event decided his fortune. He remained attached to the commander of artillery, and returned no more to his corps. At a subsequent time, when the town surrendered, and Bonaparte was appointed General, Junot asked no other recompense for his brave conduct during the siege, but to be named his aide-de-camp. He and Muiron were the first who served him in that capacity.—*Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantes.*

EFFECT OF DISEASE ON MEMORY.

Failure of memory takes place in a variety of ways. It is sometimes general, and extends to every subject; but it is frequently far more manifest on some subjects than on others. Salmuth mentions a case in which the affected person had forgotten to pronounce words, but could nevertheless write them. Mr. J. Hunter was suddenly attacked with a singular affection of this kind in December 1789, when on a visit at the house of a friend in town. "He did not know in what part of the house he was, not even the name of the street when told it, nor where his own house was: he had not a conception of any thing existing beyond the room he was in, and yet was perfectly conscious of the loss of memory. He was sensible of impressions of all kinds from the senses, and therefore looked out of the window, although rather dark, to see if he could be made sensible of the situation of the house. The loss of memory gradually went off, and in less than half an hour his memory was perfectly recovered." This might possibly be connected with a gouty habit to which Mr. Hunter was subject, though not at this time labouring under a paroxysm. The late Bishop of Landaff, Dr. Watson, gives a singular case of partial amnesia in his father, the result of an apoplectic attack. "I have heard him ask twenty times a-day," says Dr. Watson, "What is the name of the lad that is at college?" (my elder brother); and yet he was able to repeat, without a blunder, hundreds of lines out of classic authors. And hence, there is no reason for discrediting the story of a German statesman, a Mr. Von B. related in the seventh volume of the *Psychological Magazine*, who having called at a gen-

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tleman's house, the servants of which did not know him, was under the necessity of giving in his name; but unfortunately at that moment he had forgotten it, and excited no small laughter by turning round to a friend who accompanied him, and saying with great earnestness, "Pray tell me who I am, for I cannot recollect."

From severe suffering of the head in many fevers a great inroad is frequently made upon the memory, and it is long before the convalescent can rightly put together all the ideas of his past life. Such was one of the effects of the plague at Athens, as we learn from Thucydides; "and many, on recovery, still experienced such any extraordinary oblivion of all things that they knew neither themselves nor their friends." A few years ago a man with a brain-fever was taken into St. Thomas's Hospital, who as he grew better spoke to his attendants, but in a language they did not understand. A Welsh milk-woman going by accident into the ward, heard him, answered him and conversed with him. It was then found that the patient was by birth a Welshman, but had left his native land in his youth, forgotten his native dialect, and used English for the last thirty years. Yet, in consequence of this fever he had now forgotten the English tongue, and suddenly recovered the Welsh.

Boerhaave, however, gives a still more extraordinary instance of oblivion in the case of a Spanish tragic author who had composed many excellent pieces, but so completely lost his memory in consequence of an acute fever, that he forgot not only the languages he had formerly learnt, but even the alphabet; and was hence under the necessity of beginning to read again. His own poems and compositions were shown to him, but he could not be persuaded that they were his production. Afterwards, however, he began once more to compose verses; which had so striking a resemblance to his former writings that he at length became convinced of his being the author of them.—*From the Doctor.*

READING COINS IN THE DARK.

(From Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic.)

Among the numerous experiments with which science astonishes and sometimes even strikes terror into the ignorant, there is none more calculated to produce this effect than that of displaying to the eye in absolute darkness the legend or inscription upon a coin. To do this, take a silver coin, (I have always used an old one,) and after polishing the surface as much as possible, make the parts of it which are raised rough by the action of an acid, the parts not raised, or those which are to be rendered darkest, retaining their polish. If the coin thus prepared is placed upon a mass of red hot iron, and removed into a dark room, the inscription upon it will become less luminous than the rest, so that it may be distinctly read by the spectator. The mass of red hot iron should be concealed from the observer's eye, both for the purpose of rendering the eye fitter for observing the effect, and of removing all doubt that the inscription is really read in the dark, that is, without receiving any light, direct or reflected, from any other body. If, in place of polishing the depressed parts, and roughening its raised parts, we make the raised parts polished, and roughen the depressed parts, the inscription will now be less luminous than the depressed parts, and we shall still be able to read it, from its being as it were written in black letters on a white ground. The first time I made this experiment, without being aware of what would be the result, I used a French shilling of Louis XV. and I was not a little surprised to observe upon its surface in black letters the inscription Benedictum sit nomen Dei.

The most surprising form of this experiment is when we use a coin from which the inscription has been either wholly obliterated, or obliterated in such a degree as to be illegible. When such a coin is laid upon the red hot iron, the letters and figures become oxidated, and the film of oxide radiating more powerfully than the rest of the coin will be more luminous than the rest of the coin, and the illegible inscription may be now distinctly read to the great surprise of the observer, who had examined the blank surface of the coin previous to its being placed upon the hot iron.

In order to explain the cause of these remarkable effects, we must notice a method which has been long known, though never explained, of decipihering the inscriptions on worn out coins. This is done by merely placing the coin upon a hot iron: an oxidation takes place over the whole surface of the coin, the film of oxide changing its tint with the intensity or continuance of the heat. The parts, however, where the letters of the inscription had existed, oxidate at a different rate from the surrounding parts, so that these letters exhibit their shape, and become legible in consequence of the film of oxide which covers them having a different thickness, and therefore reflecting a different tint from that of the adjacent parts. The tints thus developed sometimes pass through many orders of brilliant colours, particularly *pink* and *green*, and settle in a bronze, and sometimes a black tint, resting upon the inscription alone. In some cases the tint left on the trace of the letters is so very faint that it can just be seen, and may be entirely removed by a slight rub of the finger.

When the experiment is often repeated with the same coin, and the oxidations successively removed after each experiment, the

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film of oxide continues to diminish, and at last ceases to make its appearance. It recovers the property however, in the course of time. When the coin is put upon the hot iron, and consequently when the exidation is the greatest, a considerable smoke arises from the coin, and this diminishes like the film of oxide by frequent repetition. A coin which had ceased to emit this smoke, smoked slightly after having been exposed twelve hours to the air. I have found from numerous trials that it is always the raised parts of the coin, and in modern coins the elevated ledge round the inscription, that becomes first oxidated. In an English shilling of 1816 this ledge exhibited a brilliant yellow tint before it appeared on any other part of the coin.

If we use an uniform and homogeneous disc of silver that has never been hammered or compressed, its surface will oxidate equally, provided all its parts are equally heated. In the process of converting this disc into a coin, the *sunk* parts have obviously been *most compressed* by the prominent parts of the die, and the *elevated* parts *least compressed*, the metal being in the latter left as it were in its natural state. The raised letters and figures on a coin have therefore less density than the other parts, and these parts oxiditate sooner or at a lower temperature. When the letters of the legend are worn off by friction, the parts immediately below them have also less density than the surrounding metal, and the site as it were of the letters therefore receive from heat a degree of oxidation, and a colour different from that of the surrounding surface. Hence we obtain an explanation of the revival of the invisible letters by oxidation.

The Gatherer.

Locomotive Engines have been established on the rail-roads near Philadelphia. The distance of 16¼ miles was performed by one of them going in an hour and thirteen minutes, returning (laden both ways) in an hour and eight minutes. The last mile was done in three minutes.

Blacking.—Shoes, among the classical ancients, were cleaned by a sponge; in the middle ages, by washing. Oil, soap, and grease were the substitutes for blacking, which was at first made with soot, but shone with a gloss.

Cool Tankard.—The custom of the Lord Mayor drinking a "cool tankard" with the governor of Newgate, on his Lordship's way to proclaim Bartholomew Fair, is better known to our readers than the precise contents of the said tankard. In olden times the "cool tankard" was, or nearly coincided with, the wine mixed with *Burrage*, (so the translators call the herb) of Plutarch, and the *Herbosum Vinum* of Du Cange. In all probability, the "cool tankard" of our times implies a well-appointed *dejeuné à la fourchette.*

Hanging—though as a punishment for thieves, ascribed to the reign of Henry I. occurs in a charter of Edgar. In hanging for public spectacle, an iron hoop with a strong chain was put round the body; but the chain was longer than the halter, so that when the latter was cut, the hoop slipped to the armpits, and left them suspended. When criminals escaped, an image of them was often hung up for several days; whence our hanging in effigy.

Elections.—Bribery, treating, canvassing, processions of voters at the heels of the candidate, dancing attendance after the great, forming factions, and other electioneering arts, occur in the classic ages. Among us, the candidates were not always present at the day of election, and under-sheriffs observe, that they mean to return according to the number of votes, *provided the sheriff does not direct otherwise.* Lord Chancellor Jefferies went to Arundel on purpose to overawe the electors. The seats were as much sought formerly as now. The members received wages as low as Elizabeth's reign.

Lucretius.—A summary of that part of the system of Lucretius, in which he describes man emerging from barbarity, acquiring the use of language, and the knowledge of various useful and polite arts, is comprised in a few lines of a satire of Horace, lib. i. sat. iii. v. 97. It has been ingeniously paraphrased by Dr. Beattie:

"When men out of the earth of old,
A dumb and beastly vermin crawled,
For acorns first and holes of shelter,
They tooth and nail and helter-skelter,
Fought fist to fist; then with a club,
Each learned his brother brute to drub;
Till more experienced grown, these cattle
Forged fit accoutrements for battle.
At last (Lucretius says, and Creech)
They set their wits to work on speech;
And that their thoughts might all have marks
To make them known, these learned clerks
Left off the trade of cracking crowns,
And manufactured verbs and nouns." H. H.

Every trade has its technicalities. The other day we overheard a lamplighter complain of a cunning fellow workman who tried to get all the *straightforward* work himself, and to leave the *turnings* to others.

A Physician's Advice to his Student.

"Dum aeger ait—Ah! ah!
Tu dicito—Da! da!"

A free translation is requested. H. H.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by ERNEST FLEISCHER, 626, New Market, Leipsic; G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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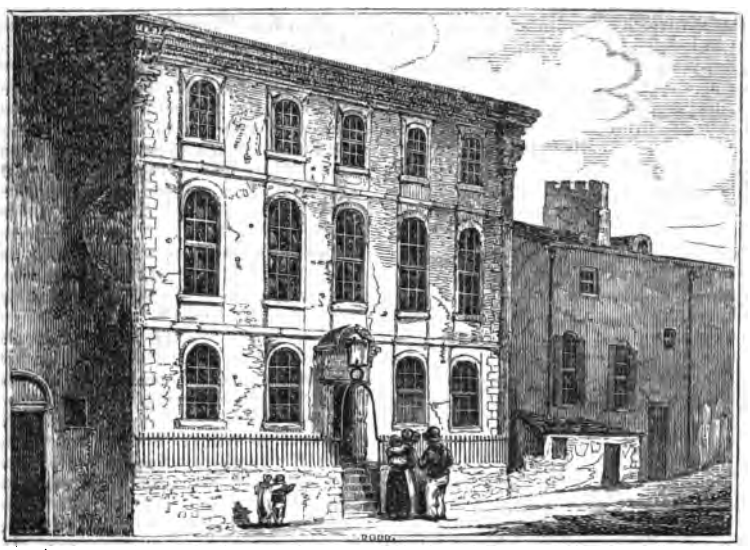
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 568.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1832. [PRICE 2*d*.



BIRTHPLACE OF THE EARL OF ELDON.

LITTLE need be said, by way of explanation, for the addition of the present subject to our collection of the birthplaces of eminent men. It is something to know that John Scott was born at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in the principal dwelling represented in the above Engraving, in the year 1751; that he received the rudiments of his education at the free-grammar school of the town; that he grew up "a man of safe discretion;" that he enjoyed the highest legal honours which his sovereign could bestow for a quarter of a century; and that he still lives, a venerable octogenarian, in the enjoyment of "glory from his conscience, and honour from men." The biography of so distinguished an individual must have innumerable good tendencies: it at once inculcates the wholesome truth that "every man is the architect of his own fortune;" and it presents us, moreover, with the encouraging picture of a well-regulated life, and its healthful energies so employed in the discharge of important duties as to entitle the subject to high rank among the worthies of his country.

John Scott, Lord Eldon, is the third son of William Scott, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. "His father was by trade what in the language of the place is called a 'fitter,' or agent for the sale and shipment of coals. He had by industry and habits of close saving accumulated rather considerable means from small beginnings. Beyond this he was a man of great shrewdness and knowledge of the world," and quickly perceiving the talents of the two younger boys, William (now Lord Stowell,) and John, he wisely gave them an education in accordance with their mental endowments. "It is said that the singular variety in the talent of these two remarkable youths was manifested at a very early age. When asked to 'give an account of the sermon,' which was a constant Sabbath custom of their father, William, the eldest, gave at once a condensed and lucid digest of the general argument. John, on the other hand, would go into all the minutiæ, but failed in producing the lucid general view embodied in half the number of words by his brother."* The two boys received their early education at the free grammar-school of Newcastle.† William was from the beginning destined for the study of the law. John was at first intended for the church,

* Tait's Edinburgh Magazine for the present month.

† At this school also were educated Vice-Admiral Lord Collingwood; Sir Robert Chambers; William Elstob, an antiquary and divine; the poet, Akenside; the Rev. George Hall, Bishop of Dromore; and the Rev. John Brand, author of a history of Newcastle, and secretary to the Society of Antiquaries; all of whom were born at Newcastle.

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and was, accordingly, sent to Oxford: early marriage was, however, the fortunate means of changing his destination, and he began the world in the same profession with his brother. In 1757, John was entered as a student at the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar at the usual period. He at this time possessed an extensive stock of legal information, having been an indefatigable reader, and spent the two last years of his preliminary studies in the office of a special pleader. At his outset he made no progress, his powers being palsied by an oppressive diffidence. He therefore devoted his talents entirely to being a draftsman in Chancery. His employment was laborious, and not lucrative, while it materially injured his health. In a fit of despondency he resolved to retire into humble practice in his native county; and he had actually given up his chambers and taken leave of his friends in the metropolis, when he was not only diverted from his purpose by an eminent solicitor, but was even prevailed upon to make one more trial at the bar. His first success was the undoubted fruit of his extraordinary abilities, and is said to have originated in the sudden illness of a leading counsel the night before the trial of a complicated civil cause. It could not be put off, and the client of the lost leader was in despair, when Scott courageously took the brief, made himself in one night master of its voluminous intricacies, and triumphed. From this time he gained confidence, and his forensic reputation soon became established. He was much aided by the encouragement which he received from Lord Thurlow, who praised his abilities, and is said to have offered him a mastership in Chancery, which Mr. Scott declined.

In 1783, Mr. Scott obtained a silk gown; and, through Lord Weymouth's interest, he was introduced into parliament for the borough of Weobly. It is stated that on the latter occasion, he stipulated for the liberty of voting as he pleased. He took a decided part with the Pitt administration; and in 1788, he was appointed solicitor-general, and knighted; in 1793, he rose to be attorney-general, and in the following year he conducted the trial of Hardy, Tooke, and Thelwall, for treason. Erskine was opposed to him; and the prosecution failed, though the speech of the attorney-general occupied nine hours in the delivery.

In 1799, Sir John Scott was appointed to the chief justiceship of the Common Pleas, on the resignation of Chief Justice Eyre; and in the same year he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Eldon. In 1801, he was made Lord Chancellor, which high office he retained till the year 1827, with the exception of the short period during which the Whigs were in office, in 1806. His lordship was raised to the dignity of an earl at the coronation of George IV. in 1821.

The high character of the Earl of Eldon as Chancellor is thus lucidly drawn by Sir Egerton Brydges: "Of all who, in the long lapse of ages, have filled the sacred seat on which he now (1823) sits, none ever had purer hands, none ever had a conscientious desire of equity more ardent and more incessant than Lord Eldon. The amazing expanse of his views, the inexpressible niceness of his discrimination, his unrelaxing anxiety to do justice in every individual case, the kindness of his heart, and the ductility of his ideas, all ensure that attention to every suitor which must necessarily obtain the unbounded admiration and attachment of the virtuous and the wise. Lord Eldon's eloquence," continues Sir Egerton, "is rather adapted to cultivated and thinking minds than to a popular audience. It generally addresses the understanding rather than the fancy. It frequently wants fluency, but occasionally is tinged with a high degree of moral pathos."

We could illustrate the conscientious character alluded to by the above writer, with anecdotes of the chancellorship of Lord Eldon. As the following have, we believe, but once appeared in print, they may not be familiar to the reader. Sir Richard Phillips relates:* "In conversation with Mr. Butterman, (at Dronfield), I heard two anecdotes of Lord Eldon, which, as an example to Lord Chancellors, and to public spirited parishioners, I consider it my duty to introduce. The incumbent, some years ago, thought proper to propose an exchange with an incompetent clergyman; when Mr. B., as a friend to the church, and some of his respectable neighbours took alarm at the negotiation, and in the commencement he penned a letter to the Chancellor. The other parties calculated on the arrangement, but, on applying to the Chancellor he could consent to no exchange, but that if the parties were tired of their positions, they might respectively resign, and there were plenty of candidates. The determination was final, and the scheme of exchange was abandoned. In another instance, a master had been regularly appointed to the grammar school at Dronfield, on liberal principles of education, but, within a few years, some prejudice was excited against him, and the churchwardens for the time thought proper to stop his salary. On this occasion, Mr. B. and some friends combined in an application to Lord Eldon, and his lordship instantly directed the churchwardens to render an account of the trust within a few days. They claimed time, and were allowed a month, when, without other form, he directed the salary to be paid to the appointed master, with all expenses."

Newcastle contains memorials of Lord Eldon which indicate that the inhabitants

* In his Personal Tour through the United Kingdom, Part iii.

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are proud of their distinguished fellow-freeman. A spacious range of elegant buildings is called Elden Square; and in the Guildhall is a portrait of his lordship, opposite that of his brother, Lord Stowell.

THE WEARIED SOLDIER.

"When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod o'er thirty years,
I sought again, my native land,
Wi' many hopes and fears."
MRS. HAMILTON.

He came to the village, when the sun
In the "golden west" was bright,
When sounds were dying one by one,
And the vesper star was shining down,
With a soft and silvery light.

A war-worn wanderer was he,
And absent many a year
From the cottage-home he fain would see,
From that resting-place where he would be,
The spot to memory dear.

It rose at last upon his view,
(Old times were thronging round him,)
The lattice where the jasmine grew,
The meadow where he brush'd the dew
When youth's bright hopes were round him.

But faces new, and sadly strange,
Were in that cottage now;
Cold eyes, that o'er his features range,
For time had wrought a weary change
Upon the soldier's brow.

And some there were—the lov'd—the dead—
Whom he no more could see,
From this cold changing world were fled,
And they had found a quiet bed
Beneath the old yew tree.

And thither too—the wanderer hied,
Night-dews were falling fast,
This is my "welcome home" he cried,
And the chill breezes low replied
In murmurs as they pass'd.

They whispering said, or seem'd to say,
No lasting joys to earth are given,
No longer near those ashes stray,
Go, mourner! hence, away! away!
Thy lost ones are in heaven.

Kirton, Lindsey. ANNE R.

RELIGIOUS FASTINGS.

From the remotest ages of antiquity most nations have practised fasting to keep the wrath of God from falling upon them for their sins. Some celebrated authors even affirm that fasting was originated by Adam after he had eaten of the forbidden fruit; but this obviously is carrying their arguments, in favour of fasting, too far, though it is as certain that the Jewish churches practised it from their first formation. The Egyptians, Phœnicians, and the Assyrians held the "solemn fast" in high favour. The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, before they offered in sacrifice the cow to Isis, to purify themselves from impurities, fasted and prayed. This custom he also ascribes to the Cyrenian women. Porphyry relates that the fasts of the Egyptians were sometimes continued for six weeks, and that the shortest ordained by their priests was seven days, during which they abstained from nearly all kinds of food. These rites they communicated to the Greeks, who observed these fasts more strictly, and with more outward show and solemnity. The Athenians likewise observed stated fasts, two of which were named "the Elusinian and Thesmoporian fasts;" the observation of these fasts was extremely rigid, especially amongst women, who, in mournful dresses, spent one whole day sitting on the ground (their sign of grief,) without taking the least food. The islanders of Crete, before sacrificing to Jupiter, had to abstain from food. A celebrated ancient author informs us, that those who wished to be initiated into the secrets of Cybele, fasted ten days before their initiation; and that, in short, the priests who gave the oracles, and those who came to consult them, had to perform this duty.

Amongst other Heathen nations, before they prepared for any important enterprise, the whole expedition fasted. The Lacedemonians having agreed to aid an ally, ordained a fast throughout their nation, and without *even* excepting their *domestic animals*. The Romans having besieged the city of Tarentum, and the city being hard pressed, the citizens demanded succour of their friends, the inhabitants of Rhegium; who, preparatory to granting assistance to the besieged, commanded that a fast should be held throughout their territories. Their aid having proved successful, the government of Tarentum to commemorate this important event, ordained a perpetual fast on the day of their deliverance.

Philosophers and certain religious people have for ages reckoned fasting as a service which led to important results, and a duty which could not be dispensed with without causing the wrath of God to fall upon the heads of the nation. At Rome it was practised even by the emperors. Amongst the most remarkable for keeping this institution were Numa Pompilius, Julius Cæsar, Vespasian, &c. Julian, the apostate, was so exact in the performance of this ordinance, that the fasting of the philosophers and of the priests themselves, was as nothing compared with his abstinence. Pythagoras fasted sometimes as long as forty days; his disciples followed the example of their master; and after his death they kept a continual fast, in which they denounced the inhabitants of the deep as well as the creatures of the meadow. The eastern Brahmins are remarkable for their fasting; but as the people believe they regale themselves with the good things of this life, in secret, their example gains not many followers. That nation which reckons itself infinitely superior to *us* "poor barbarians," the Chinese, also observe stated seasons of fasting and prayer. The Mahomedans likewise strictly observe fasting and prayer, and the exactness with which the dervishes perform them, and the lengths of time of their fasts are very remarkable.

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The Israelites were commanded by Jehovah himself to fast on the appearance of any plague, famine, war, &c.; and though they sadly neglected the commands of God in other particulars, yet they obeyed this command with great devotedness. The abstinence of the ancient Jews generally lasted from twenty-six to twenty-seven hours. On these days they wore sackcloth, laid themselves in ashes, and sprinkled them on their heads, in token of their great grief and penitence. Some spent the whole night in the synagogue; occasionally using with great effect a scourge as a penance for their sins, or as a stimulant to devout behaviour. We think it is not improbable that it is from the Jews that the Roman Catholics derived their scourging penance system.

In "happy smiling England," fasting was, and is, practised by the Catholics every Friday; it was also practised by the fathers of the church, and the primitive Protestants, at stated seasons. The custom is still observed amongst the methodists, who follow the example of their great leader, Wesley. The rust of time has, however, worn away the veneration for this "good *old* system," and it is totally disused by the general body of Protestants, except on great national occasions. E. J. H.

Manners and Customs.

SHERIFFS OF LONDON.

[The subsequent paper extracted from Mr. Brayley's laboriously-compiled *Londiniana* possesses more than a passing interest. Its neatness and perspicuity as a Journal will doubtless be appreciated by the reader.]

The following particulars relating to the office of Sheriff, are derived from a manuscript copy of the *Journal* of Richard Hoare, Esq. during the year of his Shrievalty, in 1740-41, in his own hand-writing, which is now in the possession of his grandson, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., of Stourhead, in Wiltshire. The above year became memorable in the city annals, from their having been *three* Lord Mayors during its progress, viz. Sir John Salter, knight; Humphry Parsons, Esq., and Daniel Lambert, Esq.

Mr. Hoare, who was a banker, in Fleet Street, and principal of the respectable house which, instituted by one of his predecessors, still bears the family name, was elected alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without, on St. George's day, 1740, in the place of Sir Francis Child, who died on the preceding Sunday, April the 20th. This honour was conferred upon him, whilst he was at Bath, and quite unexpectedly; and equally so, was his election to the Sheriffdom, conjointly with Mr. Alderman Marshall, on the midsummer-day following. Shortly afterwards they gave bonds under the penalty of 1,000*l.* to undertake and enter upon the office on the ensuing Michaelmas eve; and "thereupon, became each entitled to 100*l.* out of the forfeitures of those, who had this year been nominated to be sheriffs by my Lord Mayor, but had paid their fines to be excused."

In the intermediate time they prepared for the due execution of their duties, chose their under-sheriffs, &c.; and, "as it is customary for each sheriff to preside over the two Counters separately, my brother Marshall chose that in the Poultry, and the care of Wood-street Counter was under my direction, and we agreed, at our joint expense, to give the usual livery gowns to the officers of both, although they are greater in number at the Poultry than in mine; in recompense for which, it was settled that we should equally share in the sale of the places upon any vacancy."

On Sunday, the 28th of September, the sheriffs elect met at ten o'clock in the morning, at Drapers' Hall, "and there entertained several of the Court of Aldermen, and sixteen of the Court of Assistance of each of the Companies, viz: the Goldsmiths and the Drapers, with the usual breakfast of roast beef, burnt wine," &c. He continues,—

"Upon notice sent to us, that the Lord Mayor, with George Heathcote, and Sir John Lequesne, aldermen and sheriffs for the last year were attending at the council chamber, Guildhall, we all repaired thither; the gentlemen of the Court of Assistance walking two by two, the senior sheriff's company on the right hand, the aldermen following in their coaches; in which, we, though sheriffs-elect, took our rank as aldermen. Upon coming up to the area of Guildhall, the two companies made a lane for the aldermen to pass through, and after having waited on my Lord Mayor to Guildhall Chapel, to hear divine service, we returned back to the court of the hustings, which being opened by the common cryer, we were summoned to come forth and take the oath of office; which we accordingly did, together with the oaths of allegiance and abjuration; and the same was also administered to Mr. Tims, (clerk to St. Bartholomews,) as under-sheriff, he kneeling all the while.

"When this was over, the gold chains were taken off from the former sheriffs, and put on us; and then the court being dissolved, the Lord Mayor went home, attended by the former sheriffs, and we returned back to Drapers' Hall to our dinner, provided for the Court of Aldermen and Courts of Assistance, at which the senior alderman took the chair as president, and the rest of the aldermen and gentlemen of Guildhall took their places at the upper table, whilst we, the sheriffs, sat at the head of the second table, with the gentlemen of the Courts of Assistance of our

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two companies. When dinner was over, and the healths of the royal family were drunk, the cryer proclaimed the health and prosperity to the two sheriffs' companies in the following manner; that is to say, 'Prosperity to the worshipful Company of Drapers, and prosperity to the worshipful Company of Goldsmiths: to the Goldsmiths and Drapers, and Drapers and Goldsmiths, prosperity to both:' and this is so usually done, naming each company first alternately, to prevent any dispute concerning preference or priority.

"After dinner, we all retired to one table in the inner room, at which we, though sheriffs, were placed underneath all the aldermen; for whatever rank an alderman may be in point of seniority, yet during the year he serves as sheriff, he is to give place, and follow the rest of his brethren, both at the court, and all processions and entertainments. About six o'clock, the late sheriffs, having left the Lord Mayor at his house, attended us to Guildhall, where we were met by our own and the former under-sheriffs, together with the secondaries and keepers of the prisons; and the names of the respective prisoners in each gaol being read over, the keepers acknowledged them one by one, to be in their custody; and then tendered us the keys, which we delivered back to them again, and after having executed the indentures, whereby we covenanted and undertook the charge of our office, we were invited according to custom, to an adjoining tavern; and there partook of an entertainment of sack and walnuts, provided by the aforesaid keepers of the prisons.

"Monday, September 29th. This being Michaelmas-day, my brother sheriff and I set out for the first time in our new equipages and scarlet gowns, attended by our beadles, and the several officers of our Counters, and waited on the Lord Mayor, at Merchant Taylors' Hall, at which he kept his mayoralty, and proceeded with him from thence, as is customary, to Guildhall, where the livery-men of the city were summoned to attend at the Court of Hustings for the election of a new lord mayor for the year ensuing. The recorder made a speech to the livery-men, 'apprising them of the custom and manner of choosing a lord mayor; which, he observed, was for the Common Hall to nominate two of the aldermen who had served sheriffs, to the Court of Aldermen, who had then a right to elect either of them into that great office, and which ever that the court so fixed on, the Common Hall was bound to accept.' When he had ended, the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen retired into the Council Chamber, and left us to preside at the election, attended by the Common Sergeant and other officers. The method of voting is, by each alderman going up to the recorder and town clerk, who sit at a separate part of the room, and telling the person he would choose, a scratch is made under each respective name."

On the day following, the two sheriffs again went to Guildhall, with the same company as on the preceding day, and waiting on the Lord Mayor in the Council Chamber, requested that his lordship and the recorder would present them at his Majesty's Court of Exchequer. Each sheriff then paid the usual fees, viz. 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to the Lord Mayor, and 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to the recorder; after which, they proceeded to the Three Cranes' Stairs, in Upper Thames Street, "the Lord Mayor first; we, the sheriffs, next; the recorder and aldermen following in coaches, the companies walking before us.

"From thence we went to Westminster in the city barge, taking place of all the aldermen: and our two companies attended in the Goldsmiths' barge, as before agreed on, adorned with half the colours, and rowed with half the watermen belonging to the Drapers' company. On landing, the companies went first, the Lord Mayor next, then the recorder with a sheriff on each side, and last the aldermen. On our approaching the bar of the Exchequer [in Westminster Hall,] the recorder, in a speech, presented us to the Court, one of the Barons being seated there for that purpose, signifying the choice the citizens had made, and that, in pursuance of our charter, we were presented to his Majesty's justices for his royal approbation; and the Baron accordingly approving the choice, he, and the Clerks of the Exchequer, were invited to our dinner; then the late sheriffs were sworn to their accounts, and made their proffers; and the senior alderman present cut one twig in two, and bent another, and the officers of the court counted six horse-shoes and hob-nails.

"This formality, it is said, is passed through each year, by way of suit and service for the citizens holding some tenements in St. Clement's Danes, as also some other lands; but where they are situated no one knows, nor doth the city receive any rents or profits thereby.

"This done, we returned in the same order to the Three Cranes, and from thence, in our coaches, to dinner at Drapers' Hall; where my Lord Mayor, aldermen, gentlemen of Guildhall, and guests invited, dined at one table, and we, the sheriffs, at the head of another, with the Court of Assistance of each of our companies: and the Clerks of the Exchequer by themselves at another table. After dinner, the Lord Mayor, aldermen, &c. returned into a separate room, where we sat with them at the head of the table, one on each side of the Lord Mayor; our two companies were in another room, and the greatest part of the Clerks of the Exchequer remained in the hall."

On the 7th of October they "settled a

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point" with the keeper of Newgate in regard to the transportation of *felons*. That was, that the keeper should deliver them to the merchant, "who contracts to carry them over," at the door of Newgate, and there discharge himself of any further custody; but leaving him and his officers the privilege of protecting them down to the water side, according to any private agreement between him and the merchant; it being fully understood that the sheriffs should not be responsible for their charge "from the time of their first delivery."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Spirit of Discovery.

STEAM CARRIAGES ON COMMON ROADS.

(From Mr. Alexander Gordon's Treatise on Elemental Locomotion. Concluded from page 185.)

We do not advocate any thing so preposterous as the change of the whole animate power of Great Britain into inanimate, though in this the political economist can see the solution of all our Malthusian difficulties to an indefinite extent and duration. What we urge is merely the partial adoption of the thing to such an extent as will relax the present pressure, and restore us to a wholesome state of national prosperity. This will occasion no dangerous experiment, and will be gradually followed up by a progressive conversion, by which all the conflicting interests of society will be neutralized, and the aggregate wealth, and prosperity, and happiness of the empire be equalized.

If then *elemental locomotion* can be made to substitute the expensive, unproductive system of animate labour now in use, it will indubitably be for the vital interest of all classes of society that the substitution should be realized speedily and extensively. That steam can be so applied has been *satisfactorily proved*. The report of the Committee of the House of Commons establishes this. But the evidence of several of the enlightened and practical witnesses who were examined before that committee bears with too much emphasis upon the detail of the commercial and economic advantages of the project we have just been attempting to enumerate and advocate, for us not to avail ourselves of it even at this early stage of our work. It being quite decisive in support of the grand conclusion to which the said committee came after three months of patient and thorough investigation of the subject, viz. "*That the substitution of inanimate for animate power is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced.*"

[Then follow extracts from the evidence of Messrs. Torrens, John Farey, Davies Gilbert, and Goldsworthy Gurney.]

In viewing the moral advantages which must result from steam-carriages, we find them of no less importance. There are but few so constitutionally indifferent to acceleration in travelling as the Hollander, who delighted in the "old, solemn, straightforward, regular Dutch canal speed—three miles an hour for expresses, and two for joy or trot journeys." Acceleration in the speed of travelling, if unaccompanied by danger, is eagerly sought after, because the period of discomfort is lessened. But steam-carriages will not only lessen the discomfort by shortening its duration; they can be so equipped that positive comfort, nay, luxury, may be enjoyed. A steam-engine is perfectly under control, and consequently much more safe than horses. The life of the traveller cannot be jeoparded by the breaking of a rein, horses being frightened, running off, &c. &c.; the steamer, it will be seen, the honourable Committee report to the House "is perfectly safe for passengers."

The actual casualties of stage-coaches, however, we may observe, bear no proportion to the loss of lives from consumption and other diseases occasioned by cold and wet, from exposure on the top of coaches.*

Let us consider also how far humanity is outraged by the present system of quick travelling. The short average life of stage-coach horses (three years only!) shows how dreadfully *over-wrought* and *ill-wrought* they are by the great speed now in practice. Driven for eight or ten miles, with an oppressive weight, they tremble in every nerve. With nostrils distended, and sides moving in breathless agony, they can scarce, when unyoked, crawl to the stable. 'Tis true they are well fed; the interest of their owners secures that. They are over-well fed, in order that a supernatural energy may be exerted. The morrow comes when their galled withers are again to be wrung by the ill-cushioned collars, and the lumbering of the wheels. But we do not witness all the misery of the noble and the generous steed. When the shades of night impend, the reproaches of the feeling, or the expostulations of the timid traveller no longer protect him from the lash; and the dread of Mr. Martin's act ceases to effect for a time its beneficent purpose; when the stiffened joints—the cracked hoofs—the greasy legs—and stumbling gait of the worn-out animal are all put into agonized motion by belabouring *him upon the raw!* The expression is Hibernian, but the brutality is our own. A few ill-gained pounds reconcile the enormity to the owner—and the cheapness and expedition of the conveyance give it public sanction: but humanity is outraged by the same: human sympathies are seared; and the noble

* It appears from the newspapers that on the night of the 25th February, 1812, three outside passengers were found dead on the roof of the Bath coach, from the inclemency of the weather.

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precept, that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast," is trampled under foot.

Thus then, by substituting elementary for physical power, we have comfort for comparative inconvenience—the inside of an elegant apartment, where books, amusement, or general conversation may occupy agreeably the time—for the outside of a hard, unsafe stage conveyance, and exposure to all changes or varieties of atmosphere. Nay, we see no reason to prevent such improvement in steam-carriages as shall fit them up like steam-boats, the campaigning carriage of Napoleon, or the travelling long coach of the present Duke of Orleans, with beds, and a furnished table. We have besides safety for danger—accelerated speed without inhumanity—gain of time—of accommodation—of money—and over and above all, as a non-consumer of food, we have by the substitution what will remove the host of Malthusian ills to a period of almost indefinite duration.

Old Poets.

EYES AND TEARS.

How wisely Nature did decree
With the same eyes to weep and see!
That, having view'd the object vain,
They might be ready to complain.
And, since the self-deluding sight,
In a false angle takes each height,
These tears which better measure all,
Like wat'ry lines and plummets fall.
Two tears, with sorrow long did weigh,
Within the scales of either eye,
And then paid out in equal poise,
Are the true price of all my joys.
What in the world most fair appears,
Yea, even laughter, turns to tears:
And all the jewels which we prize,
Melt in these pendents of the eyes.
I have through every garden been,
Amongst the red, the white, the green;
And yet from all those flow'rs I saw,
No honey, but these tears could draw.
So the all-seeing sun each day,
Distils the world with chemic ray;
But finds the essence only showers,
Which straight in pity back he pours.
Yet happy they whom grief doth bless,
That weep the more, and see the less;
And, to preserve their sight more true,
Bathe still their eyes in their own dew.
So Magdalen, in tears more wise
Dissolv'd those captivating eyes,
Whose liquid chains could flowing meet,
To fetter her Redeemer's feet.
Not full sails hasting loaden home,
Nor the chaste lady's pregnant womb,
Nor Cynthia teeming shows so fair,
As two eyes, swoln with weeping, are
The sparkling glance that shoots desire,
Drench'd in these waves, does lose its fire.
Yea, oft the Thunderer pity takes,
And here the hissing lightning slakes.
The incense was to heaven dear,
Not as a perfume, but a tear!
And stars show lovely in the night,
But as they seem the tears of light.
Ope, then, mine eyes, your double sluice,
And practise so your noblest use;
For others too can see, or sleep,
But only human eyes can weep.

Now, like two clouds dissolving, drop,
And at each tear in distance stop:
Now, like two fountains, trickle down:
Now like two floods o'er-run and drown:
Thus let your streams o'erflow your springs,
Till eyes and tears be the same things;
And each the other's difference bears;
These weeping eyes, those seeing tears.

MARVELL.

(From a neatly-printed Life of the Poet, by John Dove.)

A DROP OF DEW.

See, how the orient dew
Shed from the bosom of the morn,
Into the blowing roses,
Yet careless of its mansion new,
For the clear region where 'twas born
Round in itself incloses:
And in its little globe's extent,
Frames, as it can, its native element.
How it the purple flow'r does slight,
Scarce touching where it lies;
But gazing back upon the skies,
Shines with a mournful light,
Like its own tear,
Because so long divided from the sphere.
Restless it rolls, and unsecure,
Trembling, lest it grows impure;
Till the warm sun pities its pain,
And to the skies exhales it back again.
So the *soul*, that drop, that ray,
Of the clear fountain of eternal day,
Could it within the human flow'r be seen,
Rememb'ring still its former height,
Shuns the sweet leaves, and blossoms green;
And, recollecting its own light,
Does, in its pure and circling thoughts, express
The greater heaven in an heaven less.
In how coy a figure wound,
Every way it turns away:
So the world excluding round,
Yet receiving in the day.
Dark beneath, but bright above;
Here disdaining, there in love,
How loose and easy hence to go;
How girt and ready to ascend:
Moving but on a point below,
It all about does upward bend.
Such did the Manna's sacred dew distil,
White and entire, although congeal'd and chill;
Congeal'd on earth; but does, dissolving run
Into the glories of th' almighty sun.

IBID.

Notes of a Reader.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

We recommend such of our London friends and visiters from the country as have not lately passed an hour or two in the Zoological Gardens, to do so without further delay. The present season is warm and genial, and the rejoicing rays of the morning and noontide sun enliven the tenants of this mimic world in a garden. As evening approaches the air becomes chill and misty, though

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow:

the several animals indicate their sense of the atmospheric changes by their decreased activity, reminding us of the comparative torpidity in which the majority of them will pass the coming winter.

The present Cuts represent a few of the

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recent improvements in the Zoological Gardens, as, the addition of the clock-house and weathercock* to the

(Llama House.)

Opposite is the sloping gravel walk leading from the Terrace; and a large cage for Parrots, Parrakeets, Macaws, and Cockatoos, whose brilliant colours are here seen to advantage in the resplendent beams of a September sun. In the distance are the Bear Pole and Shed for Goats.

The next Cut includes the House and Enclosure for

(Armadillos.)

who are, in sunny weather, located here with a "select few" rabbits. The innocent gambols and restless run of the Armadillo over the turf are here seen to advantage. This house as the distance of the Cut shows, is not far from the Llama House and circular Aviary.

Thus far in the Southern Garden, whence we reach the Northern by the Tunnel beneath the Park-road, as figured in *The Mirror*, No. 535, opposite to the end of the tunnel is a large squirrel-cage, and at the extremity of the walk to the right is a spacious building, called

(The Repository.)

"the inhabitants of which are continually being changed as variations in the weather or any other cause may render convenient." We last saw there the noble Lions from the Tower, together with the Hyæna, Jackal, Ichneumons, Coatimondis, besides an assemblage of splendid tropical birds. The exterior of the building, especially the ornamented gable and doorways, is picturesque.

Repassing the Squirrel Cage, the visiter must next proceed along the straight gravelled walk, which leads towards the western extremity of the North Garden. Here is a range of buildings, among which is the Stable and enclosed Yard for

(Deer;)

Among which are specimens of the Wapiti, remarkable for its size and the amplitude of its branching horns when full grown. Next is the Stable and Enclosure for

(Elephants.)

* By the way, a natural weathercock instead of the gilded vane, as defined by Brown, would have been a *rara avis*: "A kingfisher hanged by the bill, converting the breast to that point of the horizon whence the wind doth blow, is a very strange introducing of natural weathercocks."

opposite the capacious Bath already represented in *The Mirror*, No. 560.

In a fortnight we may probably resume our graphic visit to this most interesting resort.

THE VOICE OF HUMANITY.

[" The Association for promoting Rational Humanity towards the Animal Creation" exists—though, in one sense, as a blot upon the character of the age. They publish the above Journal quarterly, assembling acts of atrocity which make the blood curdle in our veins, and remind us that " all are not men that wear the human form." The funds of the society are not in a prosperous condition; the sand of their philanthropy is well nigh run out, and fresh appeals are to be made. Let us glance at the contents of the *Voice* before us. The subject " Abattoirs contrasted with Slaughter-houses and Smithfield-market," is continued—a plan which we illustrated in *The Mirror* about five years since. True enough the Society write, but the people do not consider; they are so wedded to old prejudices and habits, and the mammon of money, that pestilential slaughter-houses are tolerated in the midst of a " city of the plague," notwithstanding a law exists for its prevention. Four hospitals are building in the metropolis—and markets are increasing for the sale of the necessaries and luxuries of life; the *Haymarket* has been removed from a fashionable quarter to the suburbs, that loaded carts may not obstruct carriages in their road to St. James's, the Houses of Parliament, and the Opera—yet, not a single *Abattoir*—for the health of the people—exists near the metropolis. The King and the Court patronize and plan horse-racing, throwing the lasso, and, if recent report be true, hawking; the Parliament legislate, a bill is " ordered to be printed"—yet, the inconsistency and tardiness of these proceedings compel us to ask, where is the truth of the motto—*Salus populi suprema lex*. Convictions before magistrates for acts of cruelty are not uncommon; yet, it is in this, as in many other laws, the poor are caught, while the rich break through the meshes of the net. In the work before us are recorded Mr. Osbaldeston's matches, including " the cold-blooded cruelty towards the generous and heart-broken *Rattler*, in riding him thirty-four miles in the space of 2 hours, 18 min., and 56 sec." Next are four police cases of cruelties towards horses, bullocks, and cats, the persons convicted being " of low estate." Yet there follows the fact of *a respectable woman* boiling a cat to death! and next is this quotation from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1789:—

" Died, April 4, at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq.; a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality. Mr. Ardesoif was fond of cock-fighting, and he had a favourite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he made upon this cock he lost; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so exasperated Mr. Ardesoif, that he seized the poker, and, with the most furious vehemence, declared that he would kill the first man who interfered; but, in the midst of his passionate assertions, he fell down dead upon the spot!"

If we be asked whether it be proper to regard *all* such dispensations as judicial inflictions, we reply in the words of Cowper above:

" 'Tis not for us, with rash surmise,
To point the judgments of the skies,
But judgments *plain as this*,
That, sent for man's instruction, bring
A written label on their wing,
'Tis hard to read amiss."

[A contribution full of touching simplicity follows:]

THE WORM.

Turn, turn, thy hasty foot aside
Nor crush that helpless worm;
The frame thy wayward looks deride,
Required a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,
From whom thy being flowed,
A portion of his boundless love
On that poor worm bestowed.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive;
Oh! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

[Here we may remark, that much wanton cruelty has been abolished by the extended education of the people. Brutal sports among boys are much less indulged than formerly, and the worrying of domestic animals almost invariably denotes a *bad boy*, in the worst sense of the phrase, likely to make a bad man; " so true to nature is the admirable aphorism of Wordsworth:—

The boy's the father of the man."

But we do not so much complain of boyish as of adult cruelties; though, according to the above showing, such atrocities will be less rare in the next than in the present generation. To conclude, we hope that the present notice may awaken the sympathy of the reader towards the laudable objects of the *Society*, under whose guidance the *Voice of Humanity* is published. It is a difficult matter to point out " the uneducated," and writers of all grades are eternally babbling of our high state of civilisation and refine-

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ment, yet, we repeat, the necessity of this association is an anomaly which amounts to a national disgrace.

The Public Journals.

VISIT TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT ETNA.

By Lieutenant G. H. P. White, Royal Navy.

On the evening of the 13th of July, 1830, I set off from Catania with a party of my messmates, to ascend Mount Etna, taking the necessary guides, and two sumpter mules to carry the provisions, &c., as nothing in that way can be procured after leaving Nicolosi, which is a small village about twelve miles from Catania. Etna is divided by the Sicilians into three several regions. The first is called Piè de Montagna, the second Nemerosa, and the third Discoperta. The ascent, though very gradual, commences immediately on leaving the city of Catania, over a tolerably constructed road; the country around is formed on an ancient volcanic soil; probably the third eruption mentioned by Thucydides, which happened in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian war, and the second of the eighty-eighth Olympiad. Traversing the lands of Battianti, and St. Giovanni della Punta, the road is constantly over the lava, and the country on either side is delicious. Trecastagne, nine miles from Catania, is seated on the acclivity of a high volcanic mountain. The scene here is beautiful and picturesque. Near the principal church the view is most extensive. Towards the east the mountains of Calabria, the sea stretching from Taormina to Catania, bathing the sides of Etna, covered with vineyards, woods and villages: northward rises the mountain itself, surrounded by its progeny of pigmy mountains; these have been thrown up in various forms, composed principally of cinders, and covered with rich vegetation. The freshness of the air, the beauty and picturesque situations of the houses surrounded by lofty and fine trees, the over-teeming fertility of the soil, and the laughing fields, where golden Ceres still lingers, unwilling to quit her favourite abode, intersected by courses of lava, as yet unproductive, make this view one of the most beautiful and interesting that can be imagined. These mighty streams of once liquid fire, extending in many places ten miles in length, by two or three in breadth, fill the mind with horror and astonishment: that such wondrous masses, consisting of earths, stones, and minerals, fused and mixed, could be driven forth in one wild current from the mountain, makes us pause, and confounds any attempt to reason on the phenomena.—And, although the lava for many centuries lays waste the superincumbent land, yet, after a certain, but very long period, it is brought by human industry into such a state as to become the richest soil for cultivation: but when we reflect on the necessity of some ages to effect this wished-for state of decomposition, we bewilder the mind without arriving at any certain conclusion. When this process is duly effected, the cactus opuntia, or prickly pear, is planted, which hastens the desired event, and has the power to break up the lava, and render it fit for productive purposes. Five miles from Trecastagne is Nicolosi, a small village which has often suffered from the fire-vomiting mountain. Here we supped, and baited the mules for two hours. Nicolosi, according to Signor Gemmellero, a Sicilian physician, long resident at Catania, is two thousand one hundred and twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea, and its mean temperature 64° Fahr.

From hence, to an almost interminable extent, there is a most superb view of the surrounding country; nothing can be more varied, grand, and sublime; every spot spared by the all-devastating lavas, is highly cultivated; the vines and other productive fruit-trees are seen laden with the most delicious fruits; the groves of olives, the towns and villages, in almost endless aerial perspective, all terminated by the distant and deep-blue sea, form a scene the most enchanting that can be conceived. We remounted about ten o'clock, P. M., our trusty mules, and pursued our journey. The evening was deliciously serene, the stars shone with extraordinary brilliancy, and the sky appeared intensely blue, while the galaxy, or milky way, beamed like a splendid stream of light across the azure expanse.

The cool breezes now wafted from the upper regions of the mountain were very refreshing, and exhilarated our spirits in an extraordinary degree. Passed Monte Rosso, which is about 600 feet above the level of the surrounding plain, and is said to have been thrown up during the great eruption of the year 1669, and from which issued that horrible stream of burning lava, which, after destroying the country for the length of fourteen miles, ran into the sea at Catania.

About six miles higher up commences the Nemerosa region, which, like a beautiful green girdle, encircles the mountain; it abounds with ancient hillocks, and lava of different periods, and is almost covered with frowning woods of oak, holm, beech and pines, on the more elevated points.

After enjoying for some time this stupendous and enchanting treat, we kept torturing and progressing, lost in pleasing reveries caused by the fairy scene.

Halted at the upper boundary of the forest region, to refresh our mules, and exchange our light clothing for garments of a warmer texture, as the wind now blew cool and somewhat chilly; for the temperature of this spot was about 50°, while that of Catania, which

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we had only left a few hours ago, was about 84° Fahr.

The road, on leaving our resting-place, became tedious and cheerless; hardly any vegetation was discoverable, and still wilder regions appeared above us. The path now lay over masses of rough lava; so much so, that at times it became necessary to dismount and actually drag our jaded animals over the ragged precipices which obstructed our progress: the intricacy of the path required us to follow one another very closely, that we might not lose the track, which became so tortuous in its course, as would puzzle any one but a muleteer accustomed to the road to find the clue of this volcanic labyrinth in the darkness of night.

After much anxious travelling over wastes of cinders and black sand, we seemed to be approaching near the wished-for summit; when, about two o'clock, A. M., the moon, now shorn of her beams, queen like, arose behind the bifurcated summit of Etna; her cheering light was very grateful to us in this wild spot. The awful cone of the mountain pillowed against the heavens, and emitting clouds of silvery white smoke from its burning crater, had a grand effect at this solemn hour of the night.

At three o'clock, arrived at the Casa Inglese, a rude hut built by the English troops when stationed in Sicily, during the late war. Here it became again necessary to halt a little to put on some extra clothing. As soon as this was accomplished, the signal for the ascent was made by the guides giving each person of the party a long staff, to assist him in clambering the steeps, as the mules could not proceed any further, owing to the nature and fatigue of the ascent. The first portion of the road lay over large broken masses of lava, most wearisome to scramble over. On approaching nearer the apex, the path was over cinders, fine black sand, and scoria. In wading through this compound the ascent became so difficult and fatiguing, that we were all under the necessity of reposing every twenty or thirty yards, tormented by the sulphureous vapour, which rendered respiration painful, and was even less supportable than the abruptness of the mountain path!

At length, after somewhat more than an hour's walk, the most harassing that can be imagined, we arrived at the top just as the day began to dawn. To paint the feelings at this dizzy height, requires the pen of poetic inspiration; or to describe the scene presented to mortal gaze, when thus looking down with fearful eye on the almost boundless prospect beneath! The blue expanded ocean, fields, woods, cities, rivers, mountains, and all the wonted charms of the terrestrial world, had a magic effect, when viewed by the help of the nascent light; while hard by yawned that dreadful crater of centuries untold, evolving thick sulphurous clouds of white smoke, which rolling down the mountain's side in terrific grandeur, at length formed one vast column for many miles in extent across the sky. Anon the mountain growled awfully in its inmost recesses, and the earth was slightly convulsed! We now attempted to descend a short distance within the crater; the guides, timid of its horrors, did not relish the undertaking, but were induced at length, and conducted the party behind some heaps of lava, from whence was a grand view of this awful cavern. The noise within the gulf resembled loud continuous thunderings, and after each successive explosion, there issued columns of white, and sometimes of black smoke.

The crater presents the appearance of an inverted cone, the interior part of which is covered with crystallizations of salts and sulphur, of various brilliant hues—red appeared to predominate, or rather a deep orange colour. Writers vary much in their accounts as to the circumference of the crater. Captain Smyth, R. N., who had an opportunity to ascertain it correctly, describes it as an oval, stretching from E. and by N. to W., and by S. with a conjugate diameter of four hundred and ninety-three yards; the transverse he was prevented from ascertaining by a dense cloud that arose before his operations were completed. It was soon requisite for us to retire from this spot, as the smoke began to increase, and our guides said that some adventurous travellers had lost their lives by approaching too near, and were either blown into the abyss below by the violence of the wind, which is generally very strong at this elevation, or suffocated by a sudden burst of the sulphureous vapour.

The Regione Deserta, or desolate region of Etna, first attracts the eye, marked in winter by a circle of ice and snow, but now (July) by cinders and black sand. In the midst the great crater rears its burning head, and the regions of intense heat and extreme cold shake hands together. The eye soon becomes satiated with its wildness, and turns with delight on the Sylvana region, which, with its magnificent zone of forest trees, embraces the mountain completely round: in many parts of this delightful tract are seen hills, now covered with the most luxuriant vegetation, that have been formed by different eruptions of Etna. This girdle is succeeded by another still richer, called the Regione Culta, abundant in every fruit or grain that man can desire: the small rivers Semetus and Alcantara intersect these fertile fields; beyond this the whole of Sicily, with its cities, towns, and villages, its corn-fields and vineyards in almost endless perspective, charm and delight the senses.

The summit of the mountain is composed of scoria, and crystallizations of sulphur, with here and there heaps of lava; wherever a

stick is thrust in, the opening immediately emits a volume of white smoke, and if the hand be applied to the aperture, it is soon withdrawn on account of the great heat. The mean temperature of the summit, during the months of July and August, is 37° Fahr. After having remained about an hour, descended to the Casa Inglese. After an hour's repose, proceeded downwards, visited the Philosopher's Tower, as it is called, which tradition says was constructed by Empedocles while he was studying the various phenomena of Etna.

About a mile or two from this spot, there is a grand view of the Val di Bove. The foreground consists of lava, forming the face of an enormous precipice, at the bottom of which is seen a lovely valley, gradually sloping down towards the coast, embracing the three several regions of the mountain, to which the purple wave of the Mediterranean forms a noble boundary: nothing can be more varied, rich, and beautiful than this scene, as it comprises every object necessary to form a perfect landscape.

It was interesting to notice the gradual increase of vegetation during the descent. The Senecio Christhenifolius grows at the elevation of 8,830 feet, the Juniperus Communis commences at 6,800. Then follow the Pinus Sylv., Betula Alba, Quercus Robur, and the Fagus Sylvaticus. The olive is seen at the altitude of 3,000 feet, and the vines flourish as high as 5,000 feet.—*United Service Journal.*

[In a clever paper on the geographical position and history of Active Volcanoes, contributed by W. M. Higgins, Esq. F. G. S. and J. W. Draper, Esq. to the *Magazine of Natural History*, is the following outline of Etna.]

Etna is entirely composed of volcanic rocks, and rises in imposing grandeur to the height of 10,000 ft. above the level of the sea. It is about 180 miles in circumferences, and is surrounded on every hand by apparently small volcanic cones, though of no inconsiderable size, which tend in a great degree to increase the apparent dimensions of the central mountain. Some of these cones are covered with vegetation, but others are arid and bare. From this variety in the progress of vegetation, some persons have endeavoured to calculate the relative ages of the cones; but these opinions are exceedingly vague, as it requires a longer period to form a soil on some lavas than on others. The earliest historical notice we have of this mountain is by Thucydides, who states that there were three eruptions previous to the Peloponnesian war (431 B. C.), to one of which Pindar alludes in his first Pythian Ode. In the year 396 B. C. the volcano was again active; and according to Diodorus Siculus, the Carthaginian army was stopped in its march against Syracuse by the flowing lava. But let it suffice to say, that ten eruptions previous to, and forty-eight subsequent to, the Christian era, have been recorded; some when the mountain was in the phase of moderate activity, and others when in the phase of prolonged intermittence.

THE SECRET LOVER.

FROM THE PERSIAN OF JAUMI.

Lives there the soulless youth, whose eye
That ruby tinted lip could see,
Nor long for thee to live or die?
How unlike me!

Or see that cheek's pomegranate glow;
Yet think of anything but thee,
Cold as that bosom heaving snow?
How unlike me!

Or see thee o'er the golden wire
Bend with such lovely witchery,
Nor feel each tone like living fire?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in the evening dance
Float, like the foam upon the sea,
Nor drink sweet poison from thy glance?
How unlike me!

Or hear thy hymn, at moonlight rise,
Soft as the humming of the bee,
Nor think he sits in Paradise?
How unlike me!

Or see thee in thy simplest hour,
Sweet as the rose upon the tree,
Nor long to plant thee in his bower?
How unlike me!

But lives there one who vainly tries
To look the freest of the free,
And hide the wound by which he dies?
Ah! how like me!

Blackwood's Magazine.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ROBIN HOOD.

(Concluded from page 182.)

With respect to the personal character of Robin Hood, it is generally agreed that he was active, brave, prudent, patient, possessed of uncommon bodily strength, and considerable military skill; just, generous, and beloved by his followers. As proofs of his singular popularity, his story and exploits have been made the subject of various dramatic exhibitions, as well of innumerable poems, lyrics, songs, and ballads; he has given rise to divers proverbs, and to swear by him was a common practice. Some writers say his songs have been preferred on solemn occasions, not only to the Psalms of David, but to the New Testament, and his service to the word of God. We have the opinion of Bishop Latimer on this head:—"I came," says the bishop (in his sixth sermon before King Edward VI.) "to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word over night into the town, that I would preach there in the morning, because it was a holyday, and methought it was a holydayes worke; the churche stode in my way, and I toke my horse and my companye and went thither. I thought I should have found a great companye in the churche, and when I came there, the churche dore was faste lock-

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ed; I tarried halfe an houre and more, and at last the keye was founde, and one of the parishe commes to me, and sayes, 'Syr, thys ys a busye day with us, we cannot heare you; it is Robyn Hoode's day; the parishe is gone abroad to gather for Robyn Hoode.' I pray you let them not, I was fayne there to geve place to Robyn Hoode. I thought my rochet should have been regarded thoughe I were not; but it woulde not serve, it was fayne to give place to Robyn Hoode's men. It is no laughyng matter, my friendes, it is a wepynge matter, a heavy matter under a pretence for gatherynge for Robyn Hoode, a traytoure, and a thefe, to put out a preacher, to have his office lesse esteemed, to prefer Robyn Hode before the mynystration of God's word, and all thys hath come of unpreachynge prelates. Thys realme hath been il provided, for that it hath had suche corrupte judgementes in it, to prefer Robyn Hode to Godde's worde. Yf the byshoppes had bene preachers, there sholde never have bene any such thynge," &c.

Robin Hood was believed to possess supernatural powers. In the parish of Halifax is an immense stone or rock, supposed to be a Druidical monument, there called Robin Hood's penny-stone, which he is said to have used to pitch with at a mark, for his amusement. There was likewise another of these stones of several tons weight, which the country people would say he threw off an adjoining hill with a spade, as he was digging. At Bitchover, where it was said he lived, among several groups of rocks, were some stones called Robin Hood's Stride, being two of the highest and most remarkable. He obtained also the distinction of sainthood, in having a festival allotted to him, and solemn games instituted in honour of his memory; a short account of which will be found in *The Mirror*, No. 544, p. 259. These games were celebrated till the latter end of the sixteenth century, not by the populace only, but by kings and princes, and grave magistrates, in Scotland and in England; being considered in the former country of the highest political importance, and essential to the civil and religious liberties of the people; the efforts of government to suppress them frequently producing tumult and insurrection.

In Ray's Itineraries, 1760, we are told that Robin Hood's bow, one of his arrows, his chair, his cap, and one of his slippers, were preserved till within the above century. In Browne's Travels, is the following notice of his relics: "having pleased ourselves with the antiquities of Nottingham, we took horse and went to visit the well, and ancient chair, of Robin Hood, which is not far from hence, within the Forest of Sherwood. Being placed in the chair, we had a cap which they say was his, very formally put upon our heads, and having performed the usual ceremonies befitting so great a solemnity, we received the freedom of the chair, and were incorporated into the society of that renowned brotherhood." In Hutton's Journey from Birmingham to London, 1785, he states, "I was much pleased with a slipper, belonging to the famous Robin Hood, shown me, fifty years ago, at St. Ann's Well, near Nottingham, a place upon the borders of Sherwood Forest, to which he resorted." Over a spring called Robin Hood's Well, four miles north of Doncaster, is a handsome stone arch, erected by Lord Carlisle, where passengers from the coach used to drink of the fair water, and give alms to two people who attended.

Thus, not only did those places retain his name which afforded him security or amusement, but even the well at which he quenched his thirst. There is also Robin Hood's Bay, on the coast of Yorkshire. It is mentioned by Leland as "a fischer tounlet of 20 bootes caulled Robyn Huddes Bay, a dok or bosom of a mile yn length:" in this bay he often went fishing in the summer season, and not far from this he had butts or marks set up, where he used to exercise his men in shooting with the long bow.

After Robin's death, his company dispersed, and are supposed to have been distinguished from the name of their gallant leader, by the title of Roberdsmen. It may not be uninteresting to subjoin a short account of the last days of Robin's friend and favourite, Little John. The honour of his death and burial is contended by rival nations, first by England. At the village of Hathersage, about six miles from Castleton, in Derbyshire, is Little John's grave. Tradition states, some curious person caused it to be opened, when there were found several bones of uncommon size, which he preserved; but meeting afterwards with many unlucky accidents, he carefully replaced them, partly at the intercession of the sexton who had taken them up for him, and who had in like manner been visited with misfortunes, but upon restoring the bones all these troubles ceased. Secondly, by Scotland. In Murrayland, according to the historian, Hector Boece, is "the Kirke of Pette, quhare the banis of Lytill Johne remainis in grete admiratioun of pepill. He hes bene fourtene feet of hycht with square membris effering thairto vi zeris," continues he, "afore the cumyng of this werk to lycht we saw his hanche-bane, als mekill as the hail bane of ane man, for we schot our arme in the mouth thairof. Be quhilk apperis how strang and square pepill grew in our regioun afore they were effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth." Thirdly, by Ireland. "There stood," as Stanihurst relates, "in Ostmantowne greene an hillocke, named Little John his shot. The occasion," he says, proceeded of this —"In the yeere one thousand one hundred foure score and nine, there ranged three rob-

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born and outlaws in England, among which Robert Hood and Little John were cheefe teins, of all theeves doubtlesse the most courteous. Robert Hood being betrayed at a nunrie in Scotland, called Bricklies, the remnant of the crue was scattered, and everie man forced to shift for himselfe; whereupon Little John was faine to flee the realme by sailing to Ireland, where he sojorned for a few daies at Dublin. The citizens beeing doone to understand the wandering outcast to be an excellent archer, requested him hartilie to trie how far he could shoote at random; who yeelding to their behest, stood on the bridge of Dublin, and shot to that mole hill, leaving behind him a monument, rather by his posteritie to be woondered, than possiblie by anie man living to be counterscored. But as the repaire of so notorious a champion to anie countrie would soone be published, so his abode could not be long concealed, and therefore to eschew the danger of laws, he fled into Scotland, where he died at a town or village called Morravie." But, Mr. Walker, after observing, that "poor Little John's great practical skill in archery could not save him from an ignominious fall," says "it appeared from some records in the Southwell family, that he was publicly executed for robbery on Arbor-hill, Dublin."

A bow, said to have belonged to Little John, with the name of Nayler upon it, is now in the possession of a gentleman in the West Riding of Yorkshire.* SWAINS.

* Sir George Arbitage, of Kirklees Hall. — See *Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 223.

New Books.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.

[This is one of the *Natural-Philosophical* volumes of the *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and is therefore to be viewed as a portion of that series rather than as a substantive work. Its preparation has been entrusted to Mr. M. Donovan, Professor of Chemistry to the Company of Apothecaries in Ireland; so that it comes to us with some share of recommendatory experience on the part of the editor. It would, however, be difficult to point out the advantages of Mr. Donovan's volume over others of the same description. Neither will such distinction be looked for but in a scientific journal. The arrangement is clear and satisfactory; the manner plain and illustrative; and the matter in accordance with the science of the present day; though in a few cases the nomenclature is somewhat overloaded with hard names, and presumes more previous acquaintance with the subject than is consistent. We subjoin a few extracts of popular interest.]

Caloric, or the matter of Heat.

Heat is admitted by the philosophers of the present day to be the principle concerned in repulsion; and heat and cold are known to produce expansion and contraction in all bodies. Heat is, therefore, the antagonist of cohesion. Chemists have thought it necessary to make a distinction between the senses in which the word heat may be taken. In its usual acceptation, it merely means the effect excited on the organs of sensation by a hot body. But as this must be produced by a power in the hot body independent of sensation, that power is what chemists understand by the word *heat*: and to distinguish between the effect and its cause, the term *caloric* has been substituted. The introduction of this term appears altogether unnecessary, when the sense in which the word *heat* should be understood is explained. Caloric means the *cause* of the *sensation* heat: and there seems no reason to fear that the perception of heat by the organs of sensation can ever be misunderstood to be the agent in chemical phenomena.

Omniscience displayed in the constitution of the Atmosphere.

In the constitution of the atmosphere we have ample scope to admire the design and execution of a structure calculated, with such wondrous precision, to fulfil its purposes. Were the atmosphere to consist wholly of oxygen; and the different kinds of objects which compose, and are found upon, the globe, to remain what they are; the world would run through its stages of decay, renovation, and final destruction, in a rapid cycle. Combustion, once excited, would proceed with ungovernable violence; the globe, during its short existence, would be in a continual conflagration, until its ashes would be its only remains: animals would live with hundred-fold intensity, and terminate their mortal career in a few hours. On the other hand, were the atmosphere wholly composed of azote, life could never have existed, whether animal or vegetable, and the objects of the Creator in forming this world would not be fulfilled. But the atmosphere is a wholesome mixture of these two formidable elements, each neutralizing the other's baneful influence. The life of animals quietly runs through its allotted space; and the current of nature flows within prescribed limits, manageably and moderately.

Tartaric Acid.

Every one knows, that when a large quantity of the juice of grapes is left to spontaneous fermentation, the result is wine. When wine has been kept some time to depurate in wooden vessels, it deposits, on the side of the vessel, a hard crust of dark coloured matter, the taste of which is sour. This matter is impure; but, when purified by various crystallizations, it becomes perfectly white and crystalline; and then it is known in commerce by the name of *cream of tartar*. The etymology of the singular name, tartar, is uncertain: it is derived from τάρταρος, as

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some say, because it occasions pains equal to those endured in the infernal regions; and, as others say, merely because this substance deposits itself in the inferior parts of the cask. Tartaric acid may be obtained from cream of tartar by a process analogous to that given for obtaining citric acid. It has an exceedingly acid taste: it dissolves readily in water, and is soluble in alcohol. Its crystals are of a very irregular shape. In 100 parts, by weight, there are 12 of water; the remaining 88 parts are the pure anhydrous acid, composed of 32·39 parts of carbon, 52·97 of oxygen, and 2·64 of hydrogen. This acid exists abundantly in other fruits, but especially in the tamarind; in the grape it exists along with citric, malic, and an acid called *vinic*, which resembles tartaric acid in many respects, but differs from it in others, and concerning the nature of which almost nothing is known: these four constitute the agreeable tartness of the juice of that fruit.

Oxalic Acid.

The plant called sorrel is valued for its acidulous taste. This acidity is owing to the presence of a peculiar acid, which may be separated from the juice, and from the potash with which it is combined, by a process analagous to that described for the preparation of citric acid. It has obtained the name of *oxalic acid*, from the generic name of the plant, *oxalis acetosella*. This acid forms readily into regular crystals, of which one half the weight is water, the other half being pure acid. It is a remarkable circumstance in its constitution, that it contains no hydrogen, and that it consists merely of carbon and oxygen —there being twice as much oxygen as there is carbon. So that it differs from carbonic acid merely in the relative quantities of its ingredients. Oxalic acid can be prepared by an artificial process, with great ease, from sugar, and six times its weight of nitric acid, —the former affording the carbon necessary to its formation, and the latter the oxygen. It is only necessary to heat the nitric acid on the sugar; the sugar dissolves, and there is a violent effervescence, which must be moderated by immersion in cold water: when the mixture cools, crystals of oxalic acid form in abundance, which may be purified by a second crystallization.

Oxalic acid is an active poison; many persons have fallen victims to its virulence, by having swallowed it in mistake for Epsom salt, which it resembles in appearance. In all probability, this would not prove to be the only vegetable acid capable of acting as a poison. Chalk finely powdered, and diffused in water, is the proper antidote to the poison of oxalic acid.

[The chapter on Combustion contains some new facts; and that on the Atomic Theory is more attractive than might have been expected.]

The Gatherer.

The Plain Truth.—Sir John Trevor, cousin to Lord Chancellor Jefferies, was an able man, but as corrupt as he was able. He was twice Speaker of the House of Commons, and officially had the mortification to put the question to the house, "whether himself ought to be expelled for bribery." The answer was "Yes."

Freaks of Royalty.—James I. in a capricious mood, threatened the Lord Mayor with removing the seat of royalty, the meetings of parliament, &c. from the capital. "Your Majesty at least," replied the Mayor, "will be graciously pleased to leave us the River Thames."

The Original Strand.—In the reign of Edward III. the Strand was an open highway. A solitary house occasionally occurred; but in 1353, the ruggedness of the highway was such, that Edward appointed a tax on wool, leather, &c. for its improvement.

On the laying the first stone of the church of St. Martin's in the Fields, the king (George I.) gave one hundred guineas to be distributed among the workmen.

A swampy Kingdom.—In the reign of Charles II. at the east end of St. James's Park, there was a swampy retreat for the ducks, thence denominated Duck Island, which, by Charles was erected into a government, and a salary annexed to the office, in favour of the celebrated French writer, M. de St. Evremond, who was the first and last governor

The gold embroidery of the chair of state in Carlton Palace is stated to have cost 500*l.*

The horse rode by the Champion in the coronation of George the Third was the same that bore George the Second at the memorable battle of Dettingen.

Political Criticism.—The following proof of political prejudice may not be known:—"John Milton was one whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroic poems and a tragedy, viz: —Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes; *but his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff*, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable repute, had he not been a notorious traitor, and most impiously and villanously belied that blessed martyr, King Charles I." —*Lives of the most famous English Poets, &c. 1687, by Wm. Winstanley.*

A Pastor.—The Rev. Andrew Marvell, A. M. father of the patriot, was born at Mildred, in Cambridgeshire, in 1586. He was a student of Emanuel College in that University, where he took his degree of Master of Arts in 1608. Afterwards he was elected

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master of the grammar school at Hull, and in 1624, lecturer of Trinity Church in that town. "He was a most excellent preacher," says Fuller, "who, like a good husband, never broached what he had new-brewed, but preached what he had studied some competent time before: insomuch that he was wont to say that he would cross the common proverb, which called 'Saturday the working day, and Monday the holiday, of preachers.'"

Dryden's Mc Flecnoe.—W. Newcastle has the following excellent lines in reference to Dryden's poem:—

"*Flecnoe*, thy characters are so full of wit
And fancy, as each word is throng'd with it.
Each line's a *volume*, and who reads would swear
Whole libraries were in each character.
Nor arrows in a quiver stuck, nor yet
Lights in the starry skies are thicker set,
Nor quills upon the armed porcupine,
Than *wit and fancy* in this work of thine."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE long-expected death of this good and great man took place at Abbotsford on Friday, September 21. Our seventh volume contains a Portrait and Memoir of his life to the year 1826; and it is our intention to prepare for our ensuing number, a brief memoir continued to his last days, with a wood-cut portrait from the latest painting. About twelve months since, Sir Walter wrote, with almost prophetic pen, the following passage in the introduction to his last published work: "The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public." The sequel has not been so far realized, though the accordance of the closing line with the last hours of the deceased bears a consoling balm: "He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country."

Eating Goose on Michaelmas Day.—Although this custom can be traced through upwards of three centuries, its origin has not been decided by antiquaries. The commonly received belief is that a goose forming part of the royal dinner when the news was brought to Queen Elizabeth of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, her chivalrous majesty commanded that the dish (a goose) then before her, might be served up on every 29th of September, to commemorate the above glorious event. Mr. Douce, the learned antiquarian illustrator, saw the above reason "somewhere" (such is his expression); but Mr. Brand thinks this rather to be a stronger proof that the custom prevailed at court in Queen Elizabeth's time. Its origin, however, is referable to the previous century: since, bringing a goose "fit for the lord's dinner," on this day appears to have been customary even in the time of Edward IV.; and, that it was common before the Armada victory, is shown the following passage in Gascoigne, who died in 1577, or eleven years before the above event:—

"And when the tenauntes come to pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer, a dish of fish at Lent;
At Christmasse a capon, *at Michaelmas a goose*,
And somewhat else at New Yere's-tide, *for feare their leave flies loose*."

The reason given by Blount, in his *Tenures*, is considered far from satisfactory. Beckwith, his editor, says, "Probably no other reason can be given for this custom, but that Michaelmas Day was a great festival, and geese at that time were most plentiful." The origin of the saying that, "if you eat goose on Michaelmas Day, you will never want money all the year round," is explained, in the *British Apollo*, as follows:—

The custom came up from the tenants presenting
Their landlords with geese to incline their relenting
On following payments.

Again:—

For doubtless 'twas at first design'd
To make the people seasons mind,
That so they might apply their care
To all those things which needful were;
And by a good industrious hand,
Know when and how t' improve their land.

Ellis, in his notes to Brand, says, "the practice of eating goose on Michaelmas Day does not appear to prevail in any part of France. Upon St. Martin's Day, they eat turkey at Paris. They likewise eat geese upon St. Martin's Day, Twelfth Day, and Shrove Tuesday, at Paris." In Denmark, where the harvest is later than here, every family has a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin's Eve. PHILO.

The reason why Pennsylvania was settled.

"PENN refused to pull his hat off
Before the king, and therefore set off,
Another country to light pat on,
Where he might worship with his hat on." H. H.

"Mollissima tempora fandi."

A translation of the above is requested, in one line, which shall rhyme with the original. H. H.

Motto for a Cigar Smoker.

"Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem cogita." H. H.

St. Cross, Winchester, received some weeks since, shall appear next week.

THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.
No. 203, price Twopence, of
THE MIRROR,
Contains a STEEL-PLATE PORTRAIT and MEMOIR of the late
SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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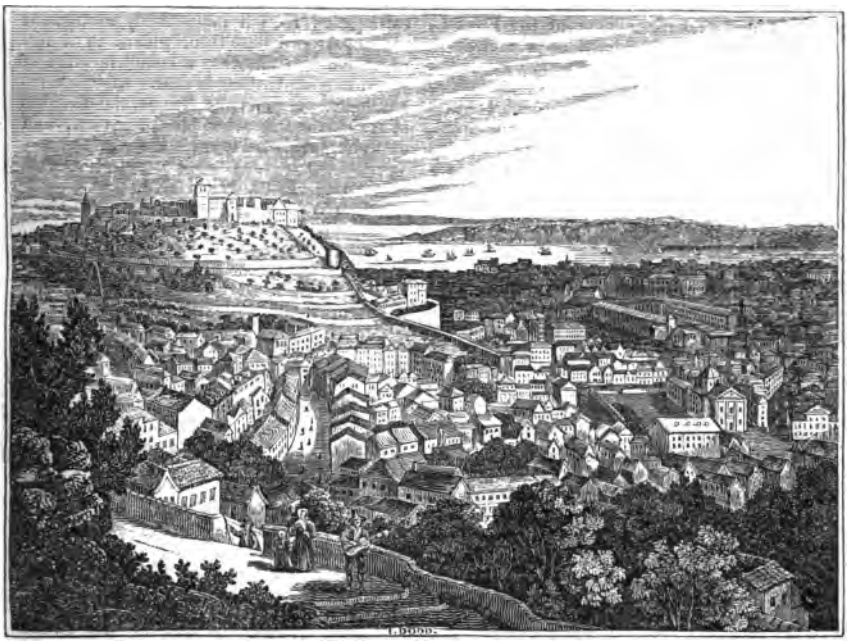
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 569.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1832. [Price 2d.



LISBON.

Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was called by the ancients Ulyssippo, and the foundation is fabulously ascribed to Ulysses. The situation is grand, on the north bank of the river Tagus, in lat. 38° 42½′ N., lon. 9° 8½′ W. The harbour, or rather road, of Lisbon, is one of the finest in the world; and the quays are at once convenient and beautiful. On entering the river, and passing the forts of St. Julian and of Bugio, situated respectively at the extremities of the northern and southern shores, we obtain a view of Lisbon crowning the hills on the north bank, about three leagues distant above the mouth of the Tagus. The quintas or villas scattered over the country, between the villages, become more numerous the further we advance; till, at length, on approaching Belem, an uninterrupted chain of edifices is seen extending along the margin of the noble river, to the remotest part of the ancient capital, being a distance of full six miles. Opposite Belem Castle, and on the southern shore of the Tagus, is the small fort of Torre Velha. These two forts, situated at the narrowest part of the river, guard the approach to the capital by sea; and all vessels arriving at its port have their papers examined at Belem Castle. The salutes of ships of war are, in like manner, answered by its guns. Proceeding onward, we pass the Convent of St. Geronymo, a splendid pile of Moorish architecture, "the picturesque appearance of the scene being heightened by groups of boats peculiar in their construction to the Tagus." From Belem we trace a range of buildings, connecting it with Alcantara and Buenos Ayres, and finally with the ancient city of Lisbon. Alcantara is situated at the mouth of a narrow valley opening upon the Tagus. Upon the brow of the hill, on the eastern side, is another of the royal residences, called the palace of Necessiades; and, stretching across the valley, about a mile above this point, is the far-famed aqueduct, which con-

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veys the chief supply of water to the capital. The new and populous quarter of Buenos Ayres (so called from its being considered the healthiest situation around the capital,) covers the steep hills situated in the angle formed by the Alcantara valley and the Tagus. Miss Baillie, in her amusing *Letters*, describes Buenos Ayres as "a suburb of Lisbon, standing upon higher ground than the city itself, and a favourite resort of the English, being generally considered as a cooler and more cleanly (or rather a *less filthy*) situation than the latter." The splendid river scenery from Belem to Lisbon, the luxuriant prospect from the adjoining heights; the city itself, with its domes, and towers, and gorgeous buildings—all this proud assemblage of nature and art—remind us that

> It is a goodly sight to see
> What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
> What fruits of fragrance blush on ev'ry tree!
> What goodly prospects o'er the hill expand;
> But man would mar them with an impious hand.'
>
> BYRON.

The Engraving represents one of the most comprehensive views of the city, obtained from an eminence crowned by the chapel of Nossa Senhora da Monte. It has been copied from one of Colonel Batty's faithful Views,* and its details cannot better be explained than in the words of the clever artist:

"From this elevation, the spectator, on turning to the south, has before him the principal part of the busy capital. The Castle Hill, crowned by a variety of buildings, and encircled by the old walls of its Moorish fortifications, stands conspicuously on the left. Its northern slope is planted with olive-trees, which add to its picturesque appearance, and afford an agreeable relief to the eye in this widely extended scene of a dense and populous city. On the right hand is another range of heights, less elevated than the Castle Hill, but covered with buildings, amidst which churches, convents, and hospitals, form prominent objects. The valley, in the centre of the view, appears from this point to be choked up with an almost impenetrable labyrinth of houses. This is, however, now the most regular portion of the capital. Having been that part which suffered most severely from the great earthquake of 1755, it has since been rebuilt upon a uniform plan, with its streets intersecting each other at right angles. In this quarter also are the two principal pracas, or squares, in the city. The largest of these is the Praca do Commercio, opening to the south upon the broad expanse of the Tagus. Here formerly stood the royal palace, which was almost instantaneously destroyed by the same memorable earthquake. The centre of this square is ornamented by an equestrian statue of King Joseph I. The other square is situated a little more to the north, about the centre of the valley. It is called the Rocio, and was formerly styled the Square of the Inquisition, from that tribunal having held its sittings in a large building at its northern extremity. The Castle Hill conceals from our view a portion of the ancient city, which, it is remarkable, escaped with comparatively trifling damage from the earthquake, though immediately contiguous to the part just described, which, in a few moments, was rendered a complete mass of ruins, burying thousands of the wretched inhabitants. Beyond the Tagus, the heights of Almada are seen bounding the view, and extending westward towards the sea."

* Published by Messrs. Moon, Boys and Graves, Printsellers, Pall Mall.

MRS. HEMANS.

(To the Editor.)

In No. 550, of *The Mirror*, in some account of Mrs. Hemans, by *The Author of a Tradesman's Lays*, it is erroneously stated that Mrs. Hemans is a native of Denbighshire. She was born in Liverpool, and was the daughter of Mr. George Brown, of the firm of Messrs. George and Henry Brown, extensive merchants in the Irish trade. Mr. Brown removed with his family, from Liverpool, to near Abergele, North Wales, where he resided some years. He married a Miss Wagner, daughter of Paul Wagner, Esq., a German, and a respectable merchant in Liverpool. Mrs. Hemans's early poems were published by subscription in 1808; they were beautifully printed in quarto, at the press of the late Mr. John Mc Creery,* who long resided in Liverpool. Mrs. Hemans, after her marriage, lived near St. Asaph, with her mother and brother, Sir Henry Brown; after which she took up her residence at the village of Wavertree, three miles from Liverpool.

Liverpool. A CONSTANT READER.

* Mr. Mc Creery left Liverpool to reside in London. He died a short time since of cholera, at Paris.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

(To the Editor.)

The remarks of your Correspondent, *A. Booth*, in No. 567, of *The Mirror*, with respect to what is generally called "Spontaneous Combustion," are very just. My present object is to show that the term "spontaneous" as applied to the subject in question, is incorrect. Mons. Pierre Aimée Laire, in an "Essay on Human Combustion from the abuse of Spirituous Liquors," states that it is the breath of the individuals coming in contact with some flame, and being thus communicated inwardly, that is the cause of the combustion, and therefore it cannot be spontaneous; and he cites several instances of persons addicted to spirituous liquors be-

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ing thus burnt. Moreover, it is stated that an anatomical lecturer, at Pisa, in the year 1597, happening to hold a lighted candle near a subject he was dissecting, on a sudden set fire to the vapours that came out of the stomach he had just opened. In the same year, as Dr. Ruisch, then anatomical professor at Pisa, was dissecting a woman, and a student holding a candle to give him light, he no sooner opened the stomach than there issued a yellow, greenish flame. Also at Lyons, in dissecting a woman, the stomach was no sooner opened than a considerable flame burst out and filled the room. This has been accounted for by experiments made by Dr. Vulpati, anatomical professor at Bologna. He affirms that any one may see, issuing from the stomach of an animal, a matter that burns like spirits of wine, if the upper and lower orifices are bound fast with a strong thread, and the stomach being thus tied, be cut above and under the ligature, and afterwards pressed with both hands, so as to make all that it contains pass on one side, and to produce a swelling on that part which contains the incision, which must be held with the left hand, to prevent the inflammable air escaping. This hand being removed, and a candle applied about an inch from the stomach, a blueish flame will issue, which will last nearly a minute. The circumstances of the case of Grace Pitt, to which your Correspondent refers, perfectly coincide with the foregoing remarks. She was accustomed for several years to go down stairs after she was undressed, *to smoke a pipe*. Her daughter, who slept with her, did not miss her till the morning, when on going down stairs, she found her mother's body extended *over the hearth*, and appearing like a block of wood burning with a glowing fire, without flame. She was, no doubt, in the act of lighting her pipe, either at the fire or candle, and the breath issuing from her mouth during respiration, being impregnated with the spirits she had lately drunk, caught fire, and communicated with the animal substance, also impregnated with spirit, and thus the body was destroyed. Indeed, in nearly all the cases of this nature reported, the bodies have been found on the hearth, or the persons have been left with a candle near them. The combustion of the human body in these cases is generally entirely inward, and it is very seldom that any of the contiguous articles are destroyed. In the instance mentioned above, a child's clothes on one side of the woman, and a paper screen were untouched, and the deal floor on which she lay was not even discoloured.

The most remarkable instance of this nature on record, is that of the Countess Cornelia Bandi; she was in the sixty-second year of her age, and on the day before well as usual. After she was in bed she conversed with her maid for two or three hours, and then fell asleep. The servant on going into her chamber in the morning, saw her lady's two feet distant from the bed, a heap of ashes, and two legs with the stockings on. Between the latter was part of the head, but the brains, half the skull, and the chin, were burnt to ashes, which, when taken up in the hand, left a greasy and offensive moisture. The bed received no damage, and the clothes were elevated on one side, as by a person rising from beneath them. She appears to have been burnt standing, from the skull being found between her legs; the back was damaged more than the front of the head, partly because of the hair, and partly because in the face there were several openings, out of which the flames are likely to have issued. In this account it is not stated either that she was of intemperate habits, or that a candle was left in the room with her; but the latter is very likely, she being advanced in years; and it may be conjectured, that in rising from her bed, she caught fire.

One Borelli observes, that such accidents often happen to great drinkers of wine and brandy, and that it would be of much more frequent occurrence, were it not for the natural moisture of the body. Notwithstanding this, your readers must not think that I am opposed to the "cheerful draught:" I would say,

"Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth,
The sprightly bowl go cheerfully round.
Let none be grave, nor too severely wise;
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine be all forgotten."—Rowe.

St. Pancras. W. A. R.

Retrospective Gleanings.

EARLY PARLIAMENTS.

When the Saxon government was first established in England, there was no distinction of freehold and copyhold; the latter, according to Blackstone, was a possession acquired by a vassal subsequent to the Norman feudal system. Copyholders being thus considered as slaves, were, notwithstanding their possessions, deemed unworthy of the franchise; and from this refinement, on the arbitrary principles of the Normans, every copyholder was deprived of a vote, unless he could claim it by some other tenure.

The term borough originally meant a company consisting of ten families, which were bound together as each other's pledge. Afterwards boroughs came to signify a town, having a wall, or some sort of enclosure round; and all places that, in old times, had the name of boroughs, it is said, were fortified or fenced in some shape or other.

In the time of the West Saxons, a parlia-

ment was holden by King Ina, by these words: "I, Ina, King of the West Saxons, have caused all my fatherhood, aldermen, and wisest commons, with the goodly men of my kingdom, to consult of weighty matters."

William the Conqueror, in the fourth year of his reign, called a parliament, which consisted of twelve representatives for each county, and the cities and boroughs were wholly omitted. After the battle of Lewes, in which Henry III. was defeated by the barons, they called a parliament, and made the king sign an order to summon four knights to represent each county, and four for the cities of London, York, and Lincoln. These representatives were chosen by universal suffrage of the householders, and although the king regained his authority by the subsequent defeat of the barons, two members for each county continued to be elected in the same manner till the 8th of Henry VI. In the parliament held in the 49th of Henry III., he sent writs to the nobles and to the sheriffs of several counties, to return two knights for each county, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for each borough.

It was contrary to an ancient rule of the constitution, that any person should be allowed to vote at elections who did not reside in the place or county where the election was made; that rule says, that "ineddem comitata commercentes et residentes" only shall vote; and this was confirmed by an act of parliament, (1 Henry V. c. i.) but recently repealed.

In 1429, an important change was made as to the qualifications of the voters for knights of the shires. The voters were obliged to prove themselves worth 40*s.* per annum. Before this time, every freeholder might vote, and the vast concourse of electors brought on riots and murders. Seventy pounds would, in modern days, be barely an equivalent for our ancestors' 40*s.* The freeholders were, at the same time, directed to choose two of the fittest and most discreet knights resident in their county; or, if none could be found, notable esquires, gentlemen by birth, and qualified to be made knights; but no yeoman or persons of inferior rank. W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

MARVELLOUS CURE OF THE TOOTHACH.

(From a Correspondent.)

A FRIEND, who has recently returned from India, relates that he received a perfect cure for the toothach, in a very remarkable way. He had occasion to land on the Isle of Bourbon, at the time of his being afflicted with a tormenting toothach; and a handkerchief being tied about his head, his appearance excited the curiosity of the natives, who approached him, and inquired, by signs and gestures, the nature of his complaint. Having been satisfied on this point, they made him understand that *they* could cure him, if he would consent to their method; which he did with great willingness, as he was maddened with pain, and eager to make any experiment to gain relief. They first kindled a fire on the ground with a few dry sticks, and then directed their patient to hold the fore finger of his right hand to the tooth that was affected, while they articulated a sort of jargon among themselves. When they had finished, and the sticks were all burnt, they told him to withdraw his hand, and the pain would cease. He did so, when his joy and astonishment exceeded all bounds to find that the pain had *actually left him!*

This story may appear somewhat strange, yet I have no reason to doubt the veracity of my friend, who supposes that the artful natives burned some kind of herb in order to impregnate the air with its qualities, which being admitted into the cavity of the tooth, effectually removed the pain. He says he has never experienced a return of the complaint since. G. W. N.

JOURNAL OF A SHERIFF OF LONDON.

(Concluded from page 198.)

"WEDNESDAY, Oct. 29th. This being our grand feast day, my Lord Mayor, Humphry Parsons, Esq., sent his summons to attend at Guildhall, by ten o'clock, and that he would set out from thence, to Westminster, precisely at eleven, in order to be back to our entertainment more early. What added magnificence to this day's *Shew* was, that his lordship's coach was drawn by six horses, adorned with grand harnesses, ribbons, &c., a sight never before seen on this occasion.—The Lord Chancellor and some of the Judges dined with us: the whole entertainment was happily conducted with great order and decency, and the company was broken up by about one o'clock in the morning.

"Wednesday, Nov. 5th. This being the commemoration of the Gunpowder Plot, we, the sheriffs, attended my Lord Mayor from Guildhall to St. Paul's: and as his lordship's coach was, on this occasion, drawn as before by six horses, which he intended to do on every public occasion, it caused a more than ordinary concourse of people in the streets."

On Sunday, the 11th of January, Mr. Hoare, in his scarlet gown, with the Lord Mayor, and several of the aldermen, received the holy communion, in St. Lawrence's church, in pursuance of the statutes, to qualify themselves to act as magistrates; and on the following day, being Plough Monday, he attended the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, "to receive the several presentments of the respective wardmote inquests of each ward,—and at the same time to swear in all new constables for the ensuing year." On Wednesday, the 14th

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the quarter sessions commenced, "when it is usual for the several common councilmen to take the oaths of allegiance;" which was done accordingly.

"Friday, February 20th. Waited on my Lord Mayor to Bow church, in my scarlet, to hear a sermon upon the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts; to which the Archbishop of Canterbury also came in his state coach, and with grand solemnity, attended by seven or eight bishops, and great numbers of gentlemen of that society."

The Lord Mayor (Humphry Parsons) died on the evening of March the 21st, 1741; on the 23rd, Daniel Lambert, Esq. was elected to succeed him, and the same evening he was presented to the Lord Chancellor, and approved of in the usual manner.

"Wednesday, March 15th. This day the new Lord Mayor went in grand state and procession by land to the Tower-gate, on Tower-hill, to be there presented to and sworn in before the Constable of the Tower, according to the charter and ancient custom and usage when a Lord Mayor happened, as in this case, to be chosen out of term time; and, consequently, cannot be presented to the Barons of the Exchequer sitting at Westminster. Just at the entrance of the Tower-gate, a large booth was built up, with seats and benches at the upper end, in the middle of which the right honourable Lord Cornwallis, Constable of the Tower, was seated, attended by the officers and servants belonging to him; to whom the Lord Mayor was conducted and presented, and sworn in the same manner as before the Barons of the Exchequer."

On the 28th of March, being Easter Eve, the sheriffs attended the Lord Mayor "through the streets, to collect charity for the prisoners in the city prisons, according to annual custom;" and on the Monday following, they accompanied his lordship, in procession, with the rest of the court of aldermen to St. Bride's church to hear the '*Spital* or *Hospital Sermon* preached before the governors of the several hospitals and charity schools of the city; and to which "all the charity children of the several schools, as also those of Christ's hospital, go in procession, and are seated in the galleries." This sermon is "generally preached by a bishop," and that on the following day, in the same church (which is likewise attended by the corporation,) by a dean. On the third day in Easter week, the 'Spital sermon is preached by a doctor in divinity.

Speaking of the *Easter Entertainments*, our journalist states the following particulars as the cause of their origin:—

"The original institution of those entertainments was occasioned by the Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs being accustomed to, separately, ask such of their friends who were aldermen or governors of the hospitals, whom they saw at church, to dine with them at their own houses. But in process of time, it was agreed that the Lord Mayor should invite all that were at church on the first day; and the two sheriffs, in their turn, on the next succeeding days. Hence, by degrees, they began to invite other of their friends; and the aldermen bringing their ladies, other ladies were also invited, so that the private houses not being large enough, they began to entertain at their respective halls: whence it is now brought to pass, that these Easter entertainments are become the chiefest articles of expense both to the Lord Mayor and the two sheriffs.

"Monday, April 6th. The sessions began at Guildhall, but the Lord Mayor dispensed with the presence of the sheriffs, on account that we this day were obliged to attend at Westminster, where we were to make our proffers at the Exchequer by a tender of 40*s.*; and which was accordingly made by one of the secondaries at the Tally-office; by which, and the annual rent of 300*l.*, the citizens of London hold and enjoy the *Sheriffwick* of London and Middlesex according to their charter. Afterwards we entertained all the Exchequer officers, according to ancient custom, with *fifty-two calves'* heads, dressed in different manners."

On the 20th of April the sheriffs accompanied the Lord Mayor to hold a Court Baron and Court Leet at the Mitre in St. James's parish, in *Duke's-place*, which is "a franchise within the liberty of London." After a jury had been sworn, &c., the names of the inhabitants being called over, those who were absent and sent no excuse were amerced, but those who sent "their excuses by their friends, paid only leet pence." The court then granted licenses to the public houses, and swore in the headboroughs, constables, and other officers.

On the 27th of May the sheriffs (by invitation, they having no concern with the jurisdiction of the court,) attended the Lord Mayor to Stratford, in Essex, and Greenwich in Kent, to hold "his *Court of Conservancy* of the navigation and fishery of the River Thames, from Staines bridge, in Middlesex, down to the mouth of the river Medway, at Sheerness, beyond the Nore;" he "being personally himself, by virtue of his office, the sole Conservator." On returning, "a little after ten o'clock," the party attempted to land at the King's Stairs at the tower, "but they being shut, and, after waiting some time, the wardour refusing to open them," they were obliged to proceed to the common stairs near that fortress.

"Soon after, the major of the tower came to my Lord Mayor to acquaint him, that 'he was sorry for the refusal of which the wardour had been guilty, whom he had ordered to strict duty, and would oblige him to come

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and ask pardon for his insolence.' Upon this apology, it was agreed that no further notice or complaint should be made; for it is to be known that the Lord Mayor of this city has the privilege of going through the Tower to take water, or on his landing at the King's Stairs, sending reasonable notice of such his intention."

At a Common Council, held on the 17th of June, it was ordered that every person who had paid the customary fine of 400*l.* and twenty marks more towards the maintenance of the ministers of the several prisons of this city," with the usual fees, should be exempted for ever from serving the office of sheriff, "unless he should at any time become an alderman." Previously to that act, the payment of the fine excused only for one year.

"Tuesday, June 23rd. Attended the Lord Mayor to a court of aldermen, at which Abel Aldridge, who had been nominated for sheriff, came with *six Compurgators*, and, (according to the act of Common Council, Sir J. Barnard, Mayor,) swore he was not of the value of 15,000*l.* in money and separate debts; and his Compurgators swearing also, that they believed what he swore to be true, he was excused from serving the said office, without payment of any fine."

On the 22nd of August the sheriffs waited on the Lord Mayor at Guildhall, "and from thence went in procession to Smithfield, with city officers and trumpets to proclaim Bartholomew Fair." On the 2nd of September, "this day being kept solemn in commemoration of the Fire of London," they went to St. Paul's in their "black gowns, and no chains, and heard a sermon on the said occasion." On the 8th of September the sheriffs waited on the Lord Mayor, in procession, "the city music going before, to proclaim *Southwark Fair*, as it is commonly called, although the ceremony is no more than our going in our coaches through the Borough, and turning round by Saint George's church, back again to the Bridge House; and this to signify the license to begin the fair." The journalist adds:—"On this day the sword-bearer wears a fine *embroidered cap*, said to have been worked and presented to the city by a monastery."

"Monday, September 21st, being St. Matthew's Day, waited on my Lord Mayor to the great hall in Christ's Hospital, where we were met by several of the presidents and governors of the other hospitals within the city; and being seated at the upper end, the children passed two by two, whom we followed to the church, and after hearing a sermon, came back to the grammar school, where two boys made speeches in commemoration of their benefactors, one in English, the other in Latin; to each of whom it is customary for the Lord Mayor to give one guinea, and the two sheriffs half-a-guinea a piece, as we did. Afterwards, the clerk of the hospital delivered to the Lord Mayor a list of the several governors to the several hospitals nominated the preceding year. Then the several beadles of all the hospitals came in, and laying down their staves on the middle of the floor, retired to the bottom of the hall. Thereupon the Lord Mayor addressed himself to the City Marshal, enquiring after their conduct, and if any complaint was to be made against any one in particular; and no objection being made, the Lord Mayor ordered them to take up their staves again: all which is done in token of their submission to the chief magistrate, and that they hold their places at his will, though elected by their respective governors. We were afterwards treated in the customary manner with *sweet cakes and burnt wine*."

The shrievalty of Mr. Hoare, and his brother officer, expired on the 28th of September, and about seven o'clock in the evening the indentures with the new sheriffs were executed at Guildhall, "and the charge of the gaols and all other trusts relating to this great and hazardous, though otherwise honourable, employment, delivered over to them. And after being regaled with *sack and walnuts*, I returned to my own house in my private capacity, to my great consolation and comfort."

In concluding this account of a manuscript, which illustrates so many of the customs and privileges of the city, it should be mentioned that it includes various notices of the treats or dinners which the Lord Mayor and the sheriffs give by turns to the judges, sergeants, &c. at the beginning and end of the respective terms; as well as of the manner of delivering petitions to the House of Commons, which is generally done by the sheriff; the city having a right to present petitions by an officer of its own, and without the intervention of any member.

The Naturalist.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

THE nightingale is universally admitted to be the most enchanting of warblers; and many might be tempted to encage the melliluous songster, but for the supposed difficulty of procuring proper food for it. In the village of Cossey, near Norwich, an individual has had a nightingale in cage since last April; it is very healthy and lively, and has been wont to charm its owner with its sweet and powerful strains. The bird appears about two years old: it has gone through this year's moulting. It is kept in a darksome cage, with three sides wood, and the fourth wired. The bottom of the cage is covered with moss. Its constant food is a paste, which is composed of fresh beef or mutton, scraped fine with a knife, and in equal portions mixed

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with the yolk of an egg boiled hard. The owner, however, about once a-day, gives it also a *mealworm*; he does not think this last dainty to be necessary, but only calculated to keep the nightingale in better spirits. The paste should be changed before it becomes sour and tainted. PHILOMELOS.

NOTES

Abridged from the Magazine of Natural History.

Silkworm.—(*By a Correspondent.*)—It has occurred to me, and I have not seen it remarked elsewhere, as a striking and interesting peculiarity of this insect, that it does not wander about as all other caterpillars do, but that it is nearly stationary in the open box or tray where it is placed and fed: after consuming the immediate supply of mulberry leaves, it waits patiently for more being provided. I apprehend this cannot be said of any other insect whatever. This docile quality of the worm harmonizes beautifully with its vast importance to mankind, in furnishing a material which affords our most elegant and beautiful, if not most useful, of garments. The same remark applies to the insect in the fly or moth state, the female being quite incapable of flight, and the male, although of a much lighter make, and more active, can fly but very imperfectly; the latter circumstance ensures to us the eggs for the following season, and thus completes the adaptation of the insect, in its different stages, to the useful purpose it is destined to fulfil for our advantage.

The Possibility of introducing and naturalizing that beautiful Insect the Fire Fly.—It abounds not only in Canada, where the winters are so severe, but in the villages of the Vaudois in Piedmont. These are a poor people much attached to the English; and, at 10*s.* a dozen, would, no doubt, deliver in Paris, in boxes properly contrived, any number of these creatures, in every stage of their existence, and even in the egg, should that be desired: and if twenty dozen were turned out in different parts of England, there cannot remain a doubt but that, in a few years, they would be common through the country; and, in our summer evenings, be exquisitely beautiful.

Vigne, in his *Six Months in America*, says:—"At Baltimore I first saw the fire-fly. They begin to appear about sunset, after which they are sparkling in all directions. In some places ladies wear them in their hair, and the effect is said to be very brilliant. Mischievous boys will sometimes catch a bull-frog, and fasten them all over him. They show to great advantage; while the poor frog, who cannot understand the 'new lights' that are breaking upon him, affords amusement to his tormentors by hopping about in a state of desperation.

The Vampire Bat.—Bishop Heber's opinion of the innocence of this creature by no means agrees with what one has read of his bloodthirsty habits; and particularly the instances given by Captain Stedman, in his *Travels of Surinam*, who, more than once, individually, experienced the inconvenience of the Sangrado system of blood-letting, or, more properly, blood-taking, pursued by this practitioner.

"Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo."
Hor.

"This leech will suck the vein, until
From your heart's blood he gets his fill."

In answer to a query, "whether the vampire of India and that of South America be of one species," Mr. Waterton replies, "I beg to say that I consider them distinct species. I have never yet seen a bat from India with a membrane rising perpendicularly from the end of its nose; nor have I ever been able to learn that bats in India suck animals, though I have questioned many people on this subject. I could only find two species of bats in Guiana, with a membrane rising from the nose. Both these kinds suck animals and eat fruit; while those bats without a membrane on the nose seem to live entirely upon fruit and insects, but chiefly insects. A gentleman, by name Walcott, from Barbadoes, lived high up the river Demerara. While I was passing a day or two at his house, the vampires sucked his son a boy of about ten or eleven years old, some of his fowls and his jack-ass. The youth showed me his forehead at daybreak: the wound was still bleeding apace, and I examined it with minute attention. The poor ass was doomed to be a prey to these sanguinary imps of night; he looked like misery steeped in vinegar. I saw, by the numerous sores on his body, and by his apparent debility, that he would soon sink under his afflictions. Mr. Walcott told me that it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep a few fowls, on account of the smaller vampire; and that the larger kind were killing his poor ass by inches. It was the only quadruped he had brought up with him into the forest.

"Although I was so long in Dutch Guiana and visited the Orinoco and Cayenne, and ranged through part of the interior of Portuguese Guiana, still I could never find out how the vampires actually draw the blood; and, at this day, I am as ignorant of the real process as though I had never been in the vampire's country. I should not feel so mortified at my total failure in attempting the discovery, had I not made such diligent search after the vampire, and examined its haunts. Europeans may consider as fabulous the stories related of the vampire; but, for my own part, I must believe in its powers of sucking blood from living animals, as I have repeatedly seen both men and beasts which had been sucked; and, moreover, I have examined very minutely their bleeding wounds.

Wishful of having it in my power to say

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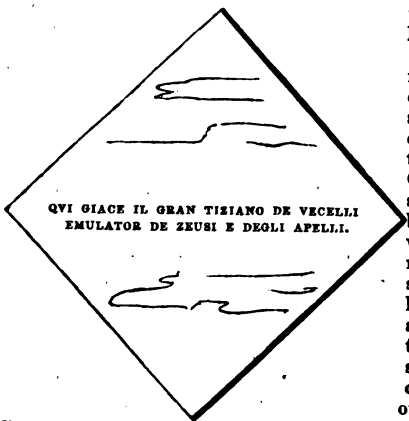
that I had been sucked by the vampire, and not caring for the loss of ten or twelve ounces of blood, I frequently and designedly put myself in the way of trial. But the vampire seemed to take a personal dislike to me; and the provoking brute would refuse to give my claret one solitary trial, though he would tap the more favoured Indian's toe, in a hammock within a few yards of mine. For the space of eleven months, I slept alone in the loft of a woodcutter's abandoned house in the forest; and though the vampire came in and out every night, and I had the finest opportunity of seeing him, as the moon shone through apertures where windows had once been, I never could be certain that I saw him make a positive attempt to quench his thirst from my veins, though he often hovered over the hammock."

THE STORK

Is now rarely seen in Britain; one was killed a short time since in the neighbourhood of Ethie House, and is to be seen in Mr. Mollison's Museum, Bridge-street, Montrose. The editor of the *Montrose Review* believes that a stork had not been killed in Scotland since the year 1766.

Fine Arts.

THE GRAVE OF TITIAN.



BENEATH this plain sepulchral stone, in the church of Santa Maria de Frari, at Venice—rest the ashes of TITIAN, the prince of the Venetian school of painters, and who, "was worthy of being waited upon by Cæsar." Yes, this alone denotes his grave at the foot dell'Altare di Crocisfisso.

Titian was born at a sequestered town in the Alps of Friuli, in the year 1477, his father being of the ancient family of Vecelli. He began very early to show a turn for drawing, and designed a figure of the Virgin, with the juice of flowers, the only colours probably within his reach. He was the scholar of Giovanni Bellino, but adopted the manner of Giorgione so successfully, that to several portraits their respective claims could not be ascertained. The Duke of Ferrara was so attached to Titian, that he frequently invited him to accompany him in his barge from Venice to Ferrara. At the latter place he became acquainted with Ariosto. In 1647, at the invitation of Charles V. Titian joined the imperial court. "The emperor then advanced in years sat to him for the third time. During the time of sitting, Titian happened to drop one of his pencils, the emperor took it up; and on the artist expressing how unworthy he was of such an honour, Charles replied, "that Titian was worthy of being waited upon by Cæsar." But, "to reckon up the protectors and friends of Titian, would be to name nearly all the persons of the age, to whom rank, talent, and exalted character, appertained. Being full of years and honours, he fell a victim to the plague in 1576, at the age of ninety-nine. To perpetuate his memory, the artists at Venice proposed celebrating his obsequies, with great pomp and magnificence in the church of St. Luke, the programme of which is given at length, by Ridolfi; but, owing to the prevalence of the plague, no funeral ceremony was allowed by the state: the authorities, however, made an exception in Titian's favour, and suffered him to be buried in the church of Friari, as we have stated."

Sir Abraham Hume, the accomplished annotator of the *Life and Works of Titian*, observes: "It appears to be generally understood that Titian had, in the different periods of life, three distinct manners of painting; the first hard and dry, resembling his master, Giovanni Bellino; the second, acquired from studying the works of Giorgione, was more bold, round, rich in colour, and exquisitely wrought up; the third was the result of his matured taste and judgment, and properly speaking, may be termed his own; in which he introduced more cool tints into the shadows and flesh, approaching nearer to nature than the universal glow of Giorgione." After stating what little is known of the mechanical means employed by Titian in the colouring of his pictures, Sir Abraham observes: "Titian's grand secret of all, appears to have consisted in the unremitting exercise of application, patience, and perseverance, joined to an enthusiastic attachment to his art: his custom was to employ considerable time in finishing his pictures, working on them repeatedly, till he brought them to perfection; and his maxim was, that whatever was done in a hurry, could not be well done." In manners and character, as well as talent, Titian may not inappropriately be associated with "the most eminent painter this country ever produced"—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, HANTS.

(The Church.)

This is one of the most interesting structures in Great Britain. It stands about one mile west from Winchester, on the banks of the river Itchin. Its architectural character is of the first importance in illustrating the superior skill of our ancestors; while it has retained more of its original character than any similar record of ancient piety and charity in our island. Dr. Milner, in allusion to its principal features, observes: "the lofty tower, with the grated door, and porter's lodge beneath it; the retired ambulatory; the separate cells; the common refectory; the venerable church; the black flowing dress and the silver cross worn by the members; the conventual appellation of *brother*, with which they salute each other; in short, the silence, the order, and the neatness, that here reign, seem to recall the idea of a monastery to those who have seen one, and will give no imperfect idea of such an establishment to those who have not had that advantage."*

St. Cross, however, "never was a monastery, but only an hospital for the support of ancient and infirm men, living together in a regular and devout manner." The original founder was Henry de Blois, bishop of Winchester, who instituted it, between the years 1132 and 1136; and required that "thirteen poor men, so decayed and past their strength that without charitable assistance they cannot maintain themselves, shall abide continually in the hospital, who shall be provided with proper clothing and beds suitable to their infirmities; and shall have an allowance daily of good wheat bread, good beer, three messes each for dinner, and one for supper. That beside these thirteen poor, a hundred other poor, of modest behaviour and the most indigent that can be found, shall be received daily at dinner-time, and shall have each a loaf of coarser bread, one mess, and a proper allowance of beer, with leave to carry away with them whatever remains of their meat and drink after dinner." They were to dine in a hall appointed for the purpose, and called *Hundred Mennes Hall*, from this circumstance. The establishment also contained an endowment for a master, a steward, four chaplains, thirteen clerks, and seven choristers.

But, in those "good old times," abuses in institutions formed for the best and wisest purposes were not uncommon; and in the case of St. Cross, so early did evil begin to counteract good, that, in little more than two centuries from its foundation, the revenues assigned for the annual fulfilment of the founder's wishes, were grossly misapplied. They had increased in value, and the masters and brethren of the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, who were guardians and administrators, seized the surplus and put it into their own pockets. Bishop Wykeham, who was appointed to the see of Winchester, in 1366, set about the reform of these abuses, which he was enabled to do by his canonical jurisdiction:—"he determined that the whole revenue of the hospital should be dedicated to the poor, as was the intention of the founder, and having in vain tried admonition and remonstrance, summoned the four masters to appear before him and answer for their stewardship. They were bold enough to set Wykeham at defiance, and availed themselves of all the subtleties of the law, and of all manner of evasion, by appeal and otherwise, to thwart and throw him. The upright bishop persisted—he called them to the severest account—had them fined, and till they made restitution, excommunicated—and finally restored the whole endowment to its primitive purpose."†

The propriety and good effects of Wyke-

* Milner's Winchester, vol. ii. p. 141.

† Life of Wykeham. By Allan Cunningham—in the *Family Library*. The reference to the "*four* masters" is evidently an error.

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ham's restoration were so apparent, that his successor, Cardinal Beaufort, having determined to engage in some permanent charity, resolved rather to enlarge this institution, than to found a new one. "He therefore endowed it for the additional support of two priests, and thirty-five poor men, who were to become residents, and three hospital nuns, who were to attend upon the sick brethren: he also caused a considerable portion of the hospital to be rebuilt."* Of the present establishment we shall presently speak in detail. "The hospital," says Lowth, "though much diminished in its revenues, by what means I cannot say, yet still subsists upon the remains of both endowments."

The buildings of the hospital composed two courts; but the south side of the interior quadrangle has been pulled down. The entrance to the first court from the north is through a capacious gateway.† On the east side is the Hundred-Mennes Hall, which is about forty feet long, and has been converted into a brewhouse; the roof is of Irish oak, and left open to the timbers; adjoining are the master's apartments. On the west is a range of offices; and, on the south, with portions of other buildings, is the lofty and handsome tower gateway, erected by Cardinal Beaufort, whose statue, in his Cardinal's habit, is represented kneeling in an elegant niche in the upper part: two other niches, of the same form, but deprived of their statues, appear also on the same level. Milner describes the embellishments of this tower: "in a cornice over the gates we behold the Cardinal's hat displayed, together with the busts of his father, John of Gaunt, of his royal nephews, Henry IV. and Henry V., and of his predecessor, Wykeham: in the spandrils, on each side, are the founder's arms. The centre boss in the groining of the gateway is carved into a curious cross, composed of leaves, and surrounded with a crown of thorns: on the left is the door of the porter's lodge.‡ Passing through this gateway, the spectator sees, on his right, a long line of buildings, of the age of the original foundation, for the use of the brethren, each of whom has a house and garden to himself. On the left is an ambulatory, or cloister, 135 feet in length, and extending to the church on the south-east. Above the ambulatory is the ancient infirmary, and chambers called the Nuns's rooms, from their having been allotted to three hospital sisters on the foundation of Cardinal Beaufort. The centre of the court has a grass-plot, and gravel walks intersecting parterres of flowers, shrubs, &c.

Dr. Milner observes "the present establishment of St. Cross is but the wreck of its two ancient institutions; it having been severely fleeced, though not quite destroyed, like so many other hospitals at the Reformation. Instead of seventy residents, as well clergy as laity, who were here entirely supported, besides one hundred out-members, who daily received their meat and drink, the charity consists at present but of ten residing brethren and three out-pensioners, exclusive of one chaplain and the master. It is true, however, that certain "doles" of bread continue to be distributed to the poor of the neighbourhood; and what is, perhaps, the only vestige left in the kingdom of the simplicity and hospitality of ancient times, the porter is daily furnished with a certain quantity of good bread and beer, of which every traveller, or other person whosoever, that knocks at the lodge, and calls for relief, is entitled to partake gratuitously."

Such was the state of the charity when Dr. Milner wrote, or, in the year 1809. Our Correspondent, *P. Q.* has furnished us with the following information to the 20th of last May.

"The funds of this hospital are very ample; for, after providing the master (the present Earl of Guildford)§ with a liberal sinecure, supporting the brethren and servants, and upholding the very extensive buildings, there are distributed the following 'doles:'

"On the 3rd of May, 10th of August, and the eve of the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, and Christmas, annually, the whole of the brethren and the steward of the house assemble and form two lines or ranks, at sunset, within the door of the outer gateway; when, to every person (even to infants) who applies at the gate, is given a loaf of brown bread, weighing about three pounds. This distribution is continued until all the bread is given away; and if the applicants should exceed the loaves in number, to each of the

* Beauties of England and Wales, vol. vi. p. 108, Hants. Mr. Cunningham states these additions to have been made by Wykeham. We shall presently come to the details of Beaufort's additions to the building.

† A zealous Correspondent, *P. Q.*, whose contribution appears in the next page, describes this gateway as resembling St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, which Mr. Malcom thinks "one of the most perfect remains of monastic buildings in London." It consists of one capacious arch, with an arched mullioned window in the centre above it; and is flanked by two square towers. From this place issued the early numbers of the *Gentleman's Magazine;* and a wood-cut of the building appears to this day on the wrapper of that valuable work, which, for knowledge and utility, is as superior to the Magazine frippery of the present day as Michael Angelo to John Nash.

‡ Milner's Winchester, vol. ii. p. 146.

§ The present Earl succeeded to the title on the death of his cousin, Francis, the learned Chancellor of the University of the Ionian Islands, founded by himself, and which he richly endowed with a noble bequest and a splendid library. His Lordship is Rector of St. Mary's, Southampton, Old and New Abresford and Medstead, in Hampshire, a Prebendary of Winchester, and Master of St. Cross, Hospital.

Among many famous men who have presided over the Hospital, was Colonel John Lisle, of Moyles Court, Regicide, and M. P. for the City of Winchester.

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remaining persons is given an halfpenny, be they ever so numerous.

"These 'doles' are very beneficial to the poor of Winchester and vicinity; for to all who attend and obtain an early admission a loaf is given. I know, that when I was a boy, and never missed going to the 'doles,' some families, where the children were numerous, received from seven to ten loaves.

"Likewise every traveller who applies at the porter's lodge at the outer gate of this hospital is entitled to, and receives, a horn of good beer and a loaf or slice of bread. This demand is frequently made by persons of a different quality from that intended by the founder, for the sake of attesting the peculiarity of the custom. The quantity of bread given to each person is about four ounces—of beer about three-fourths of a pint."

We next proceed to describe the exterior of the venerable church: the *interior* will form the subject of a future article.

On entering the second court the first object that usually attracts attention is *the Church of St. Cross*, which extends a considerable distance into the court, and destroys its regularity on the east side. The exterior of the church is not altogether imposing. The windows, with one exception, are seen to disadvantage from without, and the whole building is enveloped in a shroud of yellow gravelly plaister, strangely dissonant with ideas of Norman masonry."* The church is built in the cathedral form, with a nave and transept, and a low and massive tower, rising from the intersection: the whole length of the church is 150 feet; the length of the transept is 120 feet. The architecture of this structure is singularly curious, and deserving the attention of the antiquary, as it appears to throw a light on the progress, if not on the origin, of the pointed or English style. Our Correspondent states the whole to have been repaired about twenty-two years since, at a very considerable expense.

* From a paper in *The Crypt*, an antiquarian journal, printed at Ringwood, Hants, in the year 1827. The writer observes that Dr. Milner has uniformly applied the term *Saxon* to the circular arches in this structure, as well as to similar specimens; but subsequent topographers have arrived at the more probable conclusion, that very slight remains, if any, now exist of ecclesiastical edifices by the Saxons.

The Public Journals.

SCRAPS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

O Poets, poets, dream at home,
If you would *still* have visions haunt you;
Trust me, if once abroad you roam,
That mar-all, Truth, will disenchant you.
Still think of VENICE, as in dreams
You've seen her, by her ocean-streams;—
Fancy the calm and cool delights
Of gondolas on summer nights:
Of sailing o'er the bright Lagoon,
And listening, as you glide along,
To lays from TASSO, by that moon
Whose beams, alas! he felt too strong;
And of whose mad'ning splitters all,
Who feel the Muse's genuine call,
Are doom'd, at times, to drink as deep,
As did Endymion in his sleep!

Still by your fire-sides sit, and think
Of palaces, along the brink
Of ocean-floods,—whose shadows there
Look like the ruins, grand and fair,
Of some lost ATALANTIS, seen
Beneath the wave, when heaven's serene.
People those palaces with forms
Lovely as TITIAN ever drew—
Bright creatures, whom the sunbeam warms
With that ethereal gas, all through,
Which finds a vent at lips and eyes,
And lights up in a lover's sighs.
Fancy these young Venetian maids
Listening, at night, to serenades
From amorous lutes, where Music, such
As southern skies alone afford,
Echoes to every burning touch,
And thrills in each impassion'd chord.

All this imagine, and still more,—
For whither may not Fancy soar,
If Truth do not, alas! too soon,
Puncture her brilliant air-balloon—
But go not to the spot, I pray;
O do not, *do* not, some fine day,
Order, like STERNE, your travelling breeches;—
All's lost, if once upon your way,
The passport of Lord ———
Is death to Fancy—like his speeches.

If you would save *some* dreams of youth
From the torpedo touch of Truth,
Go not to VENICE—do not blight
Your early fancies with the sight
Of her true, real, dismal state—
Her mansions, foul and desolate,—
Her close canals, exhaling wide
Such fetid airs as—with those domes
Of silent grandeur, by their side,
Where step of life ne'er goes or comes,
And those black barges plying round
With melancholy, plashing sound,—
Seem like a city, where the Pest
Is holding her last visitation,
And all, ere long, will be at rest,
The dead, sure rest of desolation.

So look'd, at night-fall, oft to me
That ruin'd City of the Sea;
And, as the gloomy fancy grew
Still darker with night's darkening hue,
All round me seem'd by Death o'ercast,—
Each footstep in those halls the last;
And the dim boats, as slow they pass'd,
All burial-barks, with each its load
Of livid corpses, feebly row'd
By fading hands, to find a bed
In waters less choked up with dead.—*Metropolitan.*

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By the Author of "Eugene Aram."

THE blow is struck—the lyre is shattered—the music is hushed at length. The greatest—the most various—the most commanding genius of modern times has left us to seek for that successor to his renown which, in all probability, a remote generation alone will furnish forth. It is true that we have been long prepared for the event—it does not fall upon us suddenly—leaf after leaf was stripped from that noble tree before it was felled to the earth at last;—our syn-

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pathy in his decay has softened us to the sorrow for his death. It is not now our intention to trace the character or to enumerate the works of the great man whose career is run;—to every eye that reads—every ear that hears—every heart that remembers, this much at least, of his character is already known,—that he had all the exuberance of genius and none of its excesses; that he was at once equitable and generous—that his heart was ever open to charity—that his life has probably been shortened by his scrupulous regard for justice. His career was one splendid refutation of the popular fallacy, that genius has of necessity vices—that its light must be meteoric—and its courses wayward and uncontrolled. He has left mankind two great lessons,—we scarcely know which is the most valuable. He has taught us how much delight one human being can confer upon the world; he has taught us also that the imagination may aspire to the wildest flights without wandering into error. Of whom else among our great list of names—the heir-looms of our nation—can we say that he has left us everything to admire, and nothing to forgive?

It is in four different paths of intellectual eminence that Sir Walter Scott has won his fame; as a poet, a biographer, an historian, and a novellist. It is not now a time (with the great man's clay scarce cold) to enter into the niceties of critical discussion. We cannot now weigh, and sift, and compare. We feel too deeply at this moment to reason well—but we ourselves would incline to consider him greatest as a poet. Never, indeed, has there been a poet so thoroughly Homeric as Scott—the battle—the feast—the council—the guard-room at Stirling—the dying warrior at Flodden—the fierce Bertram speeding up the aisle—all are Homeric;—all live—move—breathe and burn—alike poetry, but alike life! There is this difference, too, marked and prominent—between his verse and his prose;—the first is emphatically the verse of Scott—the latter (we mean in its style) may be the prose of any one—the striking originality, the daring boldness, the astonishing vigour of the style, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, are lost in *The Antiquary* and *Guy Mannering*.

Scott may be said, in prose, to have *no style*. There are those, we know, who call this very absence of style a merit—we will not dispute it: if it be so, Scott is the first great prose writer from Bacon to Gibbon,—nay, from Herodotus, in Greek, to Paul Courier, in French—who has laid claim to it. For our own part, we think him great, in spite of the want of style, and not because of it. As a biographer, he has been unfortunate in his subjects; the two most important of the various lives he has either delineated or sketched—that of Dryden and that of Swift—are men, to whose inexpiable baseness genius could neither give the dignity of virtue nor the interest of error.

As an historian, we confess that we prize him more highly than as a biographer: it is true that the same faults are apparent in both, but there is in the grand History of Napoleon more scope for redeeming beauties. His great, his unrivalled, excellence in description is here brought into full and ample display: his battles are vivid, with colours which no other historian ever could command. And all the errors of the history still leave scenes and touches of unrivalled majesty to the book.

As a novelist, Scott has been blamed for not imparting a more useful moral to his fictions, and for dwelling with too inconsiderate an interest on the chivalric illusions of the past. To charges of this nature all writers are liable. Mankind are divided into two classes; and he who belongs to the one will ever incur the reproach of not seeing through the medium of the other. Certain it is, that we, with utterly different notions on political truths from the great writer who is no more, might feel some regret—some natural pain—that that cause which we believe the best, was not honoured by his advocacy; but when we reflect on the *real* influence of his works, we are satisfied they have been directed to the noblest ends, and have embraced the largest circle of human interests. We do not speak of the delight he has poured forth over the earth—of the lonely hours he has charmed—of the sad hearts he has beguiled—of the beauty and the music which he has summoned to a world where all travail and none repose; this, indeed, is something—this, indeed, is a moral—this, indeed, has been a benefit to mankind. And this is a new corroborant of one among the noblest of intellectual truths, viz. that the books which please, are always books that, in one sense, benefit; and that the work which is largely and permanently popular—which sways, moulds, and softens the universal heart—cannot appeal to vulgar and unworthy passions (such appeals are never widely or long triumphant!); the delight it occasions is a proof of the moral it inspires.

But this power to charm and to beguile is not that moral excellence to which we refer. Scott has been the first great genius—Fielding alone excepted—who invited our thorough and uncondescending sympathy to the wide mass of the human family—who has *stricken* (for in this artificial world it requires an effort) into our hearts a love and a respect for those chosen from the people. Shakspeare has not done this—Shakspeare paints the follies of the mob with a strong and unfriendly hand. Where, in Skakspeare, is there a Jeanie Deans? Take up which you will of those numerous works which have

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appeared, from *Waverley* to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*,—open where you please, you will find portraits from the people—and your interest keeping watch beside the poor man's hearth. Not, in Scott, as they were in the dramatists of our language, are the peasant, the artificer, the farmer, dragged on the stage merely to be laughed at for their brogue, and made to seem ridiculous because they are useful.

He paints them, it is true, in their natural language, but the language is subservient to the character; he does not bow the man to the phrase, but the phrase to the man. Neither does he flatter on the one hand, as he does not slight on the other. Unlike the maudlin pastoralists of France he contents himself with the simple truth—he contrasts the dark shadows of Meg Merrilies, or of Edie Ochiltree, with the holy and pure lights that redeem and sanctify them—he gives us the poor, even to the gipsey and the beggar, as they really are—contented, if our interest is excited, and knowing that nature is sufficient to excite it. From the palaces of kings—from the tents of warriors, he comes—equally at home with man in all aspects—to the cotter's hearth:—he bids us turn from the pomp of the Plantagenets to bow the knee to the poor Jew's daughter—he makes us sicken at the hollowness of the royal Rothsay, to sympathize with the honest love of Hugh the smith. No never was there one—not even Burns himself—who forced us more intimately to acknowledge, or more deeply to feel, that

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd, for a' that."

* * * *

Scott, is not, we apprehend, justly liable to the charge of wanting a sound moral—even a great *political* moral—(and political morals are the greatest of all)—in the general tenor of works which have compelled the highest classes to examine and respect the lowest. In this, with far less learning, far less abstract philosophy, than Fielding, he is only exceeded by him in one character—(and that, indeed, the most admirable in English fiction)—the character of Parson Adams. Jeanie Deans is worth a thousand such as Fanny Andrews. Fielding, Le Sage, and Cervantes are the only three writers, since the world began, with whom, as a novelist, he can be compared. And perhaps he excels them, as Voltaire excelled all the writers of his nation, not by the superior merits of one work, but by the brilliant aggregate of many. *Tom Jones*, *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, are, without doubt, greater, *much* greater, productions than Waverley; but the *authors* of *Tom Jones*, *Gil Blas*, and even of *Don Quixote*, have not manifested the same fertile and mighty genius as the *author* of the Waverley Novels.

And *that* genius—seemingly so inexhaustible—is quenched at length! We can be charmed no more—the eloquent tongue is mute—the master's wand is broken up—the right hand hath forgot its cunning—the cord that is loosened was indeed of silver—and the bowl that is broken at the dark well was of gold beyond all price.

* * * *

When a great man dies, he leaves a chasm which eternity cannot fill. Others succeed to his fame—but never to the exact place which he held in the world's eye;—they may be greater than the one we have lost—but they are not he. Shakspeare built not his throne on the same site as Homer—nor Scott on that whence Shakspeare looked down upon the universe. The gap which Scott leaves in the world is the token of the space he filled in the homage of his times. A hundred ages hence our posterity will still see that wide interval untenanted—a vast and mighty era in the intellectual world, which will prove how spacious were "the city and the temple, whose summit has reached to Heaven."

New Monthly Magazine.

TO A ROSE.

THE THOUGHT FROM THE ITALIAN.

Queen of Flora's emerald bowers,
Imperial Rose, thou flower of flowers,
Wave thy moss-enwreathen stem,
Wave thy dewy diadem;
Thy crimson luxury unfold,
And drink the sunny blaze of gold.

O'er the Zephyr, sportive minion,
Spreads the blue, aurelian pinion.
Now in love's low whispers winging,
Now in giddy fondness clinging,
With all a lover's warmth he wooes thee,
With all a lover's wiles pursues thee.

And thou wilt yield, and thou wilt give
The sigh that none can breathe and live.
Like lovelier things, deluded flower,
Thy date is short; the very hour
That sees thee flourish, sees thee fade;
Thy blush, thy being, all a shade.
Yet, flower, I'll lay thee on a shrine,
That makes thy very death divine.

Couch'd on a bed of living snows,
Then breathe thy last, too happy rose!
Sweet Queen, thou'lt die upon a throne,
Where even thy sweetness is outdone;
Young weeper, thou shalt close thine eyes
Beside the gates of Paradise.
On my Idalia's bosom, thou,
Beneath the lustres of her brow,
Like pilgrims, all their sorrows past,
On Heaven their dying glances cast,
Thy crimson beauty shalt recline,
Oh, that thy rapturous fate were mine!

Blackwood's Magazine.

New Books.

LIVES OF SCOTTISH WORTHIES, VOL. II.,

[Or the 34th volume of the *Family Library*, is rife with interesting details of the proudest æras of Scottish history; but more especially of the chivalric courses of Robert Bruce and James the First. We quote half-a-dozen

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vividly written pages, from the former, describing the memorable

Siege of Berwick, in 1319.]

Considering the importance of Berwick, and the care and expense with which it had been fortified by the king, it was natural that any attempt against it should be viewed with much interest; and when it was known that the son-in-law of Bruce,—a young warrior, whose high rank was rendered more conspicuous by the services he had already rendered to the country,—had been selected as its governor, and that the whole army of England, headed by king Edward, and under the command of the flower of the nobility, had invested it by sea and land, the intense interest with which the siege was watched by both countries may be easily imagined. It concluded, however, in the complete triumph of the steward, and the repulse of the English army; yet not before every device then known in the rude engineering of the times had been essayed by the besiegers, and effectually baffled by the ingenuity and persevering courage of the enemy. After their earthen mounds had been completed, the English, on St. Mary's eve, made a simultaneous assault both by land and by sea. Whilst their force, led by the bravest of their captains, and carrying with them, besides their usual offensive arms, the ladders, crows, pick-axes, and other assistances for an escalade, rushed onwards to the walls with the sound of their trumpets, and the display of innumerable banners, a large vessel, prepared for the purpose, was towed towards the town from the mouth of the river. She was filled with armed soldiers, a party of whom were placed in her boat drawn up mid-mast high; whilst to the bow of the boat was fixed a species of drawbridge, which it was intended to drop upon the wall, and thus afford a passage from the vessel into the town. Yet these complicated preparations failed of success, although seconded by the greatest gallantry; and the English, after being baffled in every attempt to fix their ladders and maintain themselves upon the walls, were compelled to retire, leaving their vessel to be burnt by the Scots, who slew many of her crew, and made prisoner the engineer who superintended and directed the attack.

This unsuccessful attack was, after five days' active preparation, followed by another still more desperate, in which the besiegers made use of a huge machine moving upon wheels, and including several platforms or stages, which held various parties of armed soldiers, who were defended by a strong roofing of boards and hides, beneath which they could work their battering-rams with impunity. To co-operate with this unwieldy and bulky instrument, which, from its shape and covering, they called a "sow," movable scaffolds had been constructed, of such a height as to overtop the walls, from which they proposed to storm the town; and, instead of a single vessel, as on the former occasion, a squadron of ships, with their top castles manned by picked bodies of archers, and their armed boats slung mast high, were ready to sail in with the tide, and anchor beneath the walls. Aware of these great preparations, the Scots, under the encouragement and direction of their governor, laboured incessantly to be in a situation to render them unavailing. By Crab, the Flemish engineer, machines similar to the Roman catapult, moving on wheels, and of enormous strength and dimensions, were constructed and placed on the walls at the spot where it was expected the sow would make its approach. In addition to this, they fixed a crane upon the rampart, armed with iron chains and grappling hooks, and large masses of combustibles and fire-faggots, shaped like tuns, and composed of pitch and flax, bound strongly together with tar ropes, were piled up in readiness for the attack. At different intervals on the walls were fixed the espringalds for the discharge of their heavy darts, which carried on their barbed points little bundles of flaming tow dipped in oil or sulphur; the ramparts were lined by the archers, spearmen, and cross-bows; and to each leader was assigned a certain station, to which he could repair on a moment's warning.

Having inspected his whole works, the steward cheerfully and confidently awaited the attack; to which the English moved forward in great strength, and led by the king in person, on the 13th of September. Irritated by their late repulse, and animated by the presence of their nobility, the different squadrons rushed forward with an impetuosity which at first defied all efforts to repel them; so that the ladders were fixed, the ditch filled up by fascines, and the ramparts attacked with an impetuous valour which promised to carry all before it. But the Scots, who knew their own strength, allowed this ebullition of gallantry to expend itself; and, after a short interval advanced with levelled spears in close array, and with a weight and resolution which effectually checked the enemy. Considerable ground, however, had been gained in the first assault; and the battle was maintained, from sunrise till noon, with excessive obstinacy on both sides; but it at last concluded in favour of the resolution and endurance of the Scots, who repulsed the enemy on every quarter, and cleared their ramparts of their assailants. At this moment, by Edward's orders, the sow began its advance towards the walls; and the cran, or catapult, armed with a mass of rock, was seen straining its timbers, and taking its aim against the approaching monster. On

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the first discharge the stone flew far beyond; and, as its conductors hurried forward the immense machine, the second missile fell short of it. A third block of granite was now got ready, and an English engineer who had been taken prisoner was commanded, on pain of death, to direct the aim; whilst the sow was moving forward with a rapidity which in a few seconds must have brought it to the foot of the walls. All gazed on for an instant in breathless suspense,—but only for an instant. The catapult was discharged,—a loud booming noise in the air accompanied the progress of its deadly projectile,—and, in a moment afterwards, a tremendous crash, mingled with the shrieks of the victims and the shouts of the soldiers from the walls, declared the destruction of the huge machine. It had been hit so truly, that the stone passed through the roofs, shivering its timbers into a thousand pieces; and crushing and mangling in a frightful manner the unhappy soldiers who manned its different platforms. As those amongst them who escaped rushed out from its broken fragments, the Scottish soldiers, imitating the witticism of black Agnis at the siege of Dunbar, shouted out that the English sow had farrowed. Crab now cast his chains and grappling-hooks over the ruins of the machine, and, dragging it nearer the walls, poured down his combustibles in such quantity, that it was soon consumed to ashes. The complete failure in this land attack seems to have cast a damp over the naval operations; and, although the ships attempted to move on to the walls at flood-tide, they were driven back without difficulty; whilst a last effort to enter the city by burning the gate of St. Mary's was repulsed by the steward in person. It was now near night-fall; and, foiled on every side, the English entirely withdrew from the assault.

NUMISMATICS.

[Addison, in commenting on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, says, "A series of an Emperor's Coins is his life digested into Annals." Who shall, therefore, gainsay the the utility of *A Numismatic Manual, or Guide to the Study of Coins.* The author, Mr. John Y. Akerman, does not intend his volume exclusively for the use of the experienced medallist, so that much popular interest may be expected in its pages. The title bespeaks its contents, but we quote a few brief extracts relating to rare English coins.]

Ecclesiastic Money.—This money was coined by prelates prior to the Norman Conquest. Of these there are pennies of Jaenbearht, archbishop of Canterbury, with the reverse of Offa, king of Mercia, Aethileard, Wulfred, Ceolnoth, Plegmund, and Ethered. They are all extremely rare, excepting those of Ceolnoth, which are not so rare as the others. Besides these there are pennies of St. Martin, coined at Lincoln, and St. Peter's pennies, struck at York, which are supposed to be as old as the time of the Heptarchy. Those of St. Edmund, coined at Bury, are prior to the Norman Conquest. The pennies of St. Paul are, it would seem, by the cross and pellets on the reverse, not older than the reign of Henry III.

All Stephen's money is very scarce, and one or two types are exceedingly rare. At a sale in London, in 1827, the penny of Stephen with the horseman's mace, brought thirteen pounds. His coins are generally very rude and illegible. This king coined pennies only.

The groat of Edward I. is of the first rarity.* The pennies of Hadleigh, Chester, and Kingston, are scarce; the other pennies are extremely common, and scarcely a year passes without a discovery of new hoards. The half-pennies and farthings are somewhat scarce. From this time to the reign of Henry VII., the English coins bear a great resemblance to each other.

Edward IV.—The groats common, except those of Norwich and Coventry, spelled "Norwic" and Covetre." The half-groat and halfpenny scarce, the penny and farthing rare. The Bristol penny is extremely rare.

Richard III.—All this king's coins are very rare, except the groat, which is less rare than the others, some groats having lately been discovered. The Canterbury-penny of Richard III. CIVITAS CANTOR, supposed *unique*, sold at a public sale a short time since, for seven pounds ten shillings. The Durham penny of the same king brought four guineas.

Henry VII.—Folkes, in his *Table of English Silver Coins*, after describing the various pieces coined by Henry VII., says, "We may further in this place take notice of a very uncommon and singular coin, charged with the royal arms, but without a name. The arms are surmounted with an arched crown, and placed between a *fleur-de-lis* and a rose, legend DOMINE-SALVVM. FAC. REGEM; on the other side is *fleur-de-lis* and a lion of England, and an arched crown between them above, and a rose below, with this inscription, MANA. TECKEL. PHARES. 1494. An English lion also for a mint mark. It is, by the make and size, a French groat, and is supposed to have been coined by the Duchess of Burgundy,

* The groat of Edward I. sold for five and a half guineas, at a public sale in London, in March, 1827. It is quite evident that the effigies of the English monarchs on their coins are not *likenesses*, until the time of Henry VIII. whatever the ingenious may say to the contrary. Some have supposed that the rude figures on the Saxon coins are likenesses, but the idea is ridiculous. Folkes, in his "Table of English Silver Coins," remarks that the Kings of England are represented *bearded* on their great seals, but always *smooth-faced* on their coins.

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for Perkin Warbeck, when he set out to invade England." There are also half-groats of this coinage, with the same date, one of which brought *twenty guineas* at a sale in London in 1827.

Milled Money.—The artist first employed on the milled money of England was a Frenchman, named Philip Mestrelle, who was executed at Tyburn, on the 27th of January, 1569, having been found guilty of making counterfeit money.

Charles I.—The obsidional, or *siege pieces*, struck by the partizans of this monarch during the civil wars, are extremely interesting, and, with the exception of those coined at Newark, are all rare. They may be known by their shape from every other English coin, as well as by their legends. Those of Newark are of a diamond or lozenge form, some are octangular, and others of a shape that would puzzle a geometrician. Some have the rude representation of a castle; others, a crown; and many have the initials, C. R., and the legend DVM . SPIRO . SPERO.

Oliver Cromwell.—The coins of Oliver were the production of the inimitable Simon, whose works are to this day admired and prized. Some have doubted whether they ever were in circulation, but it is now pretty generally allowed that they were.

Charles II.—The milled money of this king is of a very different style, and has the head laureated. All the pieces of this coinage are common. To the eternal disgrace of Charles, he encouraged an artist whom he had brought over from Antwerp, and gave the preference to his works before those of Simon, who produced in the year 1663, a pattern crown of most extraordinary workmanship, *on the edge of which* was the following petition in two lines:

"THOMAS SIMON *most humbly prays your* MAJESTY *to compare this his tryal-piece with the Dutch, and if more truly drawn and embossed, more gracefully ordered, and more accurately engraven, to relieve him.*"

To any one but the heartless profligate whose portrait occupied the obverse of the medal, this appeal would have been irresistible, but it does not appear that the unfortunate artist was relieved. He probably died of grief and disappointment at the unjust preference shown to his rival.

James II.—The base money struck by James the Second, in Ireland, in 1689 and 1690, is common, except the crown of white metal, with the figure of James on horseback. Some of his half-crowns and shillings were struck of metal, the produce of old cannon, which were melted down for the purpose, and are in consequence termed "gun money."

Anne's Farthing.—The common current farthing of Anne is scarce, but scarcer with the broad rim. The patterns of 1713 and 1714 are rare, but those with the reverse of Britannia under a kind of arch, or with Peace in a car drawn by two horses, and the legend PAX MISSA PER ORBEM, are the scarcest of all.

At a public sale of the coins of the late Mr. Dimsdale, the banker, the Oxford crown with the city under the horse, was knocked down at sixty-nine pounds. At the same time the rial of Mary brought sixty-three pounds, and the rial of Elizabeth twenty-one pounds ten shillings.

A friend of the author is of opinion, that the coins of Henry VII., with the head *in profile*, are the first English money bearing a likeness of the sovereign.

[The work is illustrated with several lithographic *fac similia* of coins; and the vignette is from a very beautiful gold coin of Hiero II. of Syracuse, in the possession of Mr. Till, of Great Russell-street, Covent-garden. This morsel of antiquity, not larger than one's little finger nail, must be upwards of *two thousand* years old!

The Gatherer.

The Red Sea.—The water of the Red Sea is so very clear, that Mr. Buckingham read on the wooden stock of an anchor the name of the ship at the depth of 25 fathoms (150 feet). T. GILL.

Curious Appeal.—Philip, Alexander's father, gave sentence against a prisoner at a time he was drowsy, and seemed to give small attention. The prisoner, after sentence was pronounced, said, I appeal: the king, somewhat stirred, said, To whom do you appeal? The prisoner answered, From Philip, when he gave *no ear*, to Philip, when he shall give *ear*.—*Bacon.*

An Emperor's Crown kicked off his head by the Pope.—Pope Celestine III. kicked the Emperor Henry IV.'s crown off his head, while kneeling, to show his prerogative of making and unmaking kings. T. GILL.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 570.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

(Wilkes's Cottage.)

NOTES FROM A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION IN THE ISLAND.

By a Correspondent.

Although the roads of the island have within the last twenty years been rendered passable for vehicles of all kinds, even to stage coaches, yet by far the best mode of inspecting this English Arcadia is to travel through it on foot, commencing at Ryde.

From this town a footpath leads across the park and grounds of St. John's into the high road which may be followed to Brading. About a mile from that place is Nunwell, the seat of Sir W. Oglander; and opposite is a delightful view of Bembridge (the birthplace of Madame de Feuchares) and Brading Harbour, which at high water presents to the eye a rich, deep, green colour, with an increased effect from being surveyed through the long line of tall elms on the road side. Brading boasts of a mayor and corporation, and formerly sent a member to parliament, which privilege was abolished by Queen Elizabeth. The town is of high antiquity, as is also the church, which tradition says was the first built in the island. It contains few monuments of interest or note, but the surrounding burial-ground can boast of a collection of epitaphs and inscriptions which are above mediocrity. The following to the memory of Miss Barry by the Rev. Mr. Gill has been rendered celebrated by the admirable music of Dr. Calcott:

Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the realms of bliss.
No more confined to grov'ling scenes of night—
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

On a rising ground at the end of the town is the Mall; at the entrance of which the earth reverberates to the tread of horses' feet in a manner similar to that produced by riding over a bridge or hollow. It is most probably occasioned by a natural cleft in the chalk beneath the gravel road. Here the tourist should rest to enjoy a scene of unrivalled beauty. On the left, below the road, lies the town of Brading, and more remote,

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St. Helen's Road, and the opposite coasts of Portsmouth and Southsea. In front, at the foot of the hill, are the rich levels, with the sinuous river Yar slowly winding towards the harbour, with the full broad front of Bembridge Down interrupting the marine view, which is again presented on the right from the village of Sandown to the extremity of Shanklin. At the foot of Brading Hill the road divides itself into two branches. The one to the right leads direct to Shanklin, over Morton Common: the other to the left lies through Yarbridge to Yaverland and Sandown. We recommend the latter, as the farm-house and church at Yaverland are worthy of notice. The former is a fine capacious stone building, of the time of James I., containing some well executed specimens of carved oak. The church is annexed to the house, and has a curious semicircular doorway. Culver Cliffs, about a mile and a half from Yaverland, may be approached by a footpath across the fields, which will also lead to Hermit's Hole, a cavern of great depth in the side of the cliff. These cliffs were much celebrated for a choice breed of falcons, which were esteemed so highly by Queen Elizabeth, that she procured the birds regularly from the Culver Cliffs, and they were trained with much care for her majesty's own use. On the shore beneath, but more towards Sandown, near what is called the Red Cliff, (from the colour of the soil,) many fossil remains have been lately discovered; some of animals of a gigantic size.

Sandown Fort is the next object in the road to Shanklin. "It commands the bay from which it derives its name, and is a low, square building flanked by four bastions, and encompassed by a ditch. A small garrison is kept in it. This fort commands the only part of the coast of the island where an enemy could land. A castle was built near this by Henry VIII., and its establishment in that monarch's reign was, a captain, at 4*s.* per day; an under captain, at 2*s.*; thirteen soldiers, at 6*d.* per day each; one porter, at 8*d.*; one master gunner, at 8*d.*; and seven other gunners, at 6*d.* per day. Fee 363*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* It was erected to defend the only accessible place of debarkation on the coast from the hostile visits the island had in this and the preceding reign been so often subjected to; but, from the encroachments of the sea, it was deemed necessary, in the time of Charles I. to remove the old structure, and with the materials to construct the present building. The arms of Richard Weston, Earl of Portland, are carved in the panels of the chimney-piece in the drawing-room, with the supporters, and collar of the Garter, and implements of war."*

* From Sheridan's *Guide to the Isle of Wight*—one of the best books of the kind that has lately fallen under our notice.

About half a mile from the Fort is Sandown Cottage, formerly the elegant retreat of the celebrated John Wilkes, the chief star in the political horizon, during the administration of the Earl of Bute. The cottage is situated as the Engraving shows, near the shore of Sandown Bay, which extends about six miles, the eastern extremity being terminated by the chalky cliffs of Culver, and the south-western by the craggy rocks of the mountainous part of Dunnose. The house is small, and has been elegantly fitted up; in the gardens were some detached and pleasant apartments, constructed with floorcloth of Kensington manufacture. But the labours of Wilkes's retirement have been swept away, and there is scarcely a relic

Where once the garden smiled.

Shanklin may be approached by the sea shore at low water or by Lake and Hillyards, if the high road be preferred. At this delightful village seem assembled all the charms of rural scenery, hill, wood, valley, corn field and water; aided by the wide extended ocean, reaching to the eastern horizon, with the majestic white cliffs of Culver at the extremity of the bay on the left, and the long range of cliffs of every hue and colour gradually declining in height as the eye glances along to the cottages of Sandown, and then again imperceptibly rising to their highest point of elevation.

The situation of the village of Shanklin is as romantic as any of the lovers of nature can desire. The salubrity of the atmosphere and the proximity of the village to the sea may account for the extraordinary growth of the myrtle-tree, which attains here an astonishing height. Virgil tells us this plant is best cultivated on the sea side; but every maritime situation is not congenial, unless a protection is afforded from the cold northerly winds.

The chief attraction of Shanklin is the Chine. This is a natural fissure or cleft in the earth, running from the village to the sea in a circuitous direction and increasing in width and depth as it approaches the shore. It was most probably formed by the long continued running of a stream of water from the adjoining hills; this now forms a cascade at the commencement of the path which has been formed in the side to facilitate strangers in exploring their way through the rocks and underwood. But the admirers of sublime nature will mourn the ruthless devastation that has thus been made, ostensibly for the public benefit, to serve private interest. In the Chine is a chalybeate spring, highly impregnated with iron and alum, and of course beneficial in cases of debility and nervous affections.

C. R. S.

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LINES TO ——.

Life's earliest sweets are wasted,
And time impatient flies;
The flowers of youth are blasted,
Their lingering beauty dies.
Yet my bosom owns a pleasure,
That no icy breath can chill;—
'Tis thy friendship, dearest treasure,
For my hopes are with thee still.

Though mine eye, by sorrow shaded,
Drops the solitary tear,
O'er remember'd joys, now faded,
To young love and rapture dear.
E'en the retrospective feeling,
Leaves a momentary thrill;
All the wounds of sorrow healing,
For my hopes are with thee still.

Though I've bid adieu to pleasure,
With her giddy, fleeting train;
And her song of joyous measure,
I may never raise again.
Yet the chilling gloom of sadness,
Waving o'er me, brooding ill,
Emits one ray of gladness,
For my hopes are with thee still.

When the reckless world is sleeping,
And the star of eve shines gay;
While the night winds softly creeping
O'er the waters, die away;
When the moonbeams softly playing,
Silver o'er the glistening rill;
'Tis to thee my thoughts are straying,
For my hopes are with thee still.

When the fragrant breath of morning
Wanders o'er the silent dews;
And flowers the vale adorning,
Do their balmy sweets diffuse.
When the orb of day appearing,
From behind the distant hill,
Gilds the landscape bright and cheering,
E'en my hopes are with thee still.

Leeds. J. B. Walker.

ANTIQUITY OF MALT LIQUOR.

Malt Liquor appears to have had its origin in the attention paid by an eastern sovereign to the comfort and health of his soldiers; as we are informed by the historian Xenophon, that "the virtuous Cyrus" having observed the good effects that water in which parched barley had been steeped, produced, exhorted and commanded his troops to drink this liquor; the historian entitled it "*Maza*." It is highly probable that Cyrus adopted this drink to counteract the ill effects of impure and foul water (which had done lasting injury to other warriors of his time), which is so common in warm, sunny climates; as Pliny informs us, that if water be impure or corrupted, by putting fried barley into it, in less than two hours, it will be pure and sweet; that its bad effects will have evaporated, and that it then may be drunk with perfect safety; he further adds that, this is the reason why we are in the habit of "putting barley-meal into the 'wine-strainers' through which we pass our wines, that they may be refined, purified, and drawn the sooner." The information conveyed to our readers by Pliny, may be made of great practical use and benefit by mariners, to whom sweet water is such a desideratum; and is as important to those who traverse the arid deserts of Africa, where sweet water is so seldom found.

That the ancients used the "juice of the grape," and that almost as a common drink, has never been doubted by the most cursory reader of history; the knowledge of this liquor being nearly coeval with the first formation of society. In the Book of Genesis we read that Noah after the flood planted a vineyard, "*manufactured*" wine, and got intoxicated with this "nectar fit for gods." Beer can likewise boast of as great antiquity. Its use was not unknown by the Egyptians; as we are informed by Herodotus that the people of Egypt made use of *a kind of wine* made from dried barley, because no vines grew in that country. According to Tacitus, in his time beer was the common drink of the Germans, who drank it in preference to that more stimulating (if not more nutritious) liquor, wine. We are also informed by Pliny, that it was made and was in common use amongst the Gauls, and by many of their neighbours. The name he gave to this drink was "*cerevisia*," which evidently alludes to the article from which it was composed. Although these nations held this liquor in such estimation, there has been no record to inform us of their mode of preparing it.

Ale was introduced into our country centuries ago, by our Saxon ancestors, and it was not long ere it became the favourite and common drink of all classes of society. Their habit of drinking it out of skulls, at their feasts, is well known to the reader of romance. It was then, as it is now, commonly sold at houses of entertainment to the people. After the Norman Conquest, the vine was very extensively planted in England, but was drunk alone, as a chronicle of that time says, "by the wise and the learned;" the people did not lose their relish for the beverage of their forefathers, and wine was never held in much respect by them. Hops had hitherto not been used in the composition of beer; but about the fifteenth century they were introduced by the brewers of the Netherlands with great success; from them we adopted the practice, and they came into general use about two centuries afterwards. Some historians have affirmed that Henry VI. forbade the planting of hops; but it is certain that "bluff King Hal" ordered brewers to put neither hops *nor sulphur* into their ale. The taste of the nation in the reign of Henry VI. seems to have changed, as we find in the records of that time that extensive "privileges" (*monopolies* these *enlightened* times would have called them) were annexed to hop-grounds. In the reign of James I. the produce of hop-grounds were insufficient for the consumption, and a law was made against the introduction of "spoilt hops." Walter Blithe, in his *Improver Improved*, published

in 1649, (3rd edit. 1653) has a chapter upon improvements by plantations of hops, which has this striking passage. He observes that "hops were then grown to be a national commodity; but that it was not many years since the famous city of London petitioned the Parliament of England against two nuisances; and these were, Newcastle coals, in regard to their stench, &c., and hops, in regard they would *spoyl the taste of drink*, and endanger the people: and, had the Parliament been no wiser than they, we had in a measure pined, and in a great measure starved; which is just answerable to the principles of those men who cry down all devices, or ingenious discoveries, as projects, and therefore stifle and choak improvements." According to a late writer, in the year 1830, there were 46,727 acres occupied in the cultivation of hops in Great Britain alone.

Thirty millions of bushels of barley are annually converted into malt by the breweries of Great Britain; and upwards of eight millions of barrels of beer (of which more than four-fifths are strong) are brewed annually. This enormous consumption attests the fondness of the people for the beverage of their forefathers. E. J. H.

A PERSIAN FABLE.

Imitated from the Latin of Sir W. Jones.

Whoe'er his merit under-rates,
The worth which he disclaims, creates.
It chanc'd a single drop of rain
Slip'd from a cloud into the main:
Abash'd, dispirited, amaz'd,
At last her small, still voice she rais'd:
"Where, and what am I?—Woe is me!
"What a mere drop in such a sea!"
An oyster, yawning where she fell,
Entrap'd the vagrant in his shell;
And there concocted in a trice,
Into an orient pearl of price.
Such is the best and brightest gem,
In Britain's royal diadem.* E. B. J.

* See page 330.

Fine Arts.

HOSPITAL OF ST. CROSS, HANTS.

(*Concluded from page* 219.)

Interior of the Church.

Dr. Milner considers the entire fabric as the work of Bishop de Blois, with the exception of the front and upper story of the west end, which are of a later date, and seem to have been altered to their present form about the time of Wykeham. The vaulting of this part was evidently made by the second founder, Beaufort, whose arms, together with those of Wykeham, and of the Hospital, are seen in the centre orbs of it: that at the east end, by the Saxon ornaments with which it is charged, bespeaks the workmanship of the first founder, De Blois. "The building before us," Dr. Milner further observes, "seems to be a collection of architectural essays, with respect to the disposition and form, both of the essential parts and of the subordinate ornaments. Here we find the ponderous Saxon pillar, of the same dimensions in its circumference as in its length, which, however supports an incipient pointed arch. The windows and arches are some of them short, with semicircular heads; and some of them immoderately long, and terminating like a lance; others are of the horse-shoe form, of which the entry into the north porch is the most curious specimen:* in one place, (on the east side of the south transept,) we have a curious triangular arch. The capitals and bases of the columns vary alternately in their form, as well as in their ornaments: the same circumstance is observable in the ribs of the arches, especially in the north and south aisles, some of them being plain, others profusely embellished, and in different styles, even within the same arch. Here we view almost every kind of Saxon and Norman ornaments, the chevron, the billet, the hatched, the pillet, the fret, the indented, the nebulé, and the wavey, all superbly executed."†

The lower part of the Nave, as we have already seen, is the most ancient, and allowed to be the work of De Blois. A portion is included within the choir by throwing back a high wooden screen, within which reclines the full-length figure, in brass, of John de Campden, the friend of Wykeham, who appointed him master of the Hospital. "The arches which separate the nave from its aisles are pointed; but the columns are of enormous compass, their circumference being equal to their height; the capitals are varied, the bases square, and three out of the four decorated at the angles with huge bosses of flowers. The roof is simple, with the arms of Beaufort, Wykeham, and others, at the intersections of the ribs, which spring from corbel heads." The great western window consists of four parts; on each side are two lights terminating in a distinct arch; in the centre, one light of larger dimensions; and over these, a Catherine wheel composed of three triangles. The whole is filled with painted glass, a small portion of which is ancient; the remainder was presented in 1788, by Dr. Lockman, the late master. Dr. Milner terms it curious: but the critic of *The Crypt* refers to it as "an exemplification of how much trash and vulgarity in the art can be crowded into a certain compass."‡ Be-

* The writer of the paper in *The Crypt*, already referred to, observes that the above arch is not what he understands by *horse-shoe:* "it is, in fact, one of those short, wide doorways, used both early and late, the proportions of which we know not how to describe better than as the earliest pointed arch curtailed of about one-half its usual height betwixt the base and capital. The entrance to St. John's House, Winton, is a good example.

† Milner's Winchester, vol. ii. p. 149.

‡ We should imagine *The Crypt* Correspondent to be no enthusiastic admirer of ancient painted glass,

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neath this window stands a double doorway, surmounted by a small quatrefoil window of like colours, enclosed within a pointed arch. The exterior view of this portal is very fine, and Messrs. Brayley and Britton place it next to the east end, (which is hardly of later date than 1135,) in gradation of style, and refer to it as "an elegant specimen of the time of King John, or the early part of the reign of Henry the Third."* Dr. Milner describes this portal as "one of the first specimens of a canopy over a pointed arch, which afterwards became so important a member in this style of architecture:" he also refers to the window above it as "one of the earliest specimens of a great west window, before transoms, and ramified mullions, were introduced; and therefore the western end of the church must have been altered to receive this and the door beneath it, about the beginning of the thirteenth century, the eastern extremity of the church being left, as it still continues, in its original state. There is a plain canopy, without any appearance of a pediment over the arch of this window, like that over the portal."†

"In the North Aisle, a little to the left as you enter from the porch, stands a very ancient granite font, perhaps of Saxon workmanship; the basin is round, but the exterior form is square, and, although mounted on mean stone, still maintains its station upon a raised space of Saxon brick; a circumstance worthy of remark, as the original situation of the font has of late occasioned some little controversy. It is also curious, that the walls on the south side should be far less massive than those on the north, though both unquestionably of the same æra. The windows in each aisle are, for the most part, circular, and each is decorated occasionally with Norman capitals and groinings."‡ The aisles, on each side, are much lower than the body of the nave; and in the north aisle is a cinquefoil arch, with Gothic canopy and crockets, resting on short columns of Purbeck stone, over an elegant altar tomb. A modern inscription assigns it to "Petrus de Sancta Maria, 1295."

The transepts display a variety of arches and windows, of irregular arrangement, both round and pointed. Some of those in the south seem to have opened into chancels or recesses, and some probably were mere cupboards: but in the north wall of the opposite transept are two arches communicating with the *sick chambers* of the Hospital, by opening which "the patients, as they lay in their beds, might attend to the divine services going forward." Both these transepts are profusely enriched with embattled and other mouldings. One window on the east side of each has been so contrived as to throw the light in a sloping direction into the body of the church, instead of reflecting it directly, and to less purpose, on the opposite wall; that in the north retains a portion of its painted glass, but the corresponding one in the south has been blocked up.

We have already spoken of the aisles attached to the sides of the choir, and their beautiful embellishments. Each is decorated with three circular-headed windows, and exhibits a few traces of its ancient altars. That towards the north contains a very curious piscina, fixed upon a pillar, and with small holes pierced round a raised centre, precisely resembling a modern sink. There are likewise the remains of several pedestals, on which images may be supposed to have once stood.

"The choir extends, according to modern arrangement, beyond the tower into the nave itself. The tower rises very nobly upon four slender columns, terminating in pointed arches but with Norman capitals. The lantern is lighted by four lancet windows on each side, the two centre ones not being open. The oaken roof is plain, and supported by very large beam-heads. Eastward from this point, the vaultings of the roof are square, with broad, simple groinings. Beneath, are two ranges of windows, running quite round the chancel, and decorated with an amazing variety of mouldings. Those below form the grand characteristic of this venerable pile, being likewise *circular; but so intersecting one another as to form perfect and beautiful pointed arches.*" This then is the hypothesis of Dr. Milner towards the settlement of the controverted origin of the *pointed* or *English* style of architecture. It is, probably, the most reasonable of all solutions. Sir Christopher Wren's account of a Saracenic origin was vague and unsupported; and Warburton's deduction from groves and interlacing boughs, though ingeniously illustrated by the late Sir James Hall, has more prettiness than probability. Dr. Milner's "intersecting hypothesis," as it is technically termed, is brief and simple: "De Blois," he says, "having resolved to ornament the whole sanctuary of his church with intersecting semicircles, conceived the idea of opening them, by way of windows, which at once produced a series of highly-pointed arches." Hence arose the seeming paradox, that "the intersection of two circular arches in the church of St. Cross, produced Salisbury steeple." Conclusive as this hypothesis may appear, it has been much controverted, and among its opponents have been men of great practical knowledge in architecture. Messrs.

unless of the first order of execution. It must be confessed that some ancient specimens have been immoderately over-rated, and the olden art has altogether been enveloped in such mystery as to cause *moders* attempts to be unfairly estimated.

* Beauties of England, vol. vi. p. 111.

† Essays on Gothic Architecture, 1802, p. 144, 148.

‡ *The Crypt*, No. vii. p. 168.

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Brayley and Britton observe "though the specimens referred to by Dr. Milner may not entirely warrant the above supposition, yet they clearly mark the gradation by which the Saxon and Norman styles of architecture were abandoned, for the more enriched and beautiful order that has conferred so much celebrity on the ecclesiastical architects of this country."* The clever writer in *The Crypt* remarks "the history of the science appears so easy and natural according to Dr. Milner's hypothesis, and so many difficulties must be softened down, so many discordances reconciled, according to any other, as to go a very great way towards establishing the credibility of his idea. Here then is a complete history of an invention, for which every quarter of the globe has been ransacked. And, be it remembered, that the pointed arch did not first display itself in those magnificent proportions, which would have accompanied it from the beginning, if brought over from foreign climes in its full perfection; but exactly in that want of proportion, which was the natural result of the intersection."†

To return to the choir. On each side of the altar is curious and elegant Gothic spire-work; and traces may be seen of ancient stone work, all that now remains of the high altar. The wooden altar-screen is described as "execrable enough; but sixteen stalls in the choir, which are referred to the time of Henry VII., are ingeniously ornamented with "carved figures of illustrious scripture personages."‡

The pavement throughout the church is still chiefly composed of glazed tiles, "called and supposed to be Roman; though upon some of them we clearly see the hatched and other Saxon ornaments," and upon others the monosyllables HATH MYNDE (*Remember*) in the black letter characters used in the fifteenth century. There are passages running round each story, and communicating with the tower; but, "with all its magnificence, the general aspect of the interior is sadly disfigured by a thick coating of yellow ochre." (*The Crypt.*)

Such is the venerable pile of St. Cross, surrounded by some of the finest scenery in the county. Our Correspondent *P. Q.* earnestly observes "it was in and near this hospital that he was educated; in its noble church he was a chorister, and his feelings of veneration for the whole establishment, dedicated to the highest of Christian virtues, will never be effaced." Would that every heart beamed with so amiable a sense of gratitude. Reverting to the ancient purposes of the foundation it is to be feared they are not realized with the poet's prediction: that

> Lasting charity's more ample sway,
> Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
> In happy triumph shall for ever live.—PRIOR.

* Beauties of England, vol. vi. p. 110.

† The specimens at St. Cross were considered by Dr. Milner to be the earliest instances of the experiment, but the Abbey of Clugny, and several other edifices have disputed its claim to priority.—*The Crypt*, No. 8.

‡ These have been engraved by Mr. Carter, for his Specimens of Ancient Sculpture, together with the Brass in memory of John de Campden, &c.

The Naturalist.

THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER.

COWPER eloquently says

> There is glory in the grass, and splendour in the flower;

and the imagery might have been extended to the irridescent pearl within the rudely-formed shell of the oyster. Poets have feigned that pearls are

> Rain from the sky,
> Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea;

we need scarcely add that science has exploded this imaginative fertility.

Pearl is, in fact, a calcareous secretion by the fish of bivalve shells; and principally by such as inhabit shells of foliated structure, as sea and fresh water muscles, oysters, &c. A pearl consists of carbonate of lime, in the form of nacre, and animal matter arranged in concentric layers around a nucleus; the solution indicating no trace of any phosphate of lime. To this lamellar structure the irridescence is to be ascribed. Each layer is *presumed* to be annual; so that a pearl must be of slow growth, and those of large size can only be found in full-grown oysters. The finest and largest are produced from the Meleagrina margaratifera, (*Lamarck*,) a native of the sea, and of various coasts. A considerable number are likewise taken from the Unio margaratifera, which inhabits the rivers of Europe; and, it is singular, as remarked by Humboldt, that though several species of this genus abound in the rivers of South America, no pearls are ever found in them. The pearls are situated in the body of the oyster, or they lie loose between it and the shell; or, lastly, they are fixed to the latter by a kind of neck; and it is said they do not appear until the animal has reached its fourth year.

Naturalists have much disputed the formation of pearls. Mr. Gray justly observes they are merely the internal nacred coat of the shell, which has been forced, by some extraneous cause, to assume a spherical form. Lister, on the other hand, states "a distemper in the creature produces them," and compares them with calculi in the kidneys of man. But, as observed by a more recent inquirer,*

* The writer of An Introduction to the Natural History of Molluscous Animals, in a Series of Letters: one of the most delightful contributions to the *Magazine of Natural History*, since the establishment of that valuable journal.

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"although the pearl is accidental formations, and, of course, not always to be found in the shell-fish which are known usually to contain them, still they are the products of a regular secretion, applied, however, in an unusual way, either to avert harm or allay irritation. That, in many instances they are formed by the oyster, to protect itself against aggression, is evident; for, with a plug of this sacred and solid material it shuts out worms and other intruders which have perforated the softer shell, and are intent on making prey of the hapless inmate: and it was apparently the knowledge of this fact that suggested to Linnæus his method of producing pearls at pleasure, by puncturing the shell with a pointed wire. But this explanation accounts only for the origin of such pearls as are attached to the shell; while the best and greatest number, and, indeed, the only ones which can be strung, have no such attachment, and are formed in the body of the animal itself. 'The small and middling pearls,' says Sir Alexander Johnston, 'are formed in the thickest part of the flesh of the oyster, near the union of the two shells; the large pearls almost loose in that part called the beard.' Now, these may be the effect merely of an excess in the supply of calcareous matter, of which the oyster wishes to get rid; or, they may be formed by an effusion of pearl, to cover some irritating and extraneous body." The reality of the latter theory is strengthened, if not proved by the Chinese forcing the swan muscle to make pearls by throwing into its shell, when open, five or six minute mother-of-pearl beads, which, being left for a year, are found covered with a crust perfectly resembling the real pearl. Such is one method of getting artificial pearls. The extraneous body which naturally serves for the nucleus, appears to be very often, or, as Sir E. Home says, always, a blighted ovum or egg. This theory which, however, is here but partly explained, has been fully adopted by Sir E. Home:—"if," says the enthusiastic baronet, "I shall prove that this, the richest jewel in a monarch's crown, which cannot be imitated by any art of man, either in the beauty of its form or the brilliancy and lustre produced by a central illuminated cell, is the abortive egg of an oyster enveloped in its own nacre, of which it receives annually a layer of increase during the life of the animal, who will not be struck with wonder and astonishment?" And, we must add, that the proofs are very much in favour of this conclusion.

ROMAN TOMBS.

"Tombs," observes the clever author of *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*, "formed a far more prominent feature in ancient communities than in ours. They were not crowded into obscure churchyards, or hidden in invisible vaults, but were sedulously spread abroad in the most conspicuous places, and by the sides of the public ways." Hence we may add, the "*Siste Viator*," (traveller, stop!) so common upon tombs to this day. But why are not tombs placed by the roadside in our times? "It would seem," says the writer just quoted, "as if these mementos of mortality were not so painful or so saddening to Pagans as to Christians; and, that death, when believed to be final dissolution, was not so awful or revolting as when known to be the passage to immortality. I pretend not to explain the paradox, I only state it; and, certain it is, that every image connected with human dissolution, seems now more fearful to the imagination, and is far more sedulously shunned, than it ever was in times when the light of Christianity had not dawned upon the world."*

The *high-ways* do not, however, appear to have been the earliest sites of tombs. According to Fosbroke, "the veneration with which the ancients viewed their places of sepulture, seems to have formed the foundation upon which they raised their boundless mythology; and, as is supposed, with some probability, introduced the belief in national and tutelary gods, as well as the practice of worshipping them through the medium of statues; for the places where their heroes were interred, when ascertained, were held especially sacred, and frequently a temple erected over their body, hallowed the spot. It was thus that the bodies of their fathers, *buried at the entrance of the house*, consecrated the vestibule to their memory, and gave birth to a host of local deities, who were supposed to hold that part of the dwelling under their peculiar protection. Removed from the dwelling-houses to the highways, the tombs of the departed were still viewed as objects of the highest veneration."†

Our readers may remember that the ancient Romans never permitted the dead to be buried within the city,‡ a practice well worthy the imitation of its modern inhabitants. One of the Laws of the Twelve Tables was

Hominem mortuum in urbe ne sepelito, neve urito,

(neither bury nor burn a dead body in the city.) But this law must be understood with this limitation, that the Senate occasionally granted exemption from it, to distinguished individuals, though so rarely, that a tomb within the walls of Rome seems to have been considered a reward of the most pre-eminent virtue.

The tombs of the Romans were characterized by their impressive grandeur. The

* Rome in the Nineteenth Century, vol. ii. letter 36.

† Encyclopædia of Antiquities, p. 64.

‡ See an Interesting Inquiry on Burying in Vaults, by an esteemed Correspondent, since deceased—in vol. xv. of *The Mirror*.

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Roman satirists, Juvenal and Horace, censure the pomp and splendour of the tombs, particularly those on the Via Appia. "On that 'Queen of Ways,' and way to the Queen of Cities, were crowded the proud sepulchres of the most distinguished Romans: and their mouldering remains still attest their ancient grandeur." Again, "those who have traced the long line of the Appian Way, between its ruined and blackening sepulchres, or stood in the Street of Tombs that leads to the Gate of Pompeii, and gazed on the sculptured magnificence of these marble dwellings of the dead, must have felt their solemnity, and admired their splendour." *

Antiquarian writers have carefully classified the Roman tombs. We have, however, only space to remark generally, that the sepulchres were either square, circular, or pyramidal buildings, and with one entrance only, which was invariably on the side farthest from the public road. They usually consisted of a vault in which the urns and sarcophagi were deposited, and a chamber above, in which the statues or effigies of the dead were placed, and the libations and obsequies performed. These sepulchres were usually places of family interment, but sometimes they were solitary tombs. Of the latter description is the

(Tomb of Cæcilia Metella.)

which is generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful sepulchral monument in the world. It consists of a round tower formed of immense blocks of Tiburtine stone, fixed together without cement, and adorned with a Doric marble frieze, on which are sculptured rams' heads festooned with garlands of flowers. "That they are rams' heads, must be evident to any one who will take the trouble to examine them, though they are usually denominated the heads of oxen, because the tomb itself is vulgarly called Capo di Bove. But this name is obviously derived from an ox's head, (the arms of the Gaetani family, by whom it was converted into a fortress,) which was affixed many centuries ago on the side of the tower next the Appian Way, and still remains there; and, accordingly, the vulgar name is Capo di Bove, 'the head of the ox,' in the singular—not in the plural."

Forsyth refers to this tomb as the only one of the ancient structures that bears the name of its tenant; this does not appear to be correct. The beautiful tower rests upon a square basement, which has been despoiled of its exterior coating by Popes and other purloiners, but the greatest part of it is buried beneath the soil. The wall of the tower itself, the interior of which is entirely built of brick, is 20 feet at least in thickness. The sepulchral vault was below the present level of the earth, and it was not until the time of Paul III. that it was opened, when the beautiful marble sarcophagus of Cæcilia Metella, now in the Palazzo Farnese, was found in it. A golden urn, containing the ashes, is said to have been discovered at the same time. That Cæcilia Metella, for whose dust this magnificent monument was raised, was the daughter of Metellus, and the wife of Crassus, is all we know. "Her husband, who was the richest and meanest of the Romans, had himself no grave. He perished miserably with a Roman army in the deserts of the East, in that unsuccessful expedition against the Parthians which has stamped his memory with incapacity and shame." † The rude battlements on the top of the tower, and all the old walls and fortifications which surround it, are the work of the Gaetani family, who long maintained their feudal warfare here. Forsyth observes:—"Crassus built this tomb of travertine stone 24 feet thick, to secure the bones of a single woman; while the adjoining castle had but a thin wall of soft tufo to defend all the Gaetani from the fury of civil war." Eustace says: "The solidity and simplicity of this monument are worthy of the republican era in which it was erected, and have enabled it to resist and survive the lapse and incidents of two thousand years." ‡

Next is the grey pyramidal Tomb of Caius Cestus, in the fields called *Prati del Popolo Romano*, on the western side of the Aventine Hill. This ancient monument remains entire, an advantage which it owes partly to its form, well calculated to resist the action of the weather, and partly to its situation, as it is joined to the walls of the city, and forms part of the fortification. Its base is about 90 feet

* Rome, &c., vol. ii.

† Rome, &c., vol. ii.

‡ Classical Tour, vol. i. p. 407.

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, and it rises, according to Eustace, 120 feet in height. It is formed, or at ncrusted, with large blocks of white ; a door in the base opens into a gal- minating in a small room, ornamented aintings on the stucco, in regular com- nts. In this chamber of the dead, ood a sarcophagus that contained the s of Cestius. "At the base of the d stand two marble columns, which und beneath the ground, and re-erected e of the popes. One foot, which is all nains of the colossal statue in bronze s Cestius, that formerly stood before ıb, is now in the Museum of the Capi-

situation of this tomb is one of melan- picturesqueness. The meadows in it stands are planted with mulberry- They were, as implied by their name, y a resort of the Roman people in f gladness: they are no longer devoted njoyment of the living, but to the re- the dead; "bright and beautiful in t days of the year was the verdure that the meadows of the Roman people."† re now the burial-place of Protestants, sequently, of foreigners only: by far eatest part of the strangers interred e English.

(Tomb of Caius Cestius.)

has changed the colour and defaced sh of the marble pyramid. The grey has crept over it, and wild evergreens rom its crevices. But, what it has lost ndour it has gained in picturesque

ie, &c., vol. ii.—From the monument we learn vas the contemporary of Cæsar and Augustus, name does not appear in the annals, or the of that eventful and enlightened period; of h, and of his pride, this magnificent tomb is ent record: but of his merits or his virtues, remains. The inscription only tells us he was ie seven Epulones, whose office was to fur- to eat the sacred banquets offered to Jupiter Gods.

ne, &c., vol. ii.

beauty; and there are few remains of antiquity within the bounds of the Eternal City, that the eye rests upon with such unwearying admiration as this grey pyramid.

Lastly is the reputed

(Tomb of the Horatii and Curatii.)

Its identity has been much controverted, and the Cut shows it to be a ruinous pile capped with luxuriant foliage. It will, nevertheless, serve to illustrate the stupendous character of the ancient Roman tombs.

The theatre of the celebrated combat between the Horatii and Curatii lies about five miles from the city of Rome. Several tombs stand on the side of the hillock that borders these fields, but no one in particular is *there* pointed out as belonging to the unhappy champions. The monuments, however, existed in Livy's time, and Eustace supposes that "as their forms and materials were probably very plain and very solid, they must have remained for many ages after, and may be some of the many mounds that still stand in clusters about the very place where they fell." This explanation will not, however, refer to the above engraving, as the buildings in the distance will show.

New Books.

BOYHOOD AND EDUCATION OF JAMES THE FIRST.

(From Lives of Scottish Worthies, vol. 2.)

[JAMES I. king of Scotland was born in 1394. In 1405, he was sent by his father, Robert III., to France to escape the danger to which he was exposed by the ambition of his uncle, but being taken by an English squadron, he and his whole suite were carried prisoners to the Tower of London. Here he received an excellent education from Henry IV. of England, who placed him under the care of Sir John de Pelham, constable of Pevensey Castle, to which the youthful and royal captive

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was conducted. Pelham was a man of note, both as a statesman and a warrior, and on all occasions, Henry appears to have manifested for him a high esteem and consideration. The youthful portrait of James is thus drawn by Mr. Tytler in the above-named work.]

He had just reached the age of eleven years, when the young candidate for knighthood was usually taken out of the hands of the women to whom his infancy and extreme boyhood had been intrusted and when it was thought proper for him to commence his education in earnest. It was at this age that the parents selected some veteran and able soldier of noble family, under whose roof their son was placed, and in whose castle, commencing his services in the capacity of a page, he received his instruction in the exercises and accomplishments befitting his condition. Thus Edward the Black Prince delivered his young son Richard, afterwards Richard II., to Sir Guiscard d'Angle as his military tutor; esteeming him one of the most experienced and distinguished knights in his service. We read also that Henry IV. intrusted the education of his son Henry, afterwards the great Henry V., to Sir Thomas Percy, a brave and veteran warrior, afterwards Earl of Worcester; and on the same principle the English king, although, for reasons of state, he determined to retain the King of Scotland in his own hands, generously selected for him a military governor, whose character was a guarantee for his being brought up in a manner suitable to his royal rank.

It was soon seen that the pupil was not unworthy of the master. In all athletic and manly exercises, in the use of his weapons, in his skill in horsemanship, his speed in running, his strength and dexterity as a wrestler, his firm and fair aim as a jouster and tourneyer, the young king is allowed by all contemporary writers to have arrived at a pitch of excellence which left most of the competitors of his own age behind him; and, as he advanced to maturity, his figure, although not so tall as to be majestic or imposing, was, from its make, peculiarly adapted for excellence in such accomplishments. His chest was broad and full, his arms somewhat long and muscular, his flanks thin and spare, and his limbs beautifully formed; so as to combine elegance and lightness with strength. In throwing the hammer, and propelling, or, to use the Scottish phrase, "putting" the stone, and in skill in archery, we have the testimony of an ancient chronicler, that none in his own dominions could surpass him; so that the constable of Pevensey appears to have done ample justice to his youthful charge.

But this formed only one division of his education. To skill in these warlike exercises, every youthful candidate for honour and for knighthood was expected to unite a variety of more pacific and elegant accomplishments, which were intended to render him a delightful companion in the hall, as the others were calculated to make him a formidable enemy in the field. The science of music, both instrumental and vocal; the composition and recitation of ballads, roundelays, and other minor pieces of poetry; an acquaintance with the romances and the writings of the popular poets of the times; were all essential branches in the system of education which was then adopted in the castle of every feudal chief; and from Pelham, who had himself been brought up as the squire of the Duke of Lancaster, we may be confident that the Scottish king received every advantage which could be conferred by skilful instructors, and by the most ample opportunities of cultivation and improvement. Such lessons and exhibitions, however, might have been thrown away upon many; but James had been born with those natural capacities which fitted him to excel in them. He possessed a fine and correct musical ear; a voice which was rich, flexible, and sufficiently powerful for chamber music; and an enthusiastic delight in the art, which, unless controlled by strong good sense, and a feeling of the higher destinies to which he was called, might have led to a dangerous devotion to it. The peril of such overcultivation of this fascinating art does not appear to have been so common in those days as in our own. The brave and accomplished military leader, Sir John Chandos, sang sweetly, and solaced his master, Edward III., on a voyage, by his ballads; the same veteran soldier did not think himself demeaned by introducing a new German dance into England; and the Count de Foix frequently requested his secretaries, in the intervals of severer occupation to recreate themselves by chanting songs and roundelays.*

Cut off for a long and tedious period from his crown and his people, James could afford to spend many hours in each tedious day of his captivity in the cultivation of accomplishments to which, under other circumstances, it would have been criminal to have given up so much of his time. And this will easily account for that high musical excellence to which he undoubtedly attained, and will explain the great variety of instruments upon which he performed. Besides, to use the words of a learned and amusing writer, it is well known that "music constituted a part of the quadrivium, a branch of their system of education, and it was more or less cultivated by persons of all conditions;—churchmen studied it by profession; and the students at the Inns of Court learned singing and all kinds of music. Richard II. understood something of the practical part of it; for, on the day of his departure for Ireland, he assisted at divine service, with the canons of St. George, and

* Archæologia, vol. xx. p. 59.

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chanted a collect. An old annalist, enumerating the qualifications of Henry IV., describes him as of shining talents in music [*in musica micans*]; whilst Stow says of Henry V., "he delighted in songs, meeters, and musical instruments."* These examples appear amply sufficient to defend King James from any imputation of over-refinement or effeminacy in the cultivation of an art which was the favourite amusement of such monarchs as Henry IV. and his illustrious son.

But during the leisure which was afforded by his tedious captivity, it is certain that James applied himself to severer studies than either his military exercises or his cultivation of music. He was acquainted with the Latin language, as far, at least, as was permitted by the rude and barbarous condition in which it existed previous to the revival of letters. In theology, oratory, and grammar, in the civil and the canon laws, he was instructed by the best masters; and an acquaintance with Norman French was necessarily acquired at a court, and amongst a people, where it was still currently spoken, and highly cultivated. Devoted, however, as he was to these pursuits, James appears to have given his mind with a still stronger bias to the study of English poetry, choosing Chaucer and Gower for his masters in the art, and entering with the utmost ardour into the great object of the first of these illustrious men,—the improvement of the English language, the production of easy and natural rhymes, and the refinement of poetical numbers, from the rude compositions which had preceded him.† In the concluding stanza of the King's Quair, a work composed by the Scottish King shortly before his return to his kingdom, he apostrophises Gower and Chaucer as his dear masters, who sat upon the highest steps of rhetoric, and whose genius as poets, orators, and moralists, entitled them to receive the most exalted honour.

Unto the hymis of my maisteris dere,
Gowere and Chancere, that on steppis satt
Of rhetorick, quhill thai war lyvand here,
Superlative as poets laureate,
In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
I recommend my buik in lynis seven,
And eke their saulis unto the blisse of hevin.

* Ibid pp. 60, 61.
† Ellis's Specimens, vol. i. p. 205.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(*From the Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion.*)

Bruxelles, June 24, 1815.

On the first day we had so little idea of the vicinity of the engagement, that I drove out with a Belgian family in an open carriage towards the Bois de Soignies. But we were obliged to retreat precipitately, and take another direction across the country, and pass through a different *barrière* through the town to my residence. They wished me to accept an instant asylum with them. The house of Monsieur D. H——— was built over part of the old palace; and he had prepared one of the extensive *caves* for his family, in the event of the town being given up to the sword and rapine. I promised to avail myself of their kind offer, should the peril become more urgent; but I resolved to remain another day in our villa. Towards five the following morning, I was roused from the sofa on which I had thrown myself, by the trampling of horses, and the cries of the people of the suburbs. I flew to the window and beheld a troop of Belgians in full flight, covered, not with glory, but with dust, galloping towards the town! I heard the gates close against them, and saw them scamper over the plain towards Lacken. The mob increased; their shrieks of terror rent the air,—"Les François sont ici! Ils s'emparent de la porte de la ville!" mingled with the cries of the women, and with those of my little household, who all rushed into my chamber, expecting me to save them. In the midst of this terror, I heard the well-known voice of the commander of the town, Colonel Jones, vociferating with all the energy and passion of a Welchman. In my distraction, I ran out to him; he *stormed*, and explained in no gentle terms, that it was a false alarm, caused by the *sudden nervous affection* of the troop of Belgians I had seen in flight. He commanded me to quit my house, and kindly sent me a carriage to secure my entrance into the town. We were cheered in the hurry of quitting our rural abode, by the arrival of some thousands of British troops; many of the poor fellows, heated and languid, entered asking for water to quench their thirst. From them I learnt that they had returned to England from America, and, without being permitted to land, were immediately ordered to Ostend. I felt what might be their influence on the fate of that day, and selfishly partook of their impatience to arrive on the field of battle. The whole of Saturday we believed the battle lost; and *there are those* who think that it *was, but* for the mysterious conduct of Grouchy, or the treason of the estafettes sent to summon him to advance.

The English families continued to fly towards Ostend: the roads and inns were crowded; the living bewailing their temerity, close to the chambers of the dead! Your brother and sister were at Antwerp, in the next room to the unfortunate Duc de Brunswick. The awful hours passed tardily with me, in pangs for the soldier and his chiefs. On Saturday the 17th, to add to the accumulating horrors of our critical situation, the very elements vented forth their wrath, in the most tremendous thunder and lightning; the rain poured in torrents; all nature was

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at fearful strife, and God's anger was apparent; for it seemed as if the very heavens were warring against man's quarrel; and in my agony I exclaimed with Macbeth—

" 'Twas a rough night—"

as I listened to the pelting storm, crouching on a mattress by the side of my weeping *émigrée*, imploring me for words of comfort. Towards morning the rain abated, but gloomy clouds ushered in that eventful day. At two o'clock I dined with Monsieur D'H——, whose daughter-in-law, la Comtesse de P——'s first-born son, had seen the light of this world only a few hours before—while at dinner, the servants rushed into the room in disorder, exclaiming, " All is over!" A detachment of dragoons, which passed a few hours ago to join the enemy, are returned!" We rose precipitately; Mr. D'H—— took a key from a drawer, and commanded us to follow him. We traversed rapidly the chamber of the invalid lady, each inconsiderately repeating to her—" All is lost!" We ascended a dilapidated staircase, and passing through a small trap-door, what was my astonishment, when I found myself in the Park! There we beheld the said detachment of dragoons—an affrighted mob; and many sinister-looking persons, who seemed well satisfied at the evidence of our fears. The gentlemen rushed out of the adjoining *café*, the English calling for their servants and horses, (many of whom, by the way, who had never possessed any;) one of these *fainted*—no heart of oak was *he*, when our ancient Briton, the commandant, Colonel Jones, again presented himself, *vif et emporté*. The spectators exclaimed—" que cela venoit de la trop rapide circulation de son sang." *N'importe:* the choleric Colonel, blustering, restored us to comparative tranquillity, as he brandished on high his sword, giving it an after-sweeping movement, as if to *moissonner nos têtes;* my valiant compatriot extended on the pavement was the only head in security. The Colonel commanded the misled dragoons to return; and it appeared that they had encountered some miscreants, disguised as British officers, who gave them a forged official order to retreat " the battle being lost!" We descended through our trap-door, and re-assured our friend the Comtesse, who seemed to have received our intelligence (*en passant*) with as perfect calmness as that in which lay her new-born babe.

To add to my discomfort, deep and loud were the murmurs on Sunday against the Duke. The merchants said his Grace ought not to have lingered in the *salons* of amusement one instant after he had been apprised that Napoleon had quitted Paris, whose gigantic strides all Europe had experienced during many long years. They even denounced his life; while others, more moderate but equally incensed, had commenced a written remonstrance to the British Government: in such an excited state were men's minds!—Victory silenced these despairing murmurers—success casts its vivid radiance over the hero's fame; what so potent as its influence!

I took leave of my Belgian friends, who promised to come for me (in case of a fatal termination), to share their safety, and partake of the good cheer they had prepared for our seclusion in the devastated *caves* of that palace, which in olden time were filled with the finest produce of Rhenish vintages. At three o'clock entered the good Abbé Bernard, holding up to view a paper with large characters imprinted—" The French flying!—the City saved!—Victory!" Never shall I forget my sensations at that joyful, yet awful moment of restored peace to mankind! The bells of the different churches chimed the exhilarating note of victory! The good priest announced that *Te Deum* was celebrating, and invited me to accompany them to the noble cathedral, St. Gudule. " What signify forms?" the good man said: " let us lift up our hearts in grateful thanksgiving to the only true God!" That noble temple of the Almighty was already thronged. Voices, so late stricken in terror, now soared aloft in celestial sounds to the throne of Heaven!—all was congratulation. But, alas, profound regrets soon mingled with my joyful sensations, as I cast my eyes around, and encountered only mangled objects, who, chilled and exhausted, were crowding into the town (and are still arriving on *this*, the 6th day). We were addressed, with solicitations, by enfeebled heroes, to be shown to hospitals. We found it impossible to return to our villa, from the confusion of military baggage, &c. &c., while the English, even females of rank, with eager curiosity were hastening to the scene of carnage! The noise of their chariot-wheels, mingling with the moans of the dying, and the cries of parents and relatives in search of their sons and their kindred, formed a scene that must have moved the coldest heart, and that *never* can be *effaced* from my memory!

In traversing La Grande Place, I was attracted to a kind of military vehicle, by the voice of plaintive distress appealing for my succour, reiterating the word *compatriote*. On approaching, I beheld a handsome and interesting-looking female, in equestrian costume;—by her side were two servants, and two very fine saddle-horses. A tent, and some baggage-wagons, belonging to some regiment, appeared to be included in her train. She announced herself to me as the wife of Captain ——, aid-de-camp to General C——: by some mistake of orders, fatal to her peace of mind, the baggage of her husband's regiment had not been included in the general orders for following the army. Anguish was expressed on her fine counte-

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nance. She knew only that we were victorious; but she knew not whether her husband was to be numbered with the dead, or with the living. She was without resource, and unacquainted with the French language. She appealed to my protection, and pointed to her servants to corroborate her statement. Fatigued in mind as I was, yet how impossible to hesitate an instant! I immediately conducted her to the librarian, who gave me a room; and I sent for refreshments, and fain would have persuaded her to attempt seeking some repose; but her mental sufferings were two great to permit her to remain tranquil. She declared that nothing should prevent her following the army to Paris, beseeching me to obtain permission for her to ride on with the first detachment that quitted the city. I was obliged to comply, for there is no reasoning with the anxious mind of an attached wife! and I presented myself before our choleric commandant. Being in black, I was mistaken for a hapless widow, and all pressed to offer me service. I found Captain W——, who immediately interested himself, and I had the supreme pleasure of not only obtaining an escort, but of receiving the certain assurance of her gallant husband's safety. She spent the evening with us, and created a general interest. She had accompanied her husband in the campaigns in Spain, soon after a marriage *pavement d'inclination*. Captain —— had been brought up to the Bar; but the mania of war seized him, and he preferred figuring in the *Army List*, and practising military tactics, to studying *Burn's Justice* and *Blackstone's Commentaries*. She would not lose sight of her new friend; and at four o'clock on Tuesday morning I conducted her to the Porte de Namur, where I found the promised escort with two officers, to whom I could assign her with confidence. She sprang into her saddle with an alacrity, that expressed she was going to join the husband of her affection; and she promised to present him to me in Paris.

Old C——, one of the "all-talented Whigs," who you know is half a buffoon, was a torment to us during the fearful period of the three days—running to and fro, standing in every body's way, seeking and reporting news, exclaiming, "but the battle cannot be lost—I *do* not see the army in retreat," &c. &c. At length, the battle over, England victorious, the Duke on Monday rode quietly into Bruxelles, to make arrangements for the wounded, &c. C—— rushes to his apartment to make his compliments.

"Thirty thousand men lost!" replied the Duke.

"But what a victory!"

"Thirty thousand men killed!—hard case!" —still answered the Duke, with his usual simplicity of expression when speaking of his own exploits. C——, who knew not what diffidence was, nor could discover its merits in another, retreated in evident disappointment at his compliments of felicitation having the appearance of being so little appreciated; almost doubtful, whether Wellington was in truth a hero, or whether the battle was really gained!

The interiors of the churches are divided in stalls, the wounded placed in them on layers of straw, and women and surgeons are seen administering to their ills. The Belgians have thrown open their houses, and officers and soldiers are promiscuously placed in their decorated *salons*, and served with equal assiduity. The French seemed to have fought with redoubled rancour on these terrible days; even the nature of the wounds are without parallel in history. The light carts I saw preparing some weeks since, were sent off to the frontiers; therefore, to add to the sufferings of these brave men, they are brought in upon the rough wagons employed in agriculture. This is the sixth day, and they are still arriving in all kinds of conveyances. Our carriage was stopped in la Rue de Montagne last evening; the cause originated in two wagons filled with the wounded and the dying, recently discovered! Some of the inhabitants, with candles, were groping anxiously, in search of their relations, and administering various restoratives to those they knew not, until another church could be hastily prepared to receive them. Hundreds of French prisoners are brought in,—many of them quite boys, and in peasants' habits, apparently forced by cruel conscriptions to become warriors *malgré eux*, and forming a remarkable contrast to those hardy and athletic frames, who seem destined by nature for the military career. Here were these poor recruits, a few weeks since dragged from their native hearths, constrained by regal power to illustrate themselves by the sword—when their hearts and characters were formed for domestic cares, and those agricultural labours which sweetened their rustic meal, and only trying to evade their direst enemy—the recruiting-sergeant of Napoleon!

But there is another distinctive mark in those veteran French soldiers, whom we see conveyed into Bruxelles, wounded and prisoners. They seem to retain a ferocious expression, even at the moment of sinking into the feebleness of death, and while every human succour is rendering to them. They cast a furtive glance around, and their countenances indicate all the horror of their minds at their late reverses, and to be thinking less of the bodily pains they are enduring, than of their incapability to revenge themselves upon their victors! Such was the scene exhibited this morning on the steps of the hotel opposite to my apartment.

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The Public Journals.

JULIUS CÆSAR—HIS SUPERSTITION.

[A curious paper, entitled *The Cæsars*, will be found in *Blackwood's Magazine* for the present month. It is full of attractive lore, and contains, to our thinking, a masterly estimate of the actual character of Cæsar. It displays very considerable learning, research, and knowledge of life, or that treasure which we call world-knowledge. It is not a cut-and-dry classical character "by way of abstract," but such a whole-length portrait as we wish to see drawn of every great man of antiquity, respecting whose merits mankind are, as it were, still groping in comparative ignorance or misconception. We quote two interesting passages—one embodying the personal portrait of Cæsar—the other the superstitious weakness commonly attributed to him.]

In person, Cæsar was tall, fair, and of limbs distinguished for their elegant proportions and gracility. His eyes were black and piercing. These circumstances continued to be long remembered, and no doubt were constantly recalled to the eyes of all persons in the imperial palaces, by pictures, busts, and statues; for we find the same description of his personal appearance three centuries afterwards, in a work of the Emperor Julian's. He was a most accomplished horseman, and a master *(peritissimus)* in the use of arms. But, notwithstanding, his skill in horsemanship, it seems that, when he accompanied his army on marches, he walked oftener than he rode; no doubt, with a view to the benefit of his example, and to express that sympathy with his soldiers which gained him their hearts so entirely. On other occasions, when travelling apart from his army, he seems more frequently to have rode in a carriage than on horseback. His purpose in making this preference must have been with a view to the transport of luggage. The carriage which he generally used was a *rheda*, a sort of gig, or rather curricle, for it was a four-wheeled carriage, and adapted (as we find from the imperial regulations for the public carriages, &c.,) to the conveyance of about half a ton. The mere personal baggage which Cæsar carried with him, was probably considerable, for he was a man of the most elegant habits, and in all parts of his life sedulously attentive to elegance of personal appearance. The length of journeys which he accomplished within a given time, appears even to us at this day, and might well therefore appear to his contemporaries, truly astonishing. A distance of one hundred miles was no extraordinary day's journey for him in a *rheda*, such as we have described it. So elegant were his habits, and so constant his demand for the luxurious accommodations of polished life, as it then existed in Rome, that he is said to have carried with him, as indispensable parts of his personal baggage, the little lozenges and squares of ivory, and other costly materials, which were wanted for the tesselated flooring of his tent. Habits such as these will easily account for his travelling in a carriage rather than on horseback.

The courtesy and obliging disposition of Cæsar were notorious, and both were illustrated in some anecdotes which survived for generations in Rome. Dining on one occasion at a table where the servants had inadvertently, for sallad-oil, furnished some sort of coarse lamp-oil, Cæsar would not allow the rest of the company to point out the mistake to their host for fear of shocking him too much by exposing the mistake. At another time, whilst halting at a little *cabaret*, when one of his retinue was suddenly taken ill, Cæsar resigned to his use the sole bed which the house afforded. Incidents, as trifling as these, express the urbanity of Cæsar's nature; and hence one is the more surprised to find the alienation of the Senate charged, in no trifling degree, upon a failure in point of courtesy. Cæsar neglected to rise from his seat, on their approaching him in a body with an address of congratulation. It is said, and we can believe it, that he gave deeper offence by this one defect in a matter of ceremonial observance, than by all his substantial attacks upon their privileges. What we find it difficult to believe, however, is not that result from the offence, but the possibility of the offence itself, from one so little arrogant as Cæsar, and so entirely a man of the world. He was told of the disgust which he had given, and we are bound to believe his apology, in which he charged it upon sickness, which would not at the moment allow him to maintain a standing attitude. Certainly the whole tenor of his life was not courteous only, but kind; and, to his enemies, merciful in a degree which implied so much more magnanimity than men in general could understand, that by many it was put down to the account of weakness.

* * * *

We find that though sincerely a despiser of superstition, and with a frankness which must sometimes have been hazardous in his age, Cæsar was himself superstitious. No man could have been otherwise who lived and conversed with that generation and people. But if superstitious, he was so after a mode of his own. In his very infirmities Cæsar manifested his greatness; his very littlenesses were noble.

"Nec licuit populis parvum te, Nile, videre."

That he placed some confidence in dreams, for instance, is certain; because, had he slighted them unreservedly, he would not have dwelt upon them afterwards, or have troubled himself to recall their circumstances.

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Here we trace his human weakness. Yet again we are reminded that it was the weakness of Cæsar; for the dreams were noble in their imagery, and Cæsarean (so to speak) in their tone of moral feeling. Thus, for example, the night before he was assassinated, he dreamt at intervals that he was soaring above the clouds on wings, and that he placed his hand within the right hand of Jove. It would seem that perhaps some obscure and half-formed image floated in his mind of the eagle, as the king of birds; secondly, as the tutelary emblem under which his conquering legions had so often obeyed his voice; and, thirdly, as the bird of Jove. To this triple relation of the bird his dream covertly appears to point. And a singular coincidence appears between this dream and a little anecdote brought down to us, as having actually occurred in Rome about twenty-four hours before his death. A little bird, which by some is represented as a very small kind of sparrow, but which, both to the Greeks and the Romans, was known by a name implying a regal station (probably from the ambitious courage which at times prompted it to attack the eagle), was observed to direct its flight towards the senate-house, consecrated by Pompey, whilst a crowd of other birds were seen to hang upon its flight in close pursuit. What might be the object of the chase, whether the little king himself, or a sprig of laurel which he bore in his mouth, could not be determined. The whole train, pursuers and pursued, continued their flight towards Pompey's hall. Flight and pursuit were there alike arrested; the little king was overtaken by his enemies, who fell upon him as so many conspirators, and tore him limb from limb.

If this anecdote were reported to Cæsar, which is not at all improbable, considering the earnestness with which his friends laboured to dissuade him from his purpose of meeting the senate on the approaching Ides of March, it is very little to be doubted that it had a considerable effect upon his feelings, and that, in fact, his own dream grew out of the impression which it had made. This way of linking the two anecdotes, as cause and effect, would also bring a third anecdote under the same *nexus*. We are told that Calpurnia, the last wife of Cæsar, dreamed on the same night, and to the same ominous result. The circumstances of *her* dream are less striking, because less figurative; but on that account its import was less open to doubt: she dreamed, in fact, that after the roof of their mansion had fallen in, her husband was stabbed in her bosom. Laying all these omens together, Cæsar would have been more or less than human had he continued utterly undepressed by them. And if so much superstition as even this implies, must be taken to argue some little weakness, on the other hand let it not be forgotten, that this very weakness does but the more illustrate the unusual force of mind, and the heroic will, which obstinately laid aside these *concurring* prefigurations of impending destruction; concurring, we say, amongst themselves—and concurring also with a prophecy of older date, which was totally independent of them all.

There is another and somewhat sublime story of the same class, which belongs to the most interesting moment of Cæsar's life; and those who are disposed to explain all such tales upon physiological principles, will find an easy solution of this, in particular, in the exhaustion of body, and the intense anxiety which must have debilitated even Cæsar under the whole circumstances of the case. On the ever-memorable night when he had resolved to take the first step (and in such a case the first step, as regarded the power of retreating, was also the final step) which placed him in arms against the state, it happened that his head-quarters were at some distance from the little river Rubicon, which formed the boundary of his province. With his usual caution, that no news of his motions might run before himself, on this night Cæsar gave an entertainment to his friends, in the midst of which he slipped away unobserved, and with a small retinue proceeded through the woods to the point of the river at which he designed to cross. The night was stormy, and by the violence of the wind all the torches of his escort were blown out, so that the whole party lost their road, having probably at first intentionally deviated from the main route, and wandered about through the whole night, until the early dawn enabled them to recover their true course. The light was still grey and uncertain, as Cæsar and his retinue rode down upon the banks of the fatal river—to cross which with arms in his hands, since the further bank lay within the territory of the Republic, *ipso facto* proclaimed any Roman a rebel and a traitor. No man, the firmest or the most obtuse, could be otherwise than deeply agitated, when looking down upon this little brook—so insignificant in itself, but invested by law with a sanctity so awful, and so dire a consecration. The whole course of future history, and the fate of every nation, would necessarily be determined by the irretrievable act of the next half hour.

In these moments, and with this spectacle before him, and contemplating these immeasurable consequences consciously for the last time that could allow him a retreat,—impressed also by the solemnity and deep tranquillity of the silent dawn, whilst the exhaustion of his night wanderings predisposed him to nervous irritation,—Cæsar, we may be sure, was profoundly agitated. The whole elements of the scene were almost scenically

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disposed; the law of antagonism having perhaps never been employed with so much effect: the little quiet brook presenting a direct antithesis to its grand political character; and the innocent dawn, with its pure untroubled repose, contrasting potently, to a man of any intellectual sensibility, with the long chaos of bloodshed, darkness, and anarchy, which was to take its rise from the apparently trifling acts of this one morning. So prepared, we need not much wonder at what followed. Cæsar was yet lingering on the hither bank, when suddenly, at a point not far distant from himself, an apparition was descried in a sitting posture, and holding in its hand what seemed a flute. This phantom was of unusual size, and of beauty more than human, so far as its lineaments could be traced in the early dawn. What is singular, however, in the story, on any hypothesis which would explain it out of Cæsar's individual condition, is, that others saw it as well as he; both pastoral labourers (who were present, probably, in the character of guides) and some of the sentinels stationed at the passage of the river. These men fancied even that a strain of music issued from this aerial flute. And some, both of the shepherds and the Roman soldiers, who were bolder than the rest, advanced towards the figure. Amongst this party, it happened that there were a few Roman trumpeters. From one of these, the phantom, rising as they advanced nearer, suddenly caught a trumpet, and blowing through it a blast of superhuman strength, plunged into the Rubicon—passed to the other bank—and disappeared in the dusky twilight of the dawn. Upon which Cæsar exclaimed:—"It is finished: the die is cast: let us follow whither the guiding portents from heaven, and the malice of our enemy alike summon us to go." So saying, he crossed the river with impetuosity; and in a sudden rapture of passionate and vindictive ambition, placed himself and his retinue upon the Italian soil; and as if by inspiration from Heaven, in one moment involved himself and his followers in treason, raised the standard of revolt, put his foot upon the neck of the invincible republic which had humbled all the kings of the earth, and founded an empire which was to last for a thousand and half a thousand years. In what manner this spectral appearance was managed—whether Cæsar were its author, or its dupe, will remain unknown for ever. But undoubtedly this was the first time that the advanced guard of a victorious army was headed by an apparition; and we may conjecture that it will be the last.

According to Suetonius, the circumstances of this memorable night were as follows:—As soon as the decisive intelligence was received, that the intrigues of his enemies had prevailed at Rome, and that the interposition of the popular magistrates (the tribunes) was set aside, Cæsar sent forward the troops, who were then at his head-quarters, but in as private a manner as possible. He himself, by way of masque, (*per dissimulationem*) attended a public spectacle, gave an audience to an architect who wished to lay before him a plan for a school of gladiators which Cæsar designed to build, and finally presented himself at a banquet, which was very numerously attended. From this, about sunset, he set forward in a carriage, drawn by mules, and with a small escort (*modico comitatu.*) Losing his road, which was the most private he could find (*occultissimum*), he quitted his carriage and proceeded on foot. At dawn he met with a guide; after which followed the above incidents.

The Gatherer.

Matthew Lansberg used to say, "If you wish to have a shoe made of durable materials, you should make the upper leather of the mouth of a hard drinker, for that never lets in *water*.

National Bull.—In the "printed directions respecting the reading-room of the British Museum," we find the following sapient veto put upon the readers:—"Readers will be allowed to take one or more extracts from any printed book or manuscript; but no whole, or *greater part* (oh! poor Euclid!) of a manuscript is to be transcribed without," &c.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Twins.—Lamerton Church, in Devonshire, is remarkable for having the effigies of Nicholas and Andrew Tremaine, twins, who were so like each other, that they could not be distinguished but by some outward mark. The most singular part of their history, as it is told, is, that when asunder, if one was merry, the other was so, and the contrary. And as they could not endure to be separate in their lifetime, so neither at their deaths; for, in 1564, they both served at Newhaven, when the one being slain, the other stepped instantly into his place, and was slain also.

T. Gill.

THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

With the present Number, price Twopence,

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Containing a MEMOIR of the LIFE & WRITINGS OF THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 571.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [PRICE 2*d.*

NOTICES

OF THE

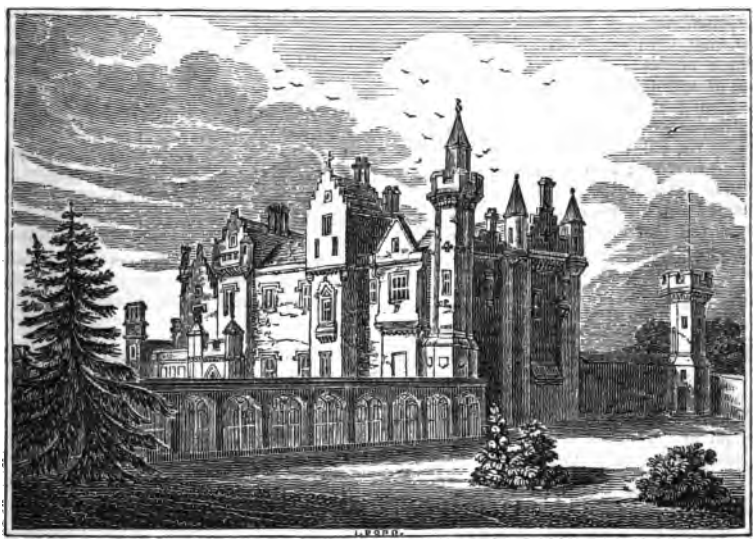
LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

With Five Engravings:

1. ABBOTSFORD, *(from the Garden.)*
2. ——————— THE ARMOURY.
3. ——————— THE POET'S STUDY.
4. PORTRAIT—*(from the last painting.)*
5. DRYBURGH ABBEY.



ABBOTSFORD, (FROM THE GARDEN, *see page 247.)*

SIR WALTER SCOTT was the third son of Walter Scott, Esq., Writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh, and Anne, daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, Professor of Medicine in the University of the above city. His ancestry numbers several distinguished persons; though the well-earned fame of Sir Walter Scott renders his pedigree comparatively uninteresting; inasmuch as it illustrates the saw of an olden poet, that

> Learning is an addition beyond
> Nobility of birth: honour of blood,
> Without the ornament of knowledge, is
> A glorious ignorance. SHIRLEY.

Sir Walter was born at Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771—or, on the birthday of Napoleon Buonaparte. His father was a

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man of prosperous fortune and good report; and for many years was "an elder in the parish church of Old Grey Friars, while Dr. Robertson, the historian, acted as one of the ministers. The other clergyman was Dr. John Erskine, of whom Sir Walter has given an animated picture in his novel of *Guy Mannering*."* Mrs. Scott is described as a well-educated gentlewoman, possessing considerable natural talents; though she did not enjoy the acquaintance of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, Beattie, and Burns, as has been stated by some biographers. She, however, advantageously mixed in literary society, and from her superintendence of the early education of her eldest son, Walter, there is reason to infer that such advantages may have influenced his habits and taste. He was the third of a family, consisting of six sons and one daughter. The cleverest of the sons is stated by Sir Walter to have been Daniel, a sailor, who died young. Thomas, the next brother to Sir Walter, was a man of considerable talent, and before the avowal of the authorship of the Waverley Novels, report ascribed to him a great part or the whole of them. Sir Walter observes—"Those who remember that gentleman (of the 70th regiment, then stationed in Canada) will readily grant, that, with general talent at least equal to those of his elder brother, he added a power of social humour, and a deep insight into human character, which rendered him an universally delightful member of society, and that the habit of composition alone was wanting to render him equally successful as a writer. The Author of Waverley was so persuaded of the truth of this, that he warmly pressed his brother to make such an experiment, and willingly undertook all the trouble of correcting and superintending the press." Ill health, however, unfitted Mr. Scott for the task, though "the author believes his brother would have made himself distinguished in that striking field, in which, since that period, Mr. Cooper has achieved so many triumphs."†

The house in which Sir Walter Scott was born no longer exists. It was situated at the head of the College Wynd, at its entrance into North College-street. It was thus described by Sir Walter in 1825:—"It consisted of two flats above Mr. Keith's, and belonged to my father, Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet. There I had the chance to be born, 15th of August, 1771. My father, soon after my birth, removed to George's Square, and let the house in the College Wynd, first to Mr. Dundas, of Philipstoun, and afterwards to Mr. William Keith, father of Sir Alexander Keith. It was purchased by the public, together with Mr. Keith's (the inferior floors), and pulled down to make way for the new College."

* Chambers's Life of Sir Walter Scott.

† General Preface to the Waverley Novels, 41 vols. 12mo.

CHILDHOOD.

Mr. Cunningham relates some interesting particulars of this period. Before Sir Walter was two years old, his nurse let him fall out of her arms, so as to injure his right foot, and render him lame for life: "This accident did not otherwise affect his health; he was, as I have been informed by a lady who chanced to live near him, a remarkably active and dauntless boy, full of all manner of fun, and ready for all manner of mischief. He calls himself, in one of his introductions to *Marmion*—

A self-willed imp; a grandame's child;

and I have heard it averred, that the circumstance of his lame foot prompted him to take the lead among all the stirring boys in the street where he lived, or the school which he attended: he desired, perhaps, to show them, that there was a spirit which could triumph over all impediments."‡ If this statement be correct, it is a somewhat remarkable coincidence with the circumstance of Lord Byron's lameness; though, happily, the influence of the accident on the temperament of Scott is not traceable beyond his early years.

Sir Walter was subsequently removed from Edinburgh, for the improvement of his health, to the farm-house of Sandyknowe, then inhabited by his paternal grandfather, and situated in the loveliest part of the Vale of Tweed. In the neighbourhood, upon a considerable eminence, stands Smailholm Tower, a Border fort which the future poet enshrined in his admirable ballad, *The Eve of St. John*. The romantic influence of the scenery of the whole district is told with much vigour and sweetness in the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion*.

EDUCATION.

Little is known of the schooldom of Scott, that denotes anything like precocious talent. It is, however better ascertained that his early rambles amidst the Tweed scenery retarded his educational pursuits. He received the rudiments of knowledge under the home tuition of his mother; next attended an ordinary school at Edinburgh, and was then placed at the High School, his name first appearing in the school register in the year 1779. His masters, Mr. Luke Fraser, and Dr. Adam, were erudite and pains-taking teachers; but, to borrow a phrase from Montaigne, they could neither lodge it with him, nor make him espouse it, and Chambers illustratively relates, "apparently, neither the care of the master, nor the inborn genius of the pupil, availed much in this case; for it is said that the twenty-fifth place was no

‡ Life of Sir Walter Scott, in the *Athenæum*, No. 258.

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uncommon situation in the class for the future Author of the Waverley Novels." Perhaps the only anecdote of any early indication of talent that can be relied on is that related by Mr. Cunningham, of Burns:—"The poet, while at Professor Ferguson's one day, was struck by some lines attached to a print of a Soldier dying in the snow, and inquired who was the author: none of the old or the learned spoke, when the future author of *Marmion* answered, 'They are by Langhorne.' Burns, fixing his large, bright eyes on the boy, and, striding up to him, said, it is no common course of reading which has taught you this—'this lad,' said he to the company, will be heard of yet."

At school, Sir Walter represents himself to have excelled in what may be termed the *art*, or, as Swift calls it, the "knack," of narrating a story, which, by the way, is as companionable an acquirement at school as elsewhere. His account is as follows:—"I must refer to a very early period of my life, were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller—but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent, at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle, during hours that should have been employed on our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holydays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another as opportunity offered, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secresy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure; and we used to select for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, Braid Hills, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh, and the recollection of those holydays still forms an *oasis* in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon."*

This excellence in tale-telling drew Scott's attention from graver studies; but it was an indication of genius which may be regarded as the corner-stone of his future fame. This reminds us of Steele's idea, that "a story-teller is born as well as a poet." Scott, about this time, received some instructions in music, which was then considered a branch of ordinary education in Scotland; but the future poet, to use a familiar expression, wanted "an ear." Throughout life he, however, was highly susceptible of the delights of music, though his own execution was confined to a single song, with which he attempted to enliven the social board, but, it is stated, with such unmusical oddity as to content his hearers with a single specimen of his vocal talent. His early rambles around the "hills and holms of the border," is said to have kindled in Scott the love of painting landscapes, not strictly in accordance with the rules of art, though certainly from nature herself. Such attempts in art, by the way, are by no means uncommon in the early lives of men of genius; and, they are to be regarded, in many instances as their earliest appreciation of the beauties of nature.

In 1783, Scott was placed at the University of Edinburgh, where his studies were as irregular as at the High School: at the latter he is said to have made his first attempt at versification in the description of a thunderstorm in six lines, the recital of which afforded his mother considerable pleasure and promise; and, on another occasion, he is stated to have remarked, during a journey over a sterile district of Scotland, in a day of drizzling rain, "It is only nature weeping for the barrenness of her soil."

LOVE OF READING.

Scott's early love of reading is described to have been of enthusiastic character, and to have been fostered by an accident at this period of his life. He had just given over the amusements of boyhood, and began to prepare himself for the serious business of life, or the study of the law, when, to use his own words, "a long illness threw him back on the kingdom of fiction, as it were by a species of fatality." His autobiography of this period is extremely interesting:—"My indisposition arose in part at least, from my having broken a blood-vessel; and motion and speech were for a long time pronounced positively dangerous. For several weeks I was confined strictly to my bed, during which time I was not allowed to speak above a whisper, to eat more than a spoonful or two of boiled rice, or to have more covering than one thin counterpane. When the reader is informed that I was at this time a growing youth, with the spirits, appetite, and impatience of fifteen, and suffered, of course, greatly under this severe regimen, which the repeated return of my disorder rendered indispensable, he will not be surprised that I was abandoned to my own discretion, so far as reading (my almost sole amusement) was concerned, and still less so, that I abused the indulgence which left my time so much at my own disposal.

"There was at this time a circulating library at Edinburgh, founded, I believe, by the celebrated Allan Ramsay, which, besides containing a most respectable collection of

* General Preface, p. ii.

books of every description, was, as might have been expected, peculiarly rich in works of fiction. I was plunged into this great ocean of reading without compass or pilot; and unless when some one had the charity to play at chess with me, I was allowed to do nothing save read, from morning to night. As my taste and appetite were gratified in nothing else, I indemnified myself by becoming a glutton of books. Accordingly, I believe, I read almost all the old romances, old plays, and epic poetry, in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.

"At the same time, I did not in all respects abuse the license permitted me. Familiar acquaintance with the specious miracles of fiction brought with it some degree of satiety, and I began by degrees to seek in histories, memoirs, voyages and travels, and the like, events nearly as wonderful as those which were the works of the imagination, with the additional advantage that they were, at least, in a great measure true. The lapse of nearly two years, during which I was left to the service of my own free will, was followed by a temporary residence in the country, where I was again very lonely, but for the amusement which I derived from a good, though old-fashioned, library. The vague and wild use which I made of this advantage I cannot describe better than by referring my reader to the desultory studies of Waverley in a similar situation; the passages concerning whose reading were imitated from recollections of my own."*

STUDIES IN THE LAW.

Upon the re-establishment of his health, Scott returned to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies in the law, which had been interrupted by illness. He states his progress to have been neither slow nor unsatisfactory, though by others he is said to have been an indolent student. He speaks of his "severe studies" occupying the greater part of his time, and amidst their dulness he seems to have underrated the incidents of his private life, which he afterwards related to the world with some share of self-satisfaction.

He appears to have succeeded tolerably in his legal lucubrations; for, in 1792, he was called to the bar as an advocate. He established himself in good style in Edinburgh, but had little practice; though the accounts of his progress are somewhat contradictory. That he passed much of his time in acquiring other than professional knowledge is more certain, though he rarely attempted composition. Mr. Chambers, with all his diligence and advantages for research, (and they are very meritorious and considerable,) "has not been able to detect any fugitive pieces of Sir Walter's in any of the periodical publications of the day, nor even any attempt to get one intruded (?) unless the following notice in Dr. Anderson's *Bee* for May 9, 1792, refers to him:—'The Editor regrets that the verses of *W. S.* are *too defective for publication.*'"

* General Preface, &c.

FIRST LITERARY ATTEMPTS.

About this time Sir Walter employed his leisure in collecting the ballad poetry of the Scottish Border. His inducement to this task was subsequently described by him as follows:—

"A period," says Sir Walter, "when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my deserting the profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. * * I may remark that, although the assertion has been made, it is a mistake to suppose that my situation in life or place in society were materially altered by such success as I attained in literary attempts. My birth, without giving the least pretension to distinction, was that of a gentleman, and connected me with several respectable families and accomplished persons. My education had been a good one, although I was deprived of its full benefit by indifferent health, just at the period when I ought to have been most sedulous in improving it." He then describes his circumstances as easy, with a moderate degree of business for his standing, and "the friendship of more than one person of consideration, efficiently disposed to aid his views in life." In short, he describes himself as "beyond all apprehension of want." He then notices the low ebb of poetry in Britain for the previous ten years; the fashionable but slender poetical reputation of Hayley, then in the wane; "the Bard of Memory slumbered on his laurels, and he of Hope had scarce begun to attract his share of public attention;" Cowper was dead, and had not left an extensive popularity; "Burns, whose genius our southern neighbours could hardly yet comprehend, had long confined himself to song-writing; and the realms of Parnassus seemed to lie open to the first bold invader." The gradual introduction of German literature into this country during such a dearth of native talent, now led Sir Walter to the study of the German language. He also became acquainted with Mr. G. Lewis, author of *The Monk*, who had already published some successful imitations of the German ballad school. "Out of this acquaintance," says Sir Walter, "consequences arose, which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects of life. In early youth I had been an eager student of ballad poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the

enchanting perusal of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore; but I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure." He then speaks of some successful metrical translations which he made at the High School; but in original rhyme he was less fortunate. "In short," says Sir Walter, "except the usual tribute to a mistress' eyebrow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I had not for ten years indulged the wish to couple so much as *love* and *dove*, when finding Lewis in possession of so much reputation, and, conceiving that, if I fell behind him in poetical powers, I considerably exceeded him in general information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame." Sir Walter next hearing a striking passage from Mr. W. Taylor's translation of Bürger's *Leonore*, was induced to procure a copy of the original poem from Germany, and "the book had only been a few hours in my possession, when I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse. I well recollect that I began my task after supper, and finished it about daybreak the next morning, (it consists of 66 stanzas,) by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up, were rather of an uncomfortable character." This success encouraged Sir Walter to publish his translation of *Leonore* with that of *Der Wilde Jager* (the Wild Huntsman,) in a thin quarto; but, other translations appearing at the same time, Sir Walter's adventure proved a dead loss: "and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk-maker." This failure did not discourage Sir Walter; for, early in 1799 he published *Goetz of Berlinchingen*, a tragedy, from the German of Goëthe. We thus see that Sir Walter did not conceal his obligation to Lewis, for his aid in his translations; but Lord Byron's assertion that Monk Lewis corrected Scott's verse, and that he understood little then of the mechanical part of it—is far from true, as a comparison of their productions warrants us to conclude.

Sir Walter's first attempt at originality was in ballad poetry. He says:—"The ballad called *Glenfinlas* was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. After *Glenfinlas*, I undertook another ballad, called *The Eve of St. John*. The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the notes, are entirely imaginary; but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years during the proprietor's absence, torn down the iron-grated door of Smailholm Tower from its hinges, and thrown it down the rock." Sir Walter prevailed on the proprietor to repair the mischief, on condition that the young poet should write a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smailholm Tower, and among the crags where it is situated. The ballad, as well as *Glenfinlas*, was approved of, and procured Sir Walter many marks of attention and kindness from Duke John of Roxburgh, who gave him the unlimited use of the Roxburgh club library.

MINSTRELSY OF THE SCOTTISH BORDER.

This work, although not original, may be said to be the superstructure of Sir Walter Scott's fame. It consists, as we have already hinted, of the ballad poetry of the Border district; but to obtain this vernacular literature was not the work of mere compilation. The editor's task was not performed in the closet, but in a sort of literary pilgrimage through a land of song, story, and romance. The farmers and peasantry from whose recitation the ballads were to be set down, were a primitive race; and the country among which oral traditions, anecdotes, and legends were to be collected for notes illustrative of the ballads, was of the most romantic character. Sir Walter found the most fertile field in the pastoral vale of Liddesdale, whither he travelled in an old gig with Mr. Shortreed, an intelligent observer of the manners of the people. In these researches, Sir Walter evinced a most retentive memory: he is stated to have used neither pencil nor pen, but to have made his own memoranda by cutting notches on twigs, or small sticks.* The *Minstrelsy* was published in 1802, in two volumes; it was reprinted in the following

* Many anecdotes are related in illustration of Sir Walter Scott's excellent memory. The Ettrick Shepherd tells of his attempting to sing his ballad of *Gilmanscleuch*, which had never been printed or penned, but which the Shepherd had sung once over to Sir Walter three years previously. On the second attempt to sing it, says the Shepherd, "in the eighth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he (Sir Walter) began it a second time, and recited it every word from beginning to the end of the eighty-eighth stanza;" and, on the Shepherd expressing his astonishment, Sir Walter related that he had recited that ballad and one of Southey's, but which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without missing a word. Sir Walter also used to relate that his friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, called upon him one evening to show him the manuscript of a poem he had written—*The Pleasures of Hope*. Sir Walter happened to have some fine old whisky in his house, and his friend sat down and had a tumbler or two of punch. Mr. Campbell left him, but Sir Walter thought he would dip into the manuscript before going to bed. He opened it, read, and read again—charmed with the classical grace, purity, and stateliness of that finest of all our modern didactic poems. Next morning Mr. Campbell again called, when to his inexpressible surprise, his friend on returning the manuscript to its owner, said he should guard well against piracy, for that he himself could repeat the poem from beginning to end! The poet dared him to the task, when Sir Walter Scott began and actually repeated the whole, consisting of more than two thousand lines, with the omission of only a few couplets."—*Inverness Courier*.

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year with a third volume, of imitations, by Scott and others, of the ancient ballad; but Sir Walter refers to the second edition as rather a heavy concern.

MARRIAGE—SHERIFFDOM—LEAVES THE BAR.

Reverting to Sir Walter's domestic life, we should mention that in 1797, he married Miss Carpenter, a lady of Jersey, with an annuity of 400*l.*; soon after which he established himself during the vacations, in a delightful retreat at Lasswade, on the banks of the Esse, about five miles to the south of Edinburgh. In 1799, he obtained the Crown appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, with a salary of 300*l.* a year; the duties of which office he is said to have performed with kindness and justice. Mr. Cunningham relates that Sir Walter had a high notion of the dignity which belonged to his post, and sternly maintained it when any one seemed disposed to treat it with unbecoming familiarity. On one occasion, it is said, when some foreign prince passed through Selkirk, the populace, anxious to look on a live prince, crowded round him so closely, that Scott, in vain attempted to approach him; the poet's patience failed, and exclaiming "Room for your sheriff! Room for your sheriff!" he pushed and elbowed the gapers impatiently aside, and apologised to the prince for their curiosity.*

By the death of Sir Walter's father, his income was increased, and this addition, with the salary of his sheriffdom, left him more at leisure to indulge his literary pursuits. Soon after this period, about 1803, Sir Walter finding that his attempts in literature had been unfavourable to his success at the bar, says:—"My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mrs. Anne Page. 'There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance!' I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to 'the toil by day, the lamp by night,' renouncing all the Dalilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

"I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had been extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar." After well weighing these matters, Sir Walter resolved on quitting his avocations in the law for literature; though he determined that literature should be his staff but not his crutch, and that the profits of his labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to his ordinary expenses.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

Sir Walter's secession from the law was followed by the production of his noblest poem—*the Lay of the Last Minstrel*—the origin of which is thus related by the author:

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property, near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner—a tradition in which the narrator and many more of that county were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey; and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written."

Sir Walter having composed the first two or three stanzas of the poem—taking for his model the *Christabel* of Coleridge—showed them to two friends, "whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment." They were more silent upon the merits of the stanzas than was encouraging to the author; and Sir Walter, looking upon the attempt as a failure, threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little as he could of the matter. Sometime afterwards, Sir Walter meeting his two friends, was asked how he proceeded in his romance;—they were surprised

* Memoir in the *Athenæum*.

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of its fate, said they had reviewed their opinion, and earnestly desired that Sir Walter would proceed with the composition. He did so; and the poem was soon finished, proceeding at the rate of about a canto per week. It was finally published in 1805, and produced to the author 600*l.*; and, to use his own words, "it may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author." We thus see that Sir Walter Scott was in his 34th year before he had published an original work.

MARMION.

Sir Walter's second poem of consequence appeared in 1808, he having published a few ballads and lyrical pieces during the year 1806. The publishers, emboldened by the success of *the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, gave the author 1,000*l.* for *Marmion*. Its success was electric, and at once wrought up the poet's reputation. In his preface to the last edition, April, 1830, he states 36,000 copies to have been printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period; and the publishers were so delighted with the success, as "to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scotch housekeeper—namely, a hogshead of excellent claret."

CLERK OF SESSION.

Between the appearance of *the Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion*, hopes were held out to him from an influential quarter of the reversion of the office of a Principal Clerk in the Court of Session; and, Mr. Pitt, having expressed a wish to be of service to the author, of *the Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Sir Walter applied for the reversion. His desire was readily acceded to; and, according to Chambers, George III. is reported to have said, when he signed the commission, that "he was happy he had it in his power to reward a man of genius, and a person of such distinguished merit." The King had signed the document, and the office fees alone remained to be paid, when Mr. Pitt died, and a new and opposite ministry succeeded. Sir Walter, however, obtained the appointment, though not from the favour of an administration differing from himself in politics, as has been supposed; the grant having been obtained before Mr. Fox's direction that the appointment should be conferred as a favour coming directly from his administration. The duties were easy, and the profits about 1,200*l.* a year, though Sir Walter, according to arrangement, performed the former for five or six years without salary, until the retirement of his colleague.

EDITIONS OF DRYDEN AND SWIFT.

Sir Walter's next literary labour was the editorship of the *Works of John Dryden*, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author: the chief aim of which appears to be the arrangement of the "literary productions in their succession, as actuated by, and operating upon, the taste of an age, where they had so predominating an influence," and the connexion of the Life of Dryden with the history of his publications. This he accomplished within a twelvemonth. Sir Walter subsequently edited, upon a similar plan, an edition of the *Works of Swift*.—Neither of these works can be said to entitle Sir Walter to high rank as a biographer.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

Was written in 1809, and published in 1810, and was considered by the author as the best of his poetic compositions. He appears to have taken more than ordinary pains in its accuracy, especially in verifying the correctness of the local circumstances of the story. In his introduction to a late edition of the poem, he says—"I recollect, in particular, that to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire, to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Venachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable." The success of the poem "was certainly so extraordinary, as to induce him for the moment to conclude, that he had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual, who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken."

ABBOTSFORD.—(*See the Cuts.*)

Since Sir Walter's appointment to the sheriffdom of Selkirkshire, he had resided at Ashiesteel, on the banks of the Tweed, of which he was but the tenant. He was now desirous to purchase a small estate, and thereon build a house according to his own taste. He found a desirable site six or seven miles farther down the Tweed, in the neighbourhood of the public road between Melrose and Selkirk, and at nearly an equal distance from both of those towns: it was then occupied by a little farm onstead, which bore the name of Cartley Hole. The mansion is in what is termed the castellated Gothic style, embosomed in flourishing wood. It takes its name from a ford, formerly used by the monks of Melrose, across the Tweed, which now winds amongst a rich succession of woods and lawns. But we will borrow Mr. Allan Cunningham's description of the estate, written during a visit to Abbotsford, in the summer of 1831:—"On the other side of the Tweed we had a fine view of Abbotsford, and all its policies and grounds. The whole is at once extensive and beautiful. The fast rising woods are already beginning to bury

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the house, which is none of the smallest; and the Tweed, which runs within gun-shot of the windows, can only be discerned here and there through the tapestry of boughs. A fine, open-work, Gothic screen half conceals and half shows the garden, as you stand in front of the house—(*see the Engraving.*) It was the offspring of necessity, for it became desirable to mask an unseemly old wall, on which are many goodly fruit-trees. What we most admired about the estate, was the naturally useful and elegant manner in which the great poet has laid out the plantations—first, with respect to the bounding or enclosing line; and secondly, with regard to the skilful distribution of the trees, both for the contrast of light and shade, and for the protection which the strong affords to the weak.* The horizontal profile of the house is fine, crowded with towers and clustered chimneys: it looks half castle, half monastery. The workmanship, too, is excellent: indeed we never saw such well-dressed, cleanly, and compactly laid whinstone course and gage in our life: it is a perfect picture."† "The external walls of Abbotsford, as also the walls of the adjoining garden, are enriched with many old carved stones, which, having originally figured in other situations, to which they were calculated by their sculptures and inscriptions, have a very curious effect. Among the various relics which Sir Walter has contrived to collect, may be mentioned the door of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh, which, together with the hewn stones that composed the gateway, are now made to figure in a base court at the west end of the house."‡

It would occupy a whole sheet to describe the *interior* of the mansion; so that we select only two apartments, as graphic memorials of the lamented owner. First, is the *Armoury*, (from a coloured lithograph, published by Ackermann)—an arched apartment, with a richly-blazoned window, and the walls filled all over with smaller pieces of armour and weapons, such as swords, firelocks, spears, arrows, darts, daggers, &c. These relics will be found enumerated in a description of Abbotsford, in *the Anniversary*, quoted in vol. xv. of the *Mirror*. The second of the *interiors* is the poet's *Study*—a room about twenty-five feet square by twenty feet high, containing of what is properly called furniture, nothing but a small writing-table and an antique arm-chair. On either side of the fire-place various pieces of armour are hung on the wall; but, there are no books, save the contents of a light gallery, which runs round three sides of the room,

(*Armoury.*)

(*Study.*)

* Sir Walter possessed a practical as well as theoretical knowledge of Landscape Gardening, as may be seen in a valuable paper contributed by him to No. 47, of the *Quarterly Review*. The details of this paper were, however, disputed by some writers on the subject.

† Communicated to No. 199, of *The Athenæum*. The mansion was built from designs by Atkinson. Sir Walter may, however, be termed the amateur architect of the pile, and this may somewhat explain its irregularities. We have been told that the earliest design of Abbotsford was furnished by the late Mr. Terry, the comedian, who was an intimate friend of Sir Walter, and originally an architect by profession. His widow, one of the Nasmyths, has painted a clever View of Abbotsford, from the opposite bank of the Tweed; which is engraved in No. 427, of *The Mirror*.

‡ Picture of Scotland, by Chambers.

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and is reached by a hanging stair of carved oak in one corner. There are only two portraits—an original of the beautiful and melancholy head of Claverhouse, and a small full-length of Rob Roy. Various little antique cabinets stand about the room; and in one corner is a collection of really useful weapons—those of the forest craft, to wit—axes and bills, &c. Over the fire-place, too, are some Highland claymores clustered round a target. There is only one window, pierced in a very thick wall, so that the place is rather sombre.

ROKEBY, AND MINOR POEMS.

After the publication of *the Lady of the Lake*, Sir Walter's poetical reputation began to wane. In 1811, appeared *Don Roderick;* and in 1813, *Rokeby;* both of which were unsuccessful; and the *Lord of the Isles* followed with no better fortune. In short, Sir Walter perceived that the tide of popularity was turning, and he wisely changed with the public taste. The subjects of these poems were neither so striking, nor the versification so attractive, as in his earlier poems. The poet himself attributes their failure to the manner or style losing its charms of novelty, and the harmony becoming tiresome and ordinary; his measure and manner were imitated by other writers, and, above all Byron had just appeared as a serious candidate in the first canto of *Childe Harold;* so that Sir Walter with exemplary candour confesses that "the original inventor and his invention must have fallen into contempt, if he had not found out another road to public favour." We shall therefore now part with his poetic fame, and proceed in the more gratifying task of glancing at his splendid successes in prose fiction.

WAVERLEY,

The first of the author's

long trails of light descending down,

had its origin in a desire to story the ancient traditions and noble spirit of the Highlands, aided by the author's early recollections of their scenery and customs; in short, to effect in prose what he had so triumphantly achieved in the poem of *the Lady of the Lake*. The author's own account will be read with interest:—"It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of Waverley. It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, under the name of 'Waverley,' or 'Tis Fifty Years since,'—a title afterwards altered to 'Tis Sixty Years since,' that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid. Having proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable, and having some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet, as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature."

The success of Miss Edgeworth's delineations of Irish life, and the author's completion of Mr. Strutt's romance of *Queen Hoo Hall*, in 1808, again drew his attention to *Waverley*. Accident threw the lost sheets in his way, while searching an old writing-desk for some fishing-tackle for a friend. The long-lost manuscript presented itself, and "he immediately set to work to complete it, according to his original purpose." Among other unfounded reports, it has been said, that the copyright was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it, while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the author not choosing to part with the copyright. *Waverley* was published in 1814: its progress was for some time slow, but, after two or three months its popularity began to spread, and, in a short time about 12,000 copies were disposed of. The name of the author was kept secret from his desire to publish the work "as an experiment on the public taste. Mr. Ballantyne, who printed the novel, alone corresponded with the author;" the original manuscript was transcribed under Mr. Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault."*

* Abridged from the General Preface, &c.

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OTHER NOVELS.

The success of *Waverley* led to the production of that series of works, by which the author established himself "as the greatest master in a department of literature, to which he has given a lustre previously unknown;—in which he stands confessedly unrivalled, and not approached, even within moderate limits, except, among predecessors, by Cervantes, and among contemporaries, by the author of *Anastasius*." We shall merely enumerate these works, with the date of their publication, and, as a point of kindred interest, the sums for which the original manuscripts, in the hand-writing of Sir Walter, were sold in the autumn of last year. Of the merits of these productions it would be idle to attempt to speak in our narrow space; but, for a finely graphic paper, (probably the last written previously to the author's death,) on the literary claims of Sir Walter Scott, as a novelist, we may refer the reader to No. 109 of the *Edinburgh Review*.

Novels.	Vols.	Year of Publication.	Orig. MS. sold in 1831, for £. s.
Waverley	3	1814	18 0
Guy Mannering	3	1815	27 10
The Antiquary*	3	1816	42 0
Tales of My Landlord,	4 1st ser.	1816	33 0
Rob Roy*	3	1818	50 0
Tales of My Landlord	4 2nd ser.	1818	
"	4 3rd ser.	1819	14 14
Ivanhoe	3	1820	12 0
The Monastery*	3	1820	18 18
The Abbot	3	1820	14 0
Kenilworth	3	1821	17 0
The Pirate	3	1822	12 0
The Fortunes of Nigel	3	1822	16 16
Peveril of the Peak*	3	1823	42 0
Quentin Durward	3	1823	
St. Ronan's Well	3	1824	
Redgauntlet	3	1824	
Tales of the Crusaders	4	1825	
Woodstock	3	1826	
Chronicles of the Canongate	2 1st ser.	1827	
"	3 2nd ser.	1828	
Anne of Geirstein	3	1829	
Tales of My Landlord	4 4th ser.	1831	

Making in all, 73 volumes, within 17 years.

(Those marked * were alone perfect.)

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

To particularize Sir Walter's contributions to periodical literature would occupy considerable space. He wrote a few papers in the early numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*, and several in the *Quarterly Review*, especially during the last ten volumes of that journal, of which his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, is the accredited editor. Sir Walter likewise contributed the articles Chivalry, Drama, and Romance to the sixth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. *Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, the fruits of Sir Walter's tour through France and Belgium, in 1815, were published anonymously; and the *Field of Waterloo*, a poem, appeared about the same time. We may also here mention his dramatic poem of *Halidon Hill*, which appeared in 1822; and two dramas, *the Doom of Devergoil* and *Auchindrane*, in 1830,—neither of which works excited more than temporary attention. Sir Walter likewise contributed a *History of Scotland*, in two volumes, to Dr. Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, in 1830; and in the same year a volume on *Demonology and Witchcraft*, to Mr. Murray's *Family Library*: both which works, of course, had a circulation co-extensively with the series of which they form portions. We may here notice a juvenile History of Scotland, in three series, or nine volumes, under the title of *Tales of a Grandfather*, affectionately addressed to his grandchild, the eldest son of Mr. Lockhart, as Hugh Littlejohn, Esq.

ABBOTSFORD—BARONETCY.

The large sums received by Sir Walter for the copyright of his earlier works had enabled him to expend nearly one hundred thousand pounds upon Abbotsford, so as to make it his "proper mansion, house, and home, the theatre of his hospitality, the seat of self-fruition, the comfortablest part of his own life, the noblest of his son's inheritance, a kind of private princedom, and, according to the degree of the master, decently and delightfully adorned."* Here Sir Walter lived in dignified enjoyment of his well-earned fortune, during the summer and autumn, and was visited by distinguished persons from nearly all parts of the world. He unostentatiously opened his treasury of relics to all visiters, and his affability spread far and wide. He usually devoted three hours in the morning, from six or seven o'clock, to composition, his customary quota being a sheet daily. He passed the remainder of the day in the pleasurable occupations of a country life—as in superintending the improvements of the mansion, and the planting and disposal of the grounds of Abbotsford; or, as Walpole said of John Evelyn, "unfolding the perfection of the works of the Creator, and assisting the imperfection of the minute works of the creature;" so as to render Abbotsford as Evelyn describes his own dear Wotton, "large and ancient (for there is an air of assumed antiquity in Abbotsford), suitable to those hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with those delicious streams and venerable woods, as in the judgment of strangers as well as Englishmen, it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation, most tempting to a great person and a wanton purse, to render it conspicuous: it has rising grounds, meadows, woods, and water in abundance."†

In 1820, the poet of *Marmion* was created a baronet, by George IV., but a few weeks after his accession—it being the first baronetcy conferred by the King, and standing

* Sir Henry Wootton's *Elements of Architecture.*
† Evelyn's *Diary.*

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alone in the *Gazette* which announced the honour. In 1822, Sir Walter distinguished himself in the loyal reception of the King, on his visit to Scotland; and soon afterwards the Baronet was appointed a deputy-lieutenant for the county of Roxburgh.

EMBARRASSMENTS.

Thus stood the "pure contents" of Abbotsford, when, in January, 1826, the failure of Messrs. Constable threw a gloom over Sir Walter's affairs. The eminent publisher had been one of his earliest friends. "Archie Constable," he once said, "was a good friend to me long ago, and I will never see him at a loss." The sums given by Mr. Constable for the copyright of Sir Walter's novels were nominally immense; but they were chiefly paid in bills, which were renewed as the necessities of the publisher increased, till, on his failure, Sir Walter found himself responsible for various debts, amounting to 102,000*l*. About this time Lady Scott died, and her loss was an additional affliction to him. Various modes of settlement were proposed to Sir Walter for the liquidation of these heavy debts; but, "like the elder Osbaldistone of his own immortal pages, considering commercial honour as dear as any other honour," he would only consent to payment *in full;* and, in the short space of six years, he paid off 60,000*l*. "by his genius alone; but he crushed his spirit in the gigantic struggle, or, in plain words, sacrificed himself in the attempt to repair his broken fortunes." He sold his house and furniture in Edinburgh, and, says Chambers, "retreated into a humble lodging in a second-rate street (St. David-street, where David Hume had formerly lived.)" He reduced his establishment at Abbotsford, and retired, as far as his official duties would permit, from public life, accompanied only by his younger daughter. In this domestic retreat, at fifty-five years of age, he commenced

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

—visiting France, in 1826, for some information requisite to the work. In the following summer the *Life* appeared in nine volumes, an extent much beyond the original project. As might be expected, from the aristocratical turn of Sir Walter's political tenets, the opinions on this work were more various than on any other of his productions: it is, to say the best, the most faulty and unequal of them all; and, considering how clearly this has been shown, it is somewhat surprising to hear so clever a critic as Mr. Cunningham pronounce *The Life of Napoleon* as "one of the noblest monuments of Scott's genius." We pass from these considerations to the excellence of the purpose to which the proceeds (12,000*l*.) of this work were applied—namely, to the payment of 6*s*. 8*d*. in the pound, as the first dividend of the debts of the author.

In parting with the *Napoleon*, we might notice the conflicting opinions of the French critics on its merits; but, as that task would occupy too much space we content ourselves with the following passage from a journal published a few days subsequent to the melancholy intelligence of the death of Sir Walter Scott being received in Paris. The criticism is in every sense plain-spoken:—

"If Sir Walter Scott's politics did not square with the natural state of things—if upon this subject he still remained the victim of early prejudices, and, perhaps, of the predilections of a poetical mind, yet he was fortunate enough to promote, by his writings, the real improvement of the people. France has reason to reproach him severely for the unaccountable statements in his "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and in the History of Bonaparte." But those errors were imputable to carelessness much more than to malice. A prose writer, a poet, a novelist—he yielded, during his long and laborious career, to the impulse of a fancy, rich, copious, and entirely independent of present circumstances, aloof from the agitations of the day, delighting in the memory of the past, and drawing from the surviving relics of ancient times the traditionary tale, to revive and embellish it. He was one of those geniuses in romance who may be said to have been impartial and disinterested, for he gave a picture of ordinary life exactly as it was. He painted man in all the varieties produced in his nature by passion and the force of circumstances, and avoided mixing up with these portraits what was merely ideal. Persons gifted with this power of forgetting themselves, as it were, and of assuming in succession an infinite series of varied characters, who live, speak, and act before us in a thousand ways that affect or delight us, such men are often susceptible of feelings the most ardent on their own account, although they may not directly express as much. It is difficult to believe that Shakspeare and Moliere, the noblest types of this class of exalted minds, did not contemplate life with feelings of deep and, perhaps, melancholy emotion. It was not so, however, with Scott, who certainly belonged not to their kindred, possessing neither the vigour of combination, nor the style which distinguished those men. Of great natural benevolence, gentle and kind, ardent in the pursuit of various knowledge, accommodating himself to the manners and sentiments of his day, good-humoured, and favoured by happy conjunctures of circumstances, Scott came forth under the most brilliant auspices, accomplishing his best and most durable works almost without an effort, and without impressing on these productions any sort of character which would connect them with the personal cha-

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racter of the author. If he be represented, indeed, in any part of his writings, it is in such characters as that of Morton (one of the Puritans), a sort of ambiguous, undetermined, unoffending, good sort of person."

"WAVERLEY NOVELS."

Up to this period, the secret of the authorship of the novels was not generally known, though more extensively so than was at the time imagined. The public had made up their minds to the fact; but the identity was *not proven*. The adjustment of Messrs. Constable's affairs, however, rendered it impossible longer to conceal the authorship, which was revealed by Sir Walter, at the anniversary dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund, in February, 1827. Thus he acknowledged before three hundred gentlemen "a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, had been remarkably well kept." His avowal was as follows:—

"He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself." [Here the audience broke into an absolute shout of surprise and delight.] "He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, then, seriously to state, that when he said he was the author, he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word written that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. His audience would allow him further to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath has filled my sails.'"

The copyright of the novels was soon afterwards sold for 8,400*l.*, and they have since been republished, with illustrations, and notes and introductions by the author, in forty-one volumes, monthly; the last volume appearing within a few days of the author's death.

FATAL ILLNESS.

Towards the close of 1830, Sir Walter retired from his office, retaining a portion of his salary, but declining a pension which had been offered to him by the present administration. He was now in his 60th year; his health broke apace; it was evident that the task of writing to pay off debts, which were not of his own contracting, was alike too severe for his mental and physical powers; and in the succeeding winter they became gradually paralyzed. He somewhat rallied in the spring, and, unfortunately for his health, embroiled himself in the angry politics of the day, at a county meeting at Jedburgh, upon the Reform question. He was then very feeble, but spoke with such vehemence as to draw upon him the hisses of some of his auditors: this ebullition of feeling is said to have much affected him; and he is stated (we know not how truly) to have been observed on his way home in tears.

In the autumn of last year Sir Walter, at the recommendation of his physicians, resolved to winter in the more congenial climate of Italy; though it required the most earnest entreaties of his friends to induce him to consent to the change, so strong was his love of country and apprehension of dying in a foreign land. He accordingly set sail in H. M. S. the Barham for Malta, on the 27th of October; previous to which he appended to the Fourth and Last Series of *Tales of my Landlord* the following affecting, and, as we lately observed, almost prophetic, passage:

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master, to carry the Author of Waverley to climates in which he may readily obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least, in no more painful manner, than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relations to him in the ranks of life, might have insured their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of Waverley has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that—

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

Sir Walter resided at Malta for a short time; thence he proceeded to Naples, where he was received with almost pageant honours. In the spring he visited Rome; but "the world's chief ornament" had few charms for

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one bereft of all hope of healthful recovery. His strength was waning fast, and he set out to return with more than prudent speed to his native country. He travelled seventeen hours for six successive days, and, in descending the Rhine, had a second attack of paralysis which would have carried him off but for the timely presence of mind of his servant, who immediately bled him. The illustrious Goethe had looked forward with great pleasure to the meeting with Sir Walter when he returned through Germany, but the destroyer had fell also on him. On his arrival in London, Sir Walter was conveyed to the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn-street, and attended by Sir Henry Halford and Dr. Holland, with Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart. He lay some weeks in a hopeless condition, and when the flame of life was just flickering out, he entreated to be conveyed to his own home. The journey was a hazardous one, but, as the dying wish of the poet, was tried and effected: on July 9th, he was conveyed to Edinburgh, whence he was removed to his fondly-cherished home on the 11th.

DEATH.

Sir Walter's return to Abbotsford was an afflicting scene. On approaching the mansion he could scarcely be kept from attempting to raise himself in his carriage, such was his eagerness to catch a glimpse of his home: he murmured, on his arrival, "that *now* he knew he was at Abbotsford." He lingered for two months, during which he recognised and spoke kindly to friends, and was even pleased in listening to passages read from the poems of Crabbe and Wordsworth: till, on September 21st, 1832, he died, apparently free from pain, and surrounded by his family.

FUNERAL.

His remains were placed in a coffin of lead, enclosed in another coffin covered with black cloth, and gilt ornaments. The inscription plate bore the words, "Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart. an. ætat. 62." The funeral took place at Dryburgh, amidst the ruins of the venerable abbey, at night-fall, on Sept. 25th; the body being borne from the hearse to the grave by his domestics, and followed by upwards of 300 mourners. A Correspondent has furnished us with the subjoined note of the funeral.

It has been remarked that at the grave, the burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by a clergyman of the Church of England (the Rev. John Williams, of Baliol College, Oxford, Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and Vicar of Lampeter), although Sir Walter through life adhered to the persuasion of the Presbyterian or Church of Scotland. In Scotland no prayers are offered over the dead; when the mourners assemble in the house of the deceased, refreshments are handed round, previous to which a blessing is implored, (as at meals,) and *then* only the minister alludes to the bereavement the family have suffered, and strength and grace are implored to sustain them under it. This gratuitous custom was adhered to, and previous to the funeral *cortège* setting out from Abbotsford, the Rev. Principal Baird, offered up a prayer. But although a Presbyterian in practice, Sir Walter in several parts of his works expressed his dissent from several of the rigid canons of that Church, and an example occurs in that graphic scene in *the Antiquary*, the funeral group of *Steenie Mucklebacket*, where "the creak of the screw nails announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever from the mortal relicks of the person we assemble to mourn has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted:" and he adds in condemnation, "With a spirit of contradiction which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish Kirk rejected even on this most solemn occasion the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to give countenance to the ritual of Rome or of England." And he seizes the opportunity to applaud the liberal judgment of the present Scottish clergymen who avail themselves of the advantage of offering a prayer, suitable to make an impression on the living.

The scenery around his burial-place is fraught with melancholy associations — enshrined as have been its beauties by him that now sought a bourn amidst them. It had been the land of his poetical pilgrimage: through its "bosomed vales" and alongside its "valley streams" his genius had journeyed with untiring energy, then to spread abroad its stores for the gratification of hundreds of thousands, who may about his grave

> Make dust their paper, and with rainy eyes
> Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

—Only let us glance at a few of the storied sites that are to be seen around this hallowed spot: at Melrose, with antique pillar and ruins grey—

> Was ever scene so sad and fair.

Eildon Hill, where Sir Walter said he could stand and point out forty-three places famous in war and verse;* and above all, the tower of Smailholm Castle, where once "his careless childhood strayed,"—the *Alpha* of his poetic fame.

FAMILY.

Sir Walter Scott had two sons and two daughters. The elder daughter, Sophia Charlotte, was married, April 28, 1820, to Mr. John Gibson Lockhart, advocate, editor of the *Quarterly Review*. The eldest son, Walter, who has succeeded to the baronetcy,

* Cunningham.

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is now in his thirty-second year, and Major of the 15th or King's Hussars. In 1825, he married Jane, daughter and sole heiress of John Jobson, Esq., an opulent Scottish merchant, with which lady, report affirmed at the time, Major Scott received a fortune of 60,000*l.* The estate of Abbotsford was also settled by Sir Walter upon the young pair; but, as the owner is stated not to have been at this time in a state of solvency, though he thought himself so, and his estate now proves to be encumbered with heavy debts, the deed of entail, of course, becomes invalid, and the paternal property must be sold by the creditors of the estate. There is, however, ample reason to hope that such a step will be averted, by the gratitude of the public, and that Abbotsford will be preserved for the family. The younger son, Charles, who is, we believe, a junior clerk in the Foreign Office, is unmarried; as is the younger daughter, Anne. The death of Lady Scott occurred May 15, 1826. Mrs. Lockhart's children are as yet the only descendants of Sir Walter in the second generation.

PORTRAITS.

The reader may be somewhat familiar with the personal appearance of Sir Walter Scott, through the several portraits which have from time to time been painted and engraved of the illustrious Baronet. His height is stated at upwards of six feet; and his frame was strongly knit, and compactly built. His right leg was shrunk from his boyhood, and required support by a staff. Mr. Cunningham describes the personal habits of Sir Walter with his usual characteristic force: "his arms were strong and sinewy; his looks stately and commanding; and his face, as he related a heroic story, flushed up as a crystal cup when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brow;* their colour was a bluish grey—they laughed more than his lips did at a humorous story. His tower-like head and thin, white hair marked him out among a thousand, while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had a touch of the lisp and the burr; yet, as the minstrel said, of Douglas, 'it became him wonder well,' and gave great softness to a sorrowful story: indeed, I imagined that he kept the burr part of the tone for matters of a facetious or humorous kind, and brought out the lisp part in those of tenderness or woe. When I add, that in a meeting of a hundred men, his hat was sure to be the least, and would fit no one's head but his own, I have said all that I have to say about his appearance."†

Among the accredited portraits of Sir Walter Scott is that painted by the late Sir Henry Raeburn, which has been engraved in a handsome style; another portrait, by Mr. Leslie, was engraved in the *Souvenir*, a year or two since, and was styled in the Noctes of *Blackwood's Magazine*, "the vera man himsel;" but the latest, and perhaps the best, was painted not many month's since, by Mr. Watson Gordon, and admirably engraved by Horsburgh, of Edinburgh, for the revised edition of the Novels. A whole-length portrait

(*Sir Walter Scott.—Sketched by Mr. W. H. Brooke, from the engraving by Horsburgh.*)

of the Poet in his Study, at Abbotsford, was painted a few years since, in masterly style, by Allan, and engraved by Goodall for the *Anniversary*, edited by Mr. Cunningham, who informs us that "a painting is in progress from the same hand, showing Sir Walter as he lately appeared—lying on a couch in his principal room: all the windows are closed save one, admitting a strong central light, and showing all that the room contains—in deep shadow, or in strong sunshine." A splendid portrait of the Poet was painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence for the late King, and exhibited at the Royal Academy a few years since; an engraving of which has been announced by Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, his present Majesty having graciously granted the loan of the picture for this purpose.‡

* Mr. Chambers describes Sir Walter's eyebrows as so shaggy and prominent, that, when he was reading or writing at a table, they *completely* shrouded the eyes beneath; and the Ettrick Shepherd speaks of Sir Walter's shaggy eyebrows dipping deep over his eyes.

† One of the amusements of Sir Walter's retirement was to walk out frequently among his plantations at Abbotsford, with a small hatchet and handsaw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree when it was marring the growth of others. The author of *Anastasius* delighted in a similar pursuit; he would stroll for hours through the winding walks of the Deepdene plantation, and with a small hatchet or shears lop off the luxuriant twigs or branches that might spoil the trim neatness of the path.

‡ A portrait of Sir Walter was painted by Knight for the late Mr. Terry, in the year 1825: it is described in the *Literary Gazette* as "particularly excellent,"

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UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

Report states that there are in the library of Abbotsford, unfinished manuscripts and letters, which will compose ten volumes of correspondence of Sir Walter with nearly all the distinguished literary characters of his time. These will, of course, be given to his creditors, as directed by his will. His son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart, has likewise a great number of letters from Sir Walter; and Mrs. Terry possesses the baronet's correspondence with the late Mr. Terry, who was one of Sir Walter's intimate friends. This lady has likewise in her possession a tragedy written by Sir Walter for her eldest son, Walter Scott Terry, and intended by the author as a legacy for Walter's first appearance on the stage.

With such materials, and the poet's autobiographical sketches prefixed to his works, a competent biographer will, doubtless, be found among Sir Walter's personal acquaintance. Mr. Allan Cunningham's "Account" is, perhaps, the most characteristic that has yet appeared: it is full of truth, nature, kindly feeling, and tinged throughout with a delightfully poetic enthusiasm. Mr. Ballantyne, the intelligent printer of nearly the whole of Sir Walter's works, and whom the Poet much respected for his taste and good sense, has promised a memoir of the deceased. Public expectation, however, points more decidedly to Mr. Lockhart; although the Ettrick Shepherd will, doubtless, pay his announced tribute to the talents and virtues of his illustrious contemporary. In his Reminiscences of Former Days, prefixed to the first volume of the *Altrive Tales*, published a few months since, is the following striking passage:—"There are not above five people in the world who, I think, know Sir Walter better, or understand his character better than I do; and if I outlive him, which is likely, as I am five months and ten days younger, I shall draw a mental portrait of him, the likeness of which to the original shall not be disputed." *

MEDAL.

A handsome Medal, in bronze, of the lamented Baronet, has been published from the establishment of Mr. Parker, (medallist, and was unfortunately destroyed a short time since by a fire at the house of Mr. Harding, Finchley, in whose possession it was. This portrait, it is feared, has not been engraved.—See *Literary Gazette*, No. 819.

* Hogg is indebted to Sir Walter for many valuable suggestions of subjects for his ballads, &c. There is touching gratitude in the following lines by the Shepherd, in his dedication of the *Mountain Bard* to Scott:

Bless'd be his generous heart for aye;
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watch'd my first notes with curious eye,
And wonder'd at my minstrelsy:
He little ween'd a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

and the originator of some ingenious improvements in the construction of lamps), in Argyle-place. The obverse is from Chantrey's celebrated Bust of Sir Walter, and the reverse a graceful female figure, with the inscription, "to great men;"—designed by R. Stothard, Esq., the venerable Academician, and engraved by his son, A. J. Stothard, Esq. The profile of the obverse is encircled with a motto chosen by Sir Walter, as will be seen by the following letter; the date of which shows that the medal was submitted to his approbation some months since, together with a medal of his present Majesty. The letter is likewise treasurable,* as well for the writer's opinion of the Monarch, as of the productions of his own pen:—

"Sir,—I would long ere now have answered your very obliging letter with the medals. That representing our Sovereign seems most beautifully executed, and is a striking resemblance. I have very little turn for imagining mottos, it being long since I read the classics, which are the great storehouse of such things. I think that a figure or head of Neptune upon the reverse, with the motto round the exergue, *Tridens Neptuni sceptrum mundi*. I think this better than any motto more personally addressed to the King himself than to his high kingly office. I cannot, of course, be a judge of the other medal; but such of my family as are with me think it very like If there is any motto to be added, I should like the line

Bardorum citharas patrio qui reddidit Istro.

because I am far more vain of having been able to fix some share of public attention upon the ancient poetry and manners of my country, than of any original efforts which I have been able to make in literature.

"I beg you will excuse the delay which has taken place. Your obliging communication, with the packet which accompanied it, travelled from country to town, and from town to country, as it chanced to miss me upon the road.

"I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged, humble servant, "WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 29th May.

"Samuel Parker, Esq., Bronze Works,
"12, Argyle-place, London."

The likeness of the medal is strikingly correct; and Mr. Parker, with becoming taste, causes an autograph copy of the letter to be delivered with each medal.

The deference of the latter opinion conveyed in this letter is perhaps one of the most delightful characteristics of the genius of Sir Walter Scott,—especially if we admit the position of the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, that no writer has ever enjoyed in his life-time so extensive a popularity as the the Author of Waverley. His love of fame and acquisition of honourable distinction all

* First printed in the *Literary Gazette*, No. 819.

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over the world had not the common effect of making him vain. Hear, in proof, the following unassuming declaration, from the delightful autobiographic sketch to a late edition of *Rokeby*:—

"I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public has certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right."

Mr. Cunningham well observes—"Though the most accomplished author of his day, yet he had none of the airs of authorship." He continues—"He was a proud man; not a proud poet, or historian, or novelist." His was the pride of ancestry—a weakness, to be sure, but of a venial nature: "he loved to be looked on as a gentleman of old family, who *built Abbotsford*, and laid out its garden, and planted its avenues, rather than a genius, whose works influenced mankind, and diffused happiness among millions." His own narrative will best illustrate his labours of leisure at Abbotsford. He writes of that period which men familiarly call *the turn of life*:—"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest possible of cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what was the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader—I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view, to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years should elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'"

*** In the preceding account we have purposely abstained from reference to the position of the affairs of Sir Walter Scott, from our inability to obtain any decisive information on the subject. The most pleasing and the latest intelligence will be found in the *Morning Chronicle* of Thursday, wherein it is stated that the prospects of the family of Sir Walter are much better than have been represented. "We are assured that there are funds sufficient to cover all his debts, without touching Abbotsford. In the Biography of Allan Cunningham, it was stated that there would only be a balance due to his creditors of 21,000*l*. But Mr. Cadell, the bookseller, has undertaken to pay 20,000*l*. for the publication of the remainder of his works, on the plan which had been so far proceeded in. This will clear off all the claims. A near relative of Lady Scott left 60,000*l*. to the children of Sir Walter, to which, of course, they are entitled; and the eldest son received a large fortune with his wife. The public, therefore, are spared the pain of knowing that the family of one to whom they are so largely indebted, are left in a state of destitution."—We hope this statement is as correct as it is gratifying.

(*Dryburgh Abbey.*)

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Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London.

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 572.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

BIRTHPLACE OF DR. JOHNSON, AT LICHFIELD.

In the large corner house, on the right of the Engraving, Samuel Johnson was born on the 18th of September, N. S. 1709. We learn from Boswell, that the house was built by Johnson's father, and that the two fronts, towards Market and Broad Market-street stood upon waste land of the Corporation of Lichfield, under a forty years lease; this expired in 1767, when on the 15th of August, "at a common hall of the bailiffs and citizens, it was ordered, (and that without any solicitation,) that a lease should be granted to Samuel Johnson, Doctor of Laws, of the incroachments at his house, for the term of ninety-nine years, at the old rent, which was five shillings. Of which, as town clerk, Mr. Simpson had the honour and pleasure of informing him, and that he was desired to accept it, without paying any fine on the occasion, which lease was afterwards granted, and the doctor died possessed of this property." *

In the above house, the doctor's father Michael Johnson, a native of Derbyshire, of obscure extraction, settled as a bookseller and stationer. He was diligent in business, and not only "kept shop" at home, but, on market days, frequented several towns in the neighbourhood,† some of which were at a considerable distance from Lichfield. "At that time booksellers' shops in the provincial towns of England were very rare, so that there was not one even in Birmingham, in which town old Mr. Johnson used to open a shop every market-day. He was a pretty good Latin scholar, and a citizen so creditable as to be made one of the magistrates of Lichfield; and, being a man of good sense and skill in his trade, he acquired a reasonable share of wealth, of which, however, he afterwards lost the greatest part, by engaging unsuccessfully in the manufacture of parchment."‡ This failure is attributed to the dishonesty of a servant; but it is observable in connexion with an incident in Dr. Johnson's literary history, which has not escaped the keen eye of Mr. Croker, the ingenious annotator of Boswell's *Life* of the great lexicographer.§

Johnson's mother was a woman of distin-

* Note to Boswell's Life of Johnson, 2nd edition, vol. iii. p. 646.

† To show the great estimation in which the father of our great moralist was held, we may quote a letter, dated "Trentham, St. Peter's Day, 1716," written by the Rev. George Plaxton, then chaplain to Lord Gower:—"Johnson, the Lichfield librarian, is now here. He propagates learning all over this diocese, and advanceth knowledge to its just height. All the clergy here are his pupils, and suck all they have from him; Allen cannot make a warrant without his precedent, nor our quondam John Evans draw a recognizance *sine directione Michaelis*."—*Gent. Mag. Oct.* 1791.

‡ Boswell, vol. i. p. 14.

§ Johnson, in his Dictionary, defines Excise a hateful tax, levied upon commodities, and adjudged not

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guished understanding and piety; and to her must be ascribed those early impressions of religion upon the mind of her son, from which the world afterwards derived so much benefit. Johnson was the elder of two sons, the younger of whom died in his infancy.

Of Johnson's childhood at Lichfield it would not be difficult to assemble many interesting particulars: from his listening to Dr. Sacheverel, when he was but three years old; his being first taught to read English by Dame Oliver, a widow who kept a school for young children in Lichfield, and who gave him a present of gingerbread, and said he was the best scholar she ever had; to his arrival in London with the unfinished tragedy of *Irene* in his pocket, and the prospect of a slender engagement with Cave of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. One thing is certain, that however unpromising were Johnson's early days at Lichfield, he ever retained a warm affection for his native city, and which, by a sudden apostrophe, under the word *Lich*, he introduces with reverence into his immortal work, the ENGLISH DICTIONARY: *Salve magna parens.* (*Boswell.*) His last visit was in his 75th year when he writes to Boswell:—"I came to Lichfield, and found every body glad enough to see me."

The annexed view is of the date 1785, being from the first volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year. The building to the extreme left is part of the market-cross, erected by dean Denton, but replaced some years since by a light brick building. The church is that of St. Mary, one of the three parishes into which Lichfield is divided: it is a modern structure, of the year 1717, and upon the site of the original church, said to have been founded in the year 885. In the extreme distance of the Engraving is seen the Guild or Town Hall, a neat stone edifice, adorned with the city arms, a bas-relief of the cathedral, &c.

by the *common judges* of property, but by *wretches* hired by those to whom excise is paid;" and, in the *Idler* (No. 65) he calls a *commissioner of excise* "one of the *lowest* of all human beings." This violence of language seems so little reasonable, that the editor was induced to suspect some cause of *personal animosity*; this mention of the trade in parchment (an *excisable* article) afforded a clue, which has led to the confirmation of that suspicion. In the records of the Excise Board is to be found the following letter, addressed to the supervisor of excise at Lichfield:—"July 27, 1725—The commissioners received yours of the 22nd instant; and since the justices would not give judgment against Mr. Michael Johnson, the *tanner*, notwithstanding the facts were fairly against him, the board direct that the next time he offends, you do not lay an information against him, but send an affidavit of the fact, that he may be prosecuted in the Exchequer." It does not appear whether he offended again, but here is sufficient cause of his son's animosity against commissioners of excise, and of the allusion in the Dictionary to the *special* jurisdiction under which that revenue is administered. The reluctance of the justices to convict will not appear unnatural, when it is recollected that Mr. Johnson was, *this very year*, chief magistrate of the city.—*Note to Boswell, by Croker*, vol. i.

Anecdote Gallery.

CLASSICAL ANECDOTES OF CONTINENCE IN MAN.

MANY noble instances are recorded by ancient historians of the practice of this noble virtue; but in the reminiscences of our youthful studies, there is no incident that occurs with more freshness to the memory than that of the continence of Scipio Africanus, related by Livy. It appears that the soldiers of Scipio's army, after the taking of new Carthage, brought before him a young lady of great beauty. Scipio inquiring concerning her country and parents, ascertained that she was betrothed to Allutius, prince of the Celtiberians. He immediately ordered her parents and bridegroom to be sent for. In the meantime he was informed that the young prince was so excessively enamoured of his bride, that he could not survive the loss of her. For this reason, as soon as he appeared, and before he spoke to her parents, he took great care to talk with him. "As you and I are both young," said he, "we can converse together with greater freedom. When your bride, who had fallen into the hands of my soldiers, was brought before me, I was informed that you loved her passionately; and, in truth, her perfect beauty left me no room to doubt of it. If I were at liberty to indulge a youthful passion—I mean honourable and lawful wedlock, and were not solely engrossed by the affairs of my republic, I might have hoped to have been pardoned my excessive love for so charming a mistress; but as I am situated, and have it in my power, with pleasure I promote your happiness. Your future spouse has met with as civil and modest treatment from me, as if she had been amongst her own parents, who are soon to be yours too. I have kept her pure, in order to have it in my power to make you a present worthy of you and of me." The magnanimity of his behaviour did not close here, for when the parents of the fair captive brought an immense sum of money to ransom her, they were much surprised at Scipio's noble conduct, and in the ecstacy of joy and gratitude, they pressed him to accept it as a token of thankfulness. Scipio, unable to resist their importunate solicitations, told them he accepted it; but ordering it to be laid at his feet, he thus addressed Allutius:—"To the portion you are to receive from your father-in-law, I add this, and beg you would accept it as a nuptial present:" thus exhibiting in the whole transaction a rare instance of modesty, disinterestedness, and benevolence, well worthy of imperishable record, as a moral lesson for mankind.

When Araspes had commended the fair Panthea to Cyrus, as a beauty worthy his admiration, he replied—"For that very reason I will not see her, lest if by thy persua-

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sion I should see her but once, she herself might persuade me to see her often, and spend more time with her than would be for the advantage of my own affairs."—Alexander the Great would not trust his eyes in the presence of the beauteous Queen of Persia, but kept himself out of the reach of her charms, and treated only with her aged mother. These, as they were peculiar acts of continence, so were they as absolutely checks of curiosity, which never sleeps in youthful breasts when beauty elicits admiration.

Cicero, treating of the many degress of human commerce and society, places matrimony in the first rank. In fact, marriage is not only a state capable of the highest human felicity, but it is an institution well calculated to destroy those rank and noxious weeds of the passions which, by their pestiferous influence, spread misery and death around the social hemisphere. Marriage is the basis of community, and the cement of society;—it is, or ought to be, that state of perfect friendship in which there are, according to Pythagoras, "two bodies with but one soul." It is in the genial atmosphere of this noble communion of sentiment and affection that the virtue of continence comes forth in all its dazzling splendour. Milton has touched this subject with so chaste and elegant a pen, that the description, one would think, must confirm the husband in his happiness, and reclaim the man of profligate and licentious principles:—

"Hail, wedded love! mysterious law! true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise, of all things common else.
By thee adultrous lust was driven from men,
Among the beastial herds to range; by thee,
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefiled and chaste pronounc'd,
Present or past, as saints or patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his golden shafts employs; here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition; nor in court amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball;
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain."

J. P.

THE GREAT LORD THURLOW.

Of the eloquence of Lord Thurlow, and of his manner in debate, Mr. Butler has given a striking account:—"At times Lord Thurlow was superlatively great. It was the good fortune of the Reminiscent to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, during the inquiry into Lord Sandwich's administration of Greenwich Hospital. His Grace's action and delivery, when he addressed the house, were singularly dignified and graceful; but his matter was not equal to his manner. He reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage: particular circumstances caused Lord Thurlow's reply to make a deep impression on the Reminiscent. His lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience. Under these circumstances he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. He rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the chancellor generally addresses the house; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasps the thunder, 'I am amazed,' he said, in a level tone of voice, 'at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my lords,' considerably raising his voice, 'I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble lords the language of the noble duke is applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do;—but, my lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage;—nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honourable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a *Man*, I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this time as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.' The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the house which no chancellor had ever possessed: it invested him, in public opinion, with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him always popular with the people."

The legal talents and acquirements of Lord Thurlow have been the subject of frequent panegyric; but it may, perhaps, be questioned, whether in all cases those eulogiums were just. It has been said—but with what truth it is difficult to form an opinion—that his lordship was much indebted to Mr. Hargrave, for the learning by which his judgments were sometimes distinguished, and that Mr. Hargrave received a handsome remuneration for these services. "As lord chancellor," says a writer who was personally acquainted with his lordship, "from a well-placed confidence in Mr. Hargrave, who was indefatigable in his service, he had occasion to give himself less trouble than any other man in that high

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station. An old free-speaking companion of his, well known at Lincoln's Inn, would sometimes say to me, 'I met the great law lion this morning going to Westminster; but he was so busily reading in the coach what his provider had supplied him with, that he took no notice of me.'"

The ardent zeal with which Lord Thurlow contested the great question of the regency, led him, if we may credit the narrative of one who was a party to the debate, to be guilty of an act of great disingenuousness. Dr. Watson, the Bishop of Llandaff, in the course of a speech, in which he supported the claims of the Prince of Wales, incidentally cited a passage from Grotius, with regard to the definition of the word *right*. "The chancellor, in his reply," says the bishop in his memoirs, "boldly asserted that he perfectly well remembered the passage I had quoted from Grotius, and that it solely respected natural, but was inapplicable to civil, rights. Lord Loughborough, the first time I saw him after the debate, assured me that before he went to sleep that night he had looked into Grotius, and was astonished to find that the chancellor, in contradicting me, had presumed on the ignorance of the house, and that my quotation was perfectly correct. What miserable shifts do great men submit to, in supporting their parties! The Chancellor Thurlow," continues the bishop, "was an able and upright judge, but as the speaker of the house of lords, he was domineering and insincere. It was said of him, that in the cabinet he opposed everything, proposed nothing, and was ready to support anything. I remember Lord Camden's saying to me one night, when the chancellor was speaking contrary, as he thought, to his own conviction, 'There now! I could not do that: he is supporting what he does not believe a word of.'" —*Roscoe's Lives of Eminent Lawyers—Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Manners and Customs.

TORCHLIGHT.

It is an interesting circumstance in the habits of the ancient Romans, that their journeys were pursued very much in the night-time, and by torchlight. Cicero, in one of his letters, speaks of passing through the towns of Italy by night, as a serviceable scheme for some political purpose, either of avoiding too much to publish his motions, or of evading the necessity (else perhaps not avoidable) of drawing out the party sentiments of the magistrates in the circumstances of honour or neglect with which they might choose to receive him His words, however, imply that the practice was by no means an uncommon one. And, indeed, from some passages in writers of the Augustan era, it would seem that this custom was not confined to people of distinction, but was familiar to a class of travellers so low in rank as to be capable of abusing their opportunities of concealment for the infliction of wanton injury upon the woods and fences which bounded the margin of the high-road. Under the cloud of night and solitude, the mischief-loving traveller was often in the habit of applying his torch to the withered boughs of wood, or to artificial hedges: and extensive ravages by fire, such as now happen not unfrequently in the American woods (but generally from carelessness in scattering the glowing embers of a fire, or even the ashes of a pipe), were then occasionally the result of mere wantonness of mischief. Ovid accordingly notices, as one amongst the familiar images of daybreak, the half-burnt torch of the traveller; and, apparently, from the position which it holds in his description, where it is ranked with the most familiar of all circumstances in all countries—that of the rural labourer going out to his morning tasks it must have been common indeed:

> "Semiustamque facem vigilatâ nocte viator
> Ponet; et ad solitum rusticus ibit opus."

This occurs in the *Fasti:* elsewhere he notices it for its danger.

> "Ut facibus sepes ardent, cum forte viator
> Vel nimis admovit, vel jam sub luce reliquit."

He, however, we see, good-naturedly ascribes the danger to mere carelessness, in bringing the torch too near to the hedge, or tossing it away at daybreak. But Varro, a more matter-of-fact observer, does not disguise the plain truth—that these disasters were often the product of pure malicious frolic. For instance, in recommending a certain kind of quickset fence, he insists upon it as one of its advantages—that it will not readily ignite under the torch of the mischievous wayfarer: "Naturale sepimentum," says he, "quod obseri solet virgultis aut spinis, *prætereuntis lascivi non metuet facem.*" It is not easy to see the origin or advantage of this practice of nocturnal travelling, (which must have considerably increased the hazards of a journey,) excepting only in the heats of summer. It is probable, however, that men of high rank and public station may have introduced the practice by way of releasing corporate bodies in large towns from the burdensome ceremonies of public receptions; thus making a compromise between their own dignity and the convenience of the provincial public. Once introduced, and the arrangements upon the road for meeting the wants of travellers once adapted to such a practice, it would easily become universal. It is, however, very possible that mere horror of the heats of daytime may have been the original ground for it. The ancients appear to have shrunk from no hardship as so trying and insufferable as that of heat. And in relation to that

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subject, it is interesting to observe the way in which the ordinary use of language has accommodated itself to that feeling. Our northern way of expressing effeminacy, is derived chiefly from the hardships of cold. He that shrinks from the trials and rough experience of real life in any department, is described by the contemptuous prefix of *chimney-corner*, as if shrinking from the cold which he would meet on coming out into the open air amongst his fellow men. Thus, a *chimney-corner* politician for a mere speculator or unpractical dreamer. But the very same indolent habit of aerial speculation, which courts no test of real life and practice, is described by the ancients under the term *umbraticus*, or seeking the cool shade, and shrinking from the heat. Thus an *umbraticus doctor* is one who has no practical solidity in his teaching. The fatigue and hardship of real life, in short, is represented by the ancients under the uniform image of heat, and by the moderns under that of cold. —*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Retrospective Gleanings.

"PROGRESS" OF CHARLES II. AND HIS COURT.

THE accompanying memorandum relative to Charles II. and his Court, is copied from an old Family Prayer Book, and from the date of the book, (?) and appearance of the writing, there is little doubt of its authenticity. W. H.

"King Charles the Second, with his Queen Katharine, the Duke of York, and his Duchess, and Prince Rupert, the Duke of Monmouth, and many others of the nobility did lodge in Wickomb, the 30th day of September, in the yeare 1663. They did come into the town about 4 of the clock the same day. They came from Oxford. The King in his progress going back again to London. The King did go out of the town between v and vi of the clock the next morning, and was at his palace at Whitehall before 9 of the clock in the morning. The Queen did go out about viii of the clock, and dined at Uxbridge, and then went to Whitehall. The King was lodged with his Queen at the *Catharine Wheel.*"

FAT LIVING.

THE vicarage of Wyburn, or Winsburn, Cumberland, is of the following tempting value: Fifty shilling per annum, a new surplice, a pair of clogs, and feed on the common for one goose. This favoured church preferment is in the midst of a wild country, inhabited by shepherds. The clerk keeps a pothouse opposite the church. The service is once a fortnight; and when there is no congregation, the Vicar and Moses regale themselves at the bar. D. P.

BAD ALE.

IN the time of the Saxons, it was a custom in the city of Chester, that any person who brewed bad ale should either be placed in a ducking-chair, and plunged into a pool of muddy water, or, in lieu of that punishment, should forfeit four shillings. D. P.

ANCIENT TRADESMEN.

IN *Domesday Book* we find frequent mention of goldsmiths; and we know the Anglo-Saxons had their goldsmiths, silversmiths, and coppersmiths. Bowyers, or makers of cross-bows, are frequently mentioned—as are carpenters, potters, bakers, and brewers, the last of which were chiefly women. Both war and agriculture want the smith: hence his importance among the Saxons. They were free from all other services, on payment of a penny yearly for their forge. We also meet with butchers, barbers, embroiderers, saddlers, parchment-makers, and salt-makers. D. P.

PHYSICIANS' FEES.

IN a book called *Levamen Infirmi*, written in 1700, the usual fees to physicians and surgeons at that time are thus stated:—"To a graduate in physic, his due is about 10*s.*, though he commonly expects, or demands, 20*s.* Those that are only licensed physicians, their due is no more than 6*s.* 9*d.*, though they commonly demand 10*s.* A surgeon's journey is 12*d.* a mile, be his journey far or near. Ten groats to set a bone broke, or out of joint; and for letting of blood, 1*s.* The cutting off or amputation of any limb is 5*l.*, but there is no settled price for the cure." D. P.

EVIL OMEN.

IN the journals of the House of Commons, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, appears the following entry:—"This day a black raven came into the House, which was considered as *malum omen.*" D. P.

HENRY VIII. AND QUEEN KATHERINE.

THE following letter was sent by Queen Katherine to Henry VIII., after she was put away by that prince, to make room for Anne Boleyn. It was written from Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, to which place Katherine repaired after the divorce. It is dated 29th January, 1536. The bull for the divorce, bearing date 1529, is to be found in the Life of Henry VIII., written by Lord Herbert of Cherbury, 1649.

Gray's Inn. J. F.

"My most dear Lord, King, and Husband, —The houre of my death now approaching, I cannot choose, but out of the love I beare you, to advise you of your soule's health, which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever.

For which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do soe likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have heretofore desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage, which is not much, they being but three, and to all my other servants, a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

The Naturalist.

SPEED AND DIET OF THE OSTRICH.

In the *Annals of Sporting* it is observed:—"If we are to place confidence in traveller's tales, the ostrich is swifter than the Arabian horse. During the residence of Mr. Adamson at Pador, a French factory on the south side of the river Niger, he says that two ostriches, which had been about two years in the factory, afforded him a sight of a very extraordinary nature. These gigantic birds, though young, were of nearly the full size. They were (he continues) so tame, that two little blacks mounted both together on the back of the larger. No sooner did he feel their weight, than he began to run as fast as possible, and carried them several times round the village,—and it was impossible to stop him, otherwise than by obstructing the passage. This sight pleased me so much, that I wished it to be repeated, and, to try their strength, directed a full-grown negro to mount the smallest, and two others the larger. This burden did not seem at all disproportioned to their strength. At first, they went at a pretty sharp trot; but when they became heated a little, they expanded their wings, as though to catch the wind, and moved with such fleetness that they seemed scarcely to touch the ground. Most people have, at one time or other, seen the partridge run, and consequently must know that there is no man able to keep up with it; and it is easy to imagine, that if this bird had a longer step, its speed would be considerably augmented. The ostrich moves like the partridge, with this advantage; and I am satisfied that those I am speaking of would have distanced the fleetest race-horses that were ever bred in England. It is true, that they would not hold out so long as a horse; but they would, undoubtedly, be able to go over the space in less time. I have frequently beheld this sight, which is capable of giving one an idea of the prodigious strength of the ostrich, and of showing what use it might be of, had we but the method of breaking and managing it as we do the horse."

The following interesting particulars, relating to the capability of the ostrich to digest hard substances, is given by Mr. Fuller, in his *Tour of the Turkish Empire*:—"An ostrich, belonging to an English gentleman, arrived at Cairo from Upper Egypt, and afforded us an opportunity of observing this curious peculiarity in the natural history of that animal. The persons in charge of him observing his great propensity for hard substances, mistook, unfortunately, for his natural and ordinary diet, things that were only the objects of his luxury; and while they gave him corn only occasionally, administered every day a certain portion of iron, chiefly in the form of nails, to which he occasionally added a knife or a razor, which he chanced to pick up, or a few loose buttons, which he pulled from the coats of his attendants. This metallic system did not however succeed; the poor bird drooped gradually, his strength just lasted him to walk with a stately step into the court of the Consulate, and he died in about an hour afterwards. On a *post mortem* examination, at which I was present, about three pounds of iron were taken from his stomach. A considerable portion of the hardest parts, such as the blades of the knives and razor, was dissolved; and it is possible that the whole might in time have been digested, as the death of the animal was in part accidental, being immediately occasioned by a sharp boat-builder's nail, three or four inches long, which he had swallowed, and which had penetrated quite through the stomach, and produced mortification." W. G. C.

EFFECTS OF LIGHT AND AIR ON PLANTS.

The importance of light and air to plants is well known. When unassisted by these agents, plants lose their colour, and are deprived of many of their properties. Colour is thus evidently produced by the absorption of carbonic acid gas: and the colouring matter may be detected by a powerful microscope, lodged in the cellular substance of the leaf. How this colour is formed, and why it assumes different tints in different plants, are, however, questions which it is at present impossible to decide. The secretions of plants depend upon light, and their flavour and nutritious qualities are materially altered by their exclusion from it. The importance of this knowledge to a practical horticulturist is proved by the fact, that sea-kale, so well known as a wholesome and palatable vegetable, is not eatable in its original state; and that any part of the cultivated plant, if accidentally left exposed to the action of the air and light, becomes tough, and so strong in flavour as to be extremely unpleasant to the taste. Celery, also, in its native state, is poisonous; and it is only the parts that are blanched that are perfectly fitted for the table. Though colour is generally supposed

to depend principally on the plant's being exposed to the light, some portion of colouring matter appears to be occasionally absorbed by the root. This colouring substance is, however, never a deep green. Red and yellow, as may be seen in forced rhubarb, &c., are the most common hues. Succulent plants are less susceptible of the influence of light than any others. As they are always natives of hot countries, nature, to prevent the danger they would be exposed to from excessive evaporation, has provided them with leaves almost destitute of pores; and the moisture they absorb by their roots thus remains for the nourishment of the plant. It is for this reason that cactuses, mesembryanthemums, and other plants of a similar description, require very little water when kept in pots. Scarcely any carbon is found in plants grown in the dark. Many experiments have been tried to show the stimulus afforded to vegetation by light; trees of the same species and variety have been planted in the same garden and the same soil, but against walls with different aspects, and differently situated with regard to shade. The effect has been, not only a difference in the growth and appearance of the tree, but also in the size, colour, and flavour of the fruit which it produced. The contrast between plants grown in hot-houses with wooden sash frames, and those grown in hot-houses with iron sash-frames, has been found equally striking; the difference of light between the two kinds of houses being as seven to twenty-seven, or, sometimes, as three to twenty-three. Light is required at an early period of vegetation; but, as its properties are to give strength and flavour, it must be admitted with caution, as it is sometimes injurious. Too much light renders the skin of fruits tough, and will make cucumbers bitter. Bérard of Montpelier found that the ripening of fruits is merely the turning the acid which they contain into sugar, by exposure to the light; and that too much light and heat, before they have attained their proper size, will bring on premature ripening, and make them insipid.—*Lindley's Lectures, reported in the Gardeners' Magazine.*

PLANTS IN ROOMS.

It is very difficult to make plants grow in rooms. They must necessarily be deficient in the three important auxiliaries to vegetable life, light, air, and moisture; the latter of which cannot be maintained in apartments that are daily occupied. In large towns, plants cannot thrive even in the open air, as the minute particles of soot, which are constantly floating about, settle upon their leaves, and choke up their pores. The gases produced by the combustion of coal, &c., are also injurious to plants. Sulphurous acid, which abounds in the atmosphere of London, turns the leaves yellow; and the want of evaporation and absorption by the leaves prevents the proper elaboration of the sap, and makes the trees stunted and unproductive.—*Ibid.*

THE CHLAMYPHORUS.

In our account of *the Nine-banded Armadillo*, at page 57 of the present volume, we noticed the curious fact of the whole series of armadillos offering a notable example of one genus being confined to a particular country, viz. South America; of their standing perfectly insulated, and exhibiting all the characters of a creation entirely distinct, and, except as to the general character of mammiferous quadrupeds, perfectly of its own kind.

The nearest resemblance to the armadillo is, we believe, to be traced in a very curious little quadruped which is occasionally to be seen in the district of Cuyo, at the foot of the Andes, on the eastern side. The first instance of its being brought to Europe was a specimen preserved in spirit, which was added to the Museum of the Zoological Society, about four years since, by the Hon. Capt. Percy, R. N. who received it from Woodbine Parish, Esq. British consul at Buenos Ayres. It had been previously known only by the figures and description given by Dr. Harlan, in the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History of New York. His specimen was, however, deprived of the skeleton and internal parts, which are perfect in the specimen, in one of the lower rooms of the Museum in Bruton-street. It is called the *Chlamyphorus*, and may be said to unite the habits of the mole with the appearance of the armadillo. Its upper parts and sides are defended by a coat, or rather cloak, of mail, of a coriaceous nature, but exceeding in inflexibility sole-leather of equal thickness. This cloak does not adhere, like that of the armadillo, to the whole surface, occupying the place of the skin—but is applied over the skin and fur, forming an additional covering, which is attached only along the middle of the back and on the head. The hinder parts of the animal are also protected by it, to cover which, it is suddenly bent downwards at nearly a right angle. The tail is short, and is directed forwards along the under surface of the body. Owing to the rigidity of the case which so nearly encloses the animal, its motions must be limited almost entirely to those of mere progression, and even for these, the structure of its fore-feet is ill suited. The anterior limbs are, indeed, scarcely fitted for any other purpose than that of burrowing. For this operation, the long and broad claws with which they are furnished are truly admirably adapted; and their sharp points and cutting lower edges must materially assist in clearing through the entangled roots which the animal may encounter in its subterranean travels Its teeth resemble those of the sloth more

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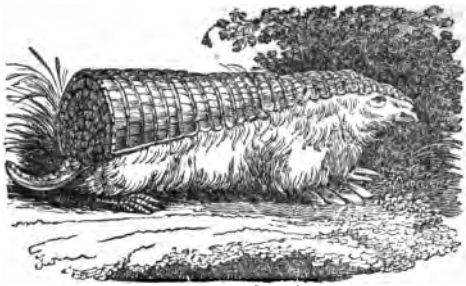


(The Chlamyphorus.)

nearly than any other animal's; and it seems to represent, beneath the earth, that well-known and singular inhabitant of trees—for its motions, so far as can be conjectured from its conformation, must also be executed with extreme slowness.

The dimensions of the specimen in the Museum are as follow: length from tip of nose to root of tail, 5½ inches; ditto tail, 1¼ in.; height at shoulder, 1¾ in. A more detailed account of the internal structure and economy of this extraordinary little animal will be found in the *Zoological Journal*, vols. ii. and iii.

ARROW ROOT.

[Mr. Andrew Mathews, of Lima, has communicated to the *Gardeners' Magazine* the following account of the Otaheitan method of preparing the excellent farinaceous substance termed *Arrow Root*, so extensively used in this country.]

The root (*Tacca* pinnatifida *Lin.*, the *Pea* of the natives) grows in the greatest abundance in all the islands which we visited; viz., in Otaheite, Eimeo, Huaheine, Raiatea, and Otaha. Its favourite situation is on the sides and ridges of the hills which rise directly from the sea, and which are generally covered with a coarse grass, on a red sandy loam. The root is round, white, smooth, full of eyes like a potato, and from 2 to 3 in. in diameter. The flower-stem rises directly from the root, simple; from 2 to 4 ft. in height, as thick as a man's finger, bearing its flowers in a loose simple umbel on the summit; and, when large and full blown, it presents a beautiful and delicate appearance. The leaf is large, tri-pinnatifid, segments acute, of a rich shining green: it is subject to great variation in the size of the segments, some leaves being much more cut, and having the segments narrower, than others. When a sufficient quantity of the roots is collected, they are taken to a running stream, or to the sea-beach, and washed; the outer skin is carefully scraped off at the same time with a shell; and those who are particular in the preparation scrape out even the eyes. The root is then reduced to a pulp, by rubbing it up and down a kind of rasp, made as follows:—A piece of board, about 3 in. wide, and 12 ft. long, is procured, upon which some coarse twine, made of the fibres of the cocoa nut husk, is tightly and regularly wound, and which affords an admirable substitute for a coarse rasp. The pulp, when prepared, is washed first with salt or sea water, through a sieve made of the fibrous web which protects the young frond of the cocoa-nut palm; and the starch, or arrow-root, being carried through with the water, is received in a wooden trough made like the small canoes used by the natives. The starch is allowed to settle for a few days; the water is then strained, or, more properly, poured off, and the sediment rewashed with fresh (or river) water. This washing is repeated three times with spring water; after which the deposit is made into balls of about 7 or 8 in. in diameter, and in this state dried in the sun for twelve or twenty-four hours. The balls are then broken, and the powder spread for some days in the sun to dry; after which it is carefully wrapped in *tapa* (the native cloth), and put into baskets, and hung up in the houses. The natural indolence of the people is so great, and their avarice such, that but few of them will give the arrow-root sufficient time to dry, if they have an opportunity of parting with it, which I suspect was the case with that sent to England some few years back by the missionaries. So abundant is the root, that several tons might be prepared annually by proper management: as it is, there is a considerable quantity prepared; it being not only eaten by the natives and strangers on the island, but also by the crews of the vessels that touch there.

At present, when the roots are taken up, the only precaution used to secure a crop the following year is to throw the smaller roots back into the holes from which they were taken, and to leave them to chance. I have no doubt that, with proper care and cultivation, any quantity might be produced. When we visited the island, we purchased the prepared arrow-root at 2*d.* per lb., and a missionary there informed us, that he would engage to procure any given quantity at 1½*d.* per lb.,

which is, I believe, much less than it can be purchased at either in the East or the West Indies. Its quality is excellent; I should say equal to that of the East Indies, and far superior to that of Chile, with which I have since my return, had an opportunity of comparing it.

Notes of a Reader.

JULIET'S TOMB.

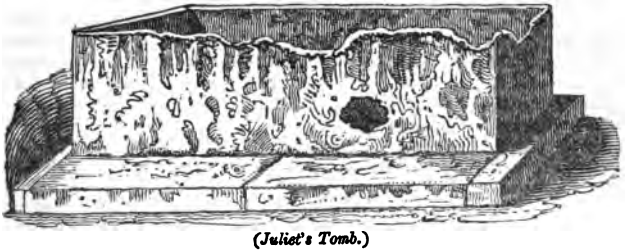
"In fair Verona, where we lay our scene."

THE traditionary story of *Romeo and Juliet* is fact. The animosities of the houses of Montagu and the Capulet are matter of the history of Verona, where, in olden times, Pliny and Catullus were born. Juliet was buried in the *soutterain* of Fermo Maggiore, which belonged to an order of Franciscan friars, and was founded in 1230. Some years ago the monastery was burnt down, and the vaults and burying-place reduced to ruins. At this time the stone sarcophagus, the sepulchre of Juliet, was removed, and placed where it now is, in the entrance gateway of the monastery. The upper edge of it was entire when it was first put here, but has since been mutilated, as is represented in the Cut, for scraps to carry away as relics. Thus noted Mr. Duppa, a few years since; but we have other pilgrims and fair pens to establish the identity.

Lord Byron, in a postscript to one of his letters from Verona, dated Nov. 7, 1816, says, "I have been over Verona. Of the truth of Juliet's story, they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden—once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces."*

Mrs. Maria Callcott writes, in 1829:—"The tomb now shown as that of Juliet, is an ancient sarcophagus of red granite: it has suffered from the fire which burnt down the church, where is was originally placed."†

Lastly, the accomplished authoress of *Characteristics of Women* adds her testimony, and illustrates the fondness with which the relics of Juliet are cherished, by noting that she met in Italy a gentleman, who being then "*dans le genre romantique*," wore a fragment of Juliet's tomb set in a ring.‡



(Juliet's Tomb.)

MONASTERIES.

IT is a strange error to conceive that English monasteries, before the dissolution, fed the indigent part of the nation, and gave that general relief which the poor laws are intended to afford.—*Hallam.*

PIRACY.

MR. HALLAM makes the following excellent observations upon the frequency of piracy in the middle ages:—"A pirate, in a well-armed, quick-sailing vessel, must feel, I suppose, the enjoyments of his exemption from controul more exquisitely than any other free-booter; and, darting along the bosom of the ocean, under the impartial radiance of the heavens, may deride the dark concealments and hurried flights of the forest robber. His occupation is indeed extinguished by the civilization of later ages, or confined to distant climates. But in the 13th or 14th centuries, a rich vessel was never secure from attack; and neither restitution nor punishment of the criminals was to be obtained from governments, who sometimes feared the plunderer, and sometimes connived at the offence."

GOOD EFFECTS OF SALT.

SALT appears to be a necessary and universal stimulus to animated beings; and its effects upon the vegetable as well as animal kingdom have furnished objects of the most interesting inquiry to the physiologist, the chemist, the physician, and the agriculturist. It appears to be a natural stimulant to the digestive organs of all warm-blooded animals, and that they are instinctively led to immense distances in pursuit of it. This is strikingly exemplified in the avidity with which animals in a wild state seek the salt-pans of Africa and America, and in the difficulties they

* Moore's Life of Byron, vol. ii. 4to. p. 50.

† See a sketch accompanying an Engraving of Verona, in vol. xiv. of the *Mirror*, p. 321.

‡ See p. 118 of the present volume.

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will encounter to reach them: this cannot arise from accident or caprice, but from a powerful instinct, which, beyond control, compels them to seek, at all risks, that which is salubrious. To those who are anxious to gain further information upon this curious subject, I would recommend the perusal of a work entitled "*Thoughts on the Laws relating to Salt*," by Samuel Parkes, Esq., and a small volume by my late lamented friend Sir Thomas Bernard, on the "*Case of the Salt Duties, with Proofs and Illustrations.*" We are all sensible of the effect of salt on the human body; we know how unpalatable fresh meat and vegetables are without it. During the course of my professional practice, I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the evils which have attended an abstinance from salt. In my examination before a committee of the House of Commons in 1818, appointed for the purpose of inquiring into the laws respecting the salt duties, I stated, from my own experience, the bad effects of a diet of unsalted fish, and the injury which the poorer classes, in many districts, sustained in their health from an inability to procure this essential condiment. I had some years ago a gentleman of rank and fortune under my care, for a deranged state of the digestive organs, accompanied with extreme emaciation. I found that, from some cause which he could not explain, he had never eaten any salt with his meals: I enforced the necessity of his taking it in moderate quantities, and the recovery of his digestive powers was soon evinced in the increase of his strength and condition. One of the ill effects produced by an unsalted diet is the generation of worms. Mr. Marshall has published the case of a lady who had a natural antipathy to salt, and was in consequence most dreadfully infested with worms during the whole of her life.—(*London Medical and Physical Journal*, vol. xxix. No. 231.) In Ireland, where, from the bad quality of the food, the lower classes are greatly infested with worms, a draught of salt and water is a popular and efficacious anthelmintic. Lord Somerville, in his Address to the Board of Agriculture, gave an interesting account of the effects of a punishment which formerly existed in Holland. "The ancient laws of the country ordained men to be kept on bread alone, unmixed with salt, as the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon them in their moist climate. The effect was horrible; these wretched criminals are said to have been devoured by worms engendered in their own stomachs." The wholesomeness and digestibility of our bread are undoubtedly much promoted by the addition of salt which it so universally receives.—*Dr. Paris—quoted in the Doctor.*

PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES.

The first savages collected in the forests a few nourishing fruits, a few salutary roots, and thus supplied their most immediate wants. The first shepherds observed that the stars moved in a regular course, and made use of them to guide their journeys across the plains of the desert. Such was the origin of the mathematical and physical sciences. Once convinced that it could combat nature by the means which she herself afforded, genius reposed no more, it watched her without relaxation, it made incessantly new conquests over her, all of them distinguished by some improvement in the situation of our race. From that time a succession of conducting minds, faithful depositories of the attainments already made, constantly occupied in connecting them, in vivifying them by means of each other, have conducted us, in less than forty ages, from the first essays of rude observers to the profound calculations of Newton and La Place, to the learned classifications of Linnæus and Jussieu. This precious inheritance, perpetually increasing, brought from Chaldea into Egypt, from Egypt into Greece, concealed during ages of disaster and of darkness recovered in more fortunate times, unequally spread among the nations of Europe, has everywhere been followed by wealth and power; the nations which have reaped it are become the mistresses of the world; such as have neglected it, are fallen into weakness and obscurity.—*Curtis's Lectures on the Ear.*

THE CAUSES OF DISEASE.

Daily observation demonstrates that the human structure, even in its most perfect formation is liable to lesions of organization and derangment of function, producing that state of the system in which its usual actions or perceptions are either interrupted or attended with pain—this state is called disease. Every animal carries within itself the germ of its own destruction, or, in other words, it is formed for a limited existence. Many diseases, therefore arise spontaneously, or without any assignable external cause; but many more are produced by causes, over which we have some control, and perhaps the chief source of the physical ills to which we are liable, is the deviation we make from the simplicity of nature. The injurious influence that domestication has upon the health of the lower animals is very strikingly apparent; and in proportion as their subjugation is more complete, and their manner of life differs more widely from that which is natural to them, so are their diseases more numerous and severe. The diseases of our more valuable domestic animals are sufficiently numerous and important to employ a particular class of men; and the horse alone has professional assistance appropriated to

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him. Men of education and talent have devoted themselves to the investigation of the diseases of this noble and useful creature. The poor little canary birds confined in their prisons, are very liable to disease, more especially inflammation of the bowels, asthma, epilepsy, and soreness of the bill. No animal deviates so far from the simplicity of nature in its habits, as man; none is placed under the influence of so many circumstances, calculated to act unfavourably upon the frame. His morbid affections are hence abundant and diversified, as may be seen by referring to the different nosological arrangements; these long catalogues of diseases affording strong evidence that man has not carefully followed that way of life which has been marked out for him by nature. The crowded state of the inhabitants of large cities; the injurious effects of an atmosphere loaded with impurities; sedentary occupations; various unwholesome avocations; intemperance in food; stimulating drinks; high-seasoned and indigestible viands (and these taken hastily in the short intervals allowed by the hurry and turmoil of business); the constant inordinate activity of the great central circulation, kept up by the double impulse of luxurious habits and high mental exertions; the violent passions by which we are agitated and enervated; the various disappointments and vexations to which all are liable, reacting upon and disturbing the whole frame; the delicacy and sensibility to external influences, caused by heated rooms, too warm clothing, and other indulgencies; are all contrary to the voice of nature, and they produce those morbid conditions of the system which a more simple and uniform mode of living would prevent. Our associates of the animal kingdom do not escape the influence of such causes: the mountain shepherd and his dog are equally hardy, and form an instructive contrast between a delicate lady and her lapdog; the extreme point of degeneracy and imbecility of which each race is susceptible. In the early ages of society man enjoyed long life, his manner of living was simple, his food, habitation, and pursuits, were all calculated to fortify the body, and no anxious cares disturbed his mind.—*Curtis's Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.*

REFORM OF CRIMINAL LAW.

How noble and pure was the ambition of Sir Samuel Romilly we may learn from the following beautiful passages, where he has explained the motives by which he was actuated in his proposed reforms of the criminal law. "It was not," said he, "from light motives—it was from no fanciful notions of benevolence, that I have ventured to suggest any alteration in the criminal law of England. It has originated in many years' reflection, and in the long-established belief that a mitigation of the severe penalties of our law will be one of the most effectual modes to preserve and advance the humanity and justice for which this country is so eminently distinguished. Since the last session of parliament, I have repeatedly reconsidered the subject: I am more and more firmly convinced of the strength of the foundation upon which I stand; and even if I had doubted my own conclusions, I cannot forget the ability with which I was supported within these walls; nor can be insensible to the humane and enlightened philosophy by which, in contemplative life, this advancement of kindness has been recommended. I cannot, therefore, hastily abandon a duty which, from my success in life, I owe to my profession—which, as a member of this house, I owe to you and to my country—and which, as a man blessed with more than common prosperity, I owe to the misguided and unfortunate.—*Roscoe's Lives of Eminent Lawyers.*

AN UPRIGHT JUDGE.

The character of Sir Matthew Hale as a judge was splendidly pre-eminent. His learning was profound; his patience unconquerable; his integrity stainless. In the words of one who wrote with no friendly feeling towards him, "his voice was oracular, and his person little less than adored." The temper of mind with which he entered upon the duties of the bench is best exemplified in the following resolutions, which appear to be composed on his being raised to the dignity of chief baron at the restoration.

"Things necessary to be continually had in remembrance:—

"1. That in the administration of justice I am intrusted for God, the king, and country; and therefore,

"2. That it be done—1. uprightly; 2. deliberately; 3. resolutely.

"3. That I rest not upon my own understanding or strength, but implore and rest upon the direction and strength of God.

"4. That in the exertion of justice I carefully lay aside my own passions, and not give way to them, however provoked.

"5. That I be wholly intent upon the business I am about, remitting all other cares and thoughts as unseasonable and interruptions.

"6. That I suffer not myself to be prepossessed with any judgment at all, till the whole business and both parties be heard.

"7. That I never engage myself in the beginning of any cause, but reserve myself unprejudiced till the whole be heard.

"8. That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to pity, yet to consider there is a pity also due to the country.

"9. That I be not too rigid in matters purely conscientious, where all the harm is diversity of judgment.

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"10. That I be not biassed with compassion to the poor, or favour to the rich, in point of justice.

"11. That popular or court applause or distaste have no influence in anything I do, in point of distribution of justice.

"12. Not to be solicitous what men will say or think, so long as I keep myself exactly according to the rule of justice.

"13. If in criminals it be a measuring cast, to incline to mercy and acquittal.

"14. In criminals that consist merely in words, where no more harm ensues, moderation is no injustice.

"15. In criminals of blood, if the fact be evident, severity is justice.

"16. To abhor all private solicitations, of what kind soever, and by whomsoever, in matters depending.

"17. To charge my servants—1. Not to interpose in any matter whatsoever; 2. Not to take more than their known fees; 3. Not to give any undue precedence to causes; 4. Not to recommend counsel.

"18. To be short and sparing at meals, that I may be the fitter for business."

Under the influence of resolutions like these, the conduct of Hale on the bench appears to have been almost irreproachable.—*Ibidem.*

The Public Journals.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale.

For He whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind—
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of mankind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth!

There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral train swept by;
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft, in sleep, we ask, "Can this be true?"
Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;—
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold!

Was 'it a dream?—methought the "dauntless Harold" passed me by—
The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady of the Lake."

The "Minstrel," whose *last lay* was o'er, whose broken harp lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step of wo;
And "Stuart's" voice rose there, as when, 'midst fate's disastrous war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Ich Ian Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominie" stalk'd past,
With "Bertram," "Julia" by his side, whose tears were flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpowered by that afflicting sight;
And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbarns" approached, amidst that burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld lang syne!"
Slow march'd the gallant "Mc Intyre," whilst "Lovel" mused alone;
For *once*, "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful throne!

With coronach, and arms reversed, forth came "Mac Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wild—"Rob Roy's" bold brow look'd wan;
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Bailie" sighed, "that I should see this day!"

Next rode in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Elliesław, the far-renowned "Black Dwarf;"
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," of "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evandale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose woe might naught avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the conflict won;
And pale "Habakuk Mucklewrath," who cried, "God's will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms mid wildest scenes,
Passed she,—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie Deans;"
And "Dumbedikes," that silent laird, with love too *deep* to *smile*,
And "Effie," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood" advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mien with eye indignant glanced;
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song, stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardenvohr," and *he*, the gifted Hieland Seer;
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," "Lord Monteith," and "Ranald," met my view—

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The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold
"Mhich-Connel-Dhu!"
On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Bœuf"—
"De Bracy's" plume of woe;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant
"Ivanhoe;"
While soft as glides a summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the Jew!
Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were seen,
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's beauteous mien!
A sound thrilled through that lengthening host! methought the vault was closed,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's bard reposed!—
A sound thrilled through that length'ning host! and forth my vision fled!
But, ah! that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal Scott was dead!

Literary Gazette.

LORD BYRON'S "LOVE."

From Lady Blessington's Conversations.

Of love he had strange notions: he said that most people had *le besoin d'aimer*, and that with this *besoin* the first person who fell in one's way contented one. He maintained that those who possessed the most imagination, poets for example, were most likely to be constant in their attachments, as with the *beau ideal* in their heads, with which they identified the object of their attachment, they had nothing to desire, and viewed their mistresses through the brilliant medium of fancy, instead of the common one of the eyes. "A poet, therefore (said Byron), endows the person he loves with all the charms with which his mind is stored, and has no need of actual beauty to fill up the picture. Hence he should select a woman, who is rather good-looking than beautiful, leaving the latter for those who, having no imagination, require actual beauty to satisfy their tastes. And after all (said he), where is the actual beauty that can come up to the bright "imaginings" of the poet? where can one see women that equal the visions, half mortal, half angelic, that people his fancy? Love, who is painted blind (an allegory that proves the uselessness of beauty), can supply all deficiencies with his aid; we can invest her whom we admire with all the attributes of loveliness, and though time may steal the roses from her cheek, and the lustre from her eye, still the original *beau ideal* remains, filling the mind and intoxicating the soul with the overpowering presence of loveliness. I flatter myself that my Leila, Zuleika, Gulnare, Medora, and Haidee will always vouch for my taste in beauty: these are the bright creations of my fancy, with rounded forms, and delicacy of limbs, nearly so incompatible as to be rarely if ever united; for where, with some rare exceptions, do we see roundness of contour accompanied by lightness, and those fairy hands and feet that are at once the type of beauty and refinement. I like to shut myself up, close my eyes, and fancy one of the creatures of my imagination, with taper and rose-tipped fingers, playing with my hair, touching my cheek, or resting its little snowy-dimpled hand on mine. I like to fancy the fairy foot, round and pulpy, but small to diminutiveness, peeping from beneath the drapery that half conceals it, or moving in the mazes of the dance. I detest thin women; and unfortunately all, or nearly all plump women, have clumsy hands and feet, so that I am obliged to have recourse to imagination for my beauties, and there I always find them. I can so well understand the lover leaving his mistress that he might write to her, I should leave mine, not to write to, but to think of her, to dress her up in the habiliments of my ideal beauty, investing her with all the charms of the latter, and then adoring the idol I had formed. You must have observed that I give my heroines extreme refinement, joined to great simplicity and want of education. Now, refinement and want of education are incompatible, at least I have ever found them so: so here again, you see, I am forced to have recourse to imagination, and certainly it furnishes me with creatures as unlike the sophisticated beings of civilized existence, as they are to the still less tempting, coarse realities of vulgar life. In short, I am of opinion that poets do not require great beauty in the objects of their affection; all that is necessary for them is a strong and devoted attachment from the object, and where this exists, joined to health and good temper, little more is required, at least in early youth, though with advancing years, men become more *exigeants*." Talking of the difference between love in early youth and in maturity, Byron said, "that, like the measles, love was most dangerous when it came late in life."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

UMBRELLAS.

By one of the year 1750.

Umbrellas, in my youth, were not ordinary things; few but the macaronis of the day, as the dandies were then called, would venture to display them. For a long while it was not usual for men to carry them without incurring the brand of effeminacy, and they were vulgarly considered as the characteristics of a person whom the mob hugely disliked, namely, a mincing Frenchman! At first, a single umbrella seems to have been kept at a coffee-house for some extraordinary occasion—lent as a coach or chair in a heavy shower—but not commonly carried by the walkers. The Female Tatler advertises, "the young gentleman belonging to the custom-house who, in fear of rain, borrowed *the umbrella from*

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Wilks' Coffee-House, shall the next time be welcome to the maid's *pattens*." An umbrella carried by a man was obviously then considered as extreme effeminacy. As late as in 1778, one John Macdonald, a footman, who has written his own life, informs us that when he used "a fine silk umbrella, which he had brought from Spain, he could not with any comfort to himself use it; the people calling out 'Frenchman! why don't you get a coach?'" The fact was that the hackney-coachmen and the chairmen, joining with the true *esprit de corps*, were clamorous against this portentous rival. This footman, in 1778, gives us further information. "At this time there were no umbrellas wore in London, except in noblemen's and gentlemen's houses, where there was a large one hung in the hall to hold over a lady or a gentleman, if it rained between the door and their carriage." His sister was compelled to quit his arm one day from the abuse he drew down on himself and his umbrella. But he adds, that "he persisted for three months till they took no further notice of this novelty. Foreigners began to use theirs, and then the English. Now it is become a great trade in London." This footman, if he does not arrogate too much to his own confidence, was the first man distinguished by carrying and using a silken umbrella. He is the founder of a most populous school. The state of our population might now in some degree be ascertained by the number of umbrellas.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

GIPSIES.

Gipsies in times of yore were the scape-goats of the peasantry: if "cock" were "purloined" or any other rural mischief done by night, it was immediately fathered upon a neighbouring tent of "the dark race." No further evidence was required than the pot boiling on stick transverse: no one hesitated to conclude that the said pot contained the *corpus delicti*: that the individual missing cock was there parboiling, and that the swarthy race lolling around the fire, or peeping from beneath the canvass roof, were resting from the unholy labours of the night. Crime, however, has made such rapid marches that it has long been seen that the gipsies could not perpetrate the whole of it: and now it is pretty clear they are, and probably have always been, innocent of the whole of it. It is an event of extreme rarity to see a gipsy in a court of justice, and we have reason to believe that it has come to pass that farmers entertain a belief that the tent of the wanderer, with its nightly blaze and its dark shadows flitting about it, is a protection to their property. There is every probability in favour of the justice of this character. The life of the gipsy is not unlucrative: his wants are few and coarse, and the calls upon him are scarcely any. He pays no rent: he is exempt from taxes: he spends nothing in the luxury of attire: no man can bring him in a bill. Being himself a mender and universal repairer, he is under the necessity of demanding no man's aid. His horse or his ass feeds on Nature's common, the hedge-side, the waste corner, the forest thicket, well known and long haunted by him and his tribe. Gipsies are subject to few diseases: they seldom ask the doctor's assistance but for one friendly office, and that serves a man his lifetime. The open air, the inconstancy of their labour, the sufficiency of their food, and the quantity of healthy exercise, necessarily render these Arabs of civilization the healthiest part of the people. As the monks of old always managed to select a happy site for their establishments, so does the gipsy always contrive to fix upon a pleasant and healthy spot for the pitching of his tent. It is sure to be near a brook for the supply of fresh water for the pot, and a washing-place for the family rags: it generally lies under the shelter of some umbrageous tree, it will always be found to have a view of the road, and invariably placed on the edge of some nice short and sweet morsel of grass for the recreation of the quadrupeds of the party.

The character of the gipsy has not been well understood. It is altogether oriental: he is quiet, patient, sober, long suffering, pleasant in speech, indolent but handy, far from speculative, and yet good at succedaneum: when his anger is kindled, it descends like lightning: unlike his dog, his wrath gives no notice by grumbling: he blazes up like one of his own fires of dried fern. Quarrels do not often take place among them, but when they do, they are dreadful. The laws of the country in which they sojourn have so far banished the use of knives from among them that they only grind them, otherwise these conflicts would always be fatal. They fight like tigers with tooth and nail, and knee and toe, and seem animated only with the spirit of daemonism. Luckily the worst weapon they use is a stick, and, if the devil tempts, a hedge-stake.

We have been put in mind to say something of the gipsies by having witnessed the consequences of one of these affrays, which has brought us still better acquainted with these singular people. A quarrel originating in jealousy had produced results of the most serious nature. A blow on the head with a tent-pole had evidently produced concussion of the brain if not fracture, and the victim was lying on his straw bed in a state of profound coma. The tent was tripartite, being formed of three main tops meeting in a centre: one was sacred to the women—the gynekeion of the Greeks, the anderoon of the Persians: in the others were collected the whole faction of the dying man. Nine or ten

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swarthy but handsome countenances were anxiously watching the struggling breath of their unhappy comrade—some sobbing, some grief-stricken, some sombre, none savage. An old crone was administering ineffectual milk, perhaps the very woman who had found the same fluid so nutritious some thirty years ago. Before, or rather, under her lay as noble a form as nature ever moulded, with a fine dark, but thoroughly Indian face, covered with the clammy sweat of apoplectic death. There was no want of light, the fire at the mouth every now and then sent in a volume of illumination, and when the medical men arrived there was scarcely a hand that did not contain a candle in the hope of aiding their investigation. The man died on the fourth day: the surgeons were compelled to mangle him in their search for a fracture; after his death justice demanded a still further investigation of the corpse: and yet during all these trying circumstances an important witness can declare that the behaviour of the supposed lawless people was not merely decent—it was more than exemplary—it was delicate, tender, nay, refined; it was moreover exempt from prejudice, at the same time that it was full of feeling. Were the details in place here, it would perhaps be allowed that few brighter examples of friendship and right feeling were to be found than in this instance occurred among the "dark race," as they call themselves.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

The Gatherer.

ARROGANCE.

Owen Feltham says: "I never yet found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet virtue should ever dwell with honour; and that such an aspiring fume as pride is, should ever sojourn with a constant baseness. It is sure, we seldom find it, but in such as being conscious of their own deficiency, think there is no way to get honour but by a bold assuming it. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part meet with them in low men. Arrogance is a weed that ever grows in a dunghill. It is from the rankness of that soil that she hath her height and spreadings. Witness clowns, fools, and fellows that from nothing are lifted some few steps upon fortune's ladder; where, seeing the glorious representment of honour above, they are so greedy of embracing, that they strive to leap thither at once: so by overreaching themselves in the way, they fail of the end, and fall. And all this happiness, either for want of education, which should season their minds with the generous precepts of morality; or, which is more powerful, example; or else for lack of a discerning judgment, which will tell them that the best way thither, is to go about by humility and desert. Otherwise the river of contempt runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either turn back with shame, or suffer in the desperate venture. Of trees, I observe, God hath chosen the vine, a low plant that creeps upon the helpful wall. Of all beasts, the soft and patient lamb. Of all fowls, the mild and gall-less dove. Christ is the rose of the field, and the lily of the valley. When God appeared to Moses, it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the sturdy oak, nor the spreading plane; but in a bush, an humble, slender, abject shrub: as if he would, by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing procureth love like humility; nothing hate, like pride. The proud man walks among daggers pointed against him; whereas the humble and the affable, have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our superiors, is duty; to our equals, courtesy; to our inferiors, nobleness: which for all her lowness, carries such a sway that she may command their souls. But we must take heed, we express it not in unworthy actions. For then leaving virtue, it falls into disdained baseness, which is the undoubtable badge of one that will betray society. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery and unmanly cowardice, he may be humble with commendation; but surely no circumstance can make the expression of pride laudable. If ever it be, it is when it meets with audacious pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then be author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way to his duty and wit. Yet this I cannot so well call pride, as an emulation of the divine justice; which will always vindicate itself upon presumptuous ones, and is indeed said to fight against no sin but pride."

W. G. C.

Curious Marriage.—In the church of St. Martin, formerly called St. Crosse, Leicester, the marriage register contains an entry of the names of Thomas Tilsey and Ursula Russel, the first of whom being "deofe and also dombe," it was agreed by the bishop, mayor, and other gentlemen of the town, that certain signs and actions of the bridegroom should be admitted instead of the usual words enjoined by the Protestant marriage ceremony: "First he embraced her with his armes, and tooke her by the hande, put a ringe upon her finger, and laide his hande upon his harte, and upon her harte, and helde up his handes towards heaven; and, to shew his continuance to dwell with her to his lyves ende, he did it by closing of his eyes with his hands, and digging out the earthe with his fete, and pullinge as though he would

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ringe a bell, with divers other signes approved." P. T. W.

Fanny Kemble Tulip.—This famous tulip which was sold a few weeks since for £100. was raised by a Mr. Clarke, of Croydon, Surrey, lately deceased. He was considered to have a first-rate show of tulips, and spent much of his time in their cultivation; the remainder of the bed was knocked down for £500. The above gentleman was an infatuated admirer of Miss Kemble, and, as a token of his admiration he named his favourite tulip after her. He was a man of the most eccentric habits: though possessed of a competent fortune, he was continually harrassed by the fear of coming to poverty—and so powerfully was he impressed with the dread of being buried in a trance, that he ordered in his will, two panes of glass to be introduced in his coffin lid, and that he should be placed in the vault without being screwed down. SWAINE.

In answer to H. H. who advertises in No. 568, p. 208, of *The Mirror*, for a translation in one line rhyming with Virgil's hemistich:

Mollissima tempora fandi—

the following is suggested:

Times for persuasive speech most meet and handy.

The following motto for a tea-caddy was quoted by the celebrated J. Wilkes:

Te veniente die, Te discedente.

And when Dr. Johnson complained to Mrs. Piozzi, that her tea was so strong as to make him tipsy, he was thus answered by that learned lady:

Equidem de Te nil tale verebar. E. B. I.

Dum æger ait, "ah! ah!"
Tu dicito, "da, da."
Mirror, No. 568, p. 208.

Translation.

While the sick man in pain cries out "*ah! me!*"
Tell him "before I cure, first pay my fee."

Another.

Whilst your patient sighs, "ah, me!"
You must cry, "my fee, my fee!!"
C. B.

Shaving or Throat-cutting.—Damel, the King of the Yaloffs, (a people of Africa,) being at war with Abdulkader, King of Foota Torra, the latter inflamed with zeal for propagating his religion, sent an ambassador to Damel, accompanied by two of the principal Bashreens, who carried each a knife fixed on the top of a long pole. When they obtained admission into the presence of Damel, they announced the object of their embassy in the following manner:—"With this knife," said the ambassador, "Abdulkader will condescend to shave the head of Damel, if Damel will embrace the Mahomedan faith; and with this other knife, Abdulkader will cut the throat of Damel, if Damel refuses to embrace it—take your choice." Damel coolly replied, "That he had no choice to make; he neither chose to have his head shaved nor his throat cut;" and with this answer the ambassador was civilly dismissed. P. T. W.

Guides.—The guides that precede travellers in India are kept in such admirable wind by their offices, that they keep up with your horse at a trot, for seven or eight miles.

To Cara.

Thy swain discarded calls thee shrew;
Would'st thou, girl, prove the charge untrue,
Marry the fool who long hath wooed,
And all will swear thou art not shrewd. H. H.

The Pledge redeemed.

Said Tom to Sam, "Dear friend, I'm bound
To see your fortune through;"
Sam lost his wealth to Tom, and found
The rogue had spoken true. H. H.

Men of no business and Paper-cutting.—Men of great parts (says Swift) are unfortunate in business, because they go out of the common road. I once desired Lord Bolingbroke to observe that the clerks used an ivory knife, with a blunt edge, to divide paper, which cut it even, only requiring a strong hand; whereas a sharp penknife would go out of the crease, and disfigure the paper. P. T. W.

Tremendous Explosion.—January 4, 1649, a parish feast was held at the Rose tavern, in Tower-street, where 70 barrels of gunpowder took fire and destroyed 60 houses; all the persons assembled were killed and mangled in a shocking manner, except the mistress of the tavern, who was found sitting upright in the bar, and a drawer standing without it, with a pot in his hand; both being suffocated with smoke and dust.

Value of Steam Packets.—A steam packet of 100 horse power, equipped as it ought to be, will probably cost about 20,000*l.*; expenditure of fuel, at the rate of one-half chaldron of coals per hour, wages and victualling, per month, 250*l.*; tonnage duty, lights, pilotage, and port charges, 200*l.* per annum; insurance, 100*l.* per month; small repairs and winter expenses, about 500*l.* Besides which, being calculated to last only ten years, the owners should be able to lay by a sinking fund, or reserve of 2,000*l.* per annum, and 1,500*l.* for a new set of boilers during that time, making altogether the sailing expenses of such a vessel about 1,000*l.* per month.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 573.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1832. [PRICE 2d.

OLD HALL, IN DERBYSHIRE.

THIS picturesque specimen of olden architecture stands upon the Norton Lees estate, on the northern verge of Derbyshire upon the adjacent county of York; about a mile from Sheffield, and eight miles north of Chesterfield, and but a short distance from Bolsover Castle, pictured in No. 566 of *The Mirror*. "The estate, in the reign of Henry VII., was the property of the family of the Blythes of Norton, two of whom arrived at great honours in the church; one of them, John, being the Bishop of Salisbury, and the other, Geoffrey, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry."* The above was the mansion of the family: its picturesqueness is of pleasing character; and our inquiry into the probable age of the structure has naturally enough led us into a few observations upon the early domestic architecture of this country. The subject is, however, too rife with interesting details for the present occasion; so that all we now purpose is by way of reference to the specimen or illustration before us.

The house at Norton Lees has been supposed by some persons to be as old as the reign of Richard II.; but Mr. Rhodes observes, "that it was erected many years after this period can hardly be doubted." Certain features of resemblance assist its appearance of antiquity, as the wooden framework, which is observable in the oldest specimens of house-building in this country. According to Strutt, the Saxons usually built their houses of clay, kept together by wooden frames; shortly after the Norman Conquest plaster was intermixed with timber, and subsequently the basement story was made of stone. The upper apartments were so constructed as to project over the lower, and considerable ornament both in carved wood and plaster was introduced about the doors and windows and roof of the building. Nevertheless, timber, with lath and plaster, and thatch for the roofs, constituted the chief materials in the dwellings of the English from an early period till near the close of the fourteenth century and beginning of the fifteenth, when bricks began to be used in the better sort of houses.† The mansion before us, as we have seen, is referred to the first-mentioned period. Mr. Rhodes, however, observes, "though composed of stone and wood, it is evident not one of the earliest structures of this description: it is indeed highly probable that it was built in the reign of the Seventh or Eighth Henry, but certainly not sooner. At this period the halls or family mansions of the yeomanry of the country had nearly all the same general character. Previously, but little stone was used in any of them."‡ It is true that stone

* Rhodes's Peak Scenery, Part IV.

† Britton's Architect. Antiq. ii. 86.

‡ Rhodes's Peak Scenery, Part iv. p. 4.—One of the oldest of these structures at present in the king-

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houses are mentioned nearly three centuries and a half before the date of the hall at Norton Lees, as settled by Mr. Rhodes; as we find them belonging to citizens of London in the reign of Henry II.; "and," observes Mr. Hallam, "though not often perhaps regularly hewn stones, yet those scattered over the soil, or dug from flint quarries, bound together with a very strong and durable cement, were employed in the construction of manorial houses, especially in the western counties and other parts where that material is easily procured. Harrison says, that few of the houses of the commonalty, except here and there in the west country towns, were made of stone. This was about 1570. Gradually, even in timber buildings, the intervals of the main beams were occupied by stone walls, or where stone was expensive, by mortar or plaster, intersected by horizontal or diagonal beams, grooved into the principal piers. This mode of building continued for a long time, and is familiar to our eyes in the older streets of the metropolis, and in many parts of the country."* Harrison, just quoted, says, "the ancient manours and houses of our gentlemen are yet and for the most part of strong timber, in framing whereof our carpenters have been and are worthily preferred before those of like science among all other nations. Howbeit, such as are lately builded are either of brick or hard stone, or of both."

The "Hall" before us may 'but ill accord with the present idea of one of these ancient residences; but, to explain away this error, it may be necessary to show in what respects the earliest "halls" (of which but few specimens are extant,) differed from those which remain in considerable numbers, to this day. A passage to this point will be found in Mr. Hallam's valuable work. "It is," observes this able historical writer, an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above, and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices.† Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but as to the latter period from the buildings themselves, sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates, during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few. Single rooms, windows, doorways, &c. of an earlier date, may perhaps not unfrequently be found; but such instances are always to be verified by their intrinsic evidence, not by the tradition of the place."‡

It need scarcely be remarked, in conclusion, that the Hall at Norton Lees, as it appears to the reader, conveys but an imperfect idea of the ancient structure. The walls of the lower story entirely of stone, and the upper, stone and plaster intersected by wood, are original, as is probably the enriched gable, with the pinnacled ornament at its apex; beneath was originally a small bay window, which has been stopped up: the other gable, it is reasonable to couclude, once possessed similar enrichments. The chimneys are modern, since they are neither pyramidal in their terminations, as was the fashion of the 14th and 15th centuries, nor have they the long polygonal shafts of the Elizabethan and subsequent periods, which has caused chimneys to be characteristically termed "the wind-pipes of hospitality." The "Hall" would likewise appear to be divided into two tenements, which but ill assorts with its original appropriation; though we are not to consider these deviations as affecting the architectural character or identity.

dom, is Moreton Hall in Cheshire, which, though a highly-ornamented building, is entirely composed of wood, and was erected at a time before stone was generally used even for the lower apartments. The earliest date about this ancient remain is 1559.

* Hist. Middle Ages, vol. iii., p. 420.

† Hist. of Whalley. In Strutt's view of Manners, we have an inventory of furniture in the house of Mr. Richard Fermor, ancestor of the Earl of Pomfret, at Easton in Northamptonshire, and another in that of Sir Adrian Foskewe. Both these houses appear to have been of the dimensions and arrangement mentioned. And even in houses of a more ample extent, the bi-section of the ground-plot by an entrance-passage, was, I believe, universal, and is a proof of antiquity. Haddon Hall and Penshurst still display this ancient arrangement, which has been altered in some old houses. About the reign of James I., or, perhaps, a little sooner, architects began to perceive the additional grandeur of entering the great hall at once. This apartment subsequently gave its name to the whole house.—See an interesting paper on Old English Halls, *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 99-108.

‡ Hist. Middle Ages, vol. iii., p. 423.—The most remarkable fragment of early building which I have any where found mentioned is at a house in Berkshire, called Appleton, where there exists a sort of prodigy, an entrance-passage with circular arches in the Saxon style, which must probably be as old as the reign of Henry II. No other private house in England can, I presume, boast of such a monument of antiquity.

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OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

A PERSON named Goldsmith, who stated himself to be a nephew of the great Oliver Goldsmith, died a short time since of cholera, in the country. A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* observes, the assertion may be true, and states that Dr. Goldsmith had a brother, whose name he thinks was Charles, and whom he met in public company about thirty years since. In person he resembled the poet, and was a man of some pleasantry, sang a tolerable song, and, like his brother, had a good deal of oddity in his manner. He then resided at Somer's Town, and as the correspondent was informed, had been many years in the West Indies, whence he came to England possessed of a small independence. Some years since the correspondent made inquiry at Somer's Town for Charles Goldsmith, but was told that he had left his residence there for some years. He is anxious for some information respecting the latter history of the poet's brother: he has a faint idea of hearing he had some children by a native of the West Indies, and he thinks it probable that the first-named individual, lately deceased, might have been one of them. The settlement of this point may not be of general importance; but it leads the correspondent to mention that in the Temple churchyard, where he remembers the burial of Goldsmith, *there is no stone or other memorial to mark his grave.* So posterity, for nearly threescore years, have treated a man of genius, who, to quote Dr. Johnson's opinion, left no species of writing untouched, and adorned all to which he applied himself. "How different," observes the above correspondent, "the attention and honours paid to the memory of Walter Scott, scarcely cold in his coffin! a more voluminous writer certainly, but not a superior genius to the author of the *Deserted Village* and the *Vicar of Wakefield.*" Goldsmith died in the Inner Temple. Aikin says he was buried with little attendance in the Temple church; the correspondent of the *Herald* states, in the *churchyard*, so that the poet's biographers are not even agreed WHERE he was buried. Yet, since his death, thousands of pounds have been expended in restoring the architecture of the Temple church, and one hears everlastingly of the rare series of effigies of Knights Templars: but a few pounds have not been spared for a stone to tell where the poor poet sleeps. True it is, that a monument has been erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, with a Latin inscription, by Dr. Johnson, but the locality of his actual resting-place is untold. We may say with equal truth and justice—

Oh shame to the land of his birth!

PHILO.

THE SAVOYARD.

By E. B. Impey, Esq.

[THE following ballad is founded on the melancholy fact of a Savoyard boy and his monkey having been found starved to death in St. James's Park during the night of a severe frost.]

WEARY and wan from door to door
With faint and faltering tread,
In vain for shelter I implore,
And pine for want of bread.

Poor Jacko! thou art hungry too;
Thy dim and haggard eye
Pleads more pathetically true,
Than prayer or piercing cry.

Poor mute companion of my toil,
My wanderings and my woes!
Far have we sought this vaunted soil,
And here our course must close.

Chill falls the sleet; our colder clay
Shall to the morning light,
Stretch'd on these icy walks, betray
The ravages of night.

Scarce have I number'd twice seven years;
Ah! who would covet more?
Or swell the lengthen'd stream of tears
To man's thrice measur'd score?

Alas! they told me 'twas a land
Of wealth and weal to all';
And bless'd alike with bounteous hand
The stranger and the thrall.

A land whose golden vallies shame
Thy craggy wilds, Savoy,
Might well, methought, from want reclaim
One poor unfriended boy.

How did my young heart fondly yearn
To greet thy treach'rous shore!
And deem'd the while, for home-return
To husband up a store.

Why did I leave my native glen
And tune my mountain-lay,
To colder maids and sterner men
Than o'er our glaciers stray?

There pity dews the manly cheek
And heaves the bosom coy,
That quail'd not at the giddy peak
Which foils the fleet chamois.

Here—where the torrents voice would thrill
Each craven breast with fear;
For dumb distress or human ill
There drops no kindred tear.

The rushing Arc, the cold blue Rhone,
That in their channels freeze;
And snow-clad Cenis' heart of stone
Might melt ere one of these.

Why did I loathe my lowly cot
Where late I caroll'd free,
Nor felt, contrasted with my lot,
The pomp of high degree?

Lo! where to mock the houseless head
Huge palaces arise,
Whose board uncharitably spread
The unbidden guest denies.

O for the crumbs that reckless fall
From that superfluous board!
O for the warmth yon gorgeous hall
And blazing hearth afford!

All unavailing is the prayer—
The proud ones pass us by;
Their chariots roll, their torches glare
Cold on the famish'd eye.

And yet a little from their need
Some poorer hands have spared:
And some have sighed, with little heed,
"Alas! poor Savoyard!"

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And some have bent the churlish brow,
And curl'd the lip of scorn;
For they at home had brats enow,
And beggars British-born.

And some have scoff'd as proud to bear
Brute heart in human shape;
Nor drop nor morsel deign'd to share
With alien or with ape.

Poor Jacko! yet one soul can feel
Sad fellowship with thee;
And we have shared our scanty meal
In bitterness or glee.

Yes! we have shared our last—and here
Have little now to crave;
No bounty, save a passing tear,
No gift, beyond a grave.

Still let these arms to thy bare breast
Their lingering heat impart;
Come shroud thee in my tatter'd vest,
And nestle next my heart.

Partners in grief, in want allied,
E'en as we lived, we die;
So let one grave our relics hold,
Entwined, as thus we lie.

Manners and Customs.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.

(To the Editor.)

YOUR interesting columns have afforded me much gratification by the sketches of the manners of various nations. I am a thorough Englishman in principle, with a sprinkling, however, of German in my veins, and as the early history of this country is a point of great interest, if *The Mirror* can allow, I will offer a few *reflections*.

Cæsar, speaking of our ancestors, calls them, in blunt and plain Latin "*Barbari*." Now Cæsar was a disappointed man; he knew but little of this land, he invaded it wantonly, and left it gladly. The Briton was by no means so luxurious as the Roman, but it is wrong to call him a barbarian.

As priests generally (in such periods as those to which we allude,) take good care of themselves, and as the Druids were the chiefs, let us take a few cursory observations upon their manners and customs.

The Druids were *priests and magistrates*. They were divided into three classes:* the bard proper, whose province was philosophy and poetry; the Druid, or minister of religion; and the ovate, or mechanic and artist. These classes were all obedient to one superior—the Archdruid.

The etymology of the word *Druid* has long been a subject of dispute, many deriving it from the Greek word δρυς, an oak, because it has been affirmed that their mysteries were carried on in oak groves and forests; but as the latter fact is doubtful, consequently the etymology founded upon it is shaken. It has been already stated that the Druids were magistrates and philosophers, and very few etymologists will cavil with me if we fix it at once upon the Celtic word *druidh*, signifying "*a wise man*."

The theological tenets of the Druids were of a most interesting character—professing future punishments and immortality. Their heaven partook of the nature of the Elysian Fields, while their hell† was as horrible as the most violent fanatic could depict it. It was a gulph of darkness, where the baneful animal crept, where the cold, gliding serpent maddened the sinner with his envenomed tooth, and hissed the dirge of horror, while the lion prowled along with his noiseless paw, and hungry wolves devoured those whom for their crimes on earth the Druids (unable to conquer or correct) condemned to

"Those dark solitudes and awful cells."

No sacred ceremonies could be performed but in the Druid's presence: they were the guardians of religion, the interpreters of mysteries; and the foolish "*cunning man*" of the north, who is often consulted in these days relative to strayed cattle, intended matches, &c. is a relic of the "*druidh*," *the wise man* of the ancient Celts.

Sun worship was the original creed; but as abuses crept in, other gods were variously introduced at the altars, Mercury being the most noted. The Druids were astronomers, and they divided time, not by the days but nights;‡ a custom as old as any with which we are acquainted, as it appears Genesis i. 5: "And the *evening* and the morning were the first day." Whence we say, to this day, a "se'en *night*"—a "fort *night*."

As the sun was the object of adoration, no wonder that mysteries were also performed to the moon, riding in silver splendour through azure space; smiling from her height upon the departed and unseen luminaries which had sunk over the distant hill, the fearful mind would watch the lamp of night as a guardian world, or deity, and in the fervour of gratitude, or under the impulse of fear, would address her as the mediatrix between man and his deity.

The chief times of devotion were at the summer solstice and the winter solstice, (whence the YULE clog), mid-day, or midnight—a zenith being their period. The new and full moon was duly reverenced. On the sixth day, a high officiating Druid gathered mistletoe; a ceremony conducted with great solemnity. It was cut with a golden knife, caught in a white robe, and not allowed to touch the ground. The shadow of this Druidical rite exists in the peculiar privileges of kissing under the mistletoe at Christmas times.

Lustrations were used, sacrifices were made, and the altar reeked, some say with human gore. The victim being dead, prayers succeeded; the entrails were examined, and

* Vide Introduction to Owen's Translations of the Elegies of Llywarch Hen.

† Gaelic Antiquities, p. 21.

‡ Vide Richard of Cirencester.

certain portions were consumed upon the fire altar:

"Crepitant preces, altaria fumant."

Intemperate drinking generally closed the sacrifice, and a fresh strewing of oak leaves reconsecrated the altar. It is remarkable that drinking—hard drinking—should have been practised by the priesthood in those remote periods, but as they were pagan heathens any animadversions can be made in safety. I cannot digress upon it. White bulls were sacrificed, and it is a singular coincidence (too striking to be the effect of chance) that white bulls were sacrificed by the Egyptians to Apis.*

The Druids inculcated an utter disregard of death, themselves showing a good example, being ever foremost in the battle strife, urging on their countrymen to deeds of valour; not doling out their maxims in slothful indolence, and acting the reverse of their doctrine:

Certe populi qui despicit arctos
Felices errore suo, quos ille timorum
Maximus, haud urget Lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæ capaces
Mortis, et ignavum redituræ parcere vitæ.
Lucan. Phars. L. i.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies
Who that worst fear—the fear of death—despise—
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel;
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.

The Druids were wont to teach in small cells, but lived in large buildings and fared sumptuously. Some of the cells are remaining to this day, as at Ty Iltud, in Brecknockshire.

From these observations it is apparent that a portion of men extraordinary in their vast power over the human mind, and possessed of superior knowledge, were here before Cæsar's arrival, and that our ancestors were not such barbarians as the proud Roman would lead us to consider them.† SELIM.

CURIOUS CUSTOM RELATING TO INHERITANCE.

SALMON, in his *History of Hertfordshire*, imagines that the East Saxon and Mercian kingdoms were, in the upper part of this county, separated from each other by the Ermin-street; and in the lower part, in the parish of Cheshunt, by a bank, which anciently reached from Middlesex through Theobald's Park, across Goffe's Lane, to Thunderfield Grove, over Beaumont Green, to Nine-acres Wood. There is a custom in the manor of Cheshunt, he says, "by which the elder brother inherits above the bank, and the youngest below it, in the same fields;—which could not have been introduced but from the different laws of a different government." P. T. W.

* Herodotus describes the subject more minutely.

† See also "the Druids and their Times," from the German of Wieland, p. 20 of the present volume.

Anecdote Gallery.

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.
(By a retired Barrister.)

MR. JUSTICE LAWRENCE possessed the advantage of a very handsome person, accompanied with a great share of dignity of manner. His deportment was haughty; but it was one of pride unmarked with insolence. He knew what was due to the station which he filled, and he exacted the respect to which it was entitled. He crushed assumption and forward impudence by a look, and brought them down to the level of their own insignificance. I recollect an instance of this on one occasion, when I attended him as counsel on a summons. The Attorney on the opposite side was a Mr. Tomlinson, a man then in extensive practice, but forward, assuming, and self-sufficient. He made some observation which offended the learned judge. He rose haughtily from his chair, and without uttering a word, fixed his eyes on Tomlinson, and waved his hand towards the door. Contempt could not have been conveyed half so expressively by any words which he could have used. Tomlinson understood his meaning, and instantly retired.

He was partial to those to whom birth or education gave a claim to the title of *gentleman*. To those who derived no pretension to it from either of those sources, he never showed a want of attention, unless they exhibited any traits of vulgar assurance, or upstart insolence; to those he unsparingly dealt the full measure of contemptuous observance. To the incorrect in morals or professional conduct, he was irreconcileably supercilious and invariably severe.

I recollect but one anecdote of any pleasantry which occurred before Mr. Justice Lawrence, in which he had any part, and at which he enjoyed a hearty laugh. An Irish milkman was brought up to take the benefit of the Lord's Act (by which Insolvents were then discharged.) He was suspected of concealing his property, having given no schedule, though he was known at not a very distant period to have possessed some. He was asked by the counsel who opposed him, whether he had not some property, which he had omitted to insert in his schedule? "The devil a bit of property," says he, "have I at all at all." "Why, what's become of your furniture and your cows? Cows you were known to have, as you sold milk." "Yes, I had," says he; "but I have none now." "Why, what have you done with them?" "I have signed away every thing I had." "How have you assigned them?" "*I have made my will*, and given them all away." "*What, are you dead, man?*" said the judge. "No, please your honour," says Pat; "but I soon *will*, if you take away every thing I have to live on from me." He re-

fused to make any assignment or schedule, and was remanded.

After his death, the following anecdote was circulated of Mr. Justice Lawrence. A cause had been tried before him at York, in which he had summed up to the jury to find a verdict for the defendant, which they accordingly did. On further consideration, it appeared to him that he had mistaken the law. A verdict having been recorded against the plaintiff, he had no redress; but it was said, that Mr. Justice Lawrence left him by his will a sum sufficient to indemnify him for his loss. This I give merely as a report, and give it willingly, as honourable to the memory of one of the most able, most independent, and most dignified of the judges who filled a judicial seat in my day.

The following anecdote I think I have seen in print, but without the name of the person to whom it happened. I have heard Sergeant Bond relate it with great humour of himself, and he is to be relied on as the unquestionable original. "I once," said he, "bought a horse of a horse-dealer, warranted sound in all his points. I thought I had got a treasure, but still wished to find out if he had *any* fault. I therefore, when I had paid for him, said to the seller, 'Now, my friend, you have got your money and I the horse, so that the bargain is closed; but do, like an honest fellow, tell me fairly of any fault which he has.' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'you have dealt with me like a gentleman, and as you ask me to be frank with you, I must tell you that the horse has one fault.' I pricked up my ears: 'What is it, my friend?' 'Why, sir,' says he, 'it is that he will not go into the yard of the Crown Inn at Uxbridge.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'if that is all, I'm not likely to put him to the trial, as I have nothing to do with, or to lead me to Uxbridge.'

"It however so happened, that I had occasion to go to Uxbridge, and I determined to try if my horse retained his dislike to the yard of the Crown Inn. I accordingly rode up the street until I came opposite to the inn-yard of the Crown. I faced about," said the sergeant, "seated myself firmly in my stirrups," at the same time exhibiting the attitude in which the feat was to be performed. "Expecting a plunge from my horse, I stuck my spurs into his sides, and pushed him forward into the yard; but what was my surprise to find him enter the yard as quietly as a cow that had just gone in before him. But I was not long in doubt as to what appeared to be the cause of this change in his antipathies, by the landlord's coming up to him and tapping him on the shoulder: 'Ha, Jack!' says he, 'I'm glad to see you again; I thought I had lost you.' 'What do you mean, Mr. Landlord?' 'Sir,' says he, this horse was stolen from me about six months ago, and I have never seen him since.' I did not much relish this piece of information," rejoined the sergeant, "but I could not help laughing at the conceit of the horse-dealer, to prevent me from going to a place where his theft of the horse would be discovered: I wished I had attended to his caution, as the sale to me was not regular, and I was left to make the best terms I could with the landlord." What they were he kept to himself.

Fielding was a contemporary member of the home-circuit, with Sergeant Bond and myself. In the performance of the duties of conviviality, over which the learned sergeant, as head of the circuit, presided, he found in Fielding a powerful auxiliary. He was the son of the author of *Tom Jones*, and inherited to a great degree the wit and talents of his father.

As a companion, Fielding was invariably pleasant and inimitably entertaining. His conversation abounded with anecdotes, of which he had an inexhaustible fund: his great stock was of Irish stories which he gave with great truth and humour.

I have repeatedly heard him say, that the lowest class of the Irish had more native humour than any other body of people in the same rank in life. He would then relate, in proof of it, the event of a bet which was made on the subject at one of the club-houses in St. James's Street, which then was crowded with English and Irish chairmen, and which was to be decided by the reply of one of each country to the same question. It was, "If you were put naked on the top of St. Paul's, what would you be like?" The English chairman was first called in, and the question being put to him, he ran sulky, and refused to give any direct answer, saying they were making fun of him. Pat was then introduced, and the question being propounded to him: "What should I be like?" says he; "why, like to get could, to be sure, your honours." "This," says he, "they call mother wit; and the most illiterate have a quickness in parrying the effect of a question by an evasive answer. I recollect hearing Sir John Fielding giving an instance of this, in the case of an Irish fellow who was brought before him when sitting as a magistrate at Bow Street. He was desired to give some account of himself, and where he came from. Wishing to pass for an Englishman, he said he came from Chester. This he pronounced with a very rich brogue, which caught the ears of Sir John. 'Why, were you ever in Chester?' says he. 'To be sure, I was,' said Pat; *wasn't I born there?*' 'How dare you,' said Sir John Fielding, 'with that brogue, which shows that you are an Irishman, pretend to have been born in Chester.' 'I didn't say I was born there,' says he; 'I only asked your honour whether I was or not.'"—*Fraser's Magazine.*

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The Naturalist.

NUTRIA FUR.

[We quote the following account of Nutria from the *Dictionary of Commerce*, by Mr. Macculloch, who believes it to be the first description that has appeared in any English work, and acknowledges it from the pen of J. Broderip, Esq., F. R. S., &c.]

Nutria, or Neutria, the commercial name for the skins of *Myopotamus Bonariensis* (Commerson,) the *Coypou* of Molina, and the *Quoiya* of D'Azara. In France, the skins were, and perhaps still are, sold under the name of *racoonda;* but in England they are imported as *nutria* skins—deriving their appellation, most probably, from some supposed similarity of the animal which produces them, in appearance and habits, to the otter, the Spanish name for which is nutria. Indeed, Molina speaks of the *coypou* as a species of water rat, of the size and colour of the otter.

Nutria fur is largely used in the hat manufacture; and has become, within the last fifteen or twenty years, an article of very considerable commercial importance. From 600,000 to 800,000 skins, principally from the Rio de la Plata, are now annually imported into Great Britain. It is also very extensively used on the continent. Geoffroy mentions, that in certain years, a single French furrier (M. Bechem,) has received from 15,000 to 20,000 skins.

The *coypou* or *quoiya* is a native of South America, very common in the provinces of Chili, Buenos Ayres, and Tucuman, but more rare in Paraguay. In size it is less than the beaver, which it resembles in many points. The head is large and depressed, the ears small and rounded, the neck stout and short, the muzzle sharper than that of the beaver, and the whiskers very long and stiff. There are, as in the beaver, two incisor teeth, and eight molar, above and below—twenty teeth in all. The limbs are short. The fore feet have each five fingers not webbed, the thumb being very small: the hind feet have the same number of toes; the great toe and three next toes being joined by a web which extends to their ends, and the little toe being free, but edged with a membrane on its inner side. The nails are compressed, long, crooked, and sharp. The tail, unlike that of the beaver, is long, round, and hairy; but the hairs are not numerous, and permit the scaly texture of the skin in this part to be seen. The back is of a brownish red, which becomes redder on the flanks: the belly is of a dirty red. The edges of the lips and extremity of the muzzle are white.

Like the beaver, the coypou is furnished with two kinds of fur; viz. the long ruddy hair which gives the tone of colour, and the brownish ash-coloured fur at its base, which, like the down of the beaver, is of such importance in hat-making, and the cause of the animal's commercial value.

The habits of the coypou are much like those of most of the other aquatic rodent animals. Its principal food, in a state of nature, is vegetable. It affects the neighbourhood of water, swims perfectly well, and burrows in the ground. The female brings forth from five to seven; and the young always accompany her.

The coypou is easily domesticated, and its manners in captivity are very mild.

Notes of a Reader.

RECORDS IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

(*From the Edinburgh Review, just published.*)

[These stores are of invaluable interest, particularly with reference to the earlier and most obscure portions of our history.]

An immense collection of royal letters and state papers, miscellaneous rolls relating to the revenue, expenditure, debts and accounts of the Crown, New Year's gifts, the royal household, mint, foreign bills of exchange, military and naval affairs, instruments relating to treaties, truces, and infractions of peace, chiefly between England and France; mercantile matters, foreign possessions of the Crown, proceedings in the Admiralty, military and other courts of the great officers of the Crown, pardons, protections, petitions, subsidy rolls, Scotch homage rolls, pardon rolls, privy seals, signet bills, writs of various descriptions from Edward I. to Edward IV., exist there, without calendar or index; and in such masses as to defy the patience of any inquirer, however ardent. It need not be said that in such a variety of documents their value must vary considerably, or that many of them are of little use; but each of them is at least worthy of being examined; and there are few of them which, if properly scrutinized by apt labourers, would not at least contribute to the elucidation or ratification of some branch of history. Some of them would render still more important services; and, by pointing out the daily habits and most familiar occurrences of the lives of our kings and other eminent personages who figure in our history, lead us to a much more accurate estimate of their genius than any that has hitherto been formed. With this view, the close rolls are amongst the most minute and interesting of those documents which remain unexplored. The character of King John has had but scanty justice done to it; and perhaps those who have formed their notions of that monarch from the ordinary accounts of him, will be surprised to find him writing to the Abbot of Reading to acknowledge the receipt of "six volumes of books, containing

the whole of the Old Testament, Master Hugh de St. Victor's treatise on the Sacraments, the Sentences of Peter Lombard, the Epistles of St. Augustine on the City of God, and on the 3rd part of the Psalter, Valerian de Moribus, Origen's treatise on the Old Testament, and Candidus Arianus to Marius;"—and that on another occasion shortly afterwards he acknowledges the receipt of "his copy of Pliny," which had been in the custody of the same Abbot. Still less does it consist with the commonly adopted notions of his selfish tyranny, that he should address Bryan de Insula in terms like the following: "Know that we are quite willing that our chief barons, concerning whom you wrote to us, may hunt while passing through your bailiwick, provided that you know who they are and what they take; for we do not keep our forests, nor our beasts, for our own use only, but for the use also of our faithful subjects. See, however, that they are well guarded on account of robbers, for the beasts are more frightened by robbers than by the aforefaid barons." Of the reign of Henry III. the particulars are still more minute. Notwithstanding its connexion with superstitions which exist no longer, we may sympathize with the pious charity that suggested that monarch's order "for feeding as many poor persons as can enter the greater and lesser hall at Westminster on Friday next after the octaves of St. Matthew, being the anniversary of Eleanor, the King's sister, formerly Queen of Scotland, for the good of the said Eleanor's soul." His taste for the fine arts, and his encouragement of its professors, are frequently to be traced in the entries upon these rolls. In one of them he gives directions for having the great chamber at Westminster painted with a good green colour after the fashion of a curtain; and in the great gable of the same chamber near the door this device to be painted,—"Ke ne dune ke ne tine, ne prent ke desire;" and another runs thus,—The King, in presence of Master William the painter, a monk of Westminster, lately at Winchester, contrived and gave orders for a certain picture to be made at Westminster in the wardrobe where he was accustomed to wash his face, representing the King who was rescued by his dogs from the seditions which were plotted against that King by his subjects, respecting which same picture the King addressed other letters to you Edward of Westminster. And the King commands Philip Lavel his treasurer, and the aforesaid Edward of Westminster, to cause the same Master William to have his costs and charges for painting the aforesaid picture without delay; and when he shall know the cost, he will give them a writ of liberate therefor." For the illustration of the elder historians, and as a means of ascertaining how far narrations of events which appear doubtful or improbable, are correct, these and other buried documents possess great value. That blackest charge against the memory of King John, by which he is implicated in the murder of his nephew Prince Arthur, has been brought forward in forms so various, that common charity has induced many men to withhold their credence from an accusation which rests on vague and uncertain traditions. It is said, however, that Arthur's death, by whatever means it was brought about, took place at Rouen; it has been ascertained very lately for the first time, by inspection of the attestations of records, that John was at that place on that day; a circumstance not in itself enough to lead men to a very violent suspicion of his guilt, if the manner of the Prince's death had not been sudden and mysterious; but which, bringing the charge at least somewhat nearer, may probably lead to further discoveries. Of less importance, but yet not without interest,—if it be interesting to know accurately the early manners of a people, and to trace their progress from periods when those lights of science which are now beaming in full radiance over the land, had just begun to glimmer above the horizon,—is the following instance. Matthew Paris relates, that in 1255, an elephant was sent by the King of France to Henry III., and that it being the first animal of that species that had been seen in England, the people flocked in great numbers to behold it. Upon the close rolls is entered a writ tested at Westminster the 3rd of February, 39, H. III. (1255,) directing the sheriff of Kent to "go in person to Dover, together with John Gouch, the King's servant, to arrange in what manner the King's elephant, which was at Whitsand,* may best and most conveniently be brought over to these parts, and to find for the same John a ship and other things necessary to convey it; and if, by the advice of the mariners and others, it could be brought to London by water," directing it to be so brought. That the stranger arrived safely, is evident from a similar writ, dated the 23rd of the same month, commanding the Sheriffs of London to "cause to be built at the Tower of London, a house forty feet in length and twenty in breadth, for the King's elephant." Economy however, it seems, was not neglected by the monarch in his *menus plaisirs;* for the Sheriffs are expressly charged to see that the house be so strongly constructed that, whenever there should be need, it might be adapted to and used for other purposes; and the costs are to be ascertained "by the view and testimony of honest men."

* The shortest and most convenient passage from France to England appears to have been from Whitsand to Dover. The tenure of certain lands in Coperland near Dover, was the service of holding the King's Head between Dover and Whitsand whenever he crossed there.

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ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, REGENT'S PARK.

(*Continued from page* 201.)

RETURNING from the Elephant's Stable and Enclosure, we pass the shed and enclosure for

Ostriches.

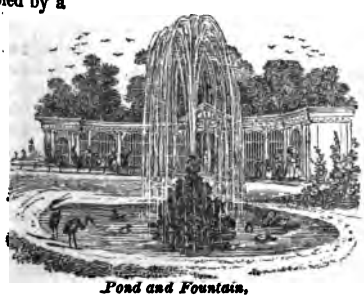
Here are fine specimens of the African Ostrich, distinguished by their black plumage, and sent from Tripoli, by Hanmer Warrington, Esq., and a fine female bird from the collection of the late Marchioness of Londonderry. The general colour of the feathers of the female is ashy-brown, tipped with white; and the exquisitely white plumes so much prized are obtained from beneath the wings and tail of both sexes.*

Retracing our steps to the Southern Garden we find several buildings unnoticed; as a large

Aviary.

appropriated to various birds, but usually to those of rare description.

The slope or valley in the garden, between the terrace and the Park road, is partly occupied by a



Pond and Fountain,

where are Swans and other swimming birds. In the distance of the cut is seen the principal aviary, where are some of the finest birds in the garden, as varieties of Cranes, Storks, Herons, Spoonbills, Curassows, and the revered bird of the ancients—the splendid scarlet Ibis.

As you return by the main path to the terrace, opposite the Llama House is a large octagon summer cage for

Maccaws.

where red and yellow, blue and yellow, and red and blue species, are usually kept; with cockatoos. In winter they are removed to some of the warmer repositories.

It gives us great pleasure to hear that the Commissioners of Woods and Forests have in consequence of an application made to them by the Zoological Society, granted an extensive piece of land, on the northern verge of Regent's Park, to be added to the Gardens. It will be speedily laid out in walks and shrubberies, and in habitations for the numerous animals for which the society have at present little room, and has, in fact, caused the application for the grant. It is also in contemplation to erect a superb Museum on part of it, and to remove the Society's present one from Bruton-street.

GERMAN WINES.

NASSAU is rich in mineral waters, and richer in generous wines—its Johannesberger, Hockheimer, Rudesheimer, Markbrenner, Asmanshäuser, Steinberger, Shiersteiner, &c. are the most noble juice of the grape. The Steinberger, in the mark of Hottenheim, belongs to the Court exclusively. In 1811 the cask (Stückfass,) containing 7½ sums, equal to 600 measures, or 1,200 bottles, was sold for 6,000 florins, and at Wisbaden a common green bottle-full sells at a ducat, or 9*s.* 6*d.* sterling. From Mentz to Coblentz the German Bacchus has pitched his throne on the territory and soil of Nassau.—*Letter from Germany, in the Morning Herald.*

* Some curious facts in the economy of the Ostrich will be found at page 263 of the present volume.

New Books.

[THE FORGET-ME-NOT,

The first-born of the *Annuals*, comes to woo us with the kindred charms of poetry and playful humour—romance and real life—full of kindly feelings, sighs and tears, such as Niobe shed, and smiles that with their witchery light up the finest affections to cherish drooping nature, and guide our footsteps along this world of weal and woe. To be more explicit, the character of the present volume is well told by Mr. Haynes Bayly in its second page:—

——— a gift that friend to friend
At parting will deliver;
And love with his own name will blend
The dear name of the giver.
So pure, so blameless is this book,
That wise and wary sages
Will lead young Innocence to look
Upon its tasteful pages.

We can only particularize a few of the most striking papers. Among the metrical gems is *Conradin*, a fine battle-piece, by Mr. Charles Swain; an *Every-day Tale*, by Montgomery—one of "the short and simple annals of the poor," written in behalf of a Society for relieving distressed females in the first month of their widowhood, to save their little households from being broken up before they can provide means for their future maintenance: and *Far-off Visions*, by Mary Howitt. The prose gem of the volume, to our taste, is

Giulietta, a Tale of the Fourteenth Century, by L. E. L.,

which we abridge. The scene lies at Genoa, where Giulietta Aldobrandini, being at the point of death, commits her three daughters to the care of their uncle the Cardinal Aldobrandini. The Countess dies, and the three girls, Constanza, Bianca, and Giulietta, having sprung up into graceful womanhood, arrive at the Cardinal's palace.]

It was early in a spring evening when the Aldobrandini arrived at their uncle's dwelling. It was an old and heavy-looking building. Constanza and Bianca, as the massy gate swung behind them, on their arrival in the dark, arched court, simply remarked that they were afraid it would be very dull: but Giulietta's imagination was powerfully impressed; a vague terror filled her mind, which the gloom of the huge and still chambers through which they were ushered did not tend to decrease. At length, they paused in a large vaulted room, while the aged domestic went on, to announce them to the cardinal. Giulietta glanced around; the purple hangings were nearly black with age, so was the furniture, while the narrow windows admitted shadows rather than light. Some portraits hung on the walls, all dignitaries of the church; but the colour of their scarlet robes had faded with time, and each wan and harsh face seemed to turn frowning on the youthful strangers. A door opened, and they were ushered into the presence of their uncle. He was standing by a table, on which was a crucifix and an open breviary, while a volume of the life of St. Chrysostom lay open on the floor. A window of stained glass was half screened by a heavy curtain, and the dark panels of carved oak added to the gloom of the oratory. The sisters knelt before him, while gravely and calmly he pronounced over them a welcome and a blessing. Constanza and Bianca received them gracefully and meekly, but Giulietta's heart was too full; she thought how different would have been the meeting had they been but kneeling before parents instead of the stern prelate. She bowed her head upon the breviary; and her dark hair fell over her face while she gave way to a passionate burst of tears. Next to indulging in the outward expression of feeling himself, the cardinal held it wrong to encourage it in another. Gently, but coldly, he raised the weeping Giulietta; and, with kind but measured assurances of his regard and protection, he dismissed the sisters to their apartment. Could Giulietta have known the many anxious thoughts that followed her, how little would she have doubted her uncle's affection!

* * * *

The light of a few dim stars shed a variable gleam amid the thick boughs of a laurel grove, too faint to mark the objects distinctly, but enough to guide the steps of one who knew the place. The air was soft and warm, while its sweetness told of the near growth of roses; but a sweeter breath than even the rose was upon the air, the low and musical whisper of youth and of love. Gradually, two graceful forms became outlined on the dark air—the one a noble-looking cavalier, the other Giulietta. Yet the brow of the cavalier was a gloomy one to turn on so fair a listener in so sweet a night; and his tone was even more sad than tender.

"I see no hope but in yourself. Do you think my father will give up his life's hatred to the name of Aldobrandini, because his son loves one of its daughters, and wears a sad brow for a forbidden bride? or, think you, that yonder stern cardinal will give up the plans and power of many years, and yield to a haughty and hereditary foe, for the sake of tears even in thy eyes, Giulietta?"

"I know not what I hope," replied the maiden, in a mournful, but firm voice; "but this I know, I will not fly in disobedience and in secrecy from a home which has been even as my own."

"And what," exclaimed the cavalier, "can you find to love in your severe and repelling uncle?"

"Not severe, not repelling, to me. I once

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thought him so; but it was only to feel the more the kindness which changed his very nature towards us. My uncle resembles the impression produced on me by his palace: when I first entered, the stillness, the time-worn hangings, the huge, dark rooms, chilled my very heart. We went from these old gloomy apartments to those destined for us, so light, so cheerful, where every care had been bestowed, every luxury lavished; and I said within myself, 'My uncle must love us, or he would never be thus anxious for our pleasure.'"

A few moments more and their brief conference was over. But they parted to meet again; and at length Giulietta fled to be the bride of Lorenzo da Carrara. But she fled with a sad heart and tearful eyes; and when, after her marriage, every prayer for pardon was rejected by the cardinal, Giulietta wept as if such sorrow had not been foreseen. Her uncle felt her flight most bitterly. He had watched his favourite niece, if not with tenderness of look and tone, yet with deep tenderness of heart. When her elder sisters married and left his roof, he missed them not: but now it was a sweet music that had suddenly ceased, a soft light that had vanished. The only flower that, during his severe existence, he had permitted himself to cherish, had passed away even from the hand that sheltered it. It was an illusion fresh from his youth: his love for the mother had revived in a gentler and holier form for her child, and now that, too, must perish. He felt as if punished for a weakness; and all Giuletta's supplications were rejected: for pride made his anger seem principle. "I have been once deceived," said he; "it will be my own fault if I am deceived again."

Yet how tenderly was his kindness remembered, how bitterly was his indignation deplored, by the youthful Countess da Carrara!—for such she now was—Lorenzo's father having died suddenly, soon after their union. The period of mourning was a relief; for bridal pomp and gaiety would have seemed too like a mockery, while thus unforgiven and unblessed by one who had been as a father in his care. At her earnest wish they fixed their first residence in the marine villa where her mother died.

"And shall you not be sad, my Giulietta?" asked her husband. "Methinks the memory of the dead is but a mournful welcome to our home."

"Tender, not mournful," said she. "I do believe that even now my mother watches over her child, and every prayer she once breathed, every precept she once taught, will come more freshly home to my heart, when each place recalls some word or some look there heard and there watched. It is for your sake, Lorenzo, I would be like my mother."

They went to that fair villa by the sea; and pleasantly did many a morn pass in the large hall, on whose frescoed walls was painted the story of Œnone, she whom the Trojan prince left, only to return and die at her feet. On the balustrade were placed sweet-scented shrubs, and marble vases filled with gathered flowers; and, in the midst, a fountain, whose spars and coral seemed the spoil of some sea-nymph's grotto, fell down in a sparkling shower, and echoed the music of Giulietta's lute. Pleasant, too, was it in an evening to walk the broad terrace which overlooked the ocean, and watch the silver moonlight reflected on the sea, till air and water were but as one bright element

And soon had Carrara reason to rejoice that he had yielded to his wife's wish; for, ere they had been married three months, the plague broke out in Genoa, with such virulence, as if, indeed, a demon had been unchained upon earth. "The spirit of your mother, my sweet wife, has indeed been our guardian angel," said the count, as he watched a fresh sea-breeze lift up the long dark curls, and call the crimson into Giulietta's cheek. Still, though safe themselves—for, though the distance from Genoa was but short, their secluded situation and the sea-air precluded all fear of infection—still an atmosphere of terror and woe was around them, and their thoughts were carried out of their own sweet home by dim and half-told tales of the dangers around them. And among other things, Giulietta heard of her uncle's heroic conduct; others fled from the devoted city—but he fled not; others shut themselves up in their lonely palaces—he went forth amid the dead and dying; his voice gave consolation to the sick man, and his prayer called on Heaven for mercy to the departed soul. Giulietta heard, and in the silence of her chamber wept; and, when her tears were done, knelt, and gave thanks to God for her uncle.

For the first time hope arose within her, and she said to herself—"He who walks now even as an angel among his fellow-men cannot but forgive the errors and the weakness of earth." She went to meet her husband with a lightened heart; but, as she met him on the terrace, she saw that his brow was clouded, and his first words told her that important business would oblige him to go for a week to an ancient castle on the verge of the state, as his neighbours were disposed to question his boundary rights. It was but a day's, a summer day's, journey, through a healthy district; and yet how sorrowful was the parting! Alas! how soon the presence of beloved ones becomes a habit and a necessity! but a few weeks with them at our side, and we marvel how ever life was endured without them. The young countess touched her lute—it had no music; she gathered flowers—they had no sweetness; she turned to the fairy page of Ariosto—but she

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took no interest in his knights or dames; and at length the day was spent ere she had finished pacing the hall, and imagining all the possible and impossible dangers that could befal Carrara.

She was walking languidly on the terrace early the following morning, when a hum of voices caught her ear; one name rivetted her attention: a horrible conviction rushed upon her mind. She called a page, who at first equivocated; but the truth was at last owned. The cardinal was stricken with the plague. She signed to the page to leave her, and sank for a moment against one of the columns. It was but for a moment. She withdrew her hands from her face: it was pale, but tearless; and she left the terrace for her chamber with a slow but firm step. Two hours afterwards, the countess was sought by her attendants, but in vain; a letter was found addressed to their master, and fastened by one long, shining curl of raven darkness, which all knew to be hers.

Leaving the household to the dismay and confusion which such a departure occasioned, we will follow the steps of the countess, who was now on the road to Genoa. She had waited but to resume the black serge dress, which, as a novice of St. Caterina's, she had worn, and in which she knew she might pass for one of the sisters who had vowed attendance on the sick; and, during the hour of the *siesta*, made her escape unobserved. Giulietta had been from infancy accustomed to long rambles by the sea-shore, or through the deep pine-forests; but now, though her purpose gave her strength, she felt sadly weary; when, on the almost deserted road, she overtook a man who was driving a small cart laden with fruit and vegetables. She accosted him; and the offer of a few piastres at once procured a conveyance to Genoa, for thither was her companion bound.

"The plague," said he, "makes everything so scarce, that my garden has brought me a little fortune; it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"And are you not afraid of the infection?" asked the seeming Sister of Charity.

"Nothing hazard nothing win. A good lining of ducats is the best remedy for the plague," returned the gardener.

"Holy Madonna," thought Giulietta, "shall I not encounter for gratitude and dear love the peril which this man risks for a few ducats?"

The quarter where stood her uncle's palace was at the entrance of the city, and to reach it they had to traverse the principal street. How changed since last the countess passed that way! Then it was crowded with gay equipages and gayer company. She remembered the six white mules with their golden trappings, which drew the emblazoned coach of her uncle along; and how she leant back upon its purple velvet cushions, scarcely daring to glance amid the crowd of white-plumed cavaliers who reined in the curvettings of their brave steeds, lest she should meet Lorenzo da Carrara's eye, and betray their whole secret in a blush. Now not one living creature walked the street, and the sound of their light cart was like thunder. She was roused from her reverie by observing that her companion was taking an opposite direction to that of the palace; and requested to alight, mentioning her destination.

"To the archbishop's! Why, you will not find one living creature there. The good cardinal would have all the sick he could find brought to his palace, but they fell off like dried leaves; and when he was struck with the plague himself none ventured to approach it; for we all agree that the air there must be more deadly than elsewhere, since it has not even spared his eminence. So, if it is there you are bound, Madonna, we part company; but it is just tempting Providence."

Giulietta's only answer was to offer the gardener a small sum for her conveyance; but to her surprise he refused it. "No, no, you are going on a holier errand than I; keep your money; you will want it all if you stay in this city, every thing is so dear."

A sudden thought struck Giulietta. "I do not ask you," said she, "to venture to a spot which seems marked for destruction; but if I meet you here to-morrow will you bring with you a small supply of provisions and fruit? I can afford to pay for them."

"I will come, be sure," replied the man; "and the saints keep you, maiden, for your errand is a perilous one." He watched her progress till she disappeared round a corner in the street. "I wish," muttered he, "I had gone with her to the palace; at all events, I will be here to-morrow; she is, for all her black veil and pale face, so like my little Minetta. Ay, ay, if this plague lasts, I shall be able to tell down her dowry in gold;" and the gardener pursued his way.

When Giulietta arrived at her uncle's palace, she paused for a moment, not in fear but in awe, the stillness was so profound; not one familiar sound broke upon her ear. The doors were all open, and she entered the hall; pallets were ranged on each side, and on one or two of the small tables stood cups and phials; but not a trace appeared of an habitant. On she passed through the gloomy rooms; everything was in disorder and out of place: it was indeed as if a multitude had there suddenly taken up their abode and as suddenly departed. But Giulietta hurried on to her uncle's sleeping apartment; it was vacant. Her heart for the first time sank within her, and she leant against the wainscot, sick and faint. "I have yet a hope," exclaimed she, and even as she spoke she

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turned to seek the oratory. She was right. The crucifix stood, and the breviary was open on the small table, even as they were the first time she entered that room: and on a rude mattrass beside it lay her uncle. She sank on her knees, for he lay motionless; but, thanks to the holy Virgin, not breathless; no, as she bent over him, and her lips touched his, she could perceive the breath, the precious breath, of life: his hand too! it burnt in hers, but she could feel the pulse distinctly.

Giulietta rose, and threw herself before the crucifix. A violent burst of tears, the first she had shed, relieved her; and then calmly she prayed aloud for strength to go through the task which she had undertaken. The room was hot and oppressive; but she opened the window, and the sweet air came in, fresh and reviving from the garden below. She bathed her uncle's temples with aromatic waters, and poured into his mouth a few drops of medicine. He opened his eyes, and turned faintly on his pallet, but sank back, as though exhausted. Again he stretched out his hand, as if in search for something, which failing to find he moaned heavily. Giulietta perceived at once that parching thirst was consuming him. From the balcony a flight of steps led to the garden; she flew down them to the fountain, whose pure, cold water made the shadow of the surrounding acacias musical as ever. She returned with a full pitcher; and the eagerness with which the patient drank told how much that draught had been desired. The cardinal raised his head, but was quite unconscious; and all that long and fearful night had Giulietta to listen to the melancholy complainings of delirium.

The next day, she went to meet the gardener, who had waited, though, as he owned, in hopelessness of her coming. How forcibly the sense of the city's desolation rose before Giulietta, when she remembered that her ignorance of the hour proceeded from there being no one now to wind up the church-clocks! Again she returned to the unconscious sufferer; but little needs it to dwell on the anxiety or the exertion in which the next three days were passed. On the early morning of the last, as she watched over her uncle's pillow, she perceived that there was a slight moisture on his skin, and that his sleep was sound and untroubled. His slumbers were long and refreshing; and when he awoke it was with perfect consciousness. Dreading the effect of agitation, Giulietta drew her veil over her face, and to his inquiry of "was any one there?" she answered in a low and feigned voice.

"I am faint and want food; but who, daughter, are you, who thus venture into the chamber of sickness and death?"

"A stranger; but one whose vow is atonement."

"Giulietta!" exclaimed the cardinal, and the next moment she was at his side; and both wept the sweetest tears ever shed by affection and forgiveness. Eagerly she prepared for him a small portion of food, and then, exerting the authority of a nurse, forbade all further discourse, and, soon exhausted, he slept again.

The cool shadows of the coming evening fell on the casement, when Giulietta first ventured to propose that she should send a letter by the gardener to Lorenzo, and desire that a litter might be sent to convey her uncle to their villa.

"My sweet child, do with me as you will," said the cardinal; "take me even to the house of a Carrara."

"And nowhere could you be so welcome," said a stranger entering, and Giulietta, springing from her knees, found herself in the arms of her husband. "I knew, Giulietta, I should find you here, though your letter told me but of prayer and pilgrimage."

And what now remains to be told? The cardinal accompanied them to the villa, where his recovery was rapid and complete: and the deep love which he witnessed in that youthful pair made him truly feel how great had been Giulietta's devotion to himself. The plague had done its worst in Genoa; and men were enabled to return to their habits, their occupations, and their duties, things ever inseparably connected. The cardinal from that hour treated Lorenzo da Carrara as a son; and their family union was happy as self-sacrifice and enduring affection could make it. In the picture-gallery, there is still preserved a portrait of the countess in her novice's garb; her cheek pale, her graceful form hidden by the black serge robe, and her beautiful hair put out of sight; and the count, her husband, used to say that "she never looked more lovely."

The Public Journals.

ELEGY FOR THE KING OF THE GIPSIES, CHARLES LEE,

Who died in a tent near Lewes, August 16, 1832, *aged* 74. *He was buried in St. Ann's Churchyard, in presence of a thousand spectators.*

HURRAH!—hurrah!—pile up the mould:
The Sun will gild its sod:—
The Sun,—for threescore years and ten
The Gipsy's idol God!—
O'er field and fen,—by waste and wild,
He watch'd its glories rise,
To worship at that gorgeous shrine
The spirit of the skies.

No brick-built dwelling caged him in;
No lordly roof of stone;—
High o'er his couch the vault of Heaven
In star-bright splendour shone!
The rustling leaves still murmur'd there;
The rambling woodbine flower
Its twilight breath, exhal'd to cheer
The outcast's desert bower!

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To him the forest's pathless depths
Their mossiest caves reveal'd;
To him, fair Nature's hand bequeath'd
Her fruits of flood and field;—
The flower,—the root,—the beast,—the bird,—
All living things, design'd
To feed the craving, or delight
The gaze of human kind!

The pencill'd wood-flower, fair and frail,—
The squirrel's cunning nest,—
The granite throne, with lichens wild,
In broidered vesture drest;—
Sweet violets bedded in their leaves,
The first soft pledge of Spring;—
Such were the gifts by Heaven's own hand
Shed on the Gipsy King!—

The snow-drop glistening in the wood,
The crowsfoot on the lea,
Their gold and silver coin pour'd forth
To store his treasury;
The springy moss, by fairies spread,
His velvet footcloth made;
His canopy shot up amid
The lime-tree's emerald shade.

Buck,—pheasant,—hare,—some lordly park
Still yielded to his feast;
And firing for his winter warmth,
And forage for his beast.
Happier than herald-blazoned Kings,
The monarch of the moor;—
He levied taxes from the rich,—
They wring them from the poor!

With glow-worm lamp, and incense cull'd
Fresh from the bean-fields breath;
And matin lark,—and vesper thrush,
And honey-hoarded heath;—
A throne beneath the forest-boughs,
Fann'd by the wild bird's wing;
Of all the potentates on earth,
Hail to the GIPSY KING!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

AMERICAN PRISON DISCIPLINE.

(By the clever Schoolmaster in Newgate—See Fraser's Magazine.)

IT appears, from the testimony of Captain Basil Hall, R. N. that perfect as he describes the American prison discipline to be, yet "there is a gradually increasing culprit population growing up in America, of which the legislation cannot rid the country. These men, who may almost be called the penitentiary population, run the round just as I have observed with respect to the Bridewell at Edinburgh; the same men come and go, round and round again." Well, then, nothing is accomplished in the way of reform, even under this lauded plan, which aims at the twofold object of efficient punishment and reformation, by enforcing reflection. Their error, and consequent failure in producing the good they expected, I conceive arises from their having neglected to adopt any plan for the improvement of the prisoners when they have separated them. They work, it seems, every day for years in silence, without intermission, except the time allowed for meals, which are always taken in solitude. The Bible is the only book allowed them—no paper nor pens: and this is called giving them habits of industry. I should say nothing can be more calculated to disgust them with every description of work all the rest of their days. If you can beget habits of industry, with a proportionate improvement of the mind, and an increased sense of the moral duties, which will bring right notions of *meum* and *tuum*, then habits of industry are of the utmost importance to the prisoner; as through these habits only can he obtain his bread, when brought to that state of mind which makes him prefer honesty to roguery. This can only be brought about by reflection, it is true; but I am afraid the term reflection, as here applied, is used in a very abstract sense. If it is meant the culprit should reflect on his having done wrong, I answer this he always does, under any punishment, however slight: he cannot but be aware of the cause which places him under coercion, and regret it. This kind of reflection only makes him more sorry for having been detected in his crime, than for having committed it. To reflect with advantage in solitude, there must be some materials stored in the mind; or books must be read to furnish these materials: if these be supplied, however unwilling a being may be to reflect, no mind will be long able to resist the temptation of mental employment, if in continual solitude. But if a mind, totally void of sources of reflection, be shut up in a cell for years, or even for months, what can be expected but that every day will stultify its powers, and at last render it callous and unimpressable; or in the end imbecile, and so weak as to be irresponsible for its own acts! The Americans do, it seems, in their solitary penitentiaries, teach those to read who cannot under twenty-five years of age; and then they leave them.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE STATIONERS' COMPANY.

IT appears, from the most authentic records, that the company of stationers, or text-writers, who wrote and sold all sorts of books, formerly in use—namely, the A.B.C., with the Paternoster, Ave, Creed, Grace, &c. to large portions of the Bible, and even to the whole Bible itself, dwelt in and about Paternoster Row. Hence we have in that neighbourhood, Creed Lane, Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, &c., all which places are named after some scriptural allusion. Here dwelt also turners of beads, who were called Paternoster-makers, as we read in a record of one Robert Nikke, "Paternoster-maker and Citizen," in the reign of Henry IV. The company of stationers is of great antiquity. By the authority of the lord mayor and court of aldermen, they formed into a guild, or fraternity, in the year 1403, and had their ordinances made for the good government of their fellowship. Thus constituted, they regularly assembled, under the government of

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a master and two wardens. Their first hall was in Milk-street. H. B. A.

TITLES.

"Princes have but their *titles* for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares;
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE Romans gave the titles of Africanus, Asiaticus, Macedonicus, Numidicus, Parthicus, &c., in memory of the victories obtained over the people of those countries. The Emperor of China, among his titles, takes that of *Tiensu*, son of Heaven. The Orientals are extremely fond of titles: the simple Governor of Schiraz, for instance, after a pompous enumeration of qualities, lordships, &c., adds the titles of *Flower of Courtesy*, *Nutmeg of Consolation*, and *Rose of Delight*.

The King of Spain, after the old Roman manner, has a whole page of titles, to express the several kingdoms and signories of which he is master. Henry IV. of England had the title of "Grace" conferred on him; Henry VI. that of "Excellent Grace;" Edward IV. that of "High and Mighty Prince;" Henry VII. "Highness;" Henry VIII. "Majesty," (and was the first and last that was styled, "Dread Sovereign;") and James I. that of "Sacred," or, "Most Excellent Majesty."

That of "Majesty" was first given to Louis XI. of France; before, it was the title only of emperors. The Kings of Arragon, Castile, and Portugal, had the title only of "Highness;" those of England, "Your Grace;" those of France, "Your *Despotism*." P. T. W.

The Gatherer.

Hood's Comic Annual for 1833.—Mr. Hood's announcement of his forthcoming volume is in the very vein of the work itself. He writes to his publisher:—"The report of my death, I can assure you is premature, but I am equally obliged to you for your tribute of putting up shutters and wearing a crape hatband. I suspect your friend and informant, Mr. Livingstone—(it should be Gravestone)—drew his inference from a dark passage in Miss Sheridan's Preface which states that, 'of the three *Comic Annuals* which started at the same time, the Comic Offering alone remains.' The two defuncts therein referred to are the 'Falstaff' and 'The Humorist,' which I understand have put an end to themselves.

If you should still entertain any doubts, you will shortly have ten thousand impressions to the contrary; for I intend to contradict my *demys* by fresh *octavos*. The Comic Annual for 1833, with its usual complement of plates—mind, not coffin-plates—to appear as heretofore, in November, will give the lie, I trust, not merely to my departure, but even to anything like a *serious* illness: and a novel, about the same time, will help to prove that I am not in a state of de-composition.

I should have relieved your joint anxieties some days earlier, but till I met Mr. Livingstone, at Bury, I was really not alive to my death.

*Cartoons at Hampton Court.**—I mentioned in my last, that I had formed an acquaintance with Holloway, who has been sometime occupied in copying in black chalks the Cartoons of Raphael in this palace. It will be a magnificent work, and admirably executed, for he finishes them as highly as a miniature; his chalk-pencils are of a superior quality, and he cuts them to the finest point: but he says they will only serve to work with on vellum, or on fine skin. He is an eccentric genius, deeply read in Scripture history, which he expounds in the most methodistical tone; but it is very delightful and instructive to listen to his observations on the beauties and merits of these masterpieces of Raphael. A Madame Bouiller, an interesting French emigrant is also occupied on the same subjects. She is patronized by West, who has given her permission to study here; and says that he never saw such masterly artist touches of the crayon as hers. Her style is large heads, after the size and manner of the French; therefore the figures in the Cartoons are particularly adapted for her pencil.

I found poor Holloway this morning foaming with rage in the Cartoon Gallery. Some person has written against the Cartoons, denominating them "washed daubs." No doubt it is either the pen of envy and malignity, or of ignorance: *n'importe*, it has wounded the feelings of a superior artist and a good man, who worships with religious enthusiasm those works of Raphael, and who has spent so many years in perfecting his engravings of them. It was a grotesque scene to behold Madame Bouiller pacing after Holloway up and down the gallery, with all the grimaces and vivacity of a Frenchwoman, and re-echoing his furious lamentations.

Edinburgh (by Mr. Cobbett).—I thought that Bristol, taking in its heights and Clifton, and its rocks and its river, was the finest city in the world; but Edinburgh, with its castle, its hills, its pretty little sea-port, conveniently detached from it, its vale of rich land lying all around, its lofty hills in the back ground, its views across the Frith;—I think little of its streets and rows of fine houses, though all built of stone, and though everything in London and Bath is beggary.

* From the Private Correspondence of a Woman of Fashion.

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to these; I think nothing of Holyrood House; but I think a great deal of the fine and well-ordered streets of shops—of the regularity which you perceive everywhere in the management of business; and I think still more of the absence of all that foppishness, and that affectation of carelessness, and that insolent assumption of superiority, that you see in almost all the young men that you meet with in the fashionable parts of the great towns in England. I was not disappointed; for I expected to find Edinburgh the finest city in the kingdom. Conversations at Newcastle, and with many Scotch gentlemen for years past, had prepared me for this; but still the reality has greatly surpassed every idea that I had formed about it. The people, however, still exceed the place: here all is civility; you do not meet with rudeness, or even with the want of a disposition to oblige, even in persons in the lowest state of life. A friend took me round the environs of the city; he had a turnpike ticket, received at the first gate, which cleared five or six gates. It was sufficient for him to *tell* the future gatekeepers that he had it. When I saw that, I said to myself, "Nota bene: Gatekeepers take people's word in Scotland—a thing that I have not seen before since I left *Long Island*."

King John—died at Swinshead Abbey, in Lincolnshire; his body was interred at Worcester; his bowels in Croxton Abbey Church, in Leicestershire, the abbot being his physician; and his heart at Croxden, in Staffordshire. Perhaps the most precious portion of his relics would be the hand that signed Magna Charta. (*See page* 279.)

The River Dove.—The fertility of the land on the upper parts of this river has always been proverbial: "as rich as Dove" being applied to any spot highly forced. The land has a perpetual verdure, and the spring-floods of the river are very gratifying to the land-occupiers, who have this proverb—

> In April, Dove's flood
> Is worth a king's good.

It is also said of Dove's banks in spring, that a stick laid down there over-night shall not be found next morning for grass.

St. Hellen's Well, near Rushton Spencer, in Staffordshire, is remarkable in superstitious history, for some singular qualities. It sometimes becomes suddenly dry, after a constant discharge of water for eight or ten years. This happens as well in wet as in dry seasons, and always at the beginning of May, when the springs are commonly esteemed highest; and so it usually continues till Martinmas, November 12, following. The people formerly imagined, that when this happened there would soon follow some stupendous calamity of famine, war, or some other national disaster, or change. It is said that it grew dry before the civil war, and again before the beheading of Charles I.; against the great scarcity of corn in 1670; and in 1679, when the miscalled Popish plot was discovered; but we do not hear that St. Hellen's Well withheld its supplies previous to, or upon, the breaking out of the last calamitous war.

Prodigious Elm.—At Field, adjoining Rushton Spencer, grew a prodigious witch elm, which was felled in 1680. Two able workmen were five days in stocking or felling it. It was 120 feet in length; at the butt-end it was seven yards in circumference; its girth was 25½ feet in the middle. Fourteen loads of firewood, as much as six oxen could draw, broke off in the fall; there were 47 loads more fire-wood cut from the top; they were compelled to fasten two saws together, and put three men to each end, to cut the body of it asunder. Out of this tree were cut 80 pairs of naves for carriage-wheels, and 8,000 feet of sawn timber in boards and planks, at six score per cent.—which, for the sawing only, as the price of labour then was, came to the sum of 12*l.*

Newcastle-under-Line.—The right of election in this borough has been several times the subject of parliamentary investigation. At the last inquiry, the greater part of the borough appeared to be the property of the Marquess of Stafford; and it was found customary for the burgesses to live ten, fifteen, and even twenty years in the houses, without payment of rent!

Monument to a Faithful Servant.—In the church of King's Swinford, Staffordshire, is a plain stone, erected by Joseph Scott, Esq., and his wife, in memory of Elizabeth Harrison, who had been thirty years in their service, and had conducted herself with such integrity, and anxiety for her master's interest, as drew from him the following epitaph:

> While flattering praises from oblivion save,
> The rich, and splendour decorates the grave,
> Let this plain stone, O Harrison, proclaim
> Thy humble fortune and thy honest fame.
> In work unwearied, labour knew no end—
> In all things faithful, everywhere a friend;
> Herself forgot, she toiled with generous zeal,
> And knew no interest but her master's weal.
> 'Midst the rude storms that shook his ev'ning day,
> No wealth could bribe her, and no power dismay;
> Her patrons' love she dwelt on e'en in death,
> And dying, blest them with her latest breath.
>
> She departed this life June 19, 1797. Aged 50 years.
>
> Farewell, thou best of servants—may the tear
> That sorrow trickled o'er thy parting bier,
> Prove to thy happy shade our fond regard,
> And all thy virtues find their full reward.

*** Mr. Warwick, on the Ostrich, in our next.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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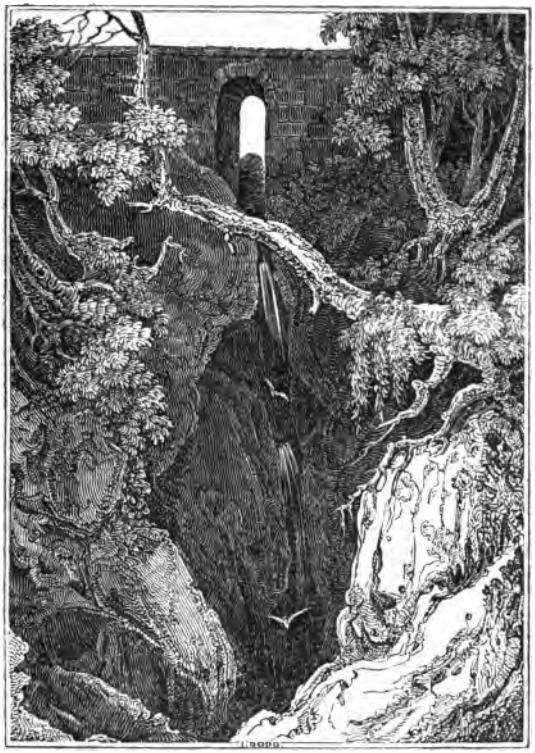
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 574.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1832. [PRICE 2*d*.



LYDFORD BRIDGE.

THIS is an interesting scene from the wild and wonderful in Nature. Its romantic luxuriance must win the attention of the artist, and the admiration of the less wistful beholder; while the philosophic mind, unaccustomed to vulgar wonder, may seek in its formation the cause of some of the most important changes of the earth's surface. Our esteemed friend and correspondent *Vyvyan*, is probably familiar with the locality of Lydford: his fancy might people it with pixies, and group its scenery into a kind of topographical romance; probably not unaided by its proximity to Dartmoor.*

Lydford is situated about seven miles north of Tavistock. It is, in the words of its topographers,† a poor decayed village, consisting of rude cottages. It was formerly a place of importance: for in Domesday Book, it is rated in the same manner and at the same time with London. Some remains of its ancient importance may still be seen in a square tower, or keep of a castle, which was formerly used as a court and a prison, where those criminals were tried and confined, who offended against the Stannary Laws. This building is alluded to by William Browne‡—

> They have a castle on a hill;
> I took it for an old windmill,
> The vane's blown off by weather;
> To lie therein one night, its guest,
> 'Twere better to be ston'd and prest,
> Or hang'd—now choose you whether.

* Dartmoor appears the head-quarters of dreariness and desolation, forming a mountain tract of nearly 80,000 acres in extent, strewed with granite boulders and fragments of rocks, and appearing to set cultivation at defiance.—*Brande's Outlines of Geology.*

† John Britton and E. W. Brayley: in the Beauties of England and Wales, vol. iv.

‡ A poet of considerable eminence in his day, born at Tavistock, in the year 1590. He was noticed by Selden, Drayton, Brooke, Glanville, and Ben Jonson.

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The scenery round the village is singularly picturesque: one of its most prominent objects, *The Bridge* is represented in the Engraving. It bears great analogy, in situation and character, to the celebrated Devil's Bridge in Wales. It consists of one rude arch, thrown across a narrow, rocky chasm, which sinks nearly eighty feet from the level of the road. At the bottom of this channel the small river Lyd is heard rattling through its contracted course. The singularity of this scene is not perceived in merely passing over the bridge: to appreciate its character, and comprehend its awfully impressive effects, it is necessary to see the bridge, the chasm, and the roaring water, from different projecting crags which impend over the river. At a little distance below the bridge, "the fissure gradually spreads its rocky jaws; the bottom opens; and, instead of the dark precipices which have hitherto overhung and obscured the struggling river, it now emerges into day, and rolls its murmuring current through a winding valley, confined within magnificent banks, darkened with woods, which swell into bold promontories, or fall back into sweeping recesses, till they are lost to the eye in distance. Thickly shaded by trees, which shoot out from the sides of the rent, the scene at Lydford Bridge is not so terrific as it would have been, had a little more light been let in upon the abyss, just sufficient to produce a *darkness visible*. As it is, however, the chasm cannot be regarded without shuddering; nor will the stoutest heart meditate unappalled upon the dreadful anecdotes connected with the spot."*

Scenes of this description frequently give rise to marvellous stories; and Lydford Bridge has furnished many themes for the gossip's tongue. It is related, that a London rider was benighted on this road, in a heavy storm, and, wishing to get to some place of shelter, spurred his horse forward with more than common speed. The tempest had been tremendous during the night; and in the morning the rider was informed that Lydford Bridge had been swept away with the current. He shuddered to reflect on his narrow escape; his horse having cleared the chasm by a great sudden leap in the middle of his course, though the occasion of his making it at the time was unknown.

Two or three persons have chosen this spot for self-destruction; and in a moment of desperation, have dashed themselves from the bridge into the murky chasm.

Libels on Poets.—Cicero tells us, Democritus and Plato said that there could be no good poet without a tincture of madness; and Aristotle calls poets madmen.—P. T. W.

* Warner's Walk through the Western Counties.

THOU WERT THE RAINBOW OF MY DREAMS.

Thou wert the rainbow of my dreams,
To whom the eyes of Hope might turn,
And bid her sacred flame arise
Like incense from the festal urn;
But as the thunder clouds conspire
To wreck the lovely summer sky,
So Death destroyed the liquid fire
Which shone so brightly in thine eye!

The cypress weeps upon thy tomb:
But when the stars unfold their leaves
Amid their bow'rs of purple gloom,
More fervently my spirit grieves;
And as the rainbow sheds its light
In fairy hues upon the sea,
So this cold world appears more bright
When pensive Memory thinks of thee!

G. R. C.

LORD BYRON.

Translation of a letter written by Lord Byron, in Greek and Italian, to the Pacha of Patras.*

Highness.—A vessel containing several of my friends and servants, having been captured and conducted by a Turkish frigate to your fortresses, was released by your highness' command. I return you thanks, not for releasing a vessel bearing a neutral flag, and which being under British protection, no one had a right to detain; but for having treated my friends with great courtesy while at your disposal. Hoping it may not be unacceptable to your highness, I have requested the Greek Governor of this place to grant me four Turkish prisoners; which has been readily conceded. I send them therefore, free, to your highness, in order to return your courtesy as far as is in my power. They are sent without conditions, but if the affair is worthy of your remembrance, I would merely beseech your highness to treat with humanity such Greeks as are in your power, or may chance to fall into the hands of the Musselmen, since the horrors of war are sufficient in themselves, without adding on either side cruelties in cold blood.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Noel Byron, Peer of England.

Missolonghi, Jan. 23, 1824.

WHEN WILT THOU RETURN?

When wilt thou return?
The silver clouds are closing
Like billows o'er the fairy path
Of sunset there reposing;
The sapphire fields of heaven,
With its golden splendour burn,
And purple is the mountain peak,—
But when wilt thou return?

When wilt thou return?
The woods are bright with summer,
And the violet's bower is grac'd
With the rose—a queenly comer;
The stars, that in the air
Like ethereal spirits burn,
Seem watching for thy steps,—
Oh! when wilt thou return?

* From a correspondent (E.), who belives that no English version of this letter has hitherto appeared in print.

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When wilt thou return?
The sheathless sword is idle,
And each warrior from his steed
Has thrown aside the bridle.
Hark!—'tis the trumpet's call!
With hope our bosoms burn;
Its echo wakes the distant hills,
Announcing thy return! G. R. C.

Anecdote Gallery.

RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR TONSON."

Angelica Kauffman.

The person of this lady, by all accounts, was highly interesting, and her manners and accomplishments were peculiarly attractive. It is said that Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was thoroughly acquainted with human nature, and never likely to be deceived in his estimate of individuals, was so much attached to her that he solicited her hand. It appeared, however, that she refused him as she was attached to the late Sir Nathaniel Holland, then Mr. Dance, an eminent painter, whose portrait of Garrick in the character of Richard the Third is the best and most spirited representation of that unrivalled actor that ever appeared, though all the most distinguished artists of the time employed themselves on the same admirable subject. The correspondence that had taken place between Mrs. Kauffman and Mr. Dance became known, and was thought to be of a very interesting description, insomuch that his Majesty George the Third, who generally heard of anything worthy of attention, requested Mr. Dance would permit him to peruse the letters that had passed between them during their courtship. What put a period to an intercourse which, being founded upon mutual attachment, held forth so favourable a prospect of mutual happiness, has never been developed, and is only matter of conjecture. Mrs. Kauffman, after the termination of this promising courtship, went abroad, and was unfortunately deluded into a marriage with a common footman, in Germany, who had assumed a title and appeared to be a person of high rank and affluence. Mrs. Kauffman, it is said, by the intervention of friends had recourse to legal authorities, was enabled to separate from the impostor, but did not return to this country, and died a few years after, having never recovered her spirits after the shock of so degrading an alliance. It is not a little surprising that a lady so intelligent and accomplished should have been the victim of such a deception.

Highwaymen.—Jemmy Maclaine.

Mr. Donaldson told me that once having betted twenty pounds on a horse at Newmarket, he won, but at the end of the race could not find the person who had lost. Returning to London the next day, his post-chaise was stopped by a highwayman, whom he immediately recognised as the loser of the day before. He addressed the highwayman as follows: "Sir, I will give you all I have about me if you will pay me the twenty pounds which I won of you yesterday at Newmarket." The man instantly spurred his horse, and was off in a moment. It is somewhat strange that, soon after Mr. Donaldson landed in Jamaica, he saw the same man in a coffee-house. He approached him, and in a whisper reminded him of his loss at Newmarket; the man rushed out of the room, and, according to report went to the Blue Mountains, and was never heard of again.

Mr. Donaldson was in real danger from another highwayman, who was celebrated in his day, and known as a fashionable man by the name of Maclaine. This man came from Ireland, and made a spendid figure for some time, but as his means of support were not known, he was generally considered as a doubtful character. He was by all accounts a tall, showy, good-looking man, and a frequent visiter at Button's Coffee-house, founded, as is well known, by Addison, in favour of an old servant of the Warwick family, but never visited by him, when driven from his home by the ill-humour of his wife; he then resorted to Will's, on the opposite side of the same street, that he might not be reminded of domestic anxieties. Button's was on the south side of Russell-street, Covent-garden; and Will's in the same street, at the corner of Bow-street. Button's became a private house, and Mrs. Inchbald lodged there. Mr. Donaldson, observing that Maclaine paid particular attention to the bar-maid, the daughter of the landlord, gave a hint to the father of Maclaine's dubious character. The father cautioned his daughter against the addresses of Maclaine, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard; she as imprudently told Maclaine. The next time Donaldson visited the coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, Maclaine entered, and in a loud tone said, "Mr. Donaldson, I wish to *spake* to you in a private room." Mr. Donaldson being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said in answer, that as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. "Very well," said Maclaine, as he left the room, "we shall *mate* again." A day or two after, as Mr. Donaldson was walking near Richmond in the evening, he saw Maclaine on horseback, who on perceiving him spurred the animal and was rapidly approaching him; fortunately, at that moment a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when Maclaine immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson

hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as possible. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that Maclaine would have shot Mr. Donaldson immediately. Maclaine a short time after committed a highway robbery, was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn.

Extraordinary Story.

What the religious principles of Mr. Donaldson were, I never knew, but I am sure he had too manly a mind to give way to superstition. The following circumstance, however, he told me as a fact in which he placed full confidence, on account of the character of the gentleman who related it. The latter was a particular friend of his, and a member of Parliament. In order to attend the House of Commons, he had taken apartments in St. Anne's Churchyard, Westminster. On the evening when he took possession, he was struck with something that appeared to him mysterious in the manner of the maid-servant, who looked like a man disguised; and he felt a very unpleasant emotion. This feeling was strengthened by a similar deportment in the mistress of the house, who soon after entered his room, and asked him if he wanted anything before he retired to rest: disliking her manner, he soon dimissed her, and went to bed, but the disagreeable impression made on his mind by the maid and mistress, kept him long awake; at length, however, he fell asleep. During his sleep he dreamed that the corpse of a gentleman, who had been murdered, was deposited in the cellar of the house. This dream co-operating with the unfavourable, or rather repulsive countenances and demeanour of the two women, precluded all hopes of renewed sleep, and it being the summer season, he arose about five o'clock in the morning, took his hat, and resolved to quit a house of such alarm and terror. To his surprise, as he was leaving it, he met the mistress in the entry, dressed, as if she had never gone to bed. She seemed to be much agitated, and inquired his reason for wishing to go out so early in the morning. He hesitated a moment with increased alarm, and then told her that he expected a friend, who was to arrive by a stage in Bishopsgate-street, and that he was going to meet him. He was suffered to go out of the house, and when revived by the open air, he felt, as he afterwards declared, as if relieved from impending destruction. He stated that in a few hours after, he returned with a friend to whom he had told his dream, and the impression made on him by the maid and the mistress; he, however, only laughed at him for his superstitious terrors, but on entering the house, they found that it was deserted, and calling in a gentleman who was accidentally passing, they all descended to the cellar, and actually found a corpse in the state which the gentleman's dream had represented.

Drawing an Inference.

Dr. Monsey, with two or three old members of the university, in the course of an evening walk, differed about a proper definition of man. While they were severally offering their notions on the subject, they came to a wall where an itinerant artist had drawn various representations of animals, ships, &c. After complimenting him on his skill, one of the gentlemen asked him if he could *draw an inference*. "No," said the artist, "I never saw one." Logic then gave way to jocularity, and a man coming by with a fine team of horses, they stopped him, spoke highly of the condition of his horses, particularly admiring the first. "That horse, carter," said another of the gentlemen, "seems to be a very strong one, I suppose he could draw a butt." The man assented. "Do you think he could *draw an inference?*"—"Why," said the man, "he can draw anything *in reason.*" "There," said Monsey, "what becomes of your definition, when you met a man that could *not draw an inference* and a *horse that could?*"

Disposal of the body for Dissection.

Dr. Monsey had the utmost contempt for funeral ceremonies, and exacted a promise from his daughter, that she would not interfere with the arrangement which he had made with Mr. Thompson Forster, the surgeon, for the disposal of his body, conceiving that whenever it was dissected by that gentleman, something might occur for the illustration and advancement of anatomy. "What can it signify to me," said he, "whether my carcass is cut up by the knife of a surgeon, or the tooth of a worm?" He had a large box in his chambers at Chelsea, full of air-holes, for the purpose of carrying his body to Mr. Forster, in case he should be in a trance when supposed to be dead. It was provided with poles, like a sedan-chair.

Voltaire.

Mentioning Voltaire, I may as well relate in this place a circumstance communicated to me by Monsey, upon what he deemed good authority, that Voltaire being invited to dine with a lady of quality while he was in London, to meet some persons of distinction, waited upon the lady an hour or two earlier than the time appointed. The lady apologized for the necessity of leaving him, as she had visits to pay, but begged he would amuse himself with the books in the room, promising to return very soon. After the party broke up, having occasion to refer to her escrutoire, she evidently found that it had been opened in her absence, and though nothing had been taken away, her papers were obviously not in

the same order as when she left them. She inquired anxiously who had been in the room, and was assured nobody but Voltaire, who had remained there till she returned home. As Voltaire was destitute of all religious principles it is not wonderful that he was equally devoid of all moral delicacy. A severe account of his conduct towards the great King of Prussia, while he was at the court of that monarch, is given in "The Reverie," a work before referred to.

Voltaire once dined in company with Pope, Lord Bolingkroke, and several of the most distinguished characters in London, and said it was "the proudest day he had ever enjoyed."

The Public Journals.

THE CINQUE PORTS—THEIR PAST AND PRESENT STATE.

(*Abridged from the United Service Journal.*)

The precise time when the Cinque Ports were first incorporated by charter is unknown, but it was at a very early period of our history; the institution being formed on that adopted by the Romans, while masters of Britain, for the defence of the coasts against the northern pirates. The difference between them consists in the number of the stations incorporated, the Roman being nine, under the governance of an officer whose title was, Comes littoris Saxonici; and the Saxon consisting of five, under the superintendence of a chief, whose title is, Lord Warden and Admiral of the Cinque Ports. There is no charter extant of the ports prior to Edward I.; and as they are not mentioned collectively in Domesday, many persons have been led to conclude, I think erroneously, that they did not exist as a corporation at the time when that ancient record was taken. Dover, Sandwich, and Romney are named as privileged ports, from which it may be inferred, that the corporation flourished at that time,—and for this reason,—Hastings has always been considered the first port in precedency, which would not probably have been the case, if it had been one of the latest privileged. The charter of Edward I. mentions immunities granted to the Cinque Ports by William the Conqueror; and, what is still more to the purpose, because it carries back their origin to the Saxon times, is, that King John, in his charter, says, that the Barons of the Cinque Ports had in their possession, charters of most of the preceding kings, back to Edward the Confessor, *which he had seen.* So, having traced them up to a Saxon origin, I must leave to some future antiquary the task of settling the precise date of their first incorporation.

The five incorporated ports are, Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe. Attached to each port are several limbs or members, the inhabitants of which participate in their privileges, and bear a share of their expenses. Rye and Winchelsea were united to Hastings about the first year of the reign of King John, under the denomination of the two ancient towns, and they appear to have obtained the superiority which they now hold over the other limbs, at a very early period, a charter of the year 1247 styling them, by way of eminence, *nobilibra membra Quinque Portuum.* The limbs are first mentioned in the Red-Book of the Exchequer, a miscellaneous collection of treatises, written before and after the Conquest, and collected together by Alexander de Swereford, Archdeacon of Shrewsbury, an officer of the Exchequer, who died in 1246: and also in the Domesday of the Ports, an ancient manuscript, formerly kept in Dover castle, but now unfortunately lost; but they do not occur in any charter till that of Edward IV. By what means or for what purpose these limbs became united to the five head ports, is now matter of speculation.

The duties which the Ports were bound to perform were incessant and of the most arduous character, particularly during the early years of the institution, when the narrow seas were constantly infested by numerous hordes of fierce, adventurous, and reckless pirates. Exonerated from all other services, they were bound to exert their own naval force for the protection of the realm, for the maintenance of the free navigation of the Channel, for the prevention of piracies, and all impediments and interruptions whatsoever. Effectually to perform these services, dangerous and difficult it must be allowed, they were obliged to furnish among them fifty-seven ships, each manned with twenty men and one boy, at their own cost, for fifteen days, and for as long a period afterwards as the king pleased to appoint; but they were then entitled to receive pay for their services. The sums granted to them by the crown were by no means a remuneration for the expenses attendant on the large naval force they were obliged to keep up at all times for the service of the kingdom, and often did not cover a third part of the necessary expenditure. The ships of the Cinque Ports, therefore, were the navy of the realm, and in almost every reign the pages of history show with how great honour and reputation the Ports discharged the sacred trust reposed in their valour, skill and bravery, by their confiding country. We sometimes find them fitting out double the number of ships specified in their charters; and when larger ones were thought necessary, they have equipped a smaller number, at an expense equivalent to that which their service by tenure demanded. In the reign of Elizabeth they had five ships, of one hundred and sixty tons

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each, at sea for five months, entirely at their own charge; and in the reign of Charles the First, they fitted out two large ships, which served for two months, and cost them more than eighteen hundred pounds.

The honours and privileges granted to the Cinque Ports, in consideration of these services, were great and numerous. They were each to send two barons to represent them in parliament; they were, by their deputies, to bear the canopy over the king's head at his coronation, and to dine at the uppermost table, on his right hand, in the great hall; they were exempted from subsidies and other aids; their heirs were free from personal wardship, notwithstanding any tenure; they were to be impleaded in their own towns, and nowhere else; they were to hold pleas and actions real and personal; to have conusance of fines; and the power of enfranchising villeins; they were exempt from tolls, and had full liberty of buying and selling, with many other privileges of less importance.

To direct the energies, to enforce the due performance of the important services, and to protect the extraordinary privileges of the Ports, an officer was created, and styled Lord Warden, Chancellor, and Admiral of the Cinque Ports, an officer of such high dignity and honour, that it has been sometimes executed by the heirs-apparent to the crown, often by princes of the blood royal, and always by persons of the first rank in the kingdom.

History affords abundant proof of the early grandeur and importance of the Cinque Ports, situated in a district which, from the earliest periods of authentic record, has been allowed to be the most fertile, and the best cultivated in the kingdom, as well as the principal seat of foreign commerce. Here the Roman power in Britain shone in its greatest splendour; many good ports were constructed and fortified, large remains of which exist to the present time, melancholy indications of the instability of all mundane things. The prosperity and importance of this district, the chief, or indeed the only, seat of maritime power, at that period, cannot be better illustrated than by the fact of Carausius and Allectus holding the title of emperors for ten years from the power afforded them by the naval force of Britain. But the grandeur of the Romans has faded into dimness, and of their magnificence nothing remains but mouldering ruins. Their celebrated haven, situated between Kent and the Isle of Thanet, which for position, extent, and safety, exceeded any which we have remaining, is now lost; and of their other ports, some are completely annihilated, others have become very inconsiderable, and all very greatly impaired.

Under our Saxon ancestors, by whom the Cinque Ports were first chartered, all the havens were open and in good condition, in which state they were found by the Normans, who confirmed to the Ports their ancient privileges. Through several centuries their prosperity continued to increase; the towns were well built, fully inhabited, and in possession of a lucrative and extensive commerce; they had many fine ships constantly employed, and abounded with hardy and intrepid seamen; opulence was visible in their streets, and happiness in their dwellings. But times have sadly changed with them. Let us inquire into the causes which led to their decay. The first cause is the failing of their several havens, some by the desertion of the sea, and others from being choked up by the impetuosity of that boisterous and uncertain element. The second is the change that has taken place in the method of raising and supporting a national marine, now no longer entrusted to the Cinque Ports; and the third was from the invasion of their privileges with respect to trade.

It is evident from their history that the Cinque Ports were once safe and commodious harbours, the decay of which is attributable chiefly to the practice of inning or gaining land from the sea; the first attempts at which were made upon the estuary into which the river Rother discharges itself, between Lydd and Romney. As there were marshes here in the time of the Saxons, and as almost all the property in the neighbourhood belonged to the church, it is most probable that this mischievous practice was first introduced by their clergy. By various operations the river was forced into a new channel, and a very strong fence, called a ree, was built to ensure its perpetual exclusion. The success which attended this operation roused the cupidity of the Archbishops of Canterbury, who considering it as an excellent method for increasing their property, continued to make large and successful inroads on the sea, till the tract of land so gained may be computed at between fifty and sixty thousand acres, now become rich and fertile pastures, producing good rents, and extremely valuable.

Before these encroachments were effected upon the sea, no contention existed between that turbulent element and the shore; but as soon as cupidity made inroads upon its ancient boundary, and declared war against the order of nature, the effects of its impetuous resentment were speedily felt. Whoever supposes he can control old Ocean, or make war upon his ancient border with impunity, will find himself mistaken, and soon discover that he knew little of the perseverance, the genius, or the power of his opponent. It retired from some towns and places where they intended it should remain, and overflowed or washed away others grown rich by its bounty; here it fretted and undermined the shore till it fell, and there it cast up beach and sand,

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covering a good soil with that which is both disagreeable and useless; and instead of being the source of industry and wealth, it became the engine of destruction and terror. Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Rye, and Winchelsea, with their dependencies, are now totally gone as ports, and greatly diminished in wealth and consequence. Winchelsea was once so large and handsome, that Elizabeth, during one of her progresses, bestowed upon it the appellation of Little London. Hythe formerly contained seven parish churches, now reduced to one. Rye and Romney look as if the plague had been raging through their dull and gloomy streets, and had carried off nearly all the population. Hastings, though still flourishing as a town, owes its prosperity to its having become a fashionable sea-bathing-place; for as to a port or haven, there is not a vestige of one remaining. Thus it will be seen that private individuals, for their own benefit, have been suffered to gain from the sea fifty thousand acres of pasture land, at a cost to the nation of five safe and commodious harbours, and the ruin of their several towns; thus reversing the political maxim, that private interest ought to give way to public benefit.

Similar in state to the five towns just named, is the once-celebrated and commodious port and town of Sandwich, now distant a mile and a half from the sea. This circumstance, also, is not attributable to any natural decline or desertion of the water, but to the long-continued exertions of individuals, for the purpose of gaining land from that estuary which formerly divided Kent from the Isle of Thanet. The estuary is no more, and deplorable are the consequences which have followed its loss; for towns have dwindled into villages, and villages into solitary farm-houses, throughout the entire district through which it flowed; trade and commerce have declined, and population has suffered a most extensive and frightful reduction.

In exchange for the ancient prosperity of this neighbourhood, we have large fens or salt marshes, rich in fertility and malaria; but in this, as in the former contest, the sea has had the best of it; for Bede has clearly expressed in his writings that "the Isle of Thanet was of considerable bigness, containing, according to the English way of reckoning, 600 families." Supposing, therefore, a family or a hide of land to contain only 64 acres, the smallest quantity taken by any author of credit, the quantity of land, at the time he wrote, will amount to 38,400 acres; which, exclusive of the salt marshes, is double the quantity contained in the island at the present time; we have, therefore, lost more land than we have gained, and, most unfortunately, the safe and eligible port of Sandwich into the bargain.

The port of the town of Sandwich, was for centuries one of the best and most frequented in the realm, producing to the revenue of the customs between sixteen and seventeen thousand pounds. But with the decay of her haven, commerce declined, and the revenue became so small, "that it was scarcely sufficent to satisfy the customer of his fee:" a dull and melancholy gloom is now spread through all her streets, and around her walls, where, during the times that her haven was good and her woollen manufactures were prosperous, naught was visible but activity, industry, and opulence. Her sun has been long and darkly eclipsed; but with a little well-directed exertion on the part of her inhabitants, and a moderate expenditure, it might be made to shine again, though not, perhaps, in all the brilliancy of its former splendour.*

Dover, the other port remaining to be noticed, is certainly a flourishing town at present; but to what does it owe its prosperity? Not to any of its advantages as one of the Cinque Ports, but to the circumstances of its being the port of communication with our Gallic neighbours, and to its having become frequented for the purpose of sea-bathing, which latter is a recent event. As a sea-bathing place it is likely it may appear cheerful and gay, even when the Continent is closed against us; but before it became a candidate for the favour of the migratory hordes of the summer months, it was, during the period of a war with France, one of the dullest towns in the kingdom.

The last calamity which I shall notice, is the attack which was made upon their home trade. They were, by their charter, to have full liberty of buying and selling, which privilege was opposed by the citizens of London, who disputed their right to buy and sell freely their woollens in Blackwell Hall. The charter of the ports is one hundred years older than that of London, but, notwithstanding this priority of right, the citizens of London prevailed. The result was indeed calamitous, for after the decay of the haven, the chief source of prosperity to the town of Sandwich consisted in the woollen manufactures, and as the freedom of buying and selling was now denied, the manufacturers immediately removed, and were soon followed by the owners of the trading vessels, and the merchants; and thus basely deprived of those advantages from which arose their ancient opulence and splendour, they sank with rapidity into that insignificance and poverty which have unfortunately remained their in-

* We believe that measures are in progress for re-establishing the commercial importance of Sandwich, by the restoration of the once celebrated haven. The town, we may add, is noble in its decay; for, among the jurats and burgesses are several worthy and opulent retired merchants, who would doubtless rejoice in the revival of Sandwich, for the welfare of their more aspiring townsmen.—*Ed. M.*

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separable companions up to the present hour. Among the princes who have executed the high and honourable office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, we find the names of the brave and unfortunate Harold, in the time of the Confessor, and Edward, Prince of Wales, in the time of Henry III. Henry V., when Prince of Wales, held this office, which was afterwards filled by Humphry, Duke of Gloucester. James II., when Duke of York, was Lord Warden, as was also Prince George of Denmark, with many other princes of the royal blood. In celebrated names among the nobility, the catalogue of Lords Warden is eminently rich. The family of Fiennes occurs frequently, as does also that of Montfort. Hugh Bigod; several of the family of Cobham, as well as the names of Burghersh, De Grey, Beauchamp, Basset, and De Burgh, are studded over the calendar, in the early reigns. Edward, Lord Zouch, and George, Duke of Buckingham, were Lords Warden in the reign of James I.; since that period the office has been filled by the Duke of Ormond; the Earl of Holdernesse, whose attention to the advantages of the ports was great; Lord North, the late Mr. Pitt, whose affability and condescension, added to a real regard for the prosperity of the Cinque Ports, and an unremitted attention to the duties of the Wardenship, gained him universal esteem; and lastly, by that honest and respected stateman, the late Earl of Liverpool. The mantle of the ports has now fallen on his Grace the Duke of Wellington, than whose name there does not exist a greater in the catalogue of Lords Warden. The public spirit displayad by the Duke, since his wardenship, cannot be too widely known, nor too highly applauded, —his grace having paid into the Treasury, for the public service, the whole amount of the proceeds of his office, as Lord Warden, thus furnishing a noble example of magnanimity and disinterestedness.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

[THE clever stanzas transferred from a late number of the *Literary Gazette* to No. 572 of *the Mirror*, are from the spirited pen of Mr. Charles Swain: they are the most poetical and appropriate of the tributes yet inscribed to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, although this is but mean praise compared with their merit. In the *Gazette* of Saturday last, the following additions are suggested by two different correspondents, "though," as the editor observes, "they are offered with great modesty by their authors."]

And after these, with hand in hand, the Sisters Troil appear;
Poor "Mina's" cheek was deadly pale, in "Brenda's" eye a tear;
And "Norna," in a sable vest, sang wild a funeral cry,
And waved aloft a bough of yew, in solemn mystery.

"George Heriot" crap'd, and "Jenkin Vin" with prentice-cap in hand—
Ev'en "Lady Falla" left her shrine to join that funeral band;
But hood and veil conceal'd her form—yet, hark! in whisper's tone
She breathes a Christian's holy prayer for the mighty spirit flown.

A wail!—a hollow, churchyard wail!—a wild weird-sister's cry!—
Ah! "Annie Winnie," thou too here?—and "Alice?" —vanish—fly!
"Not so," they shrieked, "we'll see the corse—the bonny corse; 'twas meet—
And pity 'twas we were not there to bind his winding sheet."

Old "Owen" passed with tottering step, and last and wandering looks;
"He's balanced his account," he cried, "and closed his earthly books;"
Bold "Loxley," with his bow unbent—unhelm'd "Le Belafré,"
Together pass'd—the archer wiped one silent tear away.

Stern "Bridgenorth," with his daughter's arm hung on his own, stalk'd by;
The blushing "Alice" veils her face from "Julian Peveril's" eye:
"Alack-a-day," 'Daft Davie' cries—"come, follow, follow me,
We'll strew his grave with cowslip buds and blooming rosemary."

In distance from the mournful throng, like stars of other spheres,
The lovely "Mary Stuart" pays the homage of her tears,
With "Cath'rine Seymore" at the shrine of Scotia's dearest name,
And with her bends the "Douglas'" knees, with bold young "Roland Græme."

But hark! what fairy melody comes wafted on the gale—
Oh! 'tis "Fenella's" sighing lute, in notes of woe and wail:
"Claud Halcro" catches at the strain, and mourns the minstrel gone,
"His spirit rest in peace where sleeps the shade of glorious John!"

With spattered cloak, the ladies' knight, the gallant "Rawleigh" see,
"Sir Creveceux's" plume waves by his side, and "Durward's" fleur-de-lis;
There "Janet" leans on "Foster's" arm—e'en "Varney's" treacherous eye
Is moistened with a tear that speaks remorse's agony.

Next, muffled in his sable cloak, "Tressilian" wends his way,
His slouching hat denies his brow the cheering light of day;
See how he dogs the proud earl's steps, as "Leicester" bears along
The lovely "Amy" on his arm through that sad mournful throng.

There "Lillias" pass'd with fairy step, in hood and mantle green,
Her sire, "Redgauntlet's" eagle eye is fixed on her, I ween;
And "Wandering Willie" doffs his cap, to raise his sightless eye
To Heaven, and cried, "God rest his soul in yonder sunny sky!"

Here "Donald Lean," with fillibeg and tartan-skirted knee;
There pale was "Cleveland," as he slept by Stromness' howling sea;
With faltering step crept "Trapbois" by, with drooping palsied head,
More like a charnel truant stray'd from regions of the dead.

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And thus they pass, a mournful train, the "squire," the "belted knight,"
The "hood and cowl," the ladies' page, and woman's image bright;
In distance now the solemn notes their requiem's chant prolong,
And now 'tis hush'd—to other ears they bear their funeral song.

"Two beauteous sisters, side by side, their wonted station kept;
The dark-eyed 'Minna' look'd to Heaven, the gentle 'Brenda' wept;
Wild 'Norna,' in her mantle wrapp'd, with noiseless step mov'd on,
'Claud Halcro' in his grief awhile forgot e'en glorious John.'
The princely 'Saladin' appear'd, aside his splendour laid,
And only by his graceful mien and piercing glance betray'd;
The lofty 'Edith,' followed by the silent 'Nubian slave,'
Dropp'd lightly, as she pass'd, a wreath upon the poet's grave."

The Topographer.

LESTINGHAM CHURCH.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

LESTINGHAM, which is supposed to signify *lasting-home*, is a village near Kirkby Moorside, Yorkshire, the scene of Buckingham's death, so caricatured by Pope in his *Dunciad*. It is remarkable on account of its church, which is a most interesting edifice to the antiquary, exhibiting a true specimen of Saxon architecture. The east end terminates in a semicircular recess for the altar, resembling the tribune of the Roman basilica. It was here that Cedd, bishop of the East Saxons, or London, founded a monastery for Benedictines, about the year 648, or, some say, 655. The church of Lestingham was the first which was built in this district, or the first of which we have any account. It was originally constructed of wood, and it was not till many years after that a stone one was erected.

Cedd was a Saxon missionary, educated at the monastery of Lindisfarne, now Holy Island, not far from Bamburgh, the capital of Bernicia. Ethelwald, king of Deira, knowing Cedd to be a man of real piety, desired him to accept some land for the building of a monastery, at which the king might attend to pray. Cedd availed himself of the propo-

(*The Crypt.*)

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sal, and chose Lestingham. Having fixed on the spot for the site of the sanctuary, he resolved to consecrate it by fasting and prayer all the Lent; eating nothing except on the Lord's day, until evening; and then only a little bread, an egg, and a small quantity of milk diluted with water; he then began the building. He established in it the same discipline observed at Lindisfarne. Cedd governed his diocese many years; and died of a plague, when on a visit to his favourite monastery at Lindisfarne, where he had been ordained bishop by Finan; he was interred here, 664, but his remains were taken up, and re-interred in the present church, on the right side of the altar.

The present Saxon church contains many relics of antiquity; as painted glass, ancient inscriptions, &c.; but the most remarkable feature of is interior is the celebrated crypt, or vault, formerly used as a depository for the venerated relics of canonized prelates. At the east end of this subterraneous retreat, from the window through which the light faintly gleams, the scene is interesting to astonishment. Here you perceive the massy arches ranged in perspective on huge cylindrical pillars, with variously sculptured capitals, each differing from the other, and all in the real Saxon style; to this add the groined roof, and the stairs at the west end, leading up into the church, enveloped in a luminous obscurity, from the scanty light admitted by the window at the east end. From the account given by Venerable Bede, that the body of Cedd was interred on the right of the altar, we may suppose that the crypt was built after the erection of the church, though the time cannot be ascertained.

About fifty years ago, the remaining part of the venerable monastery, founded by Cedd, was razed, and its walls, hallowed by the dust of the holy brotherhood, furnished materials for building. The Rev. W. Ellis, the then incumbent, whose indignation, at the circumstance, was unbounded, wrote some Latin verses on the subject; but they have been lost in the stream of time, and, like the ashes of the hand that wrote them, cannot be found.

The late Mr. Jackson, R. A., was a native of the village of Lestingham; and, with feelings of regard for the land of his childhood, he proposed to execute a painting, as an altar-piece for the church. His Grace the archbishop of York and the Rev. F. Wrangham, were consulted on the subject, and gave it their approval; but, we believe, the meritorious artist died before he had finished the painting.

New Books.

WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST.

[This book is a grievous failure—that is, if the merits of books are to be adjudged with their titles. The writer is the author of *Stories of Waterloo*, from whom better things might have been expected. He has taken for his model, Mr. Lloyd's really excellent *Field Sports of the North of Europe;* but he has woefully missed his mark. The title of the work before us is equivocal: a reader might as reasonably expect the Sports of the Western World, as adventures in Ireland, such as make up the present volumes. What we principally complain of is the paucity of Sports among their contents. It is true that the title also promises Legendary Tales and Local Sketches, but here they are the substance, and the Wild Sports mere shadow. We have too little of "the goodly rivers," "all sorts of fish," "the sweet islands and goodly lakes, like little inland seas," "of the most beautiful and sweet countrey," as Spenser phrases it in the author's title-page; and there is not so much as the author promises in his preface, of shooting the wild moors and fishing the waters, of days spent by "fell and flood," and light and joyous nights in mountain bivouacs and moorland huts. There is too much hearsay, and storytelling not to the purpose, and trifling gossip of "exquisite potatoes" and "rascally sherry"— details which would disgrace a half-crown guide book, and ought certainly not to be set forth with spaced large type in hotpressed octavos at a costly rate. Nevertheless, the work may suit club-room tables and circulating libraries, though it will not be allowed place for vivid display of Wild Sports. We quote two extracts—one, a narrative which the author knows to be substantially true; the other, relating to the attack of eagles, (though we omit the oft-told tale of the peasant attempting to rob an eagle's nest, and his hair turning white with fright):—

The Blind Seal.

About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and, as the old man described him to me, was "fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten."

Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen.

For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country *the crippawn*— a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs which ge-

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perally ends fatally—attacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted, and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his retaining an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the crippawn would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest, and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal over night came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favourite resting-place.

Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing-boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard until he had gone leagues beyond Innis Boffin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house-dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified by a peculiar cry, expressive of pleasure, his delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth he fell into a deep sleep.

The master of the house was immediately apprized of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the beldame was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this hellish proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves.

A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the truculent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure.

On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *Banshee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed-coverings. When morning broke the door was opened—the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold!"

"Stop, Julius!" I exclaimed, "give me a moment's time to curse all concerned in this barbarism."

"Be patient, Frank," said my cousin, "the *finale* will probably save you that trouble. The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter. Every thing about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, 'and blighted was the corn.' Of several children none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died *blind* and miserable.

"There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name, and the series of incessant calamity which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true."

Visit to the Eagle's Cliff, in Inniskea.

We ascended the hill (while the crew were clearing and baiting their spillets) in the vague hope of getting a shot at these predatory birds, of whose spoliations we had heard so much on the preceding evening.

On reaching the bottom of the rock, in whose face the aërie stands, we discovered that the old birds were absent, and as the nest was formed in a deep fissure, we could not ascertain its situation exactly. But that the eagles' dwelling was above us was evident enough: the base of the cliff was strewn with bones and feathers, and the accumulation of both was extraordinary. The bones of rabbits, hares, and domestic fowls, were most numerous, but those of smaller game, and various sorts of fish, were visible among the heap.

Many attempts are annually made to destroy this predatory family. It is impossible to rob the nest. Situated two hundred feet above the base of the rock, it is of course unapproachable from below, and as the cliffs beetle over it frightfully, to assail it from above would be a hazardous essay. An enterprising peasant, some years since, was let

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down by a rope and basket,—but he was fiercely attacked by the old birds, and the basket nearly overturned. Fortunately the cord was strong and had sufficient length to allow his being lowered rapidly, or he would have undoubtedly sustained some bodily injury from the wings and talons of those enraged and savage birds.

The village of Dugurth suffers heavily from its unfortunate proximity to the aërie. When the wind blows from a favourable point, the eagle in the grey of morning sweeps through the cabins, and never fails in carrying off some prey.

To black fowls eagles appear particularly attached, and the villagers avoid as much as possible rearing birds of that colour.

A few days before, one of the coast-guard, alarmed by the cries of a boy, rushed from the watch-house; the eagle had taken up a black hen, and, as he passed within a few yards, the man flung his cap at him. The eagle dropped the bird; it was quite dead, however, the talons having shattered the back-bone. The villagers say (with what truth I know not) that turkeys are never taken.

That the eagle is extremely destructive to fish, and particularly so to salmon, many circumstances would prove. They are constantly discovered watching the fords in the spawning season, and are seen to seize and carry off the fish. One curious anecdote I heard from my friend the priest. Some years since a herdsman, on a very sultry day in July, while looking for a missing sheep, observed an eagle posted on a bank that overhung a pool. Presently the bird stooped and seized a salmon, and a violent struggle ensued; when the herd reached the spot, he found the eagle pulled under water by the strength of the fish, and the calmness of the day, joined to drenched plumage, rendered him unable to extricate himself. With a stone the peasant broke the eagle's pinion, and actually secured the spoiler and his victim, for he found the salmon dying in his grasp.

When shooting on Lord Sligo's mountains, near the Killeries, I heard many particulars of the eagle's habit and history from a grey-haired peasant who had passed a long life in these wilds. The scarcity of hares, which here were once abundant, he attributed to the rapacity of those birds; and he affirmed, that when in pursuit of these animals, the eagle evinced a degree of intelligence that appeared extraordinary. They coursed the hares, he said, with great judgment and certain success; one bird was the active follower, while the other remained in reserve, at the distance of forty or fifty yards. If the hare, by a sudden turn, freed himself from his most pressing enemy, the second bird instantly took up the chase, and thus prevented the victim from having a moment's respite.

He had remarked the eagles also while they were engaged in fishing. They chose a small ford upon the rivulet which connects Glencullen with Glandullagh, and posted on either side waited patiently for the salmon to pass over. Their watch was never fruitless,—and many a salmon, in its transit from the sea to the lake, was transferred from his native element to the wild aërie in the Alpine cliff, that beetles over the romantic waters of Glencullen.

[The volumes are handsomely printed, and embellished with aqua-tint plates and clever vignettes: some of the latter, by Bagg, are spirited performances on wood.]

PETER THE GREAT.

[WHAT a mine of adventure and incident is the life of this extraordinary man. A modern French writer enumerates *95* authors who have treated of his actions, and concludes the list with *et cetera* threefold. What a field for the editors of the compilation libraries—wherein they may store their little garners or volumes to advantage. Such has the editor of the *Family Library* done in the volume before us; although he has only consulted one-fourth of the above number of authorities for his memoir of the life of the Tzar. He prefaces with the modest observation that he has done little more than bring together and arrange the scattered fragments of Histories, Lives, Anecdotes, and Notices, in manuscript and in print, "of one of the most extraordinary characters that ever appeared on the great theatre of the world, in any age or country;—a Being full of contradictions, yet consistent in all that he did; a promoter of literature, arts, and sciences, yet without education himself; the civilizer of his people, 'he gave a polish,' says Voltaire, 'to his nation, and was himself a savage; he taught his people the art of war, of which he was himself ignorant; from the first glance of a small cock-boat, at the distance of five hundred miles of the nearest sea, he became an expert ship-builder, created a powerful fleet, partly constructed with his own hands, made himself an active and expert sailor, a skilful pilot, a great captain: in short, he changed the manners, the habits, the laws of the people, and very face of the country." How different is this course of activity to the usual luxurious lives of the sovereigns of civilized countries: how ill assort Peter's "savage" notions with the accomplished ease and personal elegance of a succeeding autocrat: how wide is the contrast between Peter's ship-building education, and the youth of a prince passed amidst court corruptionists—or pilotage over the boundless ocean, and launching gilded pleasure-boats upon an unruffled lake; personally watching the welfare of his subjects, or slinking into retirement, and leaving their interests to the intrigues of party.

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Yet, such are a few of the opposite characteristics — the every-day occupations — of the great Tzar of Russia, and of the kingships of the last and present centuries.

The events of the life of Peter may be well known in detail to the reader of the history of modern Europe. Yet they must be gathered from many volumes; while in the above little book we have them brought in amusing and sufficiently copious narrative, within 350 pages. We have here the Tzar's war with Sweden—Narva, Pultowa, and the Pruth; but the incidents that will prove most interesting to the *Family* readers are the domestic habits—the unkingly life of Peter; and above all, his visit to England—how he drank deeply of pepper and brandy, lodged in Buckingham-street, Strand; spoiled Mr. Evelyn's holly hedge at Sayes; and peeped from the roof of the House of Lords at the King upon his throne. We shall therefore endeavour to abridge a few of these entertaining anecdotic details from the chapter devoted to the Tzar's stay in England.]

Two ships of war and a yacht, under the orders of Admiral Mitchell, were despatched to Helvoetsluys to bring over the Tzar, who, with his suite, consisting of Menzikoff and some others, whose names are not mentioned, embarked at that port on the 18th of January, 1698, and on the 21st reached London. Here no secret was attempted to be made of his rank, but he requested to be treated only as a private gentleman; and it is remarkable enough that, though he paid frequent visits to the King, and attended his court, his name never once appears in the only official paper which then, as indeed now, was and is in existence, the London Gazette. Lord Shrewsbury, at this time, was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs; but as the Tzar came not in any public character, he appears to have been placed under the especial charge of the Marquess Carmarthen, who was made lord president of the Council in the following year. Between this nobleman and Peter a very considerable intimacy took place, which was uninterrupted during the Tzar's abode in England. A large house was hired for him and his suite at the bottom of York-buildings where, it is stated in a private letter, the Marquess and he used to spend their evenings together frequently in drinking "hot pepper and brandy." The great failing of Peter, indeed, was his love of strong liquors. We find in one of the papers of the day, that he took a particular fancy to the *nectar ambrosia*, "the new cordial so called, which the author, or compounder of it, presented him with, and that his Majesty sent for more of it."

Of the proceedings of the Tzar, during the four months he remained in England, very little is recorded in the few journals or other publications of that day; the former consisting chiefly of the *Postmaster*, the *Postman*, and the *Postboy*.

In the *Postboy* it is stated that, on the day after his arrival, the Tzar of Muscovy was at Kensington, to see his Majesty at dinner, as also the court; but he was all the while *incognito*. And on the Saturday following he was at the playhouse, to see the opera; that on the Friday night the revels ended at the Temple, the same being concluded by a fine masquerade, at which the Tzar of Muscovy was present; that on the following Sunday he went in a hackney-coach to Kensington, and returned at night to his lodgings in Norfolk-street,* where he was attended by several of the King's servants.

His movements, during the rest of the month, were a journey to Woolwich and Deptford, to see the docks and yards; then to the theatre, to see the Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great; to St. James's, to be present at a fine ball; and, it is further stated that he was about to remove from Norfolk-street (York buildings) to Redriff, where a ship was building for him; and that he was about to go to Chatham, to see a man-of-war launched, which he was to name; and that on the 15th of February, accompanied by the Marquess of Carmarthen, he went to Deptford, and having spent some time on board the "Royal Transport," they were afterwards splendidly treated by Admiral Mitchell. These are the principal notices concerning the Tzar Peter contained in the *Postboy*.

It is evident that London could not be very agreeable to him, on two accounts; first, because his great object in coming here was to see our dock-yard establishments, and to profit also by observing our mode of making draughts of ships, and laying them off in the mould-loft; and to acquire some knowledge in the theory of naval architecture and navigation, which he had heard, when in Holland, was superior to what he had seen or could obtain in that country, though it was assumed that the mechanical part of finishing and putting together a ship was there fully equal, if not superior, to ours.

In the next place, he was equally annoyed by the crowds he was continually meeting in the streets of London, as he had been in Amsterdam, and which he could not bear with becoming patience. It is said that, as he was one day walking along the Strand, with his friend the Marquess of Carmarthen, a porter, with a hod on his shoulder, rudely

* This is an oversight of the Editor, as the Tzar resided in the last house in Buckingham-street, towards the river on the east side. It is a handsome mansion, containing some very spacious apartments, with some few relics of its original decoration. Upon the site of this and the adjoining streets was formerly a palace of the archbishops of York, the only vestige of which is the water-gate, called York Stairs, erected by Inigo Jones. Throughout the narrative it will be seen that the Editor has mistaken Norfolk-street for Buckingham-street.—*Ed. M.*

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pushed against him and drove him into the kennel. He was extremely indignant, and ready to knock him down; but the Marquess interfering, asked the man what he meant, and if he knew whom he had so rudely run against, and "that it was the Tzar." The porter, turning round, replied, with a grin, "Tzar! we are all Tzars here." But that which annoyed him most of all, was the intrusion of our countrymen into his lodgings, and into the room even where he was eating, to which they gained access through the king's servants. Disgusted at their impertinent curiosity he would sometimes rise from table, and leave the room in a rage. To prevent this intrusion, he strictly charged his domestics not to admit any persons whatever let their rank be what it might. A kind of forced interview, however, was obtained by two Quakers, the account of which, as given by one of them, is singular and interesting.

One month's residence having satisfied Peter as to what was to be seen in London, and having expressed a strong desire to be near some of the King's dockyards, it was arranged that a suitable residence should be found near one of the river establishments; and the house of the celebrated Mr. Evelyn, close to Deptford Dock-yard, being about to become vacant, by the removal of Admiral Benbow, who was then its tenant, it was immediately taken for the residence of the Tzar and his suite; and a doorway was broken through the boundary wall of the dock-yard, to afford a direct communication between it and the dwelling-house. This place had then the name of Saye's Court. It was the delight of Evelyn, and the wonder and admiration of all men of taste at that time. The grounds are described, in the life of the Lord Keeper Guildford, "as most boscaresque, being, as it were, an exemplary of his (Evelyn's) book of forest trees." Admiral Benbow had given great dissatisfaction to the proprietor as a tenant, for he observes in his Diary—"I have the mortification of seeing, every day, much of my labour and expense there impairing from want of a more polite tenant." It appears, however, that the princely occupier was not a more "polite tenant" than the rough sailor had been, for Mr. Evelyn's servant thus writes to him,—"There is a house full of people *right nasty*. The Tzar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the King's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The King is expected there this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for him to be entertained in. The King pays for all he has."* But this was not all: Mr. Evelyn had a favourite holly-hedge, through which, it is said, the Tzar, by way of exercise, used to be in the habit, every morning, of trundling a wheel-barrow. Mr. Evelyn probably alludes to this in the following passage, wherein he asks, "Is there, under the heavens, a more glorious and refreshing object, of the kind, than an impregnable hedge, of about four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five in diameter, which I can still show in my ruined garden at Saye's Court (thanks to the Tzar of Muscovy), at any time of the year, glittering with its armed and variegated leaves; the taller standards, at orderly distances, blushing with their natural coral? It mocks the rudest assaults of the weather, beasts, or hedge-breakers,—et illum nemo impune lacessit."†

Alas! for the glory of the glittering hollies, trimmed hedges, and long avenues of Saye's Court; Time, that great innovator, has demolished them all, and Evelyn's favourite haunts and enchanting grounds have been transformed into cabbage gardens; that portion of the Victualling-yard where oxen and hogs are slaughtered and salted for the use of the navy, now occupies the place of the shady walks and the trimmed hedges, which the good old Evelyn so much delighted in; and on the site of the ancient mansion now stands the common parish workhouse of Deptford Stroud.

We have little evidence that the Tzar, during his residence here, ever worked as a shipwright; it would seem he was employed rather in acquiring information on matters connected with naval architecture, from that intelligent commissioner of the navy and surveyor, Sir Anthony Deane, who, after the Marquess of Carmarthen, was his most intimate English acquaintance. His fondness for sailing and managing boats, however, was as eager here as in Holland; and these gentlemen were almost daily with him on the Thames, sometimes in a sailing yacht, and at others rowing in boats,—an exercise in which both the Tzar and the Marquess are said to have excelled. The Navy Board received directions from the Admiralty to hire two vessels, to be at the command of the Tzar, whenever he should think proper to sail on the Thames, to improve himself in seamanship. In addition to these, the King made him a present of the "Royal Transport," with orders to have such alterations and accommodations made in her, as his Tzarish Majesty might desire, and also to change her masts, rigging, sails, &c., in any such way as he might think proper for improving her sailing qualities. But his great delight was to get into a small decked boat, belonging to the Dock-yard, and taking only Menzikoff, and three or four others of his suite, to work the vessel with them, he being the helmsman; by this practice he said he should be able to teach them how to command ships when they

* Memoirs of J. Evelyn.

† Evelyn's Sylva.

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got home. Having finished their day's work, they used to resort to a public-house in Great Tower-street, close to Tower Hill, to smoke their pipes and drink beer and brandy. The landlord had the Tzar of Muscovy's head painted and put up for his sign, which continued till the year 1808, when a person of the name of Waxel took a fancy to the old sign, and offered the then occupier of the house to paint him a new one for it. A copy was accordingly made from the original, which maintains its station to the present day, as the sign of the "Tzar of Muscovy," looking like a true Tartar.

(To be concluded in our next.)

The Naturalist.

STOMACH OF THE OSTRICH.

(To the Editor.)

ALLOW me to add, as a further illustration of the various and uncommon substances sometimes found in the stomach of the Ostrich, mentioned at page 262 of *The Mirror*, a fact which came under my own observation a few months since, on the occasion of dissecting two full-grown birds intended for the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but, which died while performing quarantine in Stangate Creek. On opening the maw, the stomach appeared distended to its fullest extent, and contained not less than half a bushel of various substances, besides a large quantity of the usual food in an undigested state, as, maize, barley, potatoes, onions, &c. There was nearly a peck of stones, most of which were as smooth and as highly polished as if they had passed through the hands of the lapidary; a sample of which I enclose you. Among this mass I found portions of tobacco-pipe, pieces of china and glass, brass buttons, copper coins, nails, and what most likely caused the death of the bird, a large quantity apparently of the head of a woollen mop, with portions of oakum, which from its size and quantity had proved too much for the bird to digest. It would appear, however, that many substances remain for years in the folds of the stomach, without injury; as on opening an Ostrich that died at Exeter 'Change after being some years in the possession of Mr. Cross, there were found besides a large quantity of rubbish, a handful of buttons, nails, marbles, stones, several keys, the brass handle of a door, a copper extinguisher, a sailor's knife, a butcher's hook, an iron comb, with penny pieces and coins to the amount of 3*s.* 4½*d.*; and besides these various articles, there were several cowries, glass beads, such as are used for the purposes of traffic by the natives of the Barbary Coast, whence the bird was brought; and it never having had the opportunity of getting at such articles while in a state of confinement, little doubt remains of their having been swallowed by the bird while in its native country.

Another instance may be added of a full grown Ostrich, that was for some time in the possession of the Consul of Tripoli: during the period of the bird remaining at his house, a silver snuff box, of considerable size and value, was missing, and many were the persons suspected of having stolen it. The bird was after the lapse of a few months shipped as a present on board a frigate, and died during the voyage. The captain had it opened to ascertain if possible the cause of its death, when, in the stomach were found nails, keys, pieces of iron and copper, part of a lantern, and the identical snuff box, although the chasing and sharp edges were worn completely smooth by the action of the stomach.

J. WARWICK.

Surrey Zoological Gardens.

THE CONDOR.

A PAIR of condors has lately been received from South America, for the Surrey Zoological Gardens. They are male and female, and are stated to be by far the largest specimens ever brought to this country, the male measuring nearly 14 feet across the wings, and in height upwards of three feet. They were brought from Chili, where they are sometimes met with at an elevation of 15,000 feet above the level of the sea. During the removal of the birds from the vessel, the male dropped one of his largest wing feathers, the quill of which measures an inch and a half in circumference.

The Gatherer.

The King. — (*From the Spectator.*)—Touching the business habits of the King, we have been favoured with the following statement, by a gentleman on whose honesty we can place perfect reliance, and who has ample opportunities of correct knowledge:—

"The attention of our present excellent Sovereign to public business is truly exemplary; and whilst he exceeds in regularity and despatch the habits of his late father,—whose conduct in this respect has seldom been properly appreciated,—his diligence forms a striking contrast to the supineness exhibited in the late reign, when days and weeks sometimes elapsed before the Royal signature could be obtained.

"The public learn from the Court Newsman that the King regularly comes to town once a week, to receive his ministers, and for the transaction of whatever business may be required; and these journeys are occasionally repeated within a few days of each other, without the slightest regard for his personal convenience. Stronger proofs, however, exist of the King's devotion to the duties of his

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station. Every document submitted for his consideration and signature, is executed and returned to the proper office within twenty-four hours after he receives it, and generally within twelve hours. If a letter be addressed to Sir Herbert Taylor or to Sir Henry Wheatley, no matter how trifling may be its subject, it is certain of receiving an immediate and polite answer, the contents of which show that his Majesty must undoubtedly have been consulted; and if the request be refused, regret is expressed, and a satisfactory reason is usually assigned. Those only who are aware of the masses of papers submitted to the King, or of the innumerable subjects on which his pleasure is taken, can appreciate the promptness, courtesy, and decision which he displays; whilst in giving audiences, the extent of his information, and his business-like habits, excite equal surprise and satisfaction. When it is remembered that the King is above sixty-seven years of age, the labour which he undergoes seems extraordinary; and the admirable manner in which he executes his duties, is consequently entitled to still higher applause. His office is indeed no sinecure; and it would be well for the country if every department of the State, and every public officer imitated the example set them by the Sovereign.

"Before concluding this subject, justice demands that the manner in which Sir Herbert Taylor and Sir Henry Wheatley conduct the Royal correspondence, should not pass unnoticed; for, doubtless, a share of the praise which has been here expressed of their Master's decision and promptness, is due to them, and more especially for the extreme courtesy with which their letters are written."

We had before heard the fact of the King's extraordinary punctuality in signing papers, with this addition, that when they are more than ordinarily numerous, the Queen sits at the table with her Royal husband, lays the papers before him, and when signed, removes and arranges them, like a secretary.

Learned "Ladies."—Mr. Murphy used to relate the following story of Foote's, the heroines of which were the ladies Cheere, Fielding, and Hill, the last the widow of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter;" Lady Cheere began, and said, "I love my love with an N because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis;" and "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizishun." Such was the imputed orthography of these learned ladies. —*Taylor's Records.*

Den.—The names of places ending in den, as Biddenden, are perhaps not generally known to signify the situation to be in a valley, or near woods. J. E. J.

Mock-heroics.—Cowper, in one of his letters to Joseph Hill, reminds his friend of the following mock-heroic line, written at one of their convivial meetings, called the Nonsense Club—

"To whom replied the Devil, *yard-long-tail'd*;"

And adds, "there never was anything more truly Grecian than that triple epithet; and were it possible to introduce it either into the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, I should certainly steal it." This of course was written in jest; and had the translator been disposed to exemplify his own pleasantry, he might have found an opportunity in the well-known line of the sixth book of the *Iliad*—

Αιδεομαι Τρωας και Τρωαδας ελκεσιπεπλους.

I dread the Trojan ladies, yard-long-tail'd;

Of which Pope makes this sweeping periphrasis—

"And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the ground." E. B. I.

Burton Ale.—Many of our readers may recollect the dispute, about three years since, between the Burton Ale brewers and the Useful Knowledge Society, when the excellence of the ale was proved to be the result of the hard water of which it was manufactured flowing over a limestone rock. A chemist was dispatched to Burton, and the settlement of the matter assumed the importance of a discovery; though in the last century this fact was ingeniously explained by Dr. Darwin, in a letter to Mr. Pilkington, upon the supposition that some of the saccharine matter in the malt combines with the calcareous earth of hard waters, and forms a sort of mineral sugar, which, like true sugar, is convertible into spirits.

Read-y Wit.—A young man, in a large company, descanting very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "'Tis *Scarlet*," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not *deep read.*" CANTON.

Anti-free Trade.—An odd instance of the restrictive system occurred in the embassy from the emperor Otho to Nicephorus Phocas. The Greeks making a display of their dress, he told them that in Lombardy the common people wore as good clothes as they.—"How," they said, "can you procure them?"—"Through the Venetians and Amalfitan dealers," he replied, "who gain their subsistence by selling them to us." The foolish Greeks were very angry, and declared that any dealer presuming to export their fine clothes *should be flogged.*

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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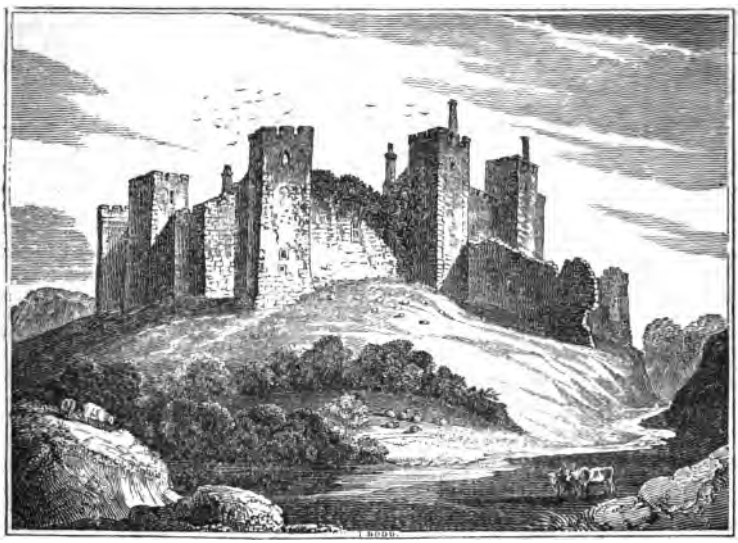
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 575] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10 1832. [Price 2d.



FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE.

Castle of Ancient Days! in times long gone
Thy lofty halls in regal splendour shone!
Thou stoodst a monument of strength sublime,
A Giant, laughing at the threats of Time!
Strange scenes have passed within thy walls! and strange
Has been thy fate through many a chance and change!
Thy Towers have heard the war-cry, and the shout
Of friends within, and answering foes without.
Have rung to sounds of revelry, while mirth
Held her carousal, when the sons of earth
Sported with joy, till even *he* could bring
No fresh delight upon his drooping wing!

James Bird.

(From a Correspondent.)

This Castle is said to have been founded by Redwald, or Redowald, one of the most powerful kings of the East Angles, between A.D. 599 and 624. It belonged to St. Edmund, one of the Saxon monarchs of East Anglia, who, upon the invasion of the Danes, fled from Dunwich, or Thetford, to this castle; from which being driven, and being overtaken at *Hegilsdon*, (now Hoxne, a distance of twelve miles from Framlingham,) he was cruelly put to death, being bound to a tree and shot with arrows, A.D. 870. His body, after many years, was removed to a place called *Bedorics-gueord*, now St. Edmund's Bury. The castle remained in the hands of the Danes fifty years, when they were brought under the obedience of the Saxons. William the Conqueror and his son Rufus retained the Castle in their own possession; but the third son of William, Henry I., granted it, with the Manor of Framlingham, to Roger Bigod.—The castle continued in this family till Roger Bigod, the last of the race, and a man more turbulent than any of his predecessors, was compelled to resign it to King Edward I.; Edward II. gave it to his half-brother, Thomas Plantagenet, surnamed De Brotherton; from whom it descended to Thomas de Mowbray, twelfth Baron Mowbray, created Duke of Norfolk 29th of September, 1397. From the Mowbrays it descended to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk, Sir Robert Howard having married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Mowbray, first Duke of Norfolk. His son, John Howard, was created Earl Marshal and Duke of Norfolk, 28th of June, 1483. He was slain at Bosworth Field, 1485; and his son, Thomas, Earl of Surrey, being attainted, the castle fell into the hands of King Henry VII., who granted it to John de Vere, thirteenth Earl of Oxford, from whom it again returned to the Howards. Thomas Howard, third Duke of Norfolk, being attainted, (38 Henry VIII. 1546,) it was seized by the king, who dying the same year, his successor, Edward VI., granted it to his sister, the Princess, afterwards Queen Mary. King James I. granted it to Thomas Howard, first Baron Howard de Walden, youngest son of

Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, created Earl of Suffolk 21st of July, 1603; but his lordship making Audley Inn his seat, the castle fell into decay, and his son, Theophilus, second Earl of Suffolk, sold it in 1635, with the domains, to Sir Robert Hitcham, knight, senior sergeant to James I.; who by his will, dated 10th of August, 1636, bequeathed it to the master and scholars of Pembroke College, in trust for certain charitable uses; the advowson of the living, the castle and the manor, he bequeathed to the college for its own use; since which time the castle has remained in a dismantled state.

Loder, in his *History of Framlingham*, thus describes the former state of the structure: "This castle, containing an acre, a rood, and eleven perches of land, within the walls now standing, but anciently a much larger quantity before the walls enclosing the same were demolished, was in former ages very fair and beautiful, standing within a park (long since disparked) on the north side of the town; fortified with a double ditch, high banks, rampires, and stone walls 44 feet high and 8 feet thick; in these walls were thirteen towers, 14 feet higher than the walls, built four-square—whereof two were watch-towers, one looking towards the east and the other towards the west: and the rooms within the castle were very commodious and necessary, capable to receive and contain abundance of people.

"In the first court was a deep well, of excellent workmanship, compassed with carved pillars, which supported its leaden roof, and though out of repair, was in being in the year of our Lord 1651. A chapel stood in the same court, adjoining to the east watch-tower; which in the reign of Henry VIII. was hung with cloth of arras, of the history of Christ's passion; and a lamp of the value of seven shillings was usually burnt before the altar there. On the side of the court, towards the west watch-tower, was the hall, covered with lead; and over the gate thereof were formerly cut in stone the arms of Brotherton impaled with Bouchier, quartering Louvain, supported with a lion and an eagle. Divers other arms there were in the rest of the buildings, some cut on stone and some on timber, to be seen in the year of our Lord 1651—as Bygods, Brothertons, Seagraves, Mowbrays, Howards, and St. Edmund's, the king and martyr. Between the hall and chancel, fronting the great castle gate, was a large chamber, with several rooms, and a cloyster under it, pulled down A.D. 1700; for which, when standing, in the reign of King Henry VIII., there was one suit of hangings of the story of Hercules; which are supposed to be those still remaining at the seat of Lord Howard, of Walden.

"Out of the castle were three passages—one a postern, with an iron gate, on the east side over a private bridge into the park, where there were arbours, pleasant walks, and trees planted for profit and delight. Another passage was on the west side, leading to a dungeon, and forth on to the mere, now filled up with mire and weeds. But the largest passage and most used was, and is, that towards the south and town; there being formerly a portcullis over that gate, which was made in one of the strongest towers, and a drawbridge without, defended by an half-moon of stone, about a man's height, standing in the year 1657."

These splendid buildings within the walls have long since been demolished, so that scarcely a vestige remains; but with their materials a workhouse has been built for the poor. The only armorial bearings traceable are three shields over the castle-gate.

Over the centre of the gate is a large one; the arms and quarterings of John Howard IV., first Duke of Norfolk, who died in 1485; and with lions for supporters. Crest—a lion passant-guardant.

1. A bend between six cross crosslets, for - - - - - - - - Howard.
2. Three lions passant-guardant in pale—England, for - - - - Brotherton.
3. Checky - - - - - - - - Warren.
4. A lion rampant - - - - - - Mowbray.
5. A lion rampant crowned - - - Seagrave.
6. Semé de cross crosslets fitchy, and a lion rampant, double queue - Broes, or Bruce.

All within the garter.

On the west side, a shield, quarterly—
1. Howard—2. Brotherton—3. Mowbray—4. Seagrave.

On the east side, quarterly—
1. Brotherton—2. Warren—3. Seagrave—4. Broes.

This venerable and majestic remain of antiquity, when viewed at a distance, has certainly more the appearance of a castle than the ruins of one, the outward walls being almost entire, and presenting nearly the same appearance they did thirty years ago.

Framlingham Church is a fine structure, and was built by the Mowbrays; and the Chancel by the Howards, wherein are several stately monuments of this noble family.

EDWARD DUNTHORN.

The original of the annexed Cut is a lithograph frontispiece to *Framlingham*: a Narrative of *the Castle*—a poem of very considerable merit, by Mr. James Bird, of Yoxford: the introduction to which furnishes the following impassioned apostrophe to Framlingham and its decaying Castle:—

Heir of Antiquity!—fair castled Town,
Rare spot of beauty, grandeur, and renown,
Seat of East-Anglian kiugs!—proud child of fame,
Hallowed by time, illustrious Framlinghame!
I touch my lyre delighted, thus to bring
To thee my heart's full homage while I sing!
And thou, old Castle!—thy bold turrets high,
Have shed their deep enchantment on mine eye,
Though years have changed thee, I have gazed intent
In silent joy, on tower and battlement,
When all thy time-worn glories met my sight;
Then have I felt such rapture, such delight,
That, had the splendour of thy days of yore
Flashed on my view, I had not loved thee more!

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Scene of immortal deeds! thy walls have rung
To pealing shouts from many a warrior's tongue;
When first thy founder, Redwald of the spear,
Manned thy high towers, defied his foemen near,
When, girt with strength, East-Anglia's king of old,
The sainted Edmund, sought thy sheltering hold,
When the proud *Dane*, fierce Hinguar, in his ire
Besieged the king, and wrapped thy walls in fire,
While Edmund fled, but left thee with his name
Linked, and for ever, to the chain of fame:
Then wast thou great! and long, in after years
Thy grandeur shone—thy portraiture appears
From history's pencil like a summer-night,
With much of shadow, but with more of light!

Pile of departed days!—my verse records,
Thy time of glory, thy illustrious Lords,
The fearless Bigods—Brotherton—De Vere,
And Kings, who held thee in their pride, or fear,
And gallant Howards, 'neath whose ducal sway
Proud rose thy towers, thy rugged heights were gay
With glittering banners, costly trophies rent
From men in war, or tilt, or tournament,
With all the pomp and splendour that could grace
The name, and honours of that warlike race.
Howards! the rich! the noble! and the great!
Most brave! most happy! most unfortunate!
Kings were thy courtiers!—Queens have sued to share
Thy wealth, thy triumphs—e'en thy *name* to bear!
Tyrants have bowed thy children to the dust,
Some for their worth—and some who broke their trust!
And there was *one* among thy race, who died
To Henry's shame!—his country's boast and pride:
Immortal Surrey!—Offspring of the Muse!
Bold as the lion, gentle as the dews
That fall on flowers to 'wake their odorous breath,
And shield their blossoms from the touch of death.
Surrey!—thy fate was wept by countless eyes,
A nation's woe assailed the pitying skies,
When thy pure spirit left this scene of strife,
And soared to him who breathed it into life:
Thy funeral knell pealed o'er the world!—thy fall
Was mourned by hearts that loved thee, mourned by all—
All, save thy murderers!—thou hast won thy crown:
And *thou*, fair Framlinghame! a bright renown,
Yes! thy rich temple holds the stately tomb,
Where sleeps the Poet in his lasting home,
Lamented Surrey!—hero, bard divine,
Pride, grace, and glory of brave Norfolk's line.
Departed spirit!—Oh! I love to hold
Communion sweet with lofty minds of old,
To catch a spark of that celestial fire
Which glows and kindles in thy rapturous lyre;
Though varying themes demand my future lays,
Yet thus my soul a willing homage pays
To that bright glory which illumes thy name,
Though naught can raise the splendour of thy fame!

Mr. Bird is also advantageously known as the author of the Vale of Slaughden; Poetical Memoirs; Dunwich, a tale of the Splendid City; and other poems, which abound with vivid imagery, life-breathing incidents, and interesting narrative; though it is but late justice to recommend his *Framlingham* to the admirers of fervid verse.

SPIRIT DRINKING.

"Nothing like the simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow."

The direful practice of spirit-drinking seems to have arrived at its acme in the metropolis. Splendid mansions rear their *dazzling heads* at almost every turning; and it appears as if Circe had fixed her abode in these superb haunts. Happy are those who, like Ulysses of old, will not partake of her deadly cup. If the unhappy dram-drinker was merely to calculate the annual expense of two glasses of gin per day, he would find a sum expended which would procure for him many comforts, for the want of which he is continually grumbling. If this sum is expended for only two glasses of spirits, what must be the expense to the habitual and daily sot, who constantly haunts the tap-room or the wretched bar? to say nothing of the loss of time, health, and every comfort.

Dr. Willan says—"On comparing my own observations with the bills of mortality, I am convinced that considerably more than one-eighth of all the deaths which take place in persons above twenty years old, happen prematurely, through excess in drinking spirits."

Spirits, like other poisons, if taken in a sufficient quantity, prove immediately fatal. The newspapers frequently furnish us with examples of almost instant death, occasioned by wantonly swallowing a pint or other large quantity of spirits, for the sake of wager, or in boast.

Dr. Trotter says—"We daily see, in all parts of the world, men who, by profligacy and hard-drinking, have brought themselves to a goal; yet, if we consult the register of the prison, it does not appear that any of these habitual drunkards die by being forced to lead sober lives." And he contends, that "whatever debility of the constitution exists, it is to be cured by the usual medicinal means which are employed to restore weakened organs. But the great difficulty in these attempts to cure inebriety is in satisfying the mind, and in whetting the blunted resolutions of the patient; and this is, doubtless, more easily accomplished by a gradual abstraction of his favourite potations."

Dr. Lettsom mentions a person who usually drank twelve drams a day; but being convinced of his approaching misery, took the resolution to wean himself from this poison. He always drank out of one glass, into which he daily let fall a drop of sealing-wax. By this means he had twelve drops less of spirit every day, till at length, his glass being filled with wax, his habit was cured.

"In the drunkard," says Dr. Willan, "the memory and the faculties depending on it, being impaired, there takes place an indifference towards usual occupations, and accustomed society or amusements. No interest is taken in the concerns of others—no love, no sympathy remain: even natural affection to nearest relatives is gradually extinguished, and the moral sense obliterated. The wretched victims of a fatal poison fall, at length, into a state of fatuity, and die with the

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powers both of body and mind wholly exhausted. Some, after repeated fits of derangement, expire in a sudden and violent phrenzy; some are hurried out the world by apoplexies; others perish by the slower process of jaundice, dropsy," &c. P. T. W.

A SCENE ON WINDERMERE.

" Beautiful scene! how fitted to allure
The printless footsteps of some sea-born maid."

It was a holy calm—the sunbeams tinged
The lake with gold, and flush'd the gorgeous brow
Of many a cloud whose image shone beneath
The blue translucent wave; the mountain-peaks
Were robed in purple, and the balmy air
Derived its fragrance from the breath of flow'rs
That seem'd as if they wish'd to close their eyes,
And yield their empire to the starry throng.
The wind, as o'er the lake it gently died,
Bequeath'd its cadence to the shore, and waked
The echo slumbering in the distant vales,
Diversified with woods, and rural homes.
The calm was lovely! and o'er such a scene
It brooded like a spirit, softening all
That lay beneath its blessed influence!

On Windermere—what poetry belongs
To such a name—deep, pure and beautiful,
As its trout-peopled wave!—on Windermere
Our skiff pursued its way amid the calm
Which fill'd the heart with holiest communings.
On Windermere—what scenes entranced the eye
That wander'd o'er them! either undefined
Or traced upon the outline of the sky.
Afar the lovely panorama glow'd,
Until the mountains, on whose purple brows
The clouds were pillow'd, closed it from our view.
The fields were fraught with bloom, on them appear'd
The verdant robe that Nature loves to wear,
And rocky pathways fringed with bristling pine,
O'er which the wall of many a cottage-home
Graced with the climbing vine, or beautified
With roses bending to each passing breeze,
Attracts the eye, and glistens in the sun—
Were interspersed around; while in the vale
The streamlet gave a silver gleam, and flow'd
Beneath the hill, on whose majestic brow,
Dimm'd with the ivy of a thousand years,
The rural fane, encircled with its tombs,
Displayed its mouldering form. Amid the light
And harmony of this enchanting scene,
'Tis sweet to have a temple that recalls
The heart from earth's turmoil, and hallows it
With hopes that soar beyond the flight of time.

Beautiful Lake! most lovely Windermere!
Thou mirror to the mountains that enclose
Thy shores with zone magnificent;—in storm,
Or calm—when summer wantons with thy waves,
Or winter clouds thy crystal brow with gloom,
Oh! mayst thou still entrance the wanderer's eye,
And keep congenial quiet in his soul.
Thy fairy haunts, where solitude pervades
The feelings like a spirit, might allure
Some visionary youth to muse beneath
The rocks empurpled with the sunny beam,
And blend the music of his harp with thine
In gentlest murmurs,—consecrated Lake!

G. R. C.

New Books.

PETER THE GREAT.

(Concluded from page 303.)

His attention was forcibly attracted to the magnificent building of Greenwich Hospital, which, until he had visited it, and seen the old pensioners, he had some difficulty in believing to be any thing but a royal palace. King William having one day asked him how he liked his hospital for decayed seamen, the Tzar answered, " If I were the adviser of your Majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and convert St. James's into a hospital."

It being term time while the Tzar was in London, he was taken into Westminster Hall; he inquired who all those busy people in black gowns and flowing wigs were, and what they were about? Being answered, " They are lawyers, sir;"—"Lawyers!" said he, with marks of astonishment, " why, I have but *two* in my whole dominions, and I believe I shall hang one of them the moment I get home."*

In the first week of March, vice-admiral Mitchell was ordered to repair forthwith to Spithead, and, taking several ships (eleven in number) under his command, hoist the blue flag at the fore-topmast head of one of them. It is not stated for what purpose these vessels were put under his command, nor was any public order given. But the *Postman*,† under date of 26th March, says, " On Tuesday the Tzar of Muscovy went on board admiral Mitchell, in his Majesty's ship the Humber, who presently hoisted sail and put to sea from Spithead, as did also his Majesty's ships the Restauration, Chichester, Defiance, Swiftsure, York, Monmouth, Dover, Kingston, Coventry, Seaforth, and Swan." And the *Flying-post*, or *Postmaster*,‡ has the following intelligence: " The representation of a sea engagement was excellently performed before the Tzar of Muscovy, and continued a considerable time, each ship having twelve pounds of powder allowed; but all their bullets were locked up in the hold, for fear the sailors should mistake." It is stated in the logs of the Humber and the Kingston that they had two sham fights; that the ships were divided into two squadrons, and every ship took her opposite and fired three broadsides *aloft and one alow* without shot. The Tzar was extremely pleased with the performance. It is said, indeed, he was so much delighted with every thing he saw in the British navy, that he told admiral Mitchell he considered the condition of an English admiral happier than that of a Tzar of Russia.§

On returning from Portsmouth, Peter and his party stopped at Godalming for the night, where, it would appear, from the bill of fare, they feasted lustily. Among the papers of Ballard's Collection, in the Bodleian Library, is one from Mr. Humphrey Wanley‖ to Dr.

* Gentleman's Mag. vol. vii.
† Postman, No. 441.
‡ Postmaster, No. 449.
§ Nestesuranoi. Mottley.
‖ Author of " Wonders of the little World."

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Charlett,* which contains the following passage:—"I cannot vouch for the following bill of fare, which the Tzar and his company, thirteen at table, and twenty-one in all, ate up at Godalming (or Godliming), in Surrey, in their way home, but it is averred for truth by an eye-witness, who saw them eating, and had this bill from the landlord. At breakfast—half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, three quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dozen of eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner:—five ribs of beef, weight three stone; one sheep, fifty-six pounds; three quarters of lamb, a shoulder and loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, one dozen of claret."†

It would appear, indeed, from all accounts, that the Tzar was a prodigiously hard drinker, in his younger days. In a letter from Mr. A. Bertie to Dr. Charlett, and in the same collection, he says, "The Tzar lay the other night at Mr. James Herbert's, being come from Deptford to see the Redoubt,‡ which the justices have suppressed, by placing six constables at the door. Upon that disappointment he fell to drinking hard at one Mr. Morley's; and the Marquess of Carmarthen, it being late, resolved to lodge him at his brother-in-law's, where he dined the next day; drank a pint of brandy and a bottle of sherry for his morning draught; and after that about eight more bottles of sack and so went to the playhouse."§

The King having given a grand ball at St. James's, in honour of the Princess's birthday, Peter was invited; but instead of mixing with the company, he was put into a small room, from whence he could see all that passed without being himself seen. This extraordinary aversion for a crowd kept him away from all great assemblies. Once, indeed, he attempted to subdue it, from a desire to hear the debates in the House of Commons, but even then the Marquess of Carmarthen could not prevail on him to go into the body of the house.

Having dined with the King at Kensington, he was prevailed on to see the ceremony of his Majesty passing four bills; but, it appears from a note of Lord Dartmouth, that here, as in the Commons, he avoided going into the house. His Lordship says, "He had a great dislike to being looked at, but had a mind to see the King in parliament; in order to which he was placed in a gutter upon the house-top, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure, that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended."

From the same authority we learn that Peter was, at another time, placed in an awkward situation. "The King made the Tzar a visit, in which an odd incident happened. The Tzar had a favourite monkey, which sat upon the back of his chair; as soon as the King was sat down, the monkey jumped upon him, in some wrath, which discomposed the whole ceremonial, and most of the time was afterwards spent in apologies for the monkey's misbehaviour."‖

The Tzar is said to have paid a visit to the University of Oxford; but not a trace appears on any of the records of that university of his having ever done so. His body physician, Posnikof, who stayed in England some months behind his master, is, however, known to have been there. Mr. Wanley writes thus, from London, to Dr. Charlett;—"I will wait on the doctor (Posnikof,) and if you had been pleased to have given me orders, I would have been at Oxford before now, for his sake, and returned hither with him again. His master (the Tzar) gave the King's servants, at his departure, one hundred and twenty guineas, which was more than they deserved, they being very rude to him; but to the King he presented a rough ruby, which the greatest jewellers of Amsterdam (as well Jews as Christians) valued at ten thousand pounds sterling. 'Tis bored through, and when it is cut and polished, it must be set upon the top of the imperial crown of England."¶

He was introduced to the archbishop of Canterbury, at his palace of Lambeth, and having expressed a desire to see the different churches of the capital, and to observe the mode in which the service was conducted, the archbishop recommended bishop Burnet to gratify his curiosity in this respect; and to give him all the information, of which none was more capable, that he might require on ecclesiastical matters. From this dignitary of the church we have some information respecting the manner and appearance of this extraordinary character.

The bishop says he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. Who he had with him, besides Menzikoff and Golownin, does not anywhere appear, but the *Postman*** of

* Master of University College.

† There are among our countrymen those who are scarcely outdone by the Tzar of Russia and his companions. At the same place, and probably at the same house, long known as *Moon's*, two noble dukes, the one dead, the other yet living, stopped, as they intended, for a moment, while sitting in their carriages, to eat a mutton chop, which they found so good that they each of them devoured *eighteen*, and drank five bottles of claret.

‡ It is presumed some notorious place of ill fame.

§ Ballard's Collection. Bodleian.

‖ Lord Dartmouth.—Note in Burnet's History of his own Times.

¶ Ballard's Collection. Bodleian. With plain downright simplicity and free from all ostentation Peter carried this valuable ruby to the king in his waistcoat pocket, and presented it wrapped up in a piece of brown paper.

** No. 442.

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the 29th March says, "The Tzar of Muscovy is returned from Portsmouth to Deptford, where his second ambassador is arrived from Holland." The two principal Russian workmen in Holland, of rank, were Menzikoff and the Prince Siberski, the latter of whom is said to have been able to rig a ship from top to bottom. The object in remaining at Deptford would appear to have been, as before stated, chiefly to gain instruction how to lay off the lines of ships, and cut out the moulds; though it is said, on the testimony of an old man, a workman of Deptford yard some forty years ago, that he had heard his father* say, the Tzar of Muscovy worked with his own hands as hard as any man in the yard. If so, it could only have been for a very short time, and probably for no other purpose than to show the builders, that he knew how to handle the adze as well as themselves.

When residing at Deptford he requested to see the celebrated Dr. Halley, to whom he communicated his plans of building a fleet, and in general of introducing the arts and sciences into his country, and asked his opinion and advice on various subjects; the doctor spoke German fluently, and the Tzar was so much pleased with the philosopher's conversation and remarks, that he had him frequently to dine with him; and in his company he visited the Royal Observatory in Greenwich Park.

As in Amsterdam, so also in London, he visited the manufactories and workshops of various artificers, and purchased whatever he deemed either curious or useful; and among other things "he bought the famous geographical clock made by Mr. John Carte, watchmaker, at the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex-street in the Strand, which clock tells what o'clock it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising and setting throughout the year, its entrance into the signs of the zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the horizon, with several other curious motions."† He was very curious in examining the mechanism of a watch, and it is said he could take one of these ingenious machines to pieces, and put it together again, before he left London.

The king had promised Peter that there should be no impediment in his way of engaging, and taking with him to Russia, such English artificers, and scientific men, as he might desire, with such instruments as their trade or profession required.

The number of all descriptions of persons that finally left England, when the Tzar returned to Holland, is stated to have been nearly as follows:—Three captains of ships of war, twenty-five captains of merchant ships, thirty pilots, thirty surgeons, two hundred gunners, four mast-makers, four boat-builders, two master sail-makers and twenty workmen, two compass-makers, two carvers, two anchor-smiths, two lock-smiths, two copper-smiths and two tinmen; making, with some others, not much less than five hundred persons. However uncouth the manners of Peter may have been, he was a great favourite with King William, and the Tzar had also a high opinion of his Majesty, whom he visited frequently, and consulted on all important occasions. The king engaged him to sit for his portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, who painted a very good picture, said to be a strong likeness, which is now at Windsor, and the portrait at the head of this volume is engraved from it.

(The reader will recollect Peter at Zaandam. In after-life he visited this place,) and the little cottage in which some nineteen years before he had dwelt, when learning the art of ship-building: he found it kept up in neat order, and dignified with the name of the *Prince's House*. This little cottage is still carefully preserved. It is surrounded by a neat building with large arched windows, having the appearance of a conservatory or green-house, which was erected in 1823 by order of the present Princess of Orange, sister to the late Emperor Alexander, who purchased it to secure its preservation. In the first room you still see the little oak table and three chairs which constituted its furniture when Peter occupied it. Over the chimney-piece is inscribed

PETRO MAGNO
ALEXANDER,

and in the Russian and Dutch,

"*To a Great Man nothing is little.*"

The ladder to the loft still remains, and in the second little room below are some models and several of his working-tools. Thousands of names are scribbled over every part of this once humble residence of Peter the Great.

On entering this cottage, Peter is said to have been evidently affected. Recovering himself, he ascended the loft, where was a small closet, in which he had been accustomed to perform his devotions and remained there alone a full half-hour; with what various emotions his mind must have been affected while in this situation, could be known only to himself, but might easily be imagined. It could hardly fail to recall to his recollection the happy period when he "communed with his own heart" in this sacred little chamber, and "remembered his Creator in the days of his youth,"—days which he might naturally enough be led to compare and contrast with those of the last nineteen years of his life, filled up as they had been with many and varied incidents, painful, hazardous, disastrous and glorious.

* Mr. James Sibbon, who was a journeyman shipwright in Deptford yard when the Tzar was there; he died in 1769, aged 105 years.—*Annual Register* for 1769.

† Postman, No. 136.

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Every one was anxious to bring to his recollection any little circumstance in which he had been concerned,—among others, a beautiful boat was brought to him as a present, in the building of which he himself had done "yeoman service." He was delighted to see that this ancient piece of the workmanship of his own hands had been preserved with such care. He caused it to be put on board a ship bound for Petersburg, but she was unfortunately captured by the Swedes; and the boat is still kept in the arsenal of Stockholm.

With his old acquaintance, Kist, the blacksmith, he visited the smithy, which was so dirty that the gentleman of his suite who attended him was retreating, but Peter stopped him to blow the bellows and heat a piece of iron, which, when so done, he beat out with the great hammer. Kist was still but a journeyman blacksmith, and the Tzar out of compassion for his old acquaintance made him a handsome present.

[The Editor's conclusion, or brief summary, is sketched as follows.]

The CHARACTER of Peter the Great, as has been shown in the course of this memoir, was a strange compound of contradictions. Owing to the circumstances in which he was placed, and the determination to execute the plan he had conceived of remodelling the customs and institutions of his country, he had to maintain a constant struggle between his good and evil genius. Nothing was too great, nothing too little for his comprehensive mind. The noblest undertakings were mixed with the most farcical amusements; the most laudable institutions, for the benefit and improvement of his subjects, were followed by shaving their beards and docking their skirts;—kind-hearted, benevolent, and humane, he set no value on human life. Owing to these, and many other incongruities, his character has necessarily been represented in various points of view and in various colours by his biographers. Of him, however, it can scarcely be said, that

> The evil which men do lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.

With the exception of a few foreign writers, who have generally compiled their memoirs from polluted sources, the reverse of the aphorism may be applied to Peter. His memory, among his countrymen, who ought to be the best judges, and of whom he was at once the scourge and the benefactor, is held in the highest veneration, and is consecrated in their history and their public monuments to everlasting fame. The magnificent equestrian statue, erected by Catharine II.; the waxen figure of Peter in the museum of the Academy founded by himself; the dress, the sword, and the hat, which he wore at the battle of Pultowa, the last pierced through with a ball: the horse that he rode in that battle; the trousers, worsted stockings, shoes, and cap, which he wore at Zaandam, all in the same apartment; his two favourite dogs, his turning-lathe and tools, with specimens of his workmanship; the iron bar which he forged with his own hand at Olonitz; the Little Grandsire, so carefully preserved, as the first germ of the Russian navy; and the wooden hut in which he lived while superintending the first foundation of Petersburg;—these, and a thousand other tangible memorials, all preserved with the utmost care, speak in most intelligible language the opinion which the Russians hold of *the Father of his Country*.

The Naturalist.

THE DODO.

EVERY reader of popular natural history must recollect the figure of this extraordinary bird; although he may not be aware that it is considered to have become extinct towards the end of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. The conditions of this disappearance are self-evident.* Imagine a bird of the gallinaceous (*gallus*, cock, or pheasant) tribe, considerably larger than a turkey, and consequently adapted for food, totally incapable of flying, and so unwieldy as to be easily run down, and it must be quite obvious that such a bird could not long continue to exist in any country to which mankind extended their dominion. This will account for its being found only in those islands of the Indian Ocean which, on their being first discovered by Europeans, were uninhabited, or difficult of access to the nearest people. The group which is situated to the eastward of Madagascar, consisting of Bourbon, Mauritius, and Roderigue, were almost the only islands of this description met with by the early circumnavigators of the Cape; and it is there that we find the last traces of this very remarkable bird, which disappeared, of course, from Bourbon and the Mauritius *first*, on account of their being more visited and finally colonized by the French; and lastly from Roderigue, an island extremely difficult of access, and without any safe bay or anchorage for shipping.

We obtain these particulars from a paper in the *Magazine of Natural History*,† by John V. Thompson, Esq. F. L. S. This gentleman, during a residence of some years in the above islands, in vain sought for some traces of the existence of the Dodo there; he discovered, however, a copy of the scarce and

* We are aware that the destruction or total extinction of any of the species of animals of contemporaneous creation with man, is a point of much controversy among philosophers. The best reply to this doubt is the repeated dicovery of the fossil remains of animals entirely different from the existing species; proving their extinction to form a part of the scheme of creative wisdom.

† Vol. I. p. 442.

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curious voyage of Leguat, who, and his companions, appear to have been the first inhabitants of Roderigue: and from their journal he has translated the following account of

The Dodo.

"Of all the birds which inhabit this island, the most remarkable is that which has been called Solitaire (the solitary), because they are rarely seen in flocks, although there is abundance of them.

"The *males* have generally a greyish or brown plumage, the feet of the turkey-cock, as also the beak, but a little more hooked. They have hardly any tail, and their posterior, covered with feathers, is rounded like the croup of a horse. They stand higher than the turkey-cock, and have a straight neck, a little longer in proportion than it is in that bird when it raises its head. The eye is black and lively, and the head without any crest or tuft. They do not fly, their wings being too short to support the weight of their bodies; they only use them in beating their sides, and in whirling round; when they wish to call one another, they make, with rapidity, twenty or thirty rounds in the same direction, during the space of four or five minutes; the movement of their wings then makes a noise which approaches exceedingly that of a kestrel (Crécerelle), and which is heard at more than 200 paces distant. The bone of the false pinion is enlarged at its extremity, and forms, under the feathers, a little round mass like a musket-bullet; this and their beak form the principal defence of this bird. It is extremely difficult to catch them in the woods; but as a man runs swifter than they, in the more open spots it is not very difficult to take them; sometimes they may even be approached very easily. From the month of March until September, they are extremely fat, and of most excellent flavour, especially when young. The males may be found up to the weight of 45lb.; Herbert even says 50 lb.

"The *female* is of admirable beauty. Some are of a blond, others of a brown, colour; I mean by blond the colour of flaxen hair. They have a kind of band, like the bandeau of widows, above the beak, which is of a tan colour. One feather does not pass another over all their body, because they take great care to adjust and polish them with their beak. The feathers which accompany the thighs are rounded into a shell-like form, and, as they are very dense at this place, produce a very agreeable effect. They have two elevations over the crop, of a somewhat whiter plumage than the rest, and which resemble wonderfully the fine breast of a woman. They walk with so much stateliness and grace combined, that it is impossible not to admire and love them; so much so, that their appearance has often saved their life.

"Although these birds approach, at times, very familiarly when they are not chased, they are incapable of being tamed; as soon as caught, they drop tears, without crying, and refuse obstinately all kind of nourishment, until at last they die. There is always found in their gizzard (as well as in that of the males) a brown stone, the size of a hen's egg; it is slightly tuberculated (raboteuse), flat on one side, and rounded on the other, very heavy and very hard. We imagined that this stone was born with them, because, however young they might be, they always had it, and never more than one; and besides this circumstance, the canal which passes from the crop to the gizzard, is by one-half too small to give passage to such a mass. We used them, in preference to any other stone, to sharpen our knives.

"When these birds set about building their nests, they choose a clear spot, and raise it a foot and a half off the ground, upon a heap of leaves of the palm tree, which they collect together for the purpose. They only lay one egg, which is very much larger than that of a goose. The male and female sit by turns, and it does not hatch until after a period of seven weeks. During the whole period of incubation, or that they are rearing their young one, which is not capable of providing for itself until after several months, they will not suffer any bird of their own kind o approach within 200 paces of their nest; and what is very singular is, that the male never chases away the females; only, when he perceives one, he makes, in whirling, his ordinary noise, to call his companion, which immediately comes and gives chase to the stranger, and which she does not quit until driven without their limits. The female does the same and allows the males to be driven off by her mate. This is a circumstance that

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we so often witnessed, that I speak of it with certainty. These combats last sometimes for a long time, because the stranger only turns off, without going in a straight line from the nest; nevertheless, the others never quit until they have chased them away."*

Mr. Thompson finds this evidence strengthened by the facts and statements of a paper by Mr. Duncan, in the *Zoological Journal* for January, 1828; and infers that a bird of corresponding size and character did actually exist, of which the only remains are a bill and foot in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, and a foot in the British Museum, all of which Mr. Thompson examined on his return from the Mauritius in 1816. The specimen, which in part remains at Oxford, was originally in the museum of Tradescant, at Lambeth, which was purchased and removed to Oxford by Dr. Ashmole; the *entire bird* is proved to have been in the Museum in 1700; and in a catalogue of the collection drawn up since 1755, the disappearance of all but the bill and foot of the Dodo is explained by an order of a meeting of the visiters in the last-named year. Tradescant, it will be recollected, was gardener to Charles the Second; and in the portrait of him still preserved is introduced a Dodo, which belonged to him when alive. Another painting of the bird, to be seen in the British Museum, is stated by Mr. Duncan, to have been executed from a living bird, sent from the Mauritius to Holland, the Dutch being the first colonists of that island; but, Mr. Thompson thinks, "to dissipate all doubts as to its accuracy, it should be collated with a description taken from the Ashmolean specimen, should such be found to exist."

Mr. Thompson is inclined to consider Leguat's natural history of the Dodo as "the only one that was ever penned under such favourable circumstances. No doubt this first colony, in so small an island, considerably reduced the number of the Dodo; but when they finally disappeared, does not seem to be anywhere recorded." The most interesting consideration connected with their disappearance is their being "the only vertebrated animals which we can make certain of having lost since the creation. If we seek to find out what link in the chain of Nature has been broken by the loss of this species, what others have lost their check, and what others necessarily followed the loss of those animals which alone contributed to their support," Mr. Thompson thinks "we may conclude that, the first being seen by the Omniscient Creator, at least no injury will be sustained by the rest of the creation; that man, its destroyer, was probably intended to supplant it, as a check; and that the only other animals which its destruction drew with it, were the intestinal worms and pediculi peculiar to the species."

Buffon, Latham, and Gmelin have three species of Dodo, while we find it difficult to establish the existence of one. Indeed, it is improbable that the three islands of the Mauritius group possessed each a distinct type of so singular and unique a bird.

* Voyage de Francois Leguat, Gentilhomme, Bressan, 1708.

MOUNT ARARAT.

ARARAT is celebrated as the resting-place of Noah's ark after the Deluge, and as the spot whence the descendants of Noah peopled the earth. It rises on the Persian frontier, on a large plain, detached, as it were, from the other mountains of Armenia, which make a long chain. It consists, properly speaking, of two hills—the highest of which, where the ark is said to have rested,* is, according to Parrot, 2,700 toises, or 17,718 feet above the

* The precise spot is controverted, as will be seen in an extract from the ingenious work on Scriptural Antiquities, quoted in vol. xix. of *the Mirror*, p. 382; where are notices of the mountain by Morier and Sir Robert Ker Porter. The latter describes Ararat as divided, by a chasm of about seven miles wide, into two distinct peaks, and is of opinion that the ark finally rested in this chasm.

(*Mount Ararat, from a drawing, by Sir Robert Ker Porter.*)

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level of the ocean.* The summit is covered with perpetual snow; the lower parts are composed of a deep, moving sand; and one side presents a vast chasm tinged with smoke, from which flames have been known to issue.

Perhaps the most recent visit to this wonder of the East will be found described in Mr. J. H. Stocqueler's Journal of *Fifteen Months' Pilgrimage through untrodden Tracts of Khuzistan and Persia*, in 1831 and 1832:—

"We mounted our horses," says the enthusiastic traveller, "soon after sunrise, and had proceeded for about four hours over numerous acclivities, and through a territory of undulations resembling the waves of the sea deprived of motion, when the southern peak of Ararat (for there are two), snow-clad and 'cloud-clapt' suddenly burst upon my view! At first I scarcely dared venture to believe we were so near this celebrated mount, though its situation and the distance we had journeyed from Tabreez left no doubt of the fact. I even questioned the guide, and on his answering that it was the summit of Agri-Dagh (the name by which Ararat is called by the Turks), I involuntarily clasped my hands in ecstacy! Who can contemplate this superb elevation without a mixture of awe and admiration, or fail to recur to the page of sacred writ illustrative of Almighty wrath and the just man's recompense? Who can gaze upon the majesty of this mount, towering above the 'high places' and the hills, and turn without repining to the plains beneath, where puny man has pitched his tent and wars upon his fellow, mocking the sublimity of Nature with his paltry tyranny? I felt as if I lived in other times, and my eye eagerly but vainly sought for some traces of that 'ark' which furnished a refuge and a shelter to the creatures of God's mercy when the 'waters prevailed, and were increased greatly on the earth,' till 'all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, and all that was in the dry land, died!'

"Though distant forty miles at least from the base of Ararat, the magnitude of the mountain, of about the centre of which our elevated position now placed us abreast, caused it to appear contiguous to our route, and produced that indefinable thrill and sense of humility which the immediate presence of any vast and overpowering object is so eminently calculated to generate. I continued to gaze until the decline of day warned us to seek a shelter, and Phœbus, casting a parting glance at the crystal summit of the noble glacier, for a moment diffused over all a soft rosy tint,† then sunk into the west and left the world in darkness."

* Edin. New Phil. Journ. By Professor Jameson. No. 23, p. 156.—Note to a paper by Humboldt, on the Mountain Chains and Volcanoes of Central Asia. Ararat is referred to in Genesis, viii. 4. Its distance and bearing from Jerusalem, 650, N.E. b. N.; Lat. North, 39. 40. Long. East, 43. 50. Country, Erivan; Province, Mahou.—*From the General Index to the Biblical Family Cabinet Atlas.*

† This peculiar effect of the setting sun on snow-covered mountains has been observed by other travellers in other regions. In Switzerland the phenomenon is by no means rare.

"And sun-set into rose hues sees them wrought."
Byron.

NUTRIA FUR.

(To the Editor.)

I READ with much pleasure the article in your Number, 574, on Nutria Fur: it was, to me, particularly acceptable, as I have been connected for the last ten years with an establishment where, on an average, 150,000 Nutria Skins are annually manufactured, and the wool cut for the use of hatters. I have searched every book of travels in Brazil, &c., that I could procure, and the chief English works on zoology, without being able to gather any description of the scientific name or habits of the animal. All the information I could collect was from the captains of various vessels that had visited Buenos Ayres, and brought cargoes of skins; but their accounts were extremely vague and unsatisfactory.

I perceive, however, that you have overlooked a peculiarity generally attributed to the animal, which, if true, is, in my opinion, deserving notice: viz.—the position of the female's teats, which are not placed on the belly, as with most animals, but on the side, approaching to the back, by which means it is enabled to suckle its young on both sides at once, whilst swimming on the surface of the water; and it presents, I have understood, a singular group to the observant traveller.

I have sent the skin of a female Nutria herewith, for your inspection, as regards the teats, &c. (from which the fur has been cut by machinery,) with a small sample of the belly fur, prepared for the covering of a hat; the wholesale price of the latter is now three guineas per lb.: it is used as a substitute for beaver-wool on second-rate hats. Our French correspondents term the skins "Ratgondin."

BENJAMIN NORRIS, JUN.
Windsor Place, Southwark Bridge Road.

*** We thank our intelligent correspondent for this communication, as well as for the skin and fur. The skin is rather above the usual size: its length is 26 inches, the tail being cut off, as is always done before the skins are exported: the width of the skin is 15 inches; the teats, nine in number, are in two rows, each row being about 2½ inches from the centre of the back, and about 5 inches from the centre of the belly; so that they are, as our correspondent observes, *on the side*, approaching to the back

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nearer by half than to the belly. This position of the teats appears to correspond with the animal's habit of suckling its young whilst swimming.

The Public Journals.

THE CHOLERA MOUNT.

Lines on the Burying-Place for Patients who have Died of Cholera; a pleasant eminence in Sheffield Park.

By James Montgomery, Esq.

In death divided from their dearest kin,
This is " a field to bury strangers in :"
Fragments lie here of families bereft,
Like limbs in battle-grounds by warriors left;
A sad community !—whose very bones
Might feel, methinks, a pang to quicken stones,
And make them from the depths of darkness cry,
" Oh! is it naught to you, ye passers by!
When from its earthly house the spirit fled,
Our dust might not be ' free among the dead?"
Ah! why were we to this Siberia sent,
Doom'd in the grave itself to banishment?"
Shuddering humanity asks—" Who are these?
And what their sin?"—They fell by *one* disease!
(Not by the Proteus maladies, that strike
Man into nothinguess—not twice alike;)
By the blue pest, whose gripe no art can shun,
No force unwrench—out-singled one by one;
When like a timeless birth, the womb of Fate
Bore a new death, of unrecorded date,
And doubtful name. Far east its race begun,
Thence round the world pursued the westering sun;
The ghosts of millions following at its back,
Whose desecrated graves betray'd their track;
On Albion's shore, unseen, the invader stept;
Secret, and swift, and terrible it crept;
At noon, at midnight, seized the weak, the strong,
Asleep, awake, alone, amidst the throng,
Kill'd like a murder; fix'd its icy hold,
And wrung out life with agony of cold;
Nor stay'd its vengeance where it crush'd the prey,
But set a mark, like Cain's, upon their clay,
And this tremendous seal impress'd on all,
" Bury me out of sight, and out of call."

Wherefore no filial foot this turf may tread,
No kneeling mother clasp her baby's bed;
No maiden unespoused, with widow'd sighs,
Seek her soul's treasure where her true-love lies;
—All stand aloof, and gazing from afar,
Look on this mount as on some baleful star,
Strange to the heavens, that with bewildering light,
Like a lost spirit, wanders through the night.

Yet many a mourner weeps her fall'n estate,
In many a home by them left desolate;
Once warm with love, and radiant with the smiles
Of woman, watching infants at their wiles,
Whose eye of thought, while now they throng her knees,
Pictures far other scene than that she sees,
For one is wanting—one, for whose dear sake,
Her heart with very tenderness would ache,
As now with anguish—doubled when she spies
In this his lineaments, in that his eyes,
In each his image with her own commix'd,
And there at least, for life, their union fix'd!

Humanity again asks, " Who are these?
And what their sin?"—They fell by *one* disease!
But when they knock'd for entrance at the tomb,
Their fathers' bones refused to make them room;
Recoiling Nature from their presence fled,
As though a thunder-bolt had struck them dead;
Their cries pursued her with the thrilling plea,
" Give us a little earth for charity!"
She linger'd, listen'd; all her bosom yearn'd;
The mother's pulse through every vein return'd;
Then, as she halted on this hill, she threw
Her mantle wide, and loose her tresses flew.
" Live!" to the slain she cried: " My children live!
This for an heritage to you I give;
Had Death consumed you by the common lot
Ye, with the multitude, had been forgot;
Now through an age of ages ye shall *not*."
Thus Nature spake;—and as her echo, I
Take up her parable, and prophesy:
Here, as from spring to spring the swallows pass,
Perennial daisies shall adorn the grass;
Here the shrill skylark build her annual nest,
And sing in heaven, while you serenely rest;
On trembling dewdrops morn's first glance shall shine,
Eve's latest beams on this fair bank decline,
And oft the rainbow steal through light and gloom,
To throw its sudden arch across your tomb;
On you the moon her sweetest influence shower,
And every planet bless you in its hour.
With statelier honours still, in Time's slow round,
Shall this sepulchral eminence be crown'd;
Where generations long to come shall hail
The growth of centuries waving in the gale,
A forest landmark, on the mountain's head,
Standing betwixt the living and the dead;
Nor, while your language lasts, shall travellers cease
To say, at sight of your memorial, " Peace!"
Your voice of silence answering from the sod,
" Whoe'er thou art, prepare to meet thy God!"

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE STEAM ENGINE SIMPLIFIED.

It is a universal property of matter, that by the application of heat, so as to raise its temperature, it suffers an increase in its magnitude. Also in different substances, when certain temperatures are attained by the application of fire, or other methods of heating, they undergo a change of form. Solids, at certain temperatures, are converted into liquids; and liquids, in like manner, when heated to certain degrees, become aeriform fluids or gases. These changes are familiar to every one in the ordinary phenomena attending water. Below the temperature of 32° of the common thermometer, that substance exists in the solid form, and is called *ice*. Above that temperature it passes into the liquid state, and is called *water;* and when raised to the temperature of 212°, under ordinary circumstances, it passes into the aeriform state, and is called *steam*. It is to this last change that we wish at present principally to call the attention of the reader. In the transition of water from the liquid state to the state of vapour or steam, an immense change of bulk takes place. In this change, a solid inch of water enlarges its size about 1,700 times, and forms 1,700 solid inches of steam. This expansion takes place accompanied with a certain force or pressure, by which the vapour has a tendency to burst the bounds of any vessel which contains it. The steam which fills 1,700 solid inches at the temperature of 212°, will, if cooled below that temperature, return to the liquid form, and occupy only one solid inch, leaving 1,699 solid inches vacant; and, if it be included in

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a close vessel, leaving the surfaces of that vessel free from the internal pressure to which they were subject before the return of the water to the liquid form. If it be possible, therefore, alternately to convert water into vapour by heat, and to reconvert the vapour into water by cold, we shall be enabled alternately to submit any surface to a pressure equal to the elastic force of the steam, and to relieve it from that pressure, so as to permit it to move in obedience to any other force which may act upon it. Or again, suppose that we are enabled to expose one side of a movable body to the action of water converted into steam, at the moment that we relieve the other side from the like pressure by reconverting the steam which acts upon it into water, the movable body will be impelled by the unresisted pressure of the steam on one side. When it has moved a certain distance in obedience to this force, let us suppose that the effects are reversed. Let the steam which pressed it forwards be now reconverted into water, so as to have its action suspended; and at the same moment, let steam raised from water by heat be caused to act on the other side of the movable body; the consequence will obviously be, that it will now change the direction of its motion, and return in obedience to the pressure excited on the opposite side. Such is, in fact, the operation of an ordinary low-pressure steam-engine. The piston or plug which plays in the cylinder is the movable to which we have referred. The vapour of water is introduced upon one side of that piston at the moment that a similar vapour is converted into water on the other side, and the piston moves by the unresisted action of the steam. When it has arrived at the extremity of the cylinder, the steam which just urged it forwards is reconverted into water, and the piston is relieved from its action. At the same moment, a fresh supply of steam is introduced upon the other side of the piston, and its pressure causes the piston to be moved in a direction contrary to its former motion. Thus the piston is moved in the cylinder alternately in the one direction and in the other, with a force equivalent to the pressure of the steam which acts upon it. A strong metal rod proceeds from this piston, and communicates with proper machinery, by which the alternate motion of the piston backwards and forwards, or upwards and downwards, in the cylinder, may be communicated to whatever body is intended to be moved.

The power of such a machine will obviously depend partly on the magnitude of the piston or the movable surface which is exposed to the action of the steam, and partly on the pressure of the steam itself. The object of converting the steam into water by cold, upon that side of the piston towards which the motion takes place, is to relieve the piston from all resistance to the moving power. This renders it unnecessary to use steam of a very high pressure, inasmuch as it will have no resistance to overcome, except the friction of the piston with the cylinder, and the ordinary resistance of the load which it may have to move. Engines constructed upon this principle, not requiring, therefore, steam of a great pressure, have been generally called "low-pressure engines." The re-conversion of the steam into water requires a constant and abundant supply of cold water, and a fit apparatus for carrying away the water which becomes heated, by cooling the steam, and for supplying its place by a fresh quantity of cold water. It is obvious that such an apparatus is incompatible with great simplicity and lightness, nor can it be applied to cases where the engine is worked under circumstances in which a fresh supply of water cannot be had.

The re-conversion of steam into water, or, as it is technically called, the *condensation* of steam, is however by no means necessary to the effective operation of a steam-engine. From what has been above said, it will be understood that this effect relieves the piston of a part of the resistance which is opposed to its motion. If that part of the resistance were not removed, the pressure of steam acting upon the other side would be affected in no other way than by having a greater load or resistance to overcome; and if that pressure were proportionately increased, the effective power of the machine would remain the same. It follows, therefore, that if the steam upon that side of the piston towards which the motion is made were not condensed, the steam urging the piston forwards on the other side would require to have a degree of intensity greater than the steam in a low-pressure engine, by the amount of the pressure of the uncondensed steam on the other side of the piston. An engine working on this principle has therefore been called a *high-pressure engine*. Such an engine is relieved from the incumbrance of all the condensing apparatus and of the large supply of cold water necessary for the reduction of steam to the liquid form; for instead of being so reduced, the steam is in this case simply allowed to escape into the atmosphere. The operation, therefore, of high-pressure engines will be readily understood. The boiler producing steam of a very powerful pressure, is placed in communication with a cylinder furnished in the usual manner with a piston; the steam is allowed to act upon one side of the piston so as to impel it from the one end of the cylinder to the other. When it has arrived there, the communication with the boiler is reversed, and the steam is introduced on the other side of the piston, while the steam which has just urged the piston forwards is permitted to escape into the atmosphere. It is evident that

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the only resistance to the motion of the piston here is the pressure of that portion of steam which does not escape into the air; which pressure will be equal to that of the air itself, inasmuch as the steam will continue to escape from the cylinder as long as its elastic force exceeds that of the atmosphere. In this manner the alternate motion of the piston in the cylinder will be continued; the efficient force which urges it being estimated by the excess of the actual pressure of the steam from the boiler above the atmospheric pressure. The superior simplicity and lightness of the high-pressure engine must now be apparent, and these qualities recommend it strongly for all purposes in which the engine itself must be moved from place to place.

The steam-engine therefore consists of two distinct parts,—the boiler, which is at once the generator and magazine of steam, and the cylinder with its piston, which is the instrument by which this power is brought into operation and rendered effective. The amount of the load or resistance which such a machine is capable of moving, depends upon the intensity or pressure of the steam produced by the boiler, and on the magnitude of the surface of the piston in the cylinder, upon which that steam acts. The rate or velocity of the motion depends, not on the power or pressure of the steam, but on the rate at which the boiler is capable of generating it. Every stroke of the piston consumes a cylinder full of steam; and of course the rate of the motion depends upon the number of cylinders of steam which the boiler is capable of generating in a given time. These are two points which it is essential should be distinctly understood, in order to comprehend the relative merits of the boilers used in travelling steam-engines.

The motion which is primarily produced in a steam engine is a reciprocating or alternate motion of the piston from end to end of the cylinder; but the motion which is necessary to be produced for the purposes to which the engine is applied, is rarely or never of this nature. This primary motion, therefore, is almost always modified by some machinery interposed between the piston and the object to be moved. The motion most generally required is one of rotation, and this is accomplished by connecting the extremity of the piston-rod with a contrivance constructed on the revolving axle, called a *crank*. This contrivance does not differ in principle from the common winch, or from the key which winds a clock. The motion of the piston-rod backwards and forwards turns such a winch. At each termination of the stroke, the piston, from the peculiar position of the crank, loses all power over it. To remedy this two cylinders and pistons are generally used, which act upon two cranks placed on the axle at right angles to each other; so that at the moment when one of the pistons is at the extremity of its stroke, and loses its power upon one crank, the other piston is at the middle of its stroke, and in full operation on the other crank. By these means an unremitting force is kept in action.—*Edinburgh Review.*

SONG.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN, AUTHOR OF "ORIGINAL SONGS."

Tune.—"*Gin a body meet a body.*"

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Dear art thou to me;
Let me think, my bonnie lassie,
I am lov'd by thee!

I speak na of thy ringlets bright,
Nor of thy witching 'ee;
But this I'll tell thy bonnie sel',
That dear art thou to me!

O! beauty it is rare, lassie,
And beauty it is thine,
Yet my love is no for beauty's sake,
'Tis just I wish thee mine!

Thy smile might match an angel's smile,
Gif such, save thee, there be;
Yet though thy charms my bosom warms,
I'll tell na them to thee!

Thy sunny face has nature's grace,
Thy form is winsome fair;
But when for long thou'st heard that sang,
O! wherefore hear it mair?

Thy voice, soft as the hymn of morn,
Or evening's melodie,
May still excel, as a' can tell,
Then wherefore hear 't frae me?

Bonnie lassie, fairest lassie,
Think na 't strange o' me,
That when thy beauty's praised by a',
Thou get'st nae praise frae me?

For wha wad praise what none can praise?
Yet, lassie, list to me;
Gie me thy love, and in return
I'll sing thy charms to thee!—*Metropolitan.*

Anecdote Gallery.

RECORDS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "MONSIEUR TONSON."

An Odd Angler.

Dr. Birch was very fond of angling, and devoted much time to that amusement. In order to deceive the fish, he had a dress constructed, which, when he put it on, made him appear like an old tree. His arms he conceived would appear like branches, and the line like a long spray. In this sylvan attire he used to take root by the side of a favourite stream, and imagined that his motions might seem to the fish to be the effect of the wind — He pursued this amusement for some years in the same habit, till he was ridiculed out of it by his friends.

Jack Spencer.

It is said that he once contrived to collect a party of hunch-backed men to dine with him, some of whom indignantly quitted the table. Another whimsical party which he assembled at his house consisted merely of

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a number of persons all of whom stuttered; but this meeting at first threatened serious consequences, for each supposed he was mocked by the other, and it was with great difficulty that their host restored peace, by acknowledging the ludicrous purpose of his invitation.

Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was long a bigoted Jacobite. When he was walking with some friends in Kensington Gardens, one of them observed that it was a fine place. "Phoo," said Johnson, "nothing can be fine that belongs to a usurper." Dr. Monsey assured me, that once in company, when the conversation was on the age of King George the Third, he heard him say, "What does it signify when such an animal was born, or whether he ever existed?" Yet he afterwards said, in his account of his interview with His Majesty, that it was not for him "to bandy compliments with *his sovereign*."

Cards.

Mr. Murphy told me also, that he was once present at Tom's Coffee-house, in Russell Street Covent Garden, which was only open to subscribers, when Colley Cibber was engaged at whist, and an old General was his partner. As the cards were dealt to him, he took up every one in turn, and expressed his disappointment at every indifferent one. In the progress of the game he did not follow suit, and his partner said, "What! have you not a spade, Mr. Cibber?" The latter, looking at his cards, answered, "Oh, yes, a thousand;" which drew a very peevish comment from the General. On which Cibber, who was shockingly addicted to swearing, replied, "Don't be angry, for —— I can play ten times worse if I like."

All on one Side.

Major Grose told me that when he was quartered in Dublin, he ordered an Irish sergeant to exercise the men in shooting at a mark. The sergeant had placed a pole for them to take aim, stationing a certain number on one side, and an equal number on the other, in direct opposition. The Major happened to reach the spot just as they were going to fire, stopped them, and expressed his surprise that the sergeant should have placed them in so dangerous a position, as they must necessarily wound, if not kill each other. "Kill each other!" said the sergeant, "why, they are all our own men." As the men so contentedly remained in the dangerous position, it may be inferred that they were as wise as the sergeant. This story illustrates that of Lord Thomond's cooks, which when the keeper let loose, were fighting each other,—much to his surprise he said, as they belonged to one person, and were "*all on the same side.*"

Vails to Servants.

It is said that this practice prevailed to such a degree, even at the house of the great Lord Chesterfield, that when he invited Voltaire a second time to his table, the French wit in his answer declined the invitation, alleging that "his lordship's *ordinary* was *too dear*."

Another evil practice of servants to the higher orders, at that time, was carried to such a height that it wrought its own cure. It was usual at the old Italian Opera-house to allot a gallery to the footmen, that when their masters or mistresses had appointed the time to leave the theatre, their servants might be ready to attend. But these *livery-men* took it into their heads to become critics upon the performances, and delivered their comments in so tumultuous a manner, that the managers found it absolutely necessary to close the gallery against them, and to assign it to those only who paid for admission.

Just before the abolition of this *party-coloured* tribunal, a wag who was fond of music, but who had more wit than money, appeared at the gallery door, when the porter demanded the name of his master. The wag boldly answered, "I am the Lord Jehovah's servant," and was admitted, one of the door-keepers saying to the other, "I never heard of that man's master before, but suppose it is some scurvy Scotch lord or other."

New Reading.

Mr. John Kemble used to relate many whimsical anecdotes of provincial actors whom he knew in the early part of his life. He said that an actor who was to perform the character of *Kent* in the play of "King Lear," had dressed himself like a doctor, with a large grizzle wig, having a walking-stick, which he held up to his nose, and a box under his arm. Being asked why he dressed the Earl of Kent in that manner, he said, "People mistake the character; he was not an earl, but a doctor. Does not Kent say, when the king draws his sword on him for speaking in favour of Cordelia, 'Do kill thy *physician*, Lear;' and when the king tells him to take his 'hated trunk from his dominions,' and Kent says, 'Now to new climes my old trunk I'll bear,' what could he mean but his *medicine chest*, to practise in another country?"

Absence.

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent in company, and when he fell into a river, by the oversetting of a boat, at Hagley, it was said of him that he had "sunk twice before he recollected he could swim." Mr. Jerningham told me, that dining one day with his lordship, the earl pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from what the

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dish contained. A gentleman was going to tell him of his mistake. "Never mind," whispered another of the party; "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

Arthur Murphy, whose mind was chiefly occupied by dramatic subjects, after he became a barrister, dining one Sunday at the chaplain's table, St. James's Palace, being too early, strolled into the Chapel Royal during the service, and desiring a seat, he thus addressed one of the attendants on the pews, "Here, *boxkeeper*, open this *box*."

Manners and Customs.

CURIOUS LAWS RELATING TO CAPS.

In England, in the year 1571, it was enacted, "that every person above seven years of age should wear on Sundays and holidays a cap of wool, knit-made, thickened and dressed in England, by some of the trade of cappers, under the forfeiture of three farthings for every day's neglect, excepting maids, ladies, and gentlewomen, and every lord knight, and gentleman, of twenty marks of land, and their heirs, and such as have borne office of worship in any city, town, or place, and the wardens of the London Companies."

In France, those who had been bankrupts were obliged ever after to wear a green cap, to prevent people from being imposed on in any future commerce. By several arrets, in 1584, 1622, 1628, and 1688, it was decreed, that if they were at any time found without their green cap, their protection should be null, and their creditors empowered to cast them into prison; but this practice is not now continued.

Among the formation of the different domestic trades of the metropolis into fraternities, or companies, were the *Capellarii*, or Cappers. Respecting these, Hugh Fitz-Otonis, the city *custos*, in the 54th of Henry III., made certain ordinances, in the presence of the aldermen, as that none "should make a cap but of good white or grey wool, or black; that none dye a cap made of white or grey wool into black, they being apt, so dyed, to lose their colour through the rain," &c. P. T. W.

WRESTLING.

At Hornchurch, in Essex, there is a singular custom on Christmas Day of wrestling for a boar's head, which is provided by the occupier of Hornchurch Hall. This custom is said to have originated in some charter, with which a correspondent, (H. B. A.,) is totally unacquainted.

PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS

Mr. Turner has collected (*Hist. Eng.*) many curious facts relative to the condition of the Jews, especially in England. Others may be found dispersed in Velly's *History of France;* and many in the Spanish writers, Mariana and Zurita. The following are from Vaissette's *History of Languedoc*:—It was the custom at Toulouse to give a blow on the face to a Jew every Easter;—this was commuted, in the twelfth century, for a tribute. At Beziers another usage prevailed—that of attacking the Jews' houses with stones, from Palm Sunday to Easter. No other weapon was to be used; but it generally produced bloodshed. The populace were regularly instigated to the assault by a sermon from the bishop. At length, a prelate, wiser than the rest, abolished this ancient practice, but not without receiving a good sum from the Jews.

The Gatherer.

Crusades.—Mr. Hallam, in his excellent *History of the Middle Ages*, (vol. iii. p. 359), gives the following view of these misconceived glories of history:—"The crusades may be considered as martial pilgrimages on an enormous scale; and their influence upon general morality seems to have been altogether pernicious. Those who served under the cross would not indeed have lived very virtuously at home; but the confidence in their own merits, which the principle of such expeditions inspired, must have aggravated the ferocity and dissoluteness of their ancient habits. Several historians attest the depravation of morals which existed both among the crusaders, and in the states formed out of their conquests."

Slave Trade in England.—In England it was very common, even after the conquest, to export slaves to Ireland; till, in the reign of Henry II., the Irish came to a non-importation agreement, which put a stop to the practice. William of Malmesbury accuses the Anglo-Saxon nobility of selling their female servants as slaves to foreigners. In the canons of a council at London, in 1102, we read—"Let no one from henceforth presume to carry on that wicked traffic, by which men of England have hitherto been sold like brute animals." And Giraldus Cambrensis says that the English, before the conquest, were generally in the habit of selling their children and other relations, to be slaves in Ireland, without having even the pretext of distress or famine, till the Irish, in a national synod, agreed to emancipate all the English slaves in the kingdom.

Opulent English Merchants.—Some idea of the ancient commercial wealth of Great Britain may be gathered from a glance at the rapid increase of English trade from

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about the middle of the fourteenth century. Thus, in 1363, Ricard, who had been lord mayor, some years before, entertained Edward III. and the Black Prince, the Kings of France, Scotland, and Cyprus, with many of the nobility, at his own house in the Vintry, and presented them with handsome gifts. This eclipses the costliest entertainments of our times, at the public expense. Philpot, another eminent citizen in Richard II.'s time, when the trade of England was considerably annoyed by privateers, hired one thousand armed men, and dispatched them to sea, where they took fifteen Spanish vessels with their prizes. We find Richard obtaining a great deal from private merchants and trading towns. In 1379, he got 5,000*l.* from London, 1,000 marks from Bristol, and in proportion from smaller places. In 1386 London gave 4,000*l.* more, and 10,000 marks in 1397. The latter sum was obtained also for the coronation of Henry VI. Nor were the contributions of individuals contemptible, considering the high value of money. Hinde, a citizen of London, lent to Henry IV. 2,000*l.* in 1407, and Whittington one half of that sum. The merchants of the staple advanced 4,000*l.* at the same time. Our commerce continued to be regularly and rapidly progressive during the fifteenth century. The famous Canynges, of Bristol, under Henry VI. and Edward IV. had ships of 900 tons burthen.

Gold-beating.—Reaumur asserts, that in an experiment he made, one grain of gold was extended to rather more than forty-two square inches of leaf-gold; and that an ounce of gold, which in the form of a cube, is not half an inch either high, broad, or long, is beat under the hammer into a surface of 150 square feet. The process is as follows:—The gold is melted in a crucible, and taken to the flattening mills, where it is rolled out till it becomes of the consistence of tin; it is then cut into small square pieces, and each piece is laid between a leaf of skin (known by the name of goldbeaters-skin); two parchment bands are then passed over the whole, and each band is reversed; it is then hammered out to the size of the skin, taken out, cut, and hammered over again, and so on till it is sufficiently thin; when it is placed in books, the leaves of which are rubbed with red ochre, to prevent the gold adhering to them. There are gold leaves not thicker, in some parts, than the three hundred and sixty thousandth part of an inch. BURTON.

Ancient Pitch-in-the-Hole.—A soldier was brought to Alexander to exhibit a trick which he had acquired, of pitching a pea into a distant hole, which just fitted it;—when the reward which the great conqueror bestowed upon the soldier for his useless application of time was a peck of peas. P. T. W.

Pekin.—Balducci Pegalotti, a Florentine writer upon commerce, about the year 1340, describes Pekin (under the name of Cambalu) the capital city of China, as being one hundred miles in circumference. He also states the journey from the Genoese territories to Pekin as of rather more than eight months, going and returning; and he assures us it was perfectly secure, not only for caravans, but for a single traveller, with a couple of interpreters and a servant.

Mercers and Drapers.—Among the trading companies into which the middling ranks were distributed on the continent, in the twelfth century, those concerned in silk and woollens were most numerous and honourable. None were admitted to the rank of burgesses in the towns of Aragon who used any manual trade, with the exception of dealers in fine cloths.

Usury.—The interest of money was exceedingly high throughout the middle ages. At Verona, in 1228, it was fixed by law at 12½ per cent.; at Modena, in 1270, it seems to have been as high as 20. The republic of Genoa, towards the end of the fourteenth century, when Italy had grown wealthy, paid only from 7 to 10 per cent. to her creditors. But in France and England the rate was far more oppressive. An ordinance of Philip the Fair, in 1311, allows 20 per cent. after the first year of the loan. Under Henry III., according to Matthew Paris, the debtor paid 10 per cent. every two months; but this is absolutely incredible as a general practice.

Worsted.—Blomefield, the historian of Norfolk, thinks that a colony of Flemings settled, as early as the reign of Henry II., at Worsted—a village in that county—and immortalized its name by their manufacture. It soon reached Norwich, though not conspicuous till the reign of Edward I.

*The Lord's Prayer in Arawaak.**—Kururumanny—haamary caleery oboraady—bachooty deweet bussa—baynse parocan, bayin so pareeka—yahaboo ororoo adiako—meherachehbeyn dacotooniah—Ebehey nebehedow wakayany odomay—Mayera toonebah dayensey—Boboro talidey.—*Hedouainey.—Jour. Geog. Soc.*

* An Indian nation, settled in British Guiana.

*** Our Correspondent *E.* has been misinformed. The translation of the Letter of Lord Byron, inserted in our Number 575, as the first, will be found in Moore's Life of Byron, vol. vi. p. 147, new edit.—but without the subscription of "Peer of England."

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES FUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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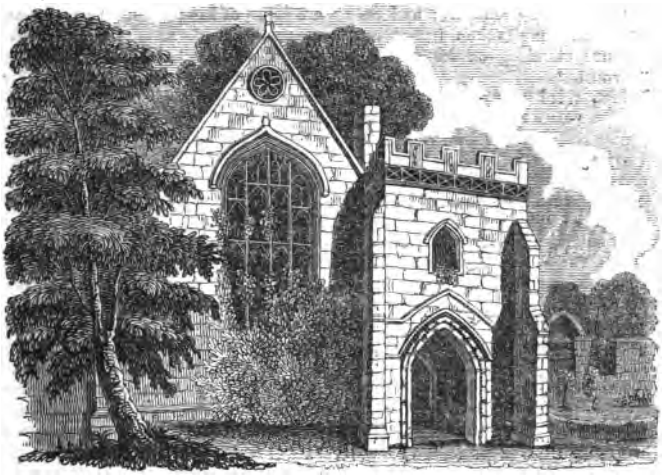
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 576.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1832. [PRICE 2d.



WINGFIELD MANOR-HOUSE.

THIS interesting structure is referred to by a clever writer* as one of the richest specimens extant of the highly-ornamented embattled mansions of the time of Henry VII. and VIII., the period of transition from the castle to the palace, and undoubtedly the best æra of English architecture. This judgment will be found confirmed in the writings of distinguished antiquarians; and the reader's attention to the descriptive details of this building will be important in connexion with several notices, in our recent pages, of old English domestic architecture.

The manor of Wingfield, or Winfield, is situated four or five miles to the eastward of the centre of Derbyshire. The early lords had two parks, which, according to a survey made in 1655, contained nearly 1,100 acres. These parks are now divided into farms: on the border of one of them are a moat and other remains of an ancient mansion, traditionally said to have been called Bakewell Hall; by some, this is supposed to have been the original mansion, which is said by others to have been near the Peacock Inn, on the road between Derby and Chesterfield. The present Manor-House, (as represented in the Engraving,) according to Camden, was built about the year 1440, by Ralph, Lord Cromwell, in the time of Henry VI. This Lord Cromwell was treasurer of England; and the testimony of Camden that he was the founder, is strongly corroborated by the bags or purses of stones, (alluding to the office of treasurer which he filled,) carved over the gateway leading into the quadrangle. Bags or purses are mentioned to have been carved on the manor-house of Coly Weston, in Northamptonshire, augmented by this Lord Cromwell; and there were also similar ornaments carved in wood, removed about a century ago from Wingfield Manor.

The Manor-House originally consisted of two square courts, one of which, to the north, has been built on all sides, and the south side of it forms the north side of the south court, which has also ranges of buildings on the east and west sides, and on part of the south. The latter court seems principally to have consisted of offices. The first entrance is under an arched gateway on the east side of the south court. The arch of this gateway being a semicircle, was probably erected subsequently to the rest of the building: hence the communication with the inner court is under an arched gateway in the middle of the north side of the south court. One half of this range of building seems originally to have been used as a hall, which was lighted by a beautiful octagon window, and through a range of Gothic windows to the south, now broken away, and a correspondent range to the north. This part of the house was afterwards divided and subdi-

* See the paper in part quoted in our pages from the *Quarterly Review*, No. 90.

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vided into several apartments: these have suffered the same fate as the noble hall, the magnificence of which their erection destroyed. In the other part of this range are the portal, the remains of the chapel, and of the great state apartment, lighted by another rich Gothic window. Little or no part of the east side of the building remains; and only the outer wall and some broken turrets were a few years since, standing on the west side of the north court.

In the thirty-third year of the reign of Henry VIII. it appears that Wingfield Manor was in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Shrewsbury held in his custody here the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scotland. Her suit of apartments, tradition informs us, was on the west side of the north court. This, in the memory of persons living but a few years since, was the most beautiful part of the building: it communicated with the great tower, whence it is said the ill-starred captive had sometimes an opportunity of seeing the friends approach with whom she held a secret correspondence; and "this tradition appears to have been founded upon good authority."* It is inferred that her captivity at Wingfield commenced in 1569, in which year an attempt was made by Leonard Dacre to rescue her; after which, Elizabeth, becoming suspicious of the Earl of Shrewsbury, under pretence of his lordship's being in ill health, directed the Earl of Huntingdon to take care of the Queen of Scots in Shrewsbury's house; and her train was reduced to thirty persons. This event happened the year after Mary was removed from Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, to Tutbury Castle, in Staffordshire, and placed under the care of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Her captivity at Wingfield is stated to have extended to nine years; but it is improbable that so large a proportion of the time she was in the custody of this nobleman, should be spent here: for it is well known, that from 1568 to 1584, she was at Buxton, Sheffield, Coventry, Tutbury, and other places, and, if her confinement here continued so long, it must have been with many intervals of absence.

The Manor-House continued to be the occasional residence of the Shrewsburys till the death of Earl Gilbert, in the year 1616, who dying without male issue, the whole of his estates in this part of the kingdom descended to his three daughters and co-heirs by marriage, and their descendants, till one of the latter, the Hon. Henry Howard, becoming Duke of Norfolk, sold his portion to different tenants; and in the year 1666, we find Mr. Emanuel Halton resident at the Manor-House. He was a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments, as well as of good family, his father being sheriff of Cumberland in 1652. Being employed as auditor to Henry, Duke of Norfolk, he was, through that connexion, introduced into Derbyshire, and spent the latter part of his life, which was devoted to music and mathematics, at Wingfield. In the Appendix to Foster's *Mathematical Miscellanies* are some of his pieces. In the year 1676 he observed an eclipse of the sun at Wingfield, which was published in the *Philosophical Transactions* for that year. The Manor was, in 1817, in the possession of Wingfield Halton, Esq., great grandson of the aforesaid Emanuel; but it was not then inhabited. The last of the Halton family who resided at the Manor-House became its spoiler; for, desiring to build himself a house at the foot of the high hill upon which the mansion stands, he pulled down and unroofed part of the fine old structure—so that the hall, with its proud emblazonry of the Shrewsbury arms and quarterings, became exposed to the decaying influences of the elements.† The mansion had been, however, previously much injured during the civil wars, in the reign of Charles I.; and there are a few singular incidents in its fate. The house being possessed by the royal party, was besieged and taken by Lord Grey, of Groby, and Sir John Gall, of Hopton—brave officers in the service of the parliament, who, according to Whitelock, voted them a letter of thanks for this and other services. The assault was begun on the east side, with cannon planted on Pentridge Common, and a half-moon battery raised for its defence in this quarter was soon carried; but a breach being found impracticable, the cannon were removed to a wood on the opposite side. They soon opened a considerable breach in the wall, and captured the place. Colonel Dalby, who was the governor, was killed during the siege. He had disguised himself in the dress of a common soldier, but being seen and known by a deserter, he was shot by him in the face as he walked in one of the stables. The hole through which the assailant introduced his murderous musket might lately be seen, near the porter's lodge.

* Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet, vol. i.

† The strange taste, or rather Vandalism, which despoiled the Manor House, had well nigh led the Halton family to consider the valuable MSS. and correspondence of their philosophical ancestor as so much waste paper.

POSTS FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF LETTERS.

Posts of some kind or other appear to have been in extensive use, and to have been held in high importance, by all civilized nations, from an early period of history to the times we live in. Attempts were at first made to carry on correspondence by the means of pigeons and other birds, and though the attempt did not altogether fail, yet it was never carried into extensive practice, and in the progress

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of time was totally disused. The first establishment of Posts can be traced to the times of the ancient Persians. The honour of their invention is ascribed to Cyrus. It appears that on his conception of his Scythian expedition, he caused certain Post-houses to be erected on all the principal roads. These houses were a day's journey from each other; and Cyrus employed horsemen to convey the intelligence from the army to the first Post-house, and so to the second and third, till the end of the Post-houses, which was at Susa. The news of his victories was thus conveyed to his people in an almost incredible space of time. The Greeks were also in the possession of regular posts, but we have no data from which we can judge of the manner in which they were conducted, who founded them, or where they were first established.

At Rome, Posts and Post-houses were established, and designated *statores* and *stationes;* they were founded by the senate at a very early period of the Republic. They were at first very ill managed, the delivery of the post being extremely irregular, and confined to the great roads; but Augustus extended them throughout all parts of his mighty empire, and issued commands which appointed certain days for the delivery of the posts. At their first establishment the Posts were carried by young men on foot, who were met by others at the appointed post stations, but horses and chariots were substituted in their stead by Augustus.

The earliest institution of Posts in modern times was about the year 807. Charlemagne after he had subjugated to his power Germany, Italy, and a large part of Spain, seeing the inconvenience which the Government suffered from the non-delivery of important despatches from the governors of these distant parts of his dominion, caused Posts to be established at the expense of the people; but like the majority of the wise institutions of this warrior-statesman, shortly after his decease, they were discontinued, and till a long period after no traces are to be found of similar establishments. It is highly probable that they were re-instituted in the year 1484, by Louis XI. who employed in this department 230 couriers and messengers. Succeeding kings instituted officers expressly to superintend the Posts, as great abuses had crept in from time to time, but the multiplicity of the new made officers, and the frequent changes in the organization of the Post Office, kept the public from putting any faith in it, and it had almost ceased to exist when some spirited official men by organizing a new plan, and by giving a certainty to the public of the delivery of their letters, saved it from discontinuance.

From France the institution gradually spread over the other countries of Europe. In Germany, which country was one of the first to adopt the system of the French Posts were established through the influence and at the expense of Count Taxis, who was denominated "the Patriot." The wishes of the people caught the heart of the Emperor Matthias, who to reward Taxis for his public spirit, gave him the office of Post-master, and assigned it to his descendants for ever.

In England Posts appear to have been established as early as the reign of Edward III.; but the records of them handed down to us are obscure and uncertain. In the reign of Edward VI. they were however in full vigour: an Act of Parliament passed in 1548, which we have now before us, fixes the rate of postage at one penny per mile. The Posts here referred to were only used on important occasions. James I. erected a Post Office, which he placed under the control of Matthew de Questor; the office was claimed by Lord Stanhope, whose claim, however, was disallowed; but owing to the detection of de Questor in some mal-practices, the office was given and confirmed to W. Frizee and Thos. Witherings. In the year 1635, Charles I. erected a letter-office for England and Scotland, which he placed under the direction of the before-mentioned Thomas Witherings, who conducted it honourably, but was afterwards superseded for *supposed* abuses—a charge which was never proved. The rate paid about that time was "twopence for a letter, from 30 to 140 miles." The Posts then established were shortly after extended to the principal roads of England, and were from time to time increased, till they were spread over the kingdom, to the great benefit of a commercial people.

The Post Office forms one of the chief branches of the revenue, and the total received for the conveyance of letters during the last quarter amounted to 33,000*l.*

The present arrangements of the Post Office, at least as far as they are known, the certainty of the transmission of letters, the economy with which it is conducted, are the theme of admiration by the nation at large, and more particularly by foreigners.

E. J. H.

ETHELBERT AND ELFRIDA.

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

Night wanes apace!—The crowd are gone;
The lamps have ceased to glow;
And Cynthia's beams reflect upon
The placid lake below.

The song of mirth is heard no more;
No guests the goblet fill;
The banquet's revelry is o'er,
All—all is hush'd and still.

No more, amid the stately pile,
The dance afford's delight;
Nor tale, nor jocund sports beguile
The silent hours of night.

All seek the downy couch of sleep—
The host, and worthy guest;
The drowsy guards on duty keep,
And envy them their rest.

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No minstrels strike th' enliv'ning string—
None blow the twanging horn;
The nightingale has ceas'd to sing,
And slowly breaks the morn.

The portals of the dappled East
Assume their bright array;
The Sun, in new-born splendour drest,
Drives sable clouds away.

Thick vapours from the earth arise,
And pass away unseen,
Till night again shall veil the skies,
Now lucid and serene.

Above proud Offa's gate the gold-
Embroider'd banners hung—
And 'scutcheon'd shields emblazon'd told
From whence his race had sprung!

The glitt'ring lance and crested plume
Adorn the sculptur'd wall,
And deep'ning shadows cast a gloom
Around his spacious hall!

On "South Town's" "heav'n directed" fanes
Sol sheds his glowing ray;
And Peace, and Joy, through Mercia's plains
Their gladsome sceptre sway.

How diff'rent far the scene will be
When night appears again;—
O'er all *now* reigns festivity,
But lamentation *then!*

A richly silver-braided vest
The virgin train prepare—
A scarf, to wrap the snow-white breast,
And gems to deck the hair.

Elfrida, at her lattice high,
Sits with the bridal throng—
She looks and looks—then heaves a sigh—
"Why tarries he so long?"

He comes!—'tis he!—and by his side
Attend a noble band—
He comes to claim his royal bride—
His lov'd Elfrida's hand.

The wish'd-for hour is gone and past;—
Slow chimes the marriage-bell;
May Heav'n forbid it prove his last—
The bridegroom's fun'ral knell!

The priest before the altar stands—
The bride bends on her knee,
And lifts to God her heart and hands
In pious fervency!

But where is *he*, who should have knelt
Before his Maker, low?
And where are *they*, who might have felt
What none but parents know!

In vain she waits, and looks around,
Still vainer are her cries;
With shrieks the sacred aisles resound;—
Save echo, naught replies:

Fell grief her throbbing heart enthrals,—
Her lips grow ghastly pale;
She weeps—she faints—and senseless falls
Before the altar-rail!

But where is he, by whom the vows
Of love were pledg'd so late?
Demand of Offa's artful spouse,
Whose fiat seal'd his fate?

The blush of guilt upon her cheek
Spreads forth its purple hues,—
And agitation seems to speak
What conscience dares refuse!!

To Him who gives life's fleeting breath
His soul has ta'en its flight!—
He sleeps the last long sleep of death
Upon his bridal night.

His guards were gone;—no friends were near!
To bless him ere he died!
None, none to dry the falling tear,
Or bid his pains subside.

Oh! where is she whom fate hath made
Dejected and forlorn?
She goes to Croyland's hallow'd shade,
To live—alas!—to mourn!

Weep, Anglia, weep!—thy monarch's dead!
To heav'n his spirit's flown;
And he whose hands his blood have shed
Will mount thy vacant throne.

He reigns!—but mark! how self-reproach
Pervades his inmost breast;—
And pangs of sad remorse encroach
Upon his fever'd rest.

He lives—but life has little left,
If aught, his love to claim;
Of all, save grief, 'tis now bereft;
To him 'tis but a name!

J. H. I.

The event which the foregoing stanzas have attempted to describe laid the foundation of the future importance and prosperity of the Cathedral church of Hereford.

"The restless ambition of Offa prompted him to attack the neighbouring kingdom of the East Angles, with a view of adding it to his dominions; but in this attempt he was defeated by the successful valour of Ethelbert. Peace being subsequently concluded, Offa acceded to proposals of marriage between Ethelbert and his daughter Elfrida;—and the young and unsuspecting prince attended, invited, at the palace of Offa (at South Town, now Sutton, near Hereford), with a splendid retinue, to treat of the intended spousals. The queen of Offa, Quendreda, is recorded to have prevailed upon her husband to violate the ties of hospitality and humanity; and Ethelbert was treacherously murdered, A.D. 793. His guards and retinue were dispersed; his kingdom, taken by surprise, was annexed to the state of Mercia. The faithful Elfrida retired to Croyland Abbey; and Offa, seized with remorse, sought to appease his wounded conscience by actions which, at that time, were thought to atone for the deepest delinquency. He caused the body of Ethelbert to be removed from Marden, where it had been previously interred, to the cathedral of St. Mary, at Hereford, erecting over him a magnificent tomb, and endowing the church with valuable gifts, chiefly situated in the immediate vicinity of his own palace. The known virtues of the murdered prince caused his shrine to be visited as that of a martyr; and such was the fame of his miracles, that the city and cathedral attained a degree of opulence from the pious contributions of devoted pilgrims."

Wright's History of Hereford.

It is not asserted that Ethelbert was murdered on the day appointed for his marriage; but poetical license will, it is hoped, be pardoned for the variation, whilst the principal facts are strictly adhered to.

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Retrospective Gleanings.

PARLIAMENTS.

(Concluded from vol. xvii.)

In 833, a parliament was held at London, in the presence of King Egbert, with his son Ethelwolf, and Withlaf, the tributary King of Mercia, and most of the prelates and great men of the realm, to deliberate on the best means they could adopt to prevent the Danes from invading England.

In 1210, King John summoned a parliament to meet him at his palace in St. Bride's parish, London; where he exacted of the clergy and religious persons the sum of 100,000*l.*, and 40,000*l.* in particular from the white monks. The present hospital of Bridewell stands on a part of that palace.

In 1294, Edward I., in order to raise funds for the invasion of Scotland, addressed writs to the sheriffs, directing them to send "representatives for every city and borough in their bailiwicks." Many of the boroughs at this time, on account of the expense of paying their representatives, declined to send members; but the King took care for his own purposes that the Royal and other boroughs where his influence extended, should send members: hence in Cornwall and the other counties on the same coast, where the King's power and property chiefly lay, on account of the mines and tallages, almost every village sent representatives.

In 1414, the fifth year of the reign of Henry IV., the Commons proceeded in their design of regulating the King's household, with whom the Lords accorded; and they required that four persons should be removed out of the King's house,—namely, the Abbot of Dore, the King's confessor, with Durham and Crosbie, gentlemen of his chamber. On February 9, 1414, the confessor, Durham and Crosbie, came into the parliament before the King and the Lords, when his Majesty took occasion to excuse those officers himself, saying, that he knew no cause why they should be removed, but only because they were hated by the people: yet he charged them to depart from his house, according to the desire of his Commons, and would have proceeded in the same manner against the Abbot of Dore, had he been present. The printed roll of Parliamentary proceedings adds these remarkable expressions:—"And our Lord the King moreover said that he would see that the same measures were taken with regard to any one about his Royal person, who might incur the hatred or indignation of his people." A proceeding similar to this took place in 1451, when Henry VI., at the request of the House of Commons, removed from his court and presence several individuals of either sex, against whom there was universal noise and clamour.

On November 27, 1621, the House of Lords sentenced John Blount to pillory, imprisonment, and labour for life, for counterfeiting a Lord's protection. This was the first case of imprisonment beyond the session, by the House of Lords. The first precedent for their infliction of fines appears about two years afterwards, when they sentenced one Morley to pay 1,000*l.*, and condemned him to the pillory for a libel on the Lord Keeper.

The number of Bishops having seats in the House of Lords is thirty; namely, the two English archbishops, twenty-four English bishops, and four Irish bishops; and they all sit in the house, not as churchmen, or peers representing the clergy, in their various grades, (for these are all represented with the commonalty in the lower House,) but as soldiers, that is, as barons holding certain land by military tenure—tenants *in capite per baroniam;* and therefore compelled, under the feudal system, by which they were created, to furnish their quota of knights, or men-at-arms, and do other military service to the crown.

The following account of the manner of speaking and voting by the Lords and Commons, is given in *A Key to both Houses of Parliament:*

"In the House of Lords, the Peers give their votes or suffrages, by beginning with the lowest baron; and so on with the rest, *seriatim*, until all have expressed their opinions; each one answering apart, 'Content,' or 'Not Content.' If the affirmatives and negatives should happen to be equal in number, the question is invariably presumed to be in the negative, (semper præsumitur pro negante,) and the Not Contents have the effect of an absolute majority. In the House of Commons, the members vote by *Ayes* and *Noes*, altogether: but if it be doubtful which is the greater number, the House *divides*. If the question be whether any bill, petition, &c. is to be brought into the House, then the *Ayes*, or approvers of the same, go out; but, if it be upon anything which the House is once possessed of, the *Noes* go out. Upon all questions where the House divides, the Speaker appoints four *tellers*—two of each opinion; who, after they have told or numbered those within, place themselves in the passage between the Bar and the door, in order to tell those who went out; who, till then, are not permitted to re-enter the House. This being done, the two tellers who have the majority take the *right* hand, and all four placing themselves within the bar, make three reverences as they advance towards the table, where they deliver the written numbers, saying, 'the *Ayes* that went out are so many: the *Noes* who remain are so many:' and *vice versâ* as it may happen. This the Speaker repeats, declaring the majority.

"In a committee of the whole House, the

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way of dividing is by changing sides, the *Ayes* taking the *right*, and the *Noes* taking the *left* hand of the Speaker's chair. On such occasions there are but two tellers.

"In each House the act of the majority binds the whole. This majority is openly declared, and the votes, with the names of their authors attached, are generally published in the newspapers; so that the people at large are well enabled to judge of the conduct of their legislators and representatives. This notoriety doubtless produces a very beneficial effect in preserving the integrity of the members of both houses. It is true that when the House of Commons is about to *divide*, the speaker orders the gallery to be cleared, and all *strangers* are compelled to withdraw, that the members may be free from popular influence in giving their votes. But, as tellers are appointed to count the votes on each side, there can be no collusion or deception in the decision of any question; at the same time, this method is attended with sufficient publicity for every constitutional purpose. Indeed, it has ever been held the law, rule, and usage of the House of Commons, that all strangers are there only by sufferance, consequently, whenever a member gives notice to the Speaker that he perceives a stranger or strangers, it is the invariable custom of the latter to order them to withdraw; otherwise the sergeant-at-arms will take them into custody, and so enforce the Standing Orders of the House for their exclusion. The publication of the speeches and votes delivered in Parliament is a modern practice, and certainly a breach of the privileges of the members; consequently it may at any time be prohibited by the enforcement of the Standing Orders of either House.

"In the House of Commons, the Speaker never speaks to any question, except the House be in a committee; nor does he even vote, unless the number of votes on both sides of the House be equal; when his casting vote decides the majority. In the Lords, if the Chancellor be desirous of giving his opinion, he must leave the woolsack, and go to his place among that rank of nobility to which he belongs. If he be not a peer, he may neither speak to the question, nor vote upon it; but if a peer, he has a vote on every question. The Speaker of the Commons is prohibited by the rules of that House from persuading or dissuading the members in the passing of any bill: his duty is merely to make a plain and short narrative of its objects. When any member of the Commons is desirous of speaking on a bill before the House, he stands up in his place; uncovered, and directs his speech to the Speaker. In the House of Peers, on the contrary, the orator addresses himself to the Lords generally, only. In either case he may remain on his egs for an indefinite length of time: using whatever arguments, and entering into as many details, as he pleases; but, having once sat down, he is not permitted, unless personally reflected on, to speak again on the same day, to the same matter; or on the same reading of the same bill, even although his arguments be confuted by another member: but, if the whole house should be turned into a committee on any business, then any member may reply as often as he pleases, or as the chairman of the said committee may judge expedient. If it happen that any member of either House should utter words offensive to the King's majesty, or to the House itself, he is immediately called to the bar: in the House of Commons he sometimes, on his knees, receives a reprimand from the Speaker, and is obliged to apologize: if the offence be great, he may, by the Speaker's warrant, be sent to the Tower, or even to Newgate. When a member, during the heat of debate, happens to be betrayed into intemperate language towards another member he is merely called to 'Order' by the Speaker, and this call has generally the desired effect of quelling all animosity between the parties; but if, as sometimes has happened, anything should be uttered amounting to a challenge to settle the dispute 'out of doors,' the Speaker invariably insists upon a pledge from both, 'upon their honour,' that there shall be no fight, and generally succeeds in making them shake hands; otherwise, he has it in his power to commit the would-be combatants to the safe keeping of the sergeant-at-arms, and to bind the mover to keep the peace. If any member, notwithstanding the call to 'Order,' persist in being disorderly, it is customary for the Speaker to name him; by which indication he is sure to incur the displeasure or censure of the House." W. G. C.

POOR LAWS.

Before the Reformation there were no Poor Rates; the charitable dole given at the Religious Houses, and church-ale in every parish did the business. In every parish there was a church house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people met there too, and had dancing and bowling, shooting at butts, &c. A. Wood says there were few or no alms-houses before Henry VIII. In every church and large inn was a poor man's box.—*From Aubrey's MSS. Collections.*

It should be recollected that the present mode of assessment for the relief of the poor in England, was not adopted till every other mode had been tried. Before the dissolution of the religious houses, temp. Henry VIII., paupers were licensed to beg within certain limits (22nd. Henry VIII., chap. 12.) and

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magistrates were authorized to receive and support them, coming to the places of their birth, by voluntary and charitable alms, and a method was prescribed for collecting those alms. In the reign of Edward VI., laws were passed for *enforcing* charitable *voluntary* contributions (5th and 6th Edw. VI., chap. 2.) Persons refusing to give according to their means were to be admonished; first by the minister, and then by the bishop. These provisions were found insufficient, and it was enacted early in the reign of Elizabeth, that if the parties were insensible to the clerical and episcopal admonitions, they should be bound over by the minister or bishop to the quarter sessions; where they were again to be admonished; and if they remained refractory, the justices and churchwardens were to assess them according to their discretion. (5th Eliz. chap. 3.) In the 14th year of her reign the act was passed and provision made for regular assessments, and the appointment of overseers provided for; which the subsequent acts of the 18th, 39th, and 43rd of the same reign completed, and which has still remained. ERNLE CRASHAW.

Near Weymouth.

The Naturalist.

ANIMAL INSTINCT: ANECDOTE OF A TAME SNAKE.

(To the Editor.)

THE following remarkable circumstance clearly proves how foreign to children, is the fear or even the idea of danger; and, at the same time, it presents to the contemplative mind a striking instance of the wisdom which the Almighty has displayed in the works of the creation! In what a wonderful manner has he endowed all his creatures with sensibility, regulated their habits, and provided for their wants; and so ingeniously are the animal and vegetable kingdoms arranged, that the former is, in a great measure, dependent on the latter for nourishment and support.

From the study of Nature may be deduced a most valuable lesson: namely, to think nothing that exists on the face of the globe unworthy of our attention and notice: and were we to confine ourselves to the practice of this excellent maxim, we should not rest satisfied, until we had obtained a complete insight into the economy and habits of such curious objects.

A labouring man residing near the White Cross, (about a mile westward of the city of Hereford,) and occupying a cottage belonging to Thomas Webb, Esq. of that place, in the month of May last, repeatedly observed one of his children (a little girl not eighteen months old,) reserving at meal-time a part of her allowance of food, and carrying it invariably to one particular corner of the house. Curiosity induced the father to watch more minutely the proceedings of the child, and great was his astonishment, when on the girl as usual repairing to the spot, and making a noise something similar to the chirping of a bird, a snake appeared out of a hole in the wall, and fearlessly partook of the repast provided for it by its infantine attendant.

Such a circumstance is very uncommon, though not unprecedented; for that indefatigable naturalist, Gilbert White, mentions a tame snake in his meritorious *Natural History of Selborne*. The greater degree of surprise must be attributed to the case itself, that a child so young should have the courage to approach an animal of the reptile order; but it serves only to corroborate the statement previously made:—children are destitute of fear, and consequently have no dread of danger.

In a former number (549) of *The Mirror*, appeared a paper headed "The Habits of the Common Snake," purported to be extracted from the *Magazine of Natural History*. The doctrine enforced by the writer of this article, as regards the impracticabilty of domesticating a snake, has been proved entirely erroneous by the fact recited; and were there no positive instance adduced to the contrary, it does not follow that, because his effort, were ineffectual, such a thing is utterly impossible; indeed, I think, the failure of his project may be dated from the means to which he resorted for its accomplishment. The snake we know is naturally very timid, and shuns even the society of its fellow-creatures; and consequently, must have a great dread of the presence of human beings. Then why, in the name of sense, did he suffer it to be handled by children; and what vessel could he have found worse adapted to his purpose than one composed of glass, in which the movements of its inmate were subjected to the continual gaze of bystanders? He may, perhaps, consider his plan a good one, and bring the case I have mentioned to support his argument, as the snake was tamed by the same means he himself had partially adopted; but it is totally different. Much more may be effected by the agency of one little child, than by the assistance of a number of older and consequently more unmanageable beings. One would suppose, by his attempting to "charm it" with music, that he put unlimited belief in the fables of old; but, alas! the poor creature had heard enough of nursery strains to render it deaf to the beauties of softer melody. The language with which he concludes his remarks is as unjust as it is uncalled for, and such as none but an illiberal and narrow-minded observer would choose to apply to so beautiful a creature.* Even

* The passage to which our kindly Correspondent refers is as follows: "The serpent, instead of being the emblem of wisdom, should have been an emblem of stupidity."—See *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 343.

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the cat* (the most ravenous domestic animal we have,) has been known, when confined, to permit mice to pass unmolested through the cage in which it was imprisoned; then why should he expect that an animal which (as he asserts) can live upwards of thirty days without food, would put itself so far out of its way as to gratify an idle spectator, by devouring in his presence, frogs, mice, and other such "delicacies of the season," when neither inclination, nor the wants of nature, stimulated it to the task. PHILAETHES.

Hereford.

THE BUSTARD.

The Bustard, huge Rasor, with gular pouch long,
With legs formed for running, and beak that is strong,
Whose presence this island regards now as rare.
Jennings's Ornithologia.

THIS bird is of the same order as the Dodo (the gallinaceous, cock or pheasant), figured and described at page 311. There are seventeen species, which form the genus *Otis* of Linnæus. They are natives of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Their characteristics are—bill strong, a little incurvated; toes, three before, none behind; legs long, and naked above the knees. The specimen here figured is

The Great Bustard,

or Tarda, said to be the largest of British birds, sometimes weighing as much as thirty pounds. It is found in some parts of this country, and inhabits also the open plains of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Its colour is wave-spotted with black, and rufous; beneath, white; length, four feet; female not so large, weighing about twelve pounds: she has also different shades of colour. The male has a long pouch, (*see the Cut*), beginning under the tongue, and reaching to the breast, capable of holding several quarts of water—supposed to be for supplying the hen while sitting on the young. The cheek-feathers are elongated, so as to form on each side a sort of mustachio. It subsists on grains and herbs; it also feeds on worms and insects, and according to late observations, on rats and field-mice;† is solitary, shy, and timid; flies heavily, but runs swiftly; is quick of sight and hearing; lays two, pale, olive-brown eggs, with darker spots, in a hole scraped in the ground. In autumn Bustards are gregarious, when they leave the open downs for more sheltered situations. The eggs are eagerly sought after, for the purpose of hatching under hens: they have been reared thus in Wiltshire. As they are very valuable birds, and eagerly sought after, they are scarce. Mr. Jennings doubts whether they still exist in Wiltshire; but, from a paper lately read before the Linnæan Society, by Messrs. Sheppard and Whitear, it appears that Bustards now breed in the open parts of Suffolk and Norfolk: they have, too, been domesticated by Mr. Hardy, of Norwich.‡ Mr. Jennings, in a note to the lines above quoted, observes, "There were formerly great flocks of Bustards in this country, upon the wastes and in woods, where they were hunted by greyhounds, and easily taken. They have been latterly recommended to be bred as domestic fowls; and, to those who desire novelty, the Bustard seems to be peculiarly an object for propagation. The flesh is delicious; and it is supposed that good feeding and domestication might stimulate them to lay more eggs." We were aware that the Bustard was formerly eaten, and remember their mention among the delicacies of chivalric feasts, and in the bills of fare at civic banquets: probably, they are on the Guildhall table at the moment we are writing—on Lord Mayor's Day.

Among the other species of Bustards are the Little, or Field, and the thick-kneed, Stone-curlew, or Norfolk Plover. There are also some fine species in India, where they are generally in pairs, but sometimes in families of four and five: as they do not fly high, they are sometimes pursued on horseback, and fired at with pistols. A young hen makes a particularly fine dish at table: the flesh of the breast is full of triangular cavities.§ The Bustard accordingly bears a high price in the Indian markets: in some districts it is called the florikan.

The Bustard is stated to have been known to descend suddenly from its flight, and from some unknown caprice, to attack a horse and its rider with great violence; and with such blind fury as to suffer itself to be seized by the traveller rather than attempt an escape. Two instances of this kind are recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of about the year 1807.

* See *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 356.

† Shaw's Zoolog. Lectures, vol. i. 1809.
‡ Ornithologia, p. 206.
§ Mag. Nat. Hist. vol. iii. p. 517.

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Fine Arts.

CROSSES.

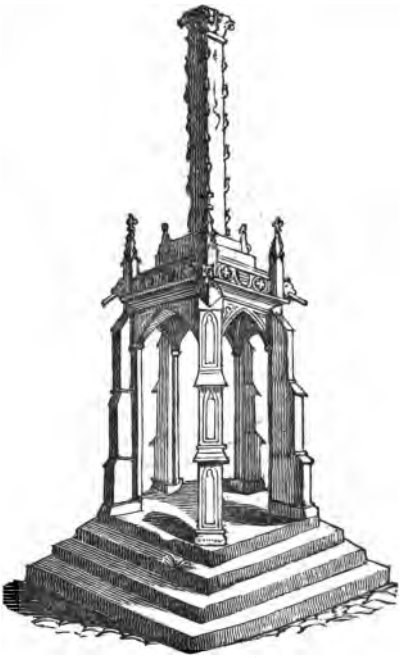
In a recent Number (563) we adverted to the origin of these interesting structures, and attributed their erection to pious feelings, as well as for purposes of a commercial character. The specimens before us appear to have belonged to the latter appropriation—inasmuch as they are what are commonly termed *Market Crosses*. The first is situate

(At Leighton Buzzard,)

or as the name was anciently written, Leighton *beau-desert*, on the borders of Buckinghamshire, and said to be the *Lygean-burgh* of the Saxon Chronicle, which was taken from the Britons by Cuthwulph, in the year 571. The principal of the antiquities of the town is the above Cross. It is of a pentagonal form, and of beautiful pointed architecture: it is stated to have been built upwards of five hundred years, but the name of its founder is not known. The anxiety of the inhabitants of Leighton-Buzzard to preserve this relic of olden time is entitled to special mention.

"In the year 1650, this cross was presented at the court-leet as being in such a ruinous state, that it greatly endangered the lives of those persons who were passing near it. Upon this occasion a rate of 4*d.* was levied upon every inhabitant to defray the charge of repairing it. The height of the cross is twenty-seven feet two inches, from the top of the stone-work to the basement story, which is seven feet four inches from the ground, at the lowest side, and consists of five rows of steps rising from the earth. The centre pillar, which supports the arch, is eight feet two inches high, and one foot one inch and a quarter wide, on the side fronting the largest angle. The upper story is disposed into five niches, and there were formerly as many pinnacles at the corners; but one of them has been destroyed: each niche contained a statue. The first appears to have been intended to represent a bishop, another seems like the Virgin and Jesus; a third appears to be Saint John the Evangelist; the others are too much mutilated to be known. Over each arch attached to the cornice, surrounding the building, there were three grotesque heads. The entire height of the cross, from the lowest base to the top of the vane, is thirty-eight feet. It is constructed of stone, and is situated in an open area, near the market-house."

The second Cross is



(At Holbeach,)

in the *Holland* division of Lincolnshire. The Cross is situate in the market-place of the town; and it is supposed to have been raised about the year 1253; near which period, Thomas de Malton, Lord Egremont, obtained for Holbeach the grant of a weekly market and annual fair.

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WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, AT THE SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.

We attended the private view of this very attractive exhibition, and were happy to find the galleries filled with distinguished Artists and Patrons of Art. The collection is of a novel character, inasmuch as it associates the works of deceased and living British Artists; though, discouraging as may be the fact, the juxtaposition is not to the advantage of the latter: alas! "that's true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Nevertheless, the object of the British Artists' Society in forming this collection, is laudable in every respect; since "it is evident that an Exhibition of the works of celebrated deceased Masters is calculated to benefit, in an essential degree, the race of living Artists, who will here have an opportunity of carefully inspecting, and deriving instruction from many of those pictorial efforts which are the pride and honour of the British School:" so true is it, in the case of painters, that the good which men do, lives after them. To the public, we mean the sight-craving public, this Exhibition may be of paramount interest: it may perchance modify their admiration of faithless vanity-feeding portraits, and gaudy compositions of vulgar life, full of coarse effect, and painted as less ingenious articles are made, to catch a purchaser.

The Exhibition embraces specimens of the works of nearly seventy deceased Artists, from various collections. Among them are Reynolds, Hogarth, Gainsborough, Morland, Wilson, Fuseli, Zoffani, Blake, Opie, De Loutherbourg, Northcote, Harlow, Jackson, Bonington, Lawrence, &c. &c.; and, as many of the specimens are associated with pleasurable recollections, we will endeavour to notice a few of them, in succession with the works of the living Artists.

1. Alderman Boydell, painted by *Muller*, and the property of Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Greaves, who, as the sucessors of the Alderman, retain his portrait as a kind of heir-loom in connexion with the best days of British Art.

10. and 12. Duke and Duchess of Leinster. *Reynolds*. The drawing of the latter is not quite worthy of the President's fame.

7. Farm Yard and Pigs. *Morland*. Painted, for aught we know, at the artist's usual rate, when in confinement, "four-guineas per day with his drink."

8. Landscape. *Gainsborough*. Stamped, as Mr. Cunningham says, all Gainsborough's works are, "with the image of old England."

9. Sir W. Curtis, Bart. *Lawrence*. A fine portrait of the City wit: his face is lit up with good nature, such as proved in the Baronet's career, a surprising foil to the madness of party.

11. Landscape and Cattle. The former by *Barrett*, the latter by *Gilpin*. Cunningham calls Barrett "an indifferent dauber;" rather a harsh term in connexion with this picture.

18. Rape of the Lock. A picture of merit, by *Henry Wyatt*.

21. Death of Œdipus. One of *Fuseli's* most tragical creations.

31 and 33. Landscape and Figures. *Morland*.

34. Diana and Calista. *Wilson*. A beautifully poetic composition: yet the painter lived and died nearer to indigence than ease.

35. Alexander Pope and Martha Blount. *Jervas*. Of comparatively little interest for its pictorial merit; though Pope has enshrined the painter in elegant couplet. If poetry and painting be sister arts, they are rarely twin.

41 and 227. Dead Game, &c. *Blake*. Among the finest compositions of their class. It is worth while to compare these pictures, with what Smith, in his Life of Nollekens, tells us of Blake's colouring: "his modes of preparing his grounds, and laying them over his panels for painting, mixing his colours, and manner of working, were those which he considered to have been practised by the early fresco painters, whose productions still remain in many instances vividly and permanently fresh. His ground was a mixture of whiting and carpenters' glue, which he passed over several times in the coatings; his colours he ground himself and also united with them the same sort of glue, but in a much weaker state; he would in the course of painting, pass a very thin transparent wash of glue-water over the whole of the parts he had worked upon and then proceed with his finishing."

43. The Captive. *Jackson*. One of the finest pictures in the room. In colouring it approaches the olden school nearer than any recent specimen.

44. Carnarvon Castle, Moon-rising. *E. Childe*. A clever picture, and altogether an interesting scene.

53. Portrait of the late Queen Caroline, and the Princess Charlotte. *Lawrence*. One of the painter's early productions. The attitude of the Queen beside a harp is majestic, and her figure is not of such bulky proportion as she attained in after-life; the features are, too, more intelligent than many beneath a crown: the figure of the darling Princess in sportive mood, half clambering and reclining upon a chair, is pretty. Indeed, the picture, as well from its characters as from its merit and size, must command considerable interest in the collection. It may have associations of melancholy tendency; for the princesses and the painter have been numbered with the dead within a score of years.

55. The Benevolent Squire. *Morland*.

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A small oval picture of touching truth and nature. In the foreground is a widow, with two children, seated beside a cottage door. They have just divided a small loaf with hungry zest: in the distance is an old English 'squire on horseback, who is instructing his groom with undrawn purse to relieve the wants of the widow, while the good Samaritan casts an eye of true compassion at the almost starving group.

58. Portrait of Opie. *Opie:* showing, as Mr. Cunningham observes, "a noble forehead and an intellectual eye," with much of his country, Cornish air. The picture is but of few inches dimension, in a homely, broad, flat, oaken frame, somewhat resembling that of a miniature, with the name "Opie," plainly cut in capitals. It is noticeable for its unadorment.

64. The adjourned Debate. *T. Clater.* A cobbler, despite the ancient saw, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*, intently devouring the "folio of four pages."

67. The Sisters. *John Wood.* One of the painter's most successful productions, and deservedly so.

74. Diana and Actæon. Another of *Wilson's* classic compositions of captivating loveliness, proving the painter, as Mr. Cunningham observes, to have wrought under historical and poetic influence.

80. Portrait of the late James Perry, Esq. *Lawrence.* The likeness is striking, and the colouring that of a master hand. The "head and front" bear intellectuality in an eminent degree.

82. Henry III. of France. *Bonington.* One of the lamented artist's most celebrated pictures. The personal elegance of the sovereign, and the luxurious details of the scene are in fine keeping with the minuteness of history in these matters.

89. The Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice. *Zoffani.* With Macklin,

> ——— The Jew
> That Shakspeare drew;

his daughter as Portia, in the habiliaments of "the learned lawyer;" Clark, Bensley, &c.

100. Portrait of Bishop Hoadley. *Hogarth.*

102. Banks of the Tiber. *Wilson.*

118 and 187. Portraits of the Princesses Sophia and Mary, when children.

125. Battle of Cressy. *West.*

137—138—151. Captain Macheath—the Grave-diggers—and the Ghost Scene in Hamlet—all gems in their way, by *Liverseege*, of Manchester; they are full of point, and so rich in promise of future excellence as to add to our regret for the premature death of the artist.

134. The First Study for the Niobe Landscape. *Wilson.* Peculiarly interesting to artists.

To be continued.

The Public Journals.

EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS UPON SERVANTS AND TRADESMEN.

[Much has been said of late years respecting the degeneracy of a very useful and generally respectable class of persons, termed "gentlemen's servants;" and the unjustifiable practices of tradesmen towards people of fashion. As is usual in hasty judgments, the many have been stigmatized with the vices of the few: the misconduct of reckless servants has been held forth as bespeaking the habits of the whole class, and the misdealing cupidity of a few purveyors of fashionable luxuries has been set down as the almost uniform rule of conduct of the worthiest classes in the empire. Such has been the exaggeration of a certain description of evils and abuses, which appertain rather to the manners and customs of fashionable life than to the sphere of the useful or industrious classes; and in support of this position of ours, we may be allowed to quote the following pertinent observations from no less aristocratic authority than the *Quarterly Review*. They occur in a notice of a few of the most recent novels of fashionable life; in which the writer argues that there remains to be produced a much more useful class of novels than has yet emanated from the *silver fork school*. The immediate objects of the present remarks are, however, to show that the artificial or even dissipated habits of servants and the bareweight honesty of tradesmen, are brought about by the corrupt manners of persons of fortune, who *believe themselves* to be the only sufferers by such evil courses.]

Society is so infinitely intersected and convolved,

> "Cycle and epi-cycle, orb in orb,"

that observers who should be endowed with a sufficient portion of perspicacity, might no doubt trace the consequences of the vices and virtues prevailing in any section of it, through the entire social chain. But, hitherto, those who have undertaken to describe the ways of fashionable life, have not followed it even to its more direct and contiguous relations with other classes of mankind. This is a defect which it might be worth the while of any duly qualified writer to supply. It might be well, for instance, if any such writer would so far extend the sphere of his contemplations, as to observe and exhibit *the effects of fashionable manners and customs upon the class of servants, and the class of tradesmen.*

Under the former head, there may be found, perhaps, little to find fault with on the score of mere manner and outward demeanour. To use servants with harshness, or to be wanting in that species of consideration for them which consists in a certain mildness

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and amenity of manner, would ruffle and deform that smooth surface of things which it is agreeable to the taste of people in high life to see around them. Nor do they, perhaps, interfere with the comfort of their dependents, by any undue or onerous exactions of service; for their establishments, being for the most part calculated for show, are more numerous than is required for use, and are therefore necessarily underworked, except, perhaps, in the case of some poor drudges at the bottom, who slink up and down the back stairs unseen, and whose comfort, therefore, does not engage the attention of a family of this class; and even these will not be oppressed with their labours, unless when some impoverished people of fashion may find it necessary to dock the tails of their establishments in order to keep the more prominent portions entire. Nevertheless the exceptions which may be taken against fashionable life, as affecting the class of servants, are of a very grave description. Late hours and habits of dissipation in the heads of a family make it almost impossible, especially in London, to exercise that wholesome household discipline which is requisite to secure the well-being of a servant. Luxury and ostentation require that the servants of these people should be numerous; their number unavoidably makes them idle; idleness makes them debauched; debauchery renders them often necessitous; the affluence or the prodigality, the indolence or indulgence, or indifference of their masters, affords them every possible facility for being dishonest; and, beginning with the more venial kinds of peculation, their conscience has an opportunity of making an easy descent through the various gradations of larceny, till the misdemeanant passes into the felon. In the meantime, the master, taking no blame to himself, nor considering that servants are for the most part what their masters make them, that they are the creatures, at least, of those circumstances which their masters throw around them, and *might* be moulded in the generality of cases, with almost certain effect, by the will and conduct of the master—passes over, with an indolent and epicurean censure, the lighter delinquencies which he may happen to detect, laughs perhaps at his own laxity, and, when at length alarmed, discharges the culprit without a character, and relieves himself, at the expense of he knows not whom, by making of a corrupted menial a desperate outcast. If it be said that a man cannot be expected to change his mode of life for the sake of his servants, it might be answered, that any mode of life by which each individual indulging in it hazards the perdition of several of his fellow-creatures, *ought* to be changed, and cannot be persevered in without guilt. But even if no such sacrifice were insisted upon, there remain means by which the evil might be mitigated.

In the first place, the adherence to honesty on the part of the masters might be exemplary; whereas their actual measure of honesty would perhaps be indicated with sufficient indulgence, if they were described (in the qualified language which Hamlet applies to himself) to be "indifferent honest." There is a currency of untruth in daily use amongst fashionable people for purposes of convenience, which proceeds to a much bolder extent than the social euphemismus by which those of the middle classes also, not perhaps without some occasional violation of their more tender consciences, intimate a wish to be excused from receiving a guest. Fashionable people, moreover, are the most unscrupulous smugglers and buyers of smuggled goods, and have less difficulty than others and less shame, in making various illicit inroads upon the public property and revenue. It is not to be denied that these practices are, in point of fact, a species of lying and cheating; and the latter of them bears a close analogy to the sort of depredation in which the dishonesty of a servant commonly commences. To a servant it must seem quite as venial an offence to trench upon the revenues of a duke, as to the duke it may seem to defraud the revenues of a kingdom. Such proceedings, if not absolutely to be branded as dishonest, are not at least altogether honourable; they are such as may be more easily excused in a menial than in a gentleman. Nor can it ever be otherwise than of evil example to make truth and honesty matters of degree.

But there is a worse evil in the manners of this country in regard to servants. It is rarely that they are considered in any other light than as mechanical instruments. It unfortunately belongs very little to our national character to feel what the common brotherhood of humanity requires of us in a relation with our fellow-creatures, which however unequal, is so close as that of master and servant. We are not accustomed to be sensible that it is any part of our duty to enter into their feelings, to understand their dispositions, to acquire their confidence, to cultivate their sympathies and our own upon some common ground which kindness might always discover, and to communicate with them habitually and unreservedly upon the topics which touch upon that ground. This deficiency would perhaps be more observable in the middle classes than in the highest, who seem generally to treat their inferiors with less reserve, but that in the latter the scale of establishment often removes the greater part of a man's servants from personal communication with him. Whether most prevalent in the fashionable or in the unfashionable classes, it is an evil which, in the growing disunion of the several grades of society is now more than ever, and for more reasons than one, to be regretted.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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THE SCHOOLMASTER'S EXPERIENCE IN NEWGATE.

(From Fraser's Magazine.)

ALTHOUGH in the present day, notwithstanding the severity of the laws, the different modes of committing crime are almost endless, the principal actors in criminality may be classed under the following heads:—

Classification of Rogues.

Housebreakers . . .	*Vulgus*—Cracksmen, pannymen.
Highwaymen & Footpads . . .	Grand-tobymen.
	Spicemen.
Coiners	Bit-makers.
Utterers of base metal . .	Smashers.
Pickpockets	Buzzmen, clyfakers, conveyancers.
Stealers of goods and money from shops, areas, &c. &c. . . .	Sneaks.
Shoplifters	Shop-bouncers.
Snatchers of reticules, watches, &c. &c. from the person . .	Grabbers.
Horse and cattle stealers .	Prad-chervers
Women and men who waylay inebriate persons for the purpose of robbery	Ramps.
Receivers of stolen goods .	Fences.
Forgers	Fakers.
Embezzlers	Bilkers.
Swindlers of every description, among which are . . .	Macers, duffers, and ring-droppers.
Stealing from carts and carriages of all kinds	Dragsmen.
To which may be added, all kinds of plundering on the river and its banks, on board shipping, barges, &c. .	Light-horsemen, heavy-horsemen, game watermen, do. lightermen, scuffle-hunters, copemen, &c.

The whole of these are carried on by confederacies of small parties, and at other times by gangs, when their operations become more extensive. The forger and the highwayman are exceptions; the latter offence is generally committed by one or more, in a fit of need and state of desperation, without any system or plan for carrying on the practice; and it may be affirmed, that, in almost every case of this nature, the criminal never committed the like offence before. There have been some few instances of five or six individuals associating for the purposes of committing forgeries, but the cases are rare.

Boy Burglars.

I can name several boys now in custody, who have been actors in some of the most complicated schemes of burglary, and from whom much on this head might be elicited. One in particular, who began his career by robbing a gentleman in Mark Lane of plate to a considerable amount; and as it shows one method of committing a robbery, I will relate how it was accomplished. The boy was under sentence of death when I got the history of his life from him, he having been nine years in the successful commission of crime; and although nearly eighteen years of age, his appearance gave him credit for only being fourteen. Whilst in custody, his constant theme of regret was that he had left the parties in whose services he had been so long and securely employed, to join some of his own age, embarking in business for themselves; by which he was "nicked" (taken up). He was an orphan, and had been brought up in the poor-house, whence he was apprenticed to a sweep in the city. He was a remarkably sharp boy, which no doubt was noticed by those who are always on the look-out for agents to aid them in their schemes. He was met one morning early, with the soot-bag on his back, by a man who pretended to be his uncle, and who gave him a half-crown piece, making another appointment for a meeting; the result of which was, before he had served sixteen months of his time he had given information by which fifteen robberies had been committed. He, of course, had been paid for his services, which soon made him disgusted with the sooty business; and he made an agreement with the man who drew him into crime, to leave his master's service, and to commit with him a robbery on their private account before he left. The house fixed on was the one above alluded to in Mark Lane. The premises had before been surveyed, and deemed impregnable; that is to say, was considered too well guarded to be robbed without detection. They, however, got possession of the plate in the following manner:—The boy was a favourite with the cook of the house, and she would have no other to sweep her kitchen-chimney; a matter of business which was performed the last

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Saturday in every month. It was concerted between the man and the boy, that the former should dress himself in the character of a sweep, and accompany the latter as his overlooker, or assistant. The real sweep-overlooker, of course, must be kept out of the way; and here laid all their difficulty. It cost the boy (to use his own expression) six months' longer punishment as a sweep, and the man six appearances, at an early hour of the morning, in the same character, before the object could be carried, namely, to get rid of the real sweep.

At length, one Saturday, by pretending to forget the job until all the men were gone out about other work, the boy, affecting suddenly to recollect it, persuaded the master to let him go alone, saying he himself could perform the duty. It was five o'clock in the morning when he and the disguised robber reached the house; the cook opened the door, having nothing on save a blanket thrown over her shoulders. The arch young rogue said, "It's only me and Harry; it's a very cold morning; if you like to go to bed again, cookey, we will do it well, and leave all clean, and shut the door fast after us." She went to bed, and they went to the plate depository, which had been well noted oft times before. They put the whole of its contents into the soot-bag, and fearlessly walked through the streets with it on their backs. The boy, a few hours afterwards, was so metamorphosed, being dressed in the smartest manner, with cane in hand and fifty pounds in his pocket, that he walked the streets in full confidence that not even his master or his fellow-apprentices would know him.

Pickpockets.

The qualifications for a pickpocket are a light tread, a delicate sense of touch, combined with firm nerves. These boys may be known by their shoes in the street; they generally wear pumps, or shoes of a very light make, having long quarters. There is about their countenance an affected determination of purpose, and they walk forward, as if bent on some object of business: it is a rule with them never to stop in the street. When they want to confer for a moment they drop into some by-court or alley, where they will fix on an object of attack, as the people pass down a main street; when they start off in the same manner, the boy going first, to do what they call "stunning," that is to pick the pocket. The first rate hands never, on any occasion, loiter in the streets, unless at a procession or any exhibition, when there is an excuse for so doing. Many have a notion that instruments are used in disencumbering the pockets: this is a false idea; the only instrument they use is a good pair of small scissors, and which will always be found on the person of a pickpocket when searched; these they use to cut the pocket and all off, when they cannot abstract its contents.

To these qualifications they unite a quick sight, and a tact of observing when the attention is engaged, or of devising some means to engage it themselves, until the act is done. They are most busy in foggy weather. When in prison, they will be heard to say on such days, "What a shame to lose such a fine day as this!" On great public days, when the streets are expected to be crowded, and much business is anticipated, several parties of them will unite for the day, under special contract, either to divide all gains between them, or for each one to retain what he gets, agreeing, under every circumstance, to mutually assist each other in the bustle of the crowd. The wary and superior pickpocket, however, seldom runs this risk, but steadily pursues his course, surveying every day the objects around him, and sending off his emissaries to fetch in the plunder, or, by detection, to be handed off to prison. Pickpockets are the least faithful to each other of all known rogues, and are the most difficult of all biped animals to tame, or make any thing of in the way of improvement when caught.

New Books.

THE JUVENILE FORGET-ME-NOT FOR 1833.
(Edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

THIS is a delightful little book for the improvement of the mind and heart, as well as for the amusement, of young persons. It is full of prose and poetic story, pretty incident and anecdote—all which convey some useful moral, and point to some really good end and purpose. It is still a book for the play-room, notwithstanding it treats of botany and zoology. Travelling on the Ice, by Dr. Walsh, explains "what put it it into Captain Parry's head to go to the North Pole;" the Poet's Invitation, by Allan Cunningham, is sweet and simple; the Shamrock, by L. E. L., consists of some clever lines, accompanying a portrait of two fairy sisters and a little laughing brother—

> The image of a happy child
> Doth link itself with all
> That natural loveliness, which least
> Reminds us of our fall.
> Somewhat of angel purity,
> Somewhat of angel grace,
> Ere longer years bring shade and toil,
> Are on a childish face.

My Dog Quail contains some amusing anecdotes by the late Dr. Walsh; and in the Settlers, a dialogue, by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia, are a few touching points of distinction between savage and civilized life; the Indian Island, by L. E. L., is more of a story; a Walk in a Flower Garden is from the accomplished pen of Mrs. Loudon, explaining to two juvenile inquirers the origin

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of the names and properties of certain plants; a Girl's Farewell to the River Lee, by Charles Swain, is plaintively interesting; Seven and Seventeen, by Mrs. S. C. Hall, is clever and lively, and full of home truth; the Sailor's Wife is a pensive ballad-tale of the sea, by M. Howitt, and likely to linger on the mind of childhood; the First Weavers, by the Rev. C. Williams, is as ingenious in its way as Professor Rennie's Bird or Insect Architecture: it enumerates many interesting processes of weaving by insects and birds, who, unlike human artificers, pursue their tasks in the untainted atmosphere of nature;—there are also two or three pretty playful prose sketches, and some clever lines by Miss Leslie, of Philadelphia, on C. R. Leslie's picture of Lady Jane Grey's reluctance to accept the crown of England. We quote the concluding lines, by L. E. L., to accompany the frontispiece:—

THE ROSE OF EDEN-DALE AND HER HOT-HOUSE FLOWERS.

They were so beautiful this morn—
The lily's graceful wand
Hung with small bells, as delicate
As from a fairy's hand.
The Indian rose, so softly red,
As if in coming here
It lost the radiance of the south,
And caught a shade of fear.
The white geranium vein'd with pink,
Like that within the shell
Where, on a bed of their own hues,
The pearls of ocean dwell.
But where is now the snowy white,
And where the tender red?
How heavy over each dry stalk
Droops every languid head!
They are not worth my keeping now—
She flung them on the ground—
Some strewed the earth, and some the wind
Went scattering idly round.
She then thought of those flowers no more,
But oft, in after years,
When the young cheek was somewhat pale,
And the eyes dim with tears—
Then she recalled the faded wreath
Of other happier hours,
And felt life's hope and joy had been
But only Hot-house Flowers!

The Engravings, ten in number, with an inscription plate and vignette, are above the usual *calibre* of the "juvenile" embellishments: they are better than mere pictures for children, and the chosen subjects harmonize with the benevolent tone and temper of the letter-press; all of them will tend to cherish kindly feelings in the hearts of the little readers. Among the best of the prints are Going to the Well, from Gainsborough; and the Industrious Young Cottager—a contented girl at work, with a bird in an opened cage beside her: the little scene is one of happy un-imprisonment and cheerful task.

The Gatherer.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

[In one of the recent prize essays of the Highland Society of Scotland, the Ettrick Shepherd writes thus of his distinguished contemporary. The general subject of the Essay is the statistics of Selkirkshire: after referring to Sir Walter as sheriff of Ettrick Forest for thirty years, Mr. Hogg observes:]

To speak of Sir Walter Scott as a literary man, would be the height of absurdity in a statistical writer. In that light he is known and duly appreciated over the whole world, wherever letters have found their way. But I shall say, that those who know him only by the few hundreds of volumes that he has published, know only the one half of the man; and that not the best half neither. As a friend, he is steady, candid, and sincere, expressing his sentiments freely, whether favourable or the reverse. He is no man's enemy, though he may be to his principles; and I believe that he never in his life tried to do an individual hurt. His impartiality as a judge is so well known, that no man, either rich or poor, ever attempts to move him from the right onward path. If he have a feeling of partiality in his whole disposition, it is for the poachers and fishers, at least I know that they all think that he has a fellow-feeling with them,—that he has a little of the old outlaw blood in him, and, if he had been able, would have been a desperate poacher and black-fisher. Indeed, it has been reported that when he was young he sometimes "leistered a kipper, and made a shift to shoot a moorfowl i' the drift." He was uncommonly well made. I never saw a limb, loins, and shoulders so framed for immoderate strength. And, as Tom Purdie observed, "Faith, an he hadna' been crippled he *wad* ha'e been an unlucky chap."

*** "An Old Friend of the late Mr. Terry" has requested us to insert the following correction: "In our notices respecting Sir Walter Scott, (see *Mirror*, No. 571, p. 254,) we stated that Mrs. Terry had in her possession a tragedy written by Sir Walter for her son W. S. Terry, and intended by the author as a legacy for Walter's first appearance on the stage. We have been since assured that it never was intended by his parents, nor was it ever in the contemplation of his godfather, that Walter Scott Terry should appear at all upon the stage. The youth is in fact at this time a cadet at the Military College, Addiscombe, to which establishment he obtained an appointment through the kind exertions of Sir Walter, who has thus placed young Terry in a situation to distinguish himself in a line of life perfectly according with his own talents and inclinations."

Islington Stages—The stage-coaches to Islington, sixty years ago, were drawn by three horses, on account of the badness of the roads. The inside fare was at that time sixpence each person.

H. B. ANDREWS.

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Dr. Ken and Nell Gwynne.—When Charles II. went down to Winchester with the Court, the house of Dr. Ken was destined to be the residence of Nell Gwynne. The good little man declared that she should not be under his roof: he was as steady as a rock; and the intelligence was carried to the king, who said, "Well, then, Nell must take lodging in the city." All the Court and divines were shocked at Dr. Ken's strange conduct, saying that he had ruined his fortune, and would never rise in the church. Sometime after, the bishopric of Bath and Wells became vacant: the ministers recommended some learned and pious divines; to whom the king answered, "No, none of them shall have it, I assure you. What is the name of that little man at Winchester, that would not let Nell Gwynne lodge at his house?"—"Dr. Ken, please your majesty."—"Well, he shall have it then; I resolved that he should have the first bishopric that fell, if it had been Canterbury."—Bishop Ken every morning made a vow that he would not marry on that day. Mr. Cherry used frequently, on entering the breakfast-room, to say, "Well, my lord, is the resolution made this morning?"—"Oh, yes, sir, long ago," was the constant reply. M. J. T.

Accession of Territory without Bloodshed.—The Venetians, desirous of possessing the island of Curzola, which belonged to the little republic of Raguza, and was situate in their neighbourhood, made use of a singular stratagem to render themselves masters of it. They erected in one night, on a little rock, which belonged to them, very near Raguza, a card-board fortress, painted of a brick-colour, and armed with wooden cannons. The next day the Ragusans, alarmed at seeing themselves so closely invested, entered into a negotiation with the Venetian State, to which they ceded Curzola, in exchange for this miserable rock, on which there was scarcely room for a moderately sized dwelling. W. N.

Excuses for not Marrying.—Thales, who was ranked among the seven wise men of Greece, declined involving himself by marriage in the cares of a family, that he might devote his whole time and attention to the study of philosophy,—alleging to his mother, who urged him to marry, at an early age, "*it is too soon*," and at a more advanced period, "*it is too late.*" P. T. W.

Epigram on Sir P—p F—n—s being bit by a cobracappo:—

A serpent bit F—— ——s, that virulent knight;—
What then? 'twas the serpent that died of the bite.
Anon.

Latinè.

Dente venenato stimulatur Zoilus Anguis,
Quid Tum? vivit adhuc Zoilus, Anguis obit.
E. B. I.

Botanical A. B. C.—The A. B. C. Daria is a name given to a plant of the camomile species. The appellation is designed to express the use made of this plant by the black schoolmasters at Amboyna, who cause their young pupils to chew the flowers and roots, either alone or with betelnut, in order that they may more easily pronounce some of the difficult Arabic letters. It is similar to the *Anthemis Pyrethrum*, as stimulating the mouth, and is recommended in paralyses of the tongue. P. T. W.

Smoking.—A standing order of the House of Commons, in 1693, directs, "that no member of the house do presume to smoke tobacco in the gallery, or at the tables of the house sitting at committees."—H. B. Andrews.

A Turn-coat.—De Dominis, Archbishop of Spalato, was notorious for his shiftings in religion. One of his friends ended a report of an interview with him as follows:—"It is clear he is a *vily-begotily*, rightly bred in the nest of the Jesuits."

A Turtle Mayor.—In the fourteenth century, one Roger Turtle was Mayor of Bristol no less than seven times, 1326 to 1341—a circumstance which elicited the following *jeu d'esprit:*—

If old *Roger Turtle* was seven times mayor,
An honour which fell to no other man's share,
His descendent, a *Turtle*, in this modern day,
Bears, as *mayor-elect*, a perpetual sway.

Auctions.—In France, to this day, sales are announced with the drum. In this country they were formerly accompanied by trumpet; for, in a will of 1388, we find "that the tenements so bequeathed shall be sold separately, by the sound of the trumpet, at the High Cross (Bristol), without fraud or collusion."

Charters.—In one of the most valuable, but least known collections in the British Museum, are about *ten thousand* charters, which were indexed by Ayscough.

Cowley, the poet, was the son of a grocer, who lived in Fleet-street, near the end of Chancery-lane.

Epitaph, formerly in a Churchyard at Bristol.

Ye witty mortals! as you're passing by,
Remark, that near this monument doth lie,
Center'd in dust,
Described thus:
Two Husbands, two Wives,
Two Sisters, two Brothers,
Two Fathers, a Son,
Two Daughters, Two Mothers,
A Grandfather, a Grandmother, a Granddaughter,
An Uncle and an Aunt—their Niece follow'd after.
This catalogue of persons mentioned here
Was only five, and all from incest free. G. K.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES FUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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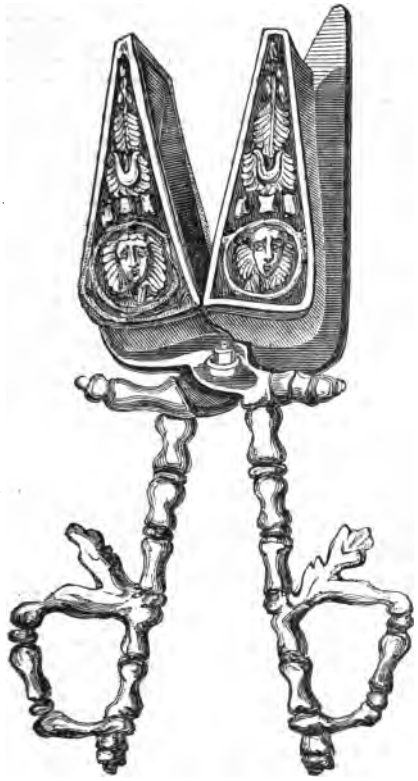
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 577.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



DOMESTIC ANTIQUITIES.

The first of these archæological rarities is a pair of Snuffers, found in Dorsetshire sixty-four years since, and engraved in Hutchins's history of that county. They were discovered, says the historian, "in the year 1768, in digging the foundation of a granary, at the foot of a hill adjoining to Corton mansion house (formerly the seat of the respectable family of the Mohuns), in the parish of St. Peter, Portisham. They are of brass, and weigh six ounces: the great difference between these and the modern utensils of the same nature and use is, that these are in shape like a heart fluted, and consequently terminate in a point. They consist of two equal lateral cavities, by the edges of which the snuff is cut off, and received into the cavities, from which it is not got out without particular application and trouble."

"There are two circumstances attending this little utensil which seem to bespeak it of considerable age: the roughness of the workmanship, which is in all respects as rude and course as can be well imagined, and the awkwardness of the form."

So little is known of the comparatively recent introduction of snuffers into this country, that the above illustration will be acceptable to the observer of domestic origins and antiquities. See also *Mirror*, vol. xi. p. 74.

The Key, annexed, was the property of Mr. Gough, the eminent topographer, and is supposed to have been used as a passport by some of the family of Stawel, whose arms it bears.

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LINES

ADDRESSED TO A PARTY OF YOUNG LADIES VISITING THE CATACOMBS AT PARIS.

(From the French of M. Emanuel Dupaty.)

BY E. B. IMPEY, ESQ.

While life is young and pleasure new,
Ah! why the shades of Death explore?
Better, ere May's sweet prime is o'er,
The primrose path of joy pursue:
The torch, the lamps' sepulchral fire,
Their paleness on your charms impress,
And glaring on your loveliness,
Death mocks what living eyes desire.
Approach! the music of your tread
No longer bids the cold heart beat:
For ruling Beauty boasts no seat
Of empire o'er the senseless dead!
Yet, if their lessons profit aught,
Ponder, or ere ye speed away,
Those feet o'er flowers were form'd to stray,
No death-wrought causeway, grimly wrought,
Of ghastly bones and mould'ring clay.
To gayer thoughts and scenes arise;
Nor ever veil those sun-bright eyes
From sight of bliss and light of day—
Save when in pity to mankind
Love's fillet o'er their lids ye bind.

HOLLAND.

Holland derives its name from the German word *Hohl*, synonymous with the English term hollow, and denoting a concave, or very hollow, low country.

This country originally formed part of the territory of the Belgæ, conquered by the Romans, 47 years before Christ. A sovereignty, founded by Thierry, first Count of Holland, A.D. 868, continued till the year 1417, when it passed, by surrender, to the Duke of Burgundy. In 1534, being oppressed by the Bishop of Utrecht, the people ceded the country to Spain. The Spanish tyranny being insupportable, they revolted, and formed the republic called the United Provinces, by the Union of Utrecht, 1579. When they were expelled the Low Countries by the Duke of Alva, they retired to England; and having equipped a small fleet of forty sail, under the command of Count Lumay, they sailed towards this coast—being called, in derision, "*gueux*," or *beggars of the sea*. Upon the duke's complaining to Queen Elizabeth, that they were pirates, she compelled them to leave England; and accordingly they set sail for Enckhuysen; but the wind being unfavourable, they accidentally steered towards the isle of Voorn, attacked the town of Briel, took possession of it, and made it the first asylum of their liberty.

In 1585, a treaty was concluded between the States of Holland and Queen Elizabeth; and Briel was one of the cautionary towns delivered into her hands for securing the fulfilment of their engagements. It was garrisoned by the English during her reign, and part of the next, but restored to the States in 1616.

The office of Stadtholder, or Captain-General of the United Provinces, was made hereditary in the Prince of Orange's family, not excepting females, 1747. A revolt was formed, but prevented by the Prussians, 1787. The country was invaded by the French in 1793, who took possession of it January, 1795, and expelled the Stadtholder: it was erected into a kingdom by the commands of Buonaparte, and the title of king given to his brother Louis, June 5, 1806. Its changes since this period are familiar to the reader of contemporary history.

Lord Chesterfield, in his *Letters to his Son*, says—"Holland, where you are going, is by far the finest and richest of the Seven United Provinces, which, altogether, form the republic. The other provinces are Guelderland, Zealand, Friesland, Utrecht, Groningen, and Overyssel. These seven provinces form what is called the States-General of the United Provinces: this is a very powerful, and a very considerable republic. I must tell you that a republic is a free state, without any king. You will go first to the Hague, which is the most beautiful village in the world, for it is not a town. Amsterdam, reckoned the capital of the United Provinces, is a very fine, rich city. There are besides in Holland several considerable towns—such as Dort, Haerlem, Leyden, Delft, and Rotterdam. You will observe throughout Holland the greatest cleanliness: the very streets are cleaner than our houses are here. Holland carries on a very great trade, particularly to China, Japan, and all over the East Indies."

P. T. W.

THE HAWTHORN WELL.

[The following lines are associated with a singular species of popular superstition which may in some measure, explain the "pale cast of thought" that pervades them. They are written by a native of Northumberland. "The Hawthorn Well," was a *Rag Well*, and so called from persons formerly leaving rags there for the cure of certain diseases. Bishop Hall, in his Triumphs of Rome, ridicules a superstitious prayer of the Popish Church for the "blessing of clouts in the way of cure of diseases;" and Mr. Brand asks, "Can it have originated thence?" He further observes:—"this absurd custom is not extinct even at this day: I have formerly frequently observed shreds or bits of rag upon the bushes that overhang a well in the road to Benton, a village in the vicinity of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which, from that circumstance, is now or was very lately called *The Rag Well*. This name is undoubtedly of long standing: probably it has been visited for some disease or other, and these rag-offerings are the relics of the then prevailing popular superstition."—*Brand's Popular Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 270.]

"From hill, from dale, each charm is fled;
"Groves, flocks, and fountains, please no more."

No joy, nor hope, no pleasure, nor its dream,
Now cheers my heart. The current of my life
Seems settled to a dull, unruffled lake,
Deep sunk 'midst gloomy rocks and barren hills;
Which tempests only stir and clouds obscure;
Unbrightened by the cheerful beam of day,
Unbreathed on by the gentle western breeze,
Which sweeps o'er pleasant meads and through the woods,

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Stirring the leaves which seem to dance with joy.
No more the beauteous landscape in its pride
Of summer loveliness—when every tree
Is crowned with foliage, and each blooming flower
Speaks by its breath its presence though unseen—
For me has charms; although in early days,
Ere care and grief had dulled the sense of joy,
No eye more raptured gazed upon the scene
Of woody dell, green slope, or heath-clad hill;
Nor ear with more delight drank in the strains
Warbled by cheerful birds from every grove,
Or thrilled by larks up-springing to the sky.

From the hill side—where oft in tender youth
I strayed, when hope, the sunshine of the mind,
Lent to each lovely scene a double charm
And tinged all objects with its golden hues—
There gushed a spring, whose waters found their way
Into a basin of rude stone below.
A thorn, the largest of its kind, still green
And flourishing, though old, the well o'erhung;
Receiving friendly nurture at its roots
From what its branches shaded; and around
The love-lorn primrose and wild violet grew,
With the faint bubbling of that limpid fount.

Here oft the shepherd came at noon-tide heat
And sat him down upon the bank of turf
Beneath the thorn, to eat his humble meal
And drink the crystal from that cooling spring.
Here oft at evening, in that placid hour
When first the stars appear, would maidens come
To fill their pitchers at the Hawthorn Well,
Attended by their swains; and often here
Were heard the cheerful song and jocund laugh
Which told of heart-born gladness, and awoke
The slumbering echoes in the distant wood.

But now the place is changed. The pleasant path,
Which wound so gently up the mountain side
Is overgrown with bent and russet heath;
The thorn is withered to a moss-clad stump,
And the fox kennels where the turf-bank rose!
The primrose and wild violet now no more
Spread their soft fragrance round. The hollow stone
Is rent and broken; and the spring is dry!
* * *
But yesterday I passed the spot, in thought
Enwrapped—unlike the fancies which played round
My heart in life's sweet morning, bright and brief:
And as I stood and gazed upon the change,
Methought a voice low whispered in my ear:
"Thy destiny is linked with that low spring;
Its course is changed, and so for aye shall be
The tenor of thy life; and anxious cares,
And fruitless wishes, springing without hope,
Shall rankle round thy heart, like those foul weeds
Which now grow thick where flow'rets bloomed anew:—
Like to that spring, thy fount of joy is dry!"

LINES

*From the Italian of Scipione Maffei.**

BY E. B. IMPEY.

Quivi qual foste gia, non qual sarete.
Con diletto mirando, in onta agli anni
Vostre belle sembianze ancor vedrete.

Scorn not, dear maid, this fond but faithful lay,
That pictures, on no perishable page,
Thy beauties, rescued from the spoils of age,
To live and blossom with thy poet's bay:
For when remorseless Time brings on decay,
When the loath'd mirror shall no more engage
Thy smiles, distorted into grief and rage,
Alas! to think that youth must pass away—
Then in these lines contented shalt thou trace,
As in a lovelier glass, thy lasting charms,
Not as they shall be, but as now they grace,
Fresh in the bud of youth, these circling arms.

* The Marchese Scipione Maffei was a native of Verona, contemporary with Gio. Baptista Felice Zappi, Vincenzio di Filicaja, and other Italian poets, who associated themselves together in an academy, which they entitled Arcadia. The pastoral name conferred upon the Marquess was Orillo Barentatico. *Vide Rime degli Arcadi, Venice,* MDCCLXXIX.

LAWS RELATING TO BACHELORS.

(To the Editor.)

At page 53 of the present volume, your Correspondent "E. J. H." in his remarks on "Laws relating to Bachelors," states at the conclusion thereof as follows:—

"In England, bachelors are not left to go forgotten to their solitary graves. There was a tax laid on them by the 7th William III., after the 25th year of their age, which was 12*l.* 10*s.* for a duke, and 1*s.* for a commoner. At present they are taxed by an extra duty upon their servants—for a male, 1*l.* 5*s.*, for a female, 2*s.* 6*d.* above the usual duties leviable upon servants."

Your Correspondent certainly must be in error upon these points, as the additional duty to which bachelors in England are liable under the present Tax Acts, for a male servant, is only 1*l.* (the usual duty leviable for such servant being 1*l.* 4*s.*); and there is not, that I am aware of, any law in existence in England taxing any person in respect of female servants.

R. J.

Alton, Hants.

The Naturalist.

DEER OF NORTH AMERICA, AND THE MODE OF HUNTING THEM.

(From Featherstonehaugh's Journal.)

Deer are more abundant than at the first settlement of the country. They increase to a certain extent with the population. The reason of this appears to be, that they find protection in the neighbourhood of man from the beasts of prey that assail them in the wilderness, and from whose attacks their young particularly can with difficulty escape. They suffer most from the wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chace until a deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log-cabin in one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very nearly in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain: then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction;—now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we would almost hear the sobs of the exhausted deer;—and again it would be borne away, and lost in the distance. We have passed nearly whole nights in listening to such sounds; and once we saw a deer dash through the yard, and immediately past the door at which we sat, followed by his

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audacious pursuers, who were but a few yards in his rear.—Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for their hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export; the former are purchased from the hunters at 25 cents a pair, the latter at 20 cents a pound. In our villages we purchase for our tables the saddle of venison, with the hams attached, for 37½ cents, which would be something like one cent a pound.—There are several ways of hunting deer, all of which are equally simple. Most frequently the hunter proceeds to the woods on horseback, in the day-time, selecting particularly certain hours, which are thought to be most favourable. It is said, that, during the season when the pastures are green, this animal rises from his lair precisely at the rising of the moon, whether in the day or night; and I suppose the fact to be so, because such is the testimony of experienced hunters. If it be true, it is certainly a curious display of animal instinct. This hour is therefore always kept in view by the hunter, as he rides slowly through the forest, with his rifle on his shoulder, while his keen eye penetrates the surrounding shades. On beholding a deer, the hunter slides from his horse, and, while the deer is observing the latter, creeps upon him, keeping the largest trees between himself and the object of pursuit, until he gets near enough to fire. An expert woodsman seldom fails to hit his game. It is extremely dangerous to approach a wounded deer. Timid and harmless as this animal is at other times, he no sooner finds himself deprived of the power of flight, than he becomes furious, and rushes upon his enemy, making desperate plunges with his sharp horns, and striking and trampling furiously with his forelegs, which, being extremely muscular and armed with sharp hoofs, are capable of inflicting very severe wounds. Aware of this circumstance, the hunter approaches him with caution, and either secures his prey by a second shot, where the first has been but partially successful, or, as is more frequently the case, causes his dog to seize the wounded animal, while he watches his own opportunity to stab him with his hunting-knife. Sometimes where a noble buck is the victim, and the hunter is impatient or inexperienced, terrible conflicts ensue on such occasions. Another mode is to watch at night, in the neighbourhood of the salt-licks. These are spots where the earth is impregnated with saline particles, or where the salt-water oozes through the soil. Deer and other grazing animals frequent such places, and remain for hours licking the earth. The hunter secretes himself here, either in the thick top of a tree, or most generally in a screen erected for the purpose, and artfully concealed, like a mask-battery, with logs or green boughs. This practice is pursued only in the summer, or early in the autumn, in cloudless nights, when the moon shines brilliantly, and objects may be readily discovered. At the rising of the moon, or shortly after, the deer having risen from their beds approach the lick. Such places are generally denuded of timber, but surrounded by it; and as the animal is about to emerge from the shade into the clear moon-light, he stops, looks cautiously around and snuffs the air. Then he advances a few steps, and stops again, smells the ground, or raises his expanded nostrils, as if "he snuffed the approach of danger in every tainted breeze." The hunter sits motionless, and almost breathless, waiting until the animal shall get within rifle-shot, and until its position, in relation to the hunter and the light, shall be favourable, when he fires with an unerring aim. A few deer only can be thus taken in one night, and after a few nights, these timorous animals are driven from the haunts which are thus disturbed. Another method is called *driving*, and is only practised in those parts of the country where this kind of game is scarce, and where hunting is pursued as an amusement. A large party is made up, and the hunters ride forward with their dogs. The hunting ground is selected, and as it is pretty well known what tracts are usually taken by the deer when started, an individual is placed at each of those passages to intercept the retreating animal. The scene of action being in some measure, surrounded, small parties advance with the dogs in different directions, and the startled deer, in flying, generally fly by some of the persons who are concealed, and who fire at them as they pass.

WOLVES OF NORTH AMERICA.

(From Featherstonehaugh's Journal.)

Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds: the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large, fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey, but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream, which the buffaloes were in the habit of crossing, and, when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it

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and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their raveneus appetites. When tempted by hunger, they approach the farm-houses in the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family. Our heroic females have sometimes shot them under such circumstances. The smell of burning assafœtida has a remarkable effect upon this animal. If a fire be made in the woods, and a portion of this drug thrown into it, so as to saturate the atmosphere with the odour, the wolves, if any are within the reach of the scent, immediately assemble around, howling in the most mournful manner; and such is the remarkable fascination under which they seem to labour, that they will often suffer themselves to be shot down rather than quit the spot. Of the very few instances of their attacking human beings of which we have heard, the following may serve to give some idea of their habits. In very early times, a Negro man was passing in the night in the lower part of Kentucky from one settlement to another. The distance was several miles, and the country over which he travelled entirely unsettled. In the morning, his carcass was found entirely stripped of flesh. Near it lay his axe, covered with blood, and all around, the bushes were beaten down, the ground trodden, and the number of foot-tracts so great, as to show that the unfortunate victim had fought long and manfully. On following his track, it appeared that the wolves had pursued him for a considerable distance; and that he had often turned upon them and driven them back. Several times they had attacked him, and been repelled, as appeared by the blood and tracks. He had killed some of them before the final onset, and in the last conflict had destroyed several; his axe was his only weapon. The *prairie wolf* is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habits, or residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance this animal is mid-way between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs calves, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between this animal and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large, black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia. Several years ago, an agricultural society, which was established at the seat of government, offered a large premium to the person who should kill the greatest number of wolves in one year. The legislature, at the same time offered a bounty for each wolf-scalp that should be taken. The consequence was, that the expenditure for wolf-scalps became so great, as to render it necessary to repeal the law. These animals, although still numerous, and troublesome to the farmer, are greatly decreased in number, and are no longer dangerous to man. We know of no instances in late years of a human being having been attacked by wolves.

CEDAR TREES.

THERE are now growing on the grounds of Greenfield Lodge, two cedar trees of the immense height of 150 feet; the girth of one is 11 ft. 7 in. and its branches extend 50 feet; the girth of the other is 8 ft. 7 in.—*Chester Chronicle.*

GIGANTIC WHALE.

THE skeleton of the whalebone whale which was cast ashore at North Berwick last year, and whose measurement so far exceeds the ordinary dimensions of animated nature as positively to require to be seen before being believed, is now in course of preparation, and we believe will be set up in such a manner as to enable scientific men to examine it with every advantage. The baleen (commonly called whalebone) has been prepared with infinite care and trouble, and will be placed in its original section in the palate. If there be one part more remarkable than another, it is the appearance of the baleen, or whalebone, when occupying its natural position; the prodigious quantity (upwards of two tons), and, at the same time, mechanical beauty connected with every part of the unique mass, rendering it beyond the power of language to describe, or give the slightest idea of it. The skull, or brainbone, was divided vertically, with a view to convenience in moving the head (this portion of the skeleton weighing eight tons). This section displayed the cavity for containing the brain; and thus some knowledge of the sentient and leading organ of an animal, the dimensions of whose instruments of motion fill the mind with astonishment, will at last be obtained. Results, unexpected, we believe, by most anatomists were arrived at. The cavity (a cast of which will be submitted to the anatomical public) was gauged or measured in the manner first invented and recommended by Sir William Hamilton, and under that gentleman's immediate inspection; the weight of the brain, estimated in this way, amounts to 54 lb. imperial weight. The brain of the small whalebone whale, examined by Mr.

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Hunter (the specimen was only 17 feet long), weighed about 4 lb. 10 oz.; the brain of the elephant weighs between 6 lb. and 7 lb.; the human brain from 3 lb. to 4 lb. The total length of the whale was 80 feet; and although Captain Scoresby mentions one which he heard of which was said to measure somewhat more than 100 feet, it is extremely probable that this measurement had not been taken correctly. The whale examined by Sir Robert Sibbald, nearly a century ago, measured exactly 78 feet; "fourteen men could stand at one time in the mouth; when the tide rose, a small boat full of men entered easily."—*Scotsman.*

[The total length of the whale found dead on the coast of Belgium, in 1827, and whose skeleton was exhibited in London, during last year, was 95 feet.—See *Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 104.]

FALLS OF THE GENESEE.

[Mr. Fergusson, in his Notes made during a visit to the United States and Canada, in 1831, thus refers to the Genesee Falls, engraved in No. 562 of *The Mirror*, p. 97 of the present volume.]

Rochester is well known to all who take an interest in America, as a remarkable instance of what may be done in the way of transition, and as exhibiting in its streets a perfect sample of the progress from stumps to steeples. It is certainly an interesting place, and presents a busy scene of manufacturing and commercial enterprise. My time being limited, I immediately procured a *cicerone*, and proceeded to walk over the town, concluding with the banks of the river, where there is a powerful fall upon the Genesee, about 90 feet in height, forming a most romantic scene, and which may be fairly denominated the parent of Rochester, as the mill power which it supplies has brought the whole affair into existence. There are also sulphur springs and baths in the town of some repute.

A splendid aqueduct carries the canal here across the river by ten arches. It is also at present in contemplation to unite the Genesee and Alleghany rivers, by a canal of more than 100 miles in extent, and which would open up a valuable trade with the upper part of the Ohio Valley. I have no doubt that it will be carried into effect, or perhaps a railroad substituted. Close upon the verge of the precipice at the fall, is observed a small islet or green knoll, from whence poor Sam Patch took his final plunge. Sam, it would seem, was no subscriber to the tenets of the Temperance Society, for upon this occasion his perceptions were far from being clear; and having neglected to spring in his usual adroit style, the unlucky wight never again appeared. The interest which this poor creature excited, both here and at Niagara, was astonishing. His very exit (than which nothing could be more natural) was considered somewhat mysterious, as his body was not found; and some time subsequent to the event, a fellow of a waggish disposition happening to be accidentally in that part of the country, and hearing, it is said, a singular resemblance to Patch, was stopped by a Rochester-man on the road, and questioned on the subject. The stranger immediately saw a fair opening for fun, and, *after some hesitation, reluctantly confessed* that he was actually *Sam himself;* but that, for particular reasons, his being alive must be kept a profound secret, until a day he named, when he would make a public appearance in Rochester, and that he trusted to the fidelity of the person who had discovered him not to mention the circumstance, meantime, to any living being. *As a matter of course*, it was speedily confided, in like manner, to the whole population; and on the appointed day, crowds assembled to laugh at the credulity of one another. A poor tradesman of the town had taken wilfully the same fatal leap, only on the day preceding my visit. Many of the poor Indians are lost over the fall, when rum has been in plenty. A squaw was observed upon one occasion, with her canoe absorbed in the current, and she herself utterly insensible to the danger. Warned at last by loud exclamations from the banks, she roused herself, only to behold the frightful chasm before her, when, perceiving all hope of escape to be vain, and every effort fruitless, she coolly finished off the contents of her bottle, and plunged into the abyss.—See *Quart. Journ. Agric.* No. 18.

Anecdote Gallery.

SATIN STONE NECKLACES.

These beautiful ornaments of polished fluor-spar—first made and brought into fashion, we believe, by the late Mr. Mawe, of the Strand—are even more appreciated by our Gallic neighbours than by ourselves. We have been in society where the attention and admiration of a gallant French gentleman was ludicrously divided between the attractions of a lady's face and her satin-stone necklace. Some years since, the Duchess de Berri, it is said, purchased various ornaments of this description and material, to a considerable amount, which she wore, either upon, or immediately subsequent to, her marriage. On the fatal night of the Duke de Berri's assassination, the Duchess happened (so goes the story) to be wearing one of these identical purchases; and, in consequence, upon the anniversary of her widowhood, and on other occasions when peculiarly depressed in spirits, never fails to put on a satin-stone necklace, as a memento of the hours of her

bridal and deprivation. Louis XVIII. purchased, when in England, a large stock of these delicate, white necklaces, which, on returning to France, he disposed of amongst his admiring fair *noblesse*, by gift or purchase.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.

DIFFERENT versions of the following anecdotes, respecting Mr. G——— (an English officer), may be abroad, but we give them as detailed to us:—

Mr. G——, a young English *militaire* of fashion and spirit, not a great while since, had the fortune to fight a couple of duels in Paris, under circumstances rather curious. He was acquainted with a French gentleman, whom nature had endowed with more tongue than with discretion and good principles;—in fact, it came to the ears of Mr. G——, that the loquacious Gaul was a revolutionist in politics, a professed atheist in religion, and (how could it happen otherwise?) a man devoid of the most ordinary principles of honour, probity, and social decencies. He was in the habit of slandering and vituperating, in the most violent manner; and, in the well-thronged *cafés* and *salons* of the French capital, not only his *bon ami* Mr. G——, but everything and everybody *English*, until our young officer, provoked by his insolence beyond all patience, taking the advice of a friend, challenged him. The Gaul, affecting to be highly irritated, at first protested that "he would never consent to *degrade* himself by fighting any of the d—d English;" and, with horrid imprecations, parodied Caligula's memorable malice, by wishing that "all the cursed members of that infernal nation were but one body, which he might destroy at a shot!" However, that no imputation might rest on his courage, he consented to meet his adversary—for whom, by the way, he expressed the most thorough contempt—next morning, at the *Bois de Boulogne*. They met; and this miserable man received the reward of his perfidy and malice, by a ball through his heart!

Some days after this affair, Mr. G—— being grossly insulted by another French gentleman—a notorious duellist, and, if we mistake not, an ally of the deceased—felt himself obliged to notice the affront in a similar manner. Monsieur —— treated the challenge with supreme contempt, begged to assure Mr. G—— that he was a dead man if they met, but professed himself much at his service if he was really bent on quitting this world, and thought the most appropriate spot for so doing would be the *Champs d'Elysées*. Thither next morning the parties repaired. Mr. G—— found his antagonist already on the ground, and amusing himself by firing at a mark: viz.—his glove, attached to the branch of a tree, which he shot at with such precision as to send his bullet, at every successive trial, through the aperture in the glove made by the first. Monsieur was, in truth, a splendid and formidable marksman. Mr. G——, in preparing for the duel, happening to cast his eyes on his adversary, perceived that he had slily placed his arm in such a position, as must ensure, on the *honourable* gentleman's fire, the fulfilment of his vaunt to make him "a dead man." No time was to be lost; the young Englishman's life depended upon dispatch; and, instantly firing, he proved himself as good a marksman as Monsieur ——, by sending his ball, with the utmost precision, through the wily manœuvrer's elbow, from whence it passed into his side; and he dropped down, disabled, if not dead. Thus did British spirit twice humble, in a remarkable manner, French insolence and presumption!

A DISTINCTION.

"LA-A-DY * *," exclaimed a certain Colonel, in that very original Scotch brogue which a long acquaintance with the world has not tended in any degree to diminish, "alloo me to introduce you to my brother, Carnal M— —." "What!" asked the lady, "are you both Colonels?" "Oo—ay—La-a-dy * *, that are we, in troth; but the daff'rence is this, my brother, you see, is *Carnal*" (Lieutenant-colonel he intended to express), "and *I*—am *fool* Carnal!" M. L. B.

Manners and Customs.

PETER PENCE

WERE an ancient levy, or tax, of a penny on each house throughout England, paid to the Pope. It was called *Peter-pence* because collected on the day of *St. Peter ad vincula*. By the Saxons it was called *Rome-feoh—i.e.* the fee of Rome; and also *Rome-scot*, and *Rome-pennying*, because collected and sent to Rome;—and lastly, it was called *Hearth-money*, because every dwelling-house was liable to it, provided there were thirty-pence *vivæ pecuniæ* belonging to it;—nay, and every religious house, the Abbey of St. Alban's alone excepted.

This Peter-pence was at first given as a pension, or alms, by Ina, king of the West Saxons, in the year 727, being then in pilgrimage at Rome; and the like was done by Offa, king of the Mercians, throughout his dominions, in 794; and afterwards by Ethelwulph, through the whole kingdom, in the year 855.

It was not intended as a tribute to the Pope, but chiefly for the support of the English school, or college, at Rome. The popes, however, shared it with the college, and at length found means to appropriate it to themselves.

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At first it was only an occasional contribution; but it became at last a standing tax, being established by the laws of King Canute, Edward the Confessor, the Conqueror, &c. The bishops, who were charged with the collecting it, employed the rural deans and archdeacons therein.

Edward III. first forbade the payment; but it soon after returned, and continued till the time of Henry VIII., when Polydore Virgil resided here as the Pope's receiver general. It was abolished under that prince, and restored again under Philip and Mary; but it was finally prohibited under Queen Elizabeth. WALTER E. C.

POPISH RELICS.

ERE the bright dawn of the Reformation lighted upon England, the furniture of churches appears, from ancient records, to have been of a splendid description; and vast sums are stated to have been lavished upon the images of saints, &c. Great Saint Mary's Chapel, Cambridge, is in the possession of an inventory of the goods and chattels possessed by that ancient edifice in the 19th year of Henry VII., of which the folrowing is a transcript:—

"*Item*—A coat of tawney damask, purfled with velvet, appertaining to our Lady.

"*Item*—A coat for her son, of the same satin, purfled with black velvet, and spangled with gold.

"*Item*—A relic, called a box of silver with the oil of St. Nicholas.

"*Item*—Another little box of silver, with a bone of St. Lawrence.

"*Item*—A shoe of silver for the image of our Lady, and a piece of a penny, weighing in all two ounces in a box.

"*Item*—An image of our Lady and her Son, of copper and gilt, with a chrystal stone.

"*Item—A collar of gold* for to hang about our Lady's neck, of nine links in the collar.

"*Item*—A cap of black velvet, with fine pearl, for our Lady's son.

"*Item*—Two maces for St. Edmund.

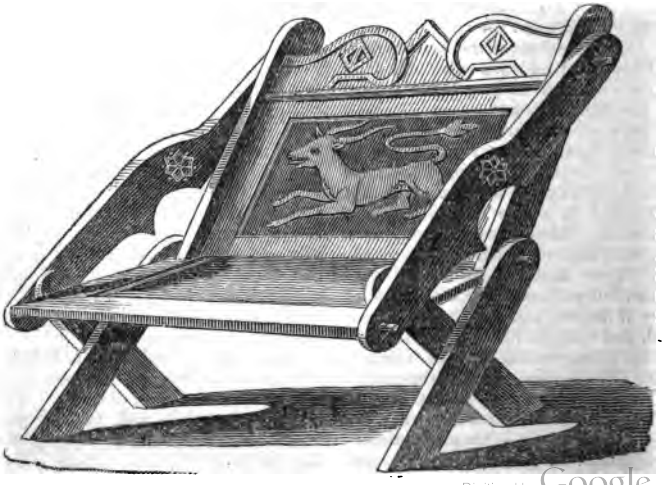
"*Item*—Three small crowns for St. Katherine.

"*Item*—A cross and staff for St. Nicholas."

The orthography of this extract has been modernized, but the *idiom* (if any) has been retained. JUVENIS.

ANCIENT CHAIR.

THIS curious relic is traditionally called *the Prior's Chair*, and belonged to the priory of Southwick, which formerly stood near Portsmouth, in Hampshire. It is made of oak, its several parts being fastened together with small wooden pegs. On the back of the chair, within a square panel, is carved an animal somewhat resembling a buck, which was probably the armorial bearing of the prior; as it was anciently, and is now, the custom to carve or paint on chairs placed in halls or other conspicuous places, the crest or arms of the proprietor. Above the panel are two mitres, and on each side of the arms of the chair is a rose, ornamented with rays issuing from its centre. This ancient specimen of furniture is extremely interesting as a specimen of the mechanical ingenuity of the age in which it was constructed, and as the only vestige of the establishment to which it was annexed. Upon part of the Priory buildings being taken down, a few years since, the Chair with other old furniture found on the premises, was sold by auction, when it was rescued from the hands of a person who was bidding for it as a smoking chair, by a gentleman, who allowed a drawing to be taken of it. Of the Priory of South-



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wick very scanty information is to be obtained: no mention of it is to be found in the *Monasticon*: but Sir Robert Atkyns, in his history of Gloucestershire, says that it was founded by Henry I. and dedicated to St. Mary. It was for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine. The last prior surrendered this convent on the 7th of April, 1539: it was valued in the catalogue of religious houses at 257*l.*

ANTIQUE KNIFE-HANDLE.

(*Handle.*)

THIS was found about 20 years since, at the manor-house of Lake, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire. The handle consists of two figures, a warrior and a female: it was probably the haft of a small knife or dagger, is made of brass, and considering its great antiquity, is in good preservation. The features of the figures are the parts mostly injured by wear; the female holds in the right hand a small bag or purse, the custom of carrying which fell into disuse in the days of Queen Elizabeth. This ancient haft is, however, most likely of an age considerably anterior to the above reign, and from the costume in general, and the simple cross hilt of the sword attached to the warrior's side, it may not unjustly claim a date coeval with the Crusades.

ANCIENT BELL.

THIS Bell, as the motto (*God save the Queen*, 1560,) explains, is of the age of Elizabeth. The handle is of considerably older date, and probably belonged to a mass-bell, as it bears the effigies of a devotee, holding her beads, and a cross. Indeed, the prayer for the Queen, on the Bell, in English, would indicate its subsequent age. This curious relic was a few years since in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Crutwell, a name distinguished in topographical and antiquarian literature.

FALCONRY TENURE.

THE manorial rights of Comberton, in the county of Cambridge, were formerly held by the lord, being the keeper of the king's falcons. A record of the year 1374 says, that the manor was held "by the service of carrying a goshawk at *coronations*."—JUVENIS.

The Public Journals.

FUNERAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

(*Abridged from Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*)

WHEN we arrived at the ford, which gave its fancied name to the poet's dwelling, we found the silver Tweed sparkling merrily along, as if all things were as they were wont to be. The young woods before us, and the towers, and gables, and pinnacles of the mansion, were smiling beneath the mellowing rays of the September sun, as if unconscious that the master-spirit which called them into being had for ever fled from them. The sound of wheels came on the ear at intervals, rushing from different directions, and indicating the frequent arrival of carriages; yet when we, availing ourselves of the open doors, had taken our well-known way through the garden, and passed beneath the Gothic screen that might have vied with the Beautiful Gate of the Temple itself, and on into the court-yard in front of the house, we were surprised to find it deserted and lonely. Before any one came to interrupt us, we had leisure to gaze around, and to wonder at the great growth of the trees and shrubs since we had last beheld them; and as we did so, the venerable shade of him who had last walked

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there with us, filled our imagination and our eyes—shifted with them as they shifted;—and as it glided around us, it recalled to our full hearts a thousand pleasing and touching recollections. But our dreams were at length abruptly broken, by the appearance of some of our acquaintances, who issued from the house; and the sight of their weeds of woe immediately recalled our thoughts to the garb of grief which we also wore, and to the sad object of our present visit.

Passing through the Gothic hall, we met with no one till we entered the library, where we found a considerable circle of gentlemen already assembled: these were chiefly from the neighbouring districts; but there were a few whom we recognised as having come from Edinburgh, and other places equally distant. Obscured within the shadow of one of the book-cases, we remained ruminating as if we had been absolutely alone, until we were interrupted by a summons to the drawing-room, where certain refreshments were prepared for those who had any inclination to partake of them. But we must confess our natural antipathy to all such mournful feasts; we therefore declined to join in this; and after catching, as well as our position near the door allowed us to do, a few stray sentences of a prayer, which was feelingly offered up by the parish clergyman, we became so oppressed by the heat of the room, that we ventured to steal away to enjoy the air in the porch.

That porch was soon tenanted in our imagination by that venerable ideal image which we had been all this while courting to our side. With it we continued to hold sacred communion—with it we looked, as we had formerly done with the reality, on the effigy of *Maida*;* and the harsh truth that Maida's master was now as cold as Maida itself, went rudely home to our hearts. But footsteps came slowly and heavily treading through the small armoury: they were those of the servants of the deceased, who, with full eyes, and yet fuller hearts, came reverently bearing the body of him whose courteous welcome had made that very porch so cheerful to us. We were the only witnesses of this usually unheeded part of the funeral duties: accident had given to us a privilege which was lost to the crowd within. We instinctively uncovered our heads, and stood subdued by an indescribable feeling of awe as the corpse was carried outwards; and we felt grateful, that it had thus fallen to our lot to behold the departure of these the honoured and precious remains of Sir Walter Scott from the house of Abbotsford, where all his earthly affections had been centered. The coffin was plain and unpretending, covered with black cloth, and having an ordinary plate on it, with this inscription, "Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart., aged 62." "Alas!" said we, as we followed the precious casket across the courtyard—"alas! have these been the limits of so valuable a life?"

Having followed the coffin until we saw it deposited in the hearse, which stood on the outside of the great gate of the courtyard, we felt ourselves unequal to returning into the apartment where the company were assembled; and we continued to loiter about, seeking for points of recollection which might strengthen the chain of association we wished to indulge in. Our attention was attracted, by observing the window of the study open, and we were led to look within, impelled by no idle or blameable curiosity, but rather like a pilgrim approaching the shrine where his warmest adoration has ever been paid. But, alas! the deep tones of the venerable old Principal Baird, whose voice was heard in earnest and impressive prayer, came upon us through an opposite door, from the library beyond; and the affecting allusions which he uttered again brought us back to the afflicting truth, that Sir Walter Scott was gone from us for ever!

The prayer was no sooner ended, than the company began to issue from the house. The carriages had been previously assembled on the haugh below, and were so arranged there, that they drove up in a continued line; and as each passed the great gateway, it took up its owners, and then proceeded. There certainly were not less than seventy gentlemen's carriages of all descriptions, two-wheeled as well as four-wheeled,—besides which there were a number of horsemen. The public road runs along the face of the hill, immediately above the house, in a direction from west to east; and the avenue leading from the gate of the courtyard runs up the hill in a westerly direction, entering the public road so obliquely as to produce a very awkward turn for carriages going eastward towards Melrose. Until we had passed this point some little way we could form no notion of the extent of the procession; but when we were thus enabled to form some judgment of it, we perceived that it had extended itself over about a mile of road.

Ere yet we had left the immediate vicinity of the house, we discovered a mournful group of women-servants weeping behind the hedge on our left, whither they had hurried to take their last look of that hearse which was carrying to the grave a kind and indulgent master, whose like they had no hope ever to look upon again.

The elevation of the road on the hill-side was such as to give us a full view of the valley, and we could observe that the summit of many of the little knolls at a distance, even those beyond the Tweed, were covered with small clusters of rustic gazers, all intent

* A celebrated stag-hound, which Sir Walter received from Glengarry.

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upon a spectacle equally calculated to move persons of every rank and description; and every now and then we found a little knot of spectators assembled by the way-side, whose motionless countenances and unbroken silence sufficiently testified the nature of their feelings.

As we approached the neat little village of Darnick, our attention was forcibly arrested by a very striking token of woe. On the top of an ancient tower—one of those, we believe, which Sir Walter has rendered classical—was placed a flag-staff, from which depended a broad, black banner of crape, or some other light material. There was not a breath of air to stir the film of a gossamer, so that light as the material seemed to be, it hung heavy and motionless—a sad and simple emblem, that eloquently spoke the general village sorrow. This we found more particularly expressed in detail, as we passed through the little place, by the many minuter insignia of mourning which the individual inhabitants had put on the fronts of their houses and shops—by the suspension of business—and by the respectful manner in which the young and the old, and people of both sexes, stood silently and reverently before their respective dwellings, wrapt in that all-absorbing sorrow which told how deeply he that was gone had rooted himself in their affections. When the hearse drew near to his own Melrose, the bell tolled sadly from the steeple of the church; and as we entered the street, we saw that here, as elsewhere, the inhabitants had vied with each other in unaffected and unpretending demonstrations of their individual affliction. In the little market-place we found the whole male population assembled, all decently dressed in deep mourning, drawn up in two lines, and standing with their hats off, silent and motionless. The effect of the procession when crossing the Fly Bridge over the Tweed, and still more when winding around that high and long sweep of the road which is immediately opposite to the promontory of Old Melrose, was extremely striking and picturesque; and the view, looking back from the high ground towards the Eildon hills and Melrose, over the varied vale of the Tweed, till the eye was arrested by the distant mountains, then seen under a rich Claude effect; and the devious course of the river, betrayed by fragments of water that sparkled here and there amid the yellow stubbles and green pastures, was exquisitely beautiful. But nothing gave so much interest to this glorious scene as the far-off woods of Abbotsford, then dimmed by the warm haze, and melting, as it were, from their reality, and so reminding us even yet more forcibly of the fleeting nature of all the things of this perishable world.

Having descended from our elevation, we entered the grounds of Dryburgh. These occupy a comparatively level space, embraced by a bold sweep of the Tweed, where the house of Dryburgh and the picturesque ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, standing about two hundred yards distant from it, are surrounded by groups of noble trees of all sorts, rare as well as common; and among them the cedar is seen to throw out his gigantic limbs with that freedom and vigour which could only be looked for on his native Lebanon. The hearse drew up close to the house of Dryburgh; and the company, having quitted their carriages, pressed eagerly towards it. Not one word was spoken; but, as if all had been under the influence of some simultaneous instinct, they decently and decorously formed themselves into two lines. The servants of the deceased, resolved that no hireling should lay hands on the coffin of their master, approached the hearse. Amongst these, the figure of the old coachman who had driven Sir Walter for so many years was peculiarly remarkable, reverentially bending to receive the coffin. No sooner did that black casket appear, which contains all that now remains of the most precious of Scotia's jewels, than, with downcast eyes and with countenances expressive of the deepest veneration, every individual present took off his hat. A moment's delay took place, whilst the faithful and attached servants were preparing to bear the body, and whilst the relatives were arranging themselves around it in the following order:—

HEAD.

Major Sir WALTER SCOTT, eldest son of the deceased.

RIGHT.	THE BODY.	LEFT.
CHARLES SCOTT, second Son.		J. G. LOCKHART, Esq., Son-in-Law.
CHARLES SCOTT, of Nesbitt, Cousin.		JAMES SCOTT, Esq., of Nesbitt, Cousin.
WILLIAM SCOTT, Esq., of Raeburn, Cousin.		ROBERT RUTHERFORD, Esq., W. S., Cousin.
Colonel RUSSELL, of Ashiesteel, Cousin.		HUGH SCOTT, Esq., of Harden.

FOOT.

WILLIAM KEITH, Esq., of Edinburgh.

When all were in their places, the bearers moved slowly forward, preceded by two mutes in long cloaks, carrying poles covered with crape; and no sooner had the coffin passed through the double line formed by the company, than the whole broke up, and followed in a thick press. At the head was the Rev. J. Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy, dressed in his canonicals as a clergyman of the Church of England; and on his left hand walked Mr. Cadell, the well-known publisher of the Waverley Works. There was a solemnity as well as a simplicity in the whole of this spectacle which we never witnessed on any former occasion. The long-robed mutes—the body, with its devotedly-attached and deeply-afflicted supporters and attendants—the clergyman, whose presence

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indicated the Christian belief and hopes of those assembled—and the throng of uncovered and reverential mourners stole along beneath the tall and umbrageous trees with a silence equal to that which is believed to accompany those visionary funerals which have their existence only in the superstitions of our country. The ruined Abbey disclosed itself through the trees; and we approached its western extremity, where a considerable portion of vaulted roof still remains to protect the poet's family place of interment, which opens to the sides in lofty Gothic arches, and is defended by a low rail of enclosure. At one extremity of it, a tall, thriving young cypress rears its spiral form. Creeping plants of different kinds, "with ivy never sere," have spread themselves very luxuriantly over every part of the Abbey. Amongst other decorations, we observed a plum-tree, which was, perhaps, at one period, a prisoner, chained to the solid masonry, but which having long since been emancipated, now threw out its wild, pendant branches, laden with purple fruit, ready to drop, as if emblematical of the ripening and decay of human life.

In such a scene as this, then, it was, that the coffin of Sir Walter Scott was set down on trestles placed outside the iron railing; and here that solemn service, beginning with those words so cheering to the souls of Christians, "I am the resurrection and the life," was solemnly read by Mr. Williams. The manly, soldier-like features of the chief mourner, on whom the eyes of sympathy were most naturally turned, betrayed at intervals the powerful efforts which he made to master his emotions, as well as the inefficiency of his exertions to do so. The other relatives who surrounded the bier were deeply moved; and amid the crowd of weeping friends no eye and no heart could be discovered that was not altogether occupied in that sad and impressive ceremonial which was so soon to shut from them for ever him who had been so long the common idol of their admiration, and of their best affections. * * *

It was not until the harsh sound of the hammers of the workmen who were employed to rivet those iron bars covering the grave to secure it from violation, had begun to echo from the vaulted roof, that some of us were called to the full conviction of the fact, that the earth had for ever closed over that form which we were wont to love and reverence; that eye which we had so often seen beaming with benevolence, sparkling with wit, or lighted up with a poet's phrenzy; those lips which we had so often seen monopolizing the attention of all listeners, or heard rolling out, with nervous accentuation, those powerful verses with which his head was continually teeming; and that brow, the perpetual throne of generous expression and liberal intelligence. Overwhelmed by the conviction of the afflicting truth, men moved away without parting salutation, singly, slowly, and silently. The day began to stoop down into twilight; and we, too, after giving a last parting survey to the spot where now repose the remains of our Scottish Shakspeare—a spot lovely enough to induce his sainted spirit to haunt and sanctify its shades—hastily tore ourselves away.

EFFECTS OF FASHIONABLE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS UPON SERVANTS AND TRADESMEN.

(*Concluded from page* 332.)

The operation of the habits of fashionable life upon the class of tradesmen whose custom lies in that direction, is not less injurious. People of fashion are for the most part improvident: but even when they are not so in the long run, it seems to be their pride to be wantonly and perversely disorderly in the conduct of their pecuniary transactions. The result of this to themselves is not here the point in question, although there are few things which in their effects are more certain to pervade the entire moral structure of the mind than habits of order and punctuality, especially in money matters; nor is there anything to which character and honour are more likely to give way than to pecuniary difficulties. But we would speak of the consequences to the tradesmen with whom they deal. In proportion to the delays which the tradesman has had to contend with in procuring payment of the account, is the degree of laxity with which he may expect to be favoured in the examination of the items; especially if he have not omitted the usual means of corrupting the fidelity of the servants. The accuracy of a bill of old date is not in general very easily ascertainable, and it would seem to be but an ungracious return for the accommodation which the creditor has afforded, if the debtor were to institute a very strict inquisition into the minutiæ of his claims. These considerations concur with the habitual carelessness and indolence of people of fashion, as inducements to them to lead their tradesmen into temptation.

Again, people of fashion, though (with occasional coarse exceptions) very *civil-spoken* to their tradesmen, are accustomed to show in their conduct an utter disregard of what amount of trouble, inconvenience, and vexation of spirit they may occasion, either by irregularity in paying their bills, by requiring incessant attendance, or by a thousand fanciful humours, changes of purpose, and fastidious objections. Possibly, indeed, they are very little aware of the amount of it; so inconsiderate are they of everything which is not made to dance before their eyes, or to appeal to their sensibilities through their senses. Their tradesmen, and the workmen whom their tradesmen employ, are compelled, those by the competition they encounter in,

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their business, these by the necessities of their situation in life, to submit to all the hardships and disquietudes which it is possible for fashionable caprice to impose, without showing any sign of disturbance or discontent; and because there is no outcry made, nor any pantomime exhibited, the fashionable customer may possibly conceive that he dispenses nothing but satisfaction among all with whom he deals. He rests assured, moreover, that if he gives more trouble and inconvenience than others *he pays for it;* the charges of the tradesmen of fashionable people being excessively high. Here, however there is a distinction to be taken. There is no doubt that all the fantastical plagues and preposterous caprices which the spirit of fashion can engender, will be submitted to for money; but he who supposes that the outward submission will be accompanied by no inward feelings of resentment or contempt, either is wholly ignorant of human nature, or grossly abuses his better judgment. Between customer and tradesman the balance is adjusted; between man and man there is an account which money will not settle. It is not indeed to be desired, that any class of men should be possessed with such a spirit of venal servility, as to be really insensible to the folly and oppression which enters into the exactions of fashionable caprice; or that, however compelled to be obsequious in manner, they should altogether lose their perception of what is due to common sense and to common consideration for others—

> "And by the body's action teach the mind
> A most inherent baseness."

If such be the actual result in some instances, then is that consequence still more to be regretted than the other.

Moreover, if the master-tradesmen are willing to sell themselves into this slavery, the consequence, to the much more numerous classes of apprentices and journeymen, remain to be taken into the account. The apprentices, at least, are not paid for the hardships which ensue to them. There is an occurrence mentioned by George Alexander Steevens, of a fashionable frequenter of taverns in his time, who threw the waiter out of the window, and told the landlord to put him into the bill. Had the landlord himself been the party ejected, this might or might not have been a satisfactory proceeding, according to the light in which he might be disposed to regard a contusion or a fracture. But it will hardly be contended that such a proceeding could be satisfactory to the waiter. Yet, we may seriously say, that the fate of the waiter was not more to be deprecated, than that of some descriptions of the apprentices of the trades-people who contend for the custom of the fashionable world.

Many is the milliner's apprentice whom every London season sends to her grave, because the dresses of fine ladies must be completed with a degree of celerity which nothing but night-labour can accomplish. To the question, "When must it be done?" "Immediately;" is the readiest answer; though it is an answer which would perhaps be less inconsiderately and indiscriminately given, if it were known how many young creatures have come to a premature death in consequence of it, and how many hearts have been hardened by the oppression which it necessitates. Nor does the evil stop there. The dressmakers' apprentices in a great city have another alternative; and it is quite as much to escape from the intolerable labours which are imposed upon them in the London season, as from any sexual frailty, that such multitudes of them adopt a vocation which affords some immediate relief, whilst it ensures a doubly fatal termination of their career. The temptations by which these girls are beset might be deemed all-sufficient, without the compulsion by which they are thus as it were, driven out into the streets. Upon them, "the fatal gift of beauty" has been more lavishly bestowed than upon any other class—perhaps not excepting even the aristocracy. They are many of them, probably, the spurious offspring of aristocratical fathers, and inherit beauty for the same reason as the legitimate daughters of aristocrats, because the wealth of these persons enables them to select the most beautiful women either for wives or for concubines. Nor are they wanting in the grace and simplicity of manner which distinguish the aristocracy; whilst constant manual occupation produces in them more vacuity of mind than even that which dissipation causes in their sisters of the superior class. They are thus possessed of exterior attractions, which will at any moment place them in a condition of comparative affluence, and keep them in it so long as those attractions last,—a period beyond which their portion of thought and foresight can scarcely be expected to extend: whilst, on the other hand, they have before them a most bitter and arduous servitude, constant confinement, probably a severe task-mistress (whose mind is harassed and exacerbated by the exigent and thoughtless demands of her employers), and a destruction of health and bloom, which the alternative course of life can scarcely make more certain or more speedy. Goethe was well aware how much light he threw upon the seduction of Margaret, when he made her let fall a hint of discontent at domestic hardships:—

> "Our humble household is but small,
> And I, alas! must look to all.
> We have no maid, and I may scarce avail
> To wake so early and to sleep so late;
> And then my mother is in each detail
> So accurate."*

* Faust: Lord F. L. Gower's translation.

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If people of fashion knew at what cost some of their imaginary wants are gratified, it is possible that they might be disposed to forego the gratification: it is possible, also, that they might not. On the one hand they are not wanting in benevolence to the young and beautiful; the juster charge against them being, that their benevolence extends no farther. On the other hand, unless there be a visual perception of the youth and beauty which is to suffer, or in some way a distinct image of it presented, dissipation will not allow them a moment for the feelings which reflection might suggest:

"Than vanity there's nothing harder hearted;
For thoughtless of all sufferings unseen,
Of all save those which touch upon the round
Of the day's palpable doings, the vain man,
And oftener still the volatile woman vain,
Is busiest at heart with restless cares,
Poor pains and paltry joys, that make within
Petty yet turbulent vicissitude."

New Books.

LEGENDS OF THE LIBRARY AT LILIES. BY THE LORD AND LADY THERE.

[These are two volumes of tales and sketches from the pens of Lord and Lady Nugent, whose literary recreations have not unfrequently graced the fair pages of our Annuals. They are ushered in by a few pleasant words "by way of advertisement," describing in four pages the delights of his Lordship's rural retirement at Lilies, in Buckinghamshire; and this portion of the work is so inviting that we quote it.]

If you would place yourself just midway between the three seas which form the boundaries of southern England, you shall find yourself on a small knoll, covered with antique elm, walnut, and sycamore trees, which rises out of a vale famous in all time for the natural fertility of its soil, and the moral virtues of its people. On this knoll, fitly called by our ancestors "the Heart of South Britain," stood, distant about half a mile from each other, two monasteries, known by the flowery appellatives of Lilies and Roses; not unaptly setting forth a promise of all that can recommend itself as fair and sweet unto the gentler senses. These edifices have, for many centuries, been no more; but, on the site of the first mentioned of the two, standeth a small mansion, of Tudor architecture, bearing still its ancient name. Of the monastery little memorial, beyond the name, remains; save only that under a small enclosed space, erewhile its cemetery, now a wilderness of flowers, the bones of the monks repose. Two lines of artificial slope to the westward mark the boundaries of the pleasaunce, where they took their recreation, and cultivated their lentils and fruits; and a range of thickly-walled cellar still retains the same destination and office as when it furnished to those holy men their more generous materials of refection.

What more shall be said of the mansion, or of the domain, full seventy statute acres, which surrounds it?—of the herds and flocks content to thrive in silence on the richness of its fields, and thrive they do in wondrous measure of prosperity? Nothing. — Nor much of that more gamesome troop of idle steeds, though pleasant to their master's eye, who, on its green expanse, frisk and gambol out a sportive colthood, or graze and hobble through a tranquil old age, with the active and laborious honours of a public life past, but not forgotten. Little shall be said of that smooth and narrow pool, scarce visible among the rising shrubs which belt in and shroud the grounds from the incurious wayfarer; or of such carp and tench as, having escaped the treacherous toils of the nightly plunderer, gasp and tumble on its surface, delighting to display their golden pride in the mid-day sun, before the gaze of lawful possession. Nor shall the casual reader be led carelessly and wearily to note the many sweet memorials of private friendship, records of the living and the dead, which, standing forth from amid the lightsome glades and leafy shadows around, make the place sacred to many a strong affection. Romantic the scenery without is not, and for spacious halls and gorgeous canopies the eye may search in vain within. But for the warm cheer of the little oak library,—for the quaint carvings, the tracery of other times, which abound therein,—for the awful note of the blood-hound, baying upon his midnight chain,—and the pleasing melancholy of the hooting owl from his hereditary chamber in the roof,—and for the tunefulness of the cooing wood-quests, and the morning rooks which bustle and caw, and of the high winds that pipe and roar, daily and nightly, through the boughs,—and for the deep glossy verdure of the pastures stretching forth to the brave distant hills which fence the vale,—to those, who in such things take delight, Lilies hath still its charms.

From the fireside of the afore-mentioned little oak library the following legends proceed.

[Few of the pieces fall under the denomination of "Legends," if we except "the Feast of alle Deuiles, an ancient ballad;" "the Costly Dague;" "the Ladye's Counselloure;" and "the Dole of Tichborne;" which are in the quaint olden style. Throughout the other papers there is a pleasant spice of dry humour and knowledge of character, intermixed with a few touches of pathos, and a nice perception of the finest affections: now, with these various characteristics, the legends must prove attractive and amusing. We have only space to quote briefly from one of the most desultory of the papers—an ingenious one, on "Solecisms in Language."]

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"Is it your *pleasure*," now and then asks a dentist, "is it your *pleasure* to have your tooth out to-day?"

"I do not care a pin," is a very ordinary figure of speech, but of doubtful propriety; for one's indifference, it appears to me, must very much depend on the position of the pin. In the cushion of one's chair, for instance, it is absolutely disagreeable, and what one should care very much about.

The word "poor" is an epithet in very common misuse. It is often brought into play, especially in its plaintive sense, in situations, where, poor thing, it scarcely knows itself, and where there is not the slightest provocation to account for the use of it. It is degraded to the condition of a mere expletive; and, where there is a real good call for it, how often is it thrust upon the wrong person, the one who, were he consulted, would disclaim all compassion.

"*Poor* Mr. ——, only think of him, *poor* fellow! How very odd! I believe he was not in joke. He told me a distant connection of his, of another name, whom he never knew till after he heard that the thing happened, who had been transported to New South Wales a matter of sixteen years ago, is to be hanged to-morrow, by way of a secondary punishment, for coming back from transportation."

The audience were profuse in their repetition of the epithet—generous to excess in the free gift of it to Mr. ——. They did not happen to consider it applicable to him who, for an unlawful love of native country, was to undergo a violent and disgraceful death.

This, to be sure, might be attributed to the feeling that so many good regular people have, that it is highly blameable to pity any man who suffers capitally for a breach of the law; that it would be, in some sort, to question the justice of the laws themselves. And the ten or a dozen honest souls that formed the company were probably so good themselves as to be justly scandalized at the notion of holding so much communion with guilt, as to sympathize with it in its sufferings. But I believe, after all, it was rather a flow of idiom than an effort of principle.

Mr. Small, a farmer, well to do in ——shire, fell ill of an acute and dangerous disorder. (By the by, every one was anxious to know if "poor" Mrs. Small's husband was better.) He died,—Mrs. Small was, of course, in decent affliction. But the word of pity was always transferred from the principal sufferer to her, till he was beyond suffering. Then first it was bestowed on the "poor" corpse, which every one came to visit, and flattered as looking "pleasant."

Mrs. Small herself, in the first letter of her widowhood, addressed to an intimate female friend, did not make a more judicious application of the favourite epithet. To this friend it was her habit to write once a quarter. We insert three passages; one extracted from each of these quarterly epistles, which followed in due succession after her sad bereavement:—

"Dear Nelly, — My brother-in-law has given the direction of the funeral to a good economical undertaker, by name Peebles. I have not seen him, and am not like; for he is in too large a way to attend himself, and he sends his man for orders, and to see all done handsome, but cheap.

"*Poor* Mr. Peebles's man came here last night, and the funeral will be to-morrow. I am in much trouble, as might be expected. My *poor* new black bonnet is not come home, and keeps me fretting; but *poor* Peebles's man says I shan't be disappointed, even if he has to go for it himself. *Poor* Peebles's man! he is up early and down late, to see all right. He was in my room this morning before I was out of bed, that all might be decent, &c. &c. &c. Yours to command, dear Nelly, MARY SMALL."

"Dear Nelly,—It is now three months and better since that *poor* coffin was put under ground, and I declare I feel quite queer and lonesome without it. But business goes on quite well and brisk. *Poor kind* Peebles's man! he is off and on; almost always about the house, doing some kind job or other. He *is* a *very* decent body; but, I don't know how it is, I'm not to say comfortable. There's a sad noise with my sister's family. You know I never *could* bear children. My late husband, that's gone, was the only one of the family that could. I am sure I don't know what I could do without *poor dear* Peebles's man. Yours to command, dear Nelly, MARY SMALL.

"Dear Nelly,—*Poor dear kind* Peebles's man has never left here; he's my right hand, and he *is* a *very* decent body indeed. It is now six *good* months since that *poor* funeral took place. I find I am not fit to live alone: I was married this morning to *poor* Peebles's man. Your sincere friend, dear Nelly,

MARY MERRIMATE.

"P.S. Excuse my change of name."

The Gatherer.

Electioneering.—In 1749, during the great contested election for Westminster, when Lord Trentham and Sir George Vandeput were candidates, Dr. Barrowby greatly interested himself in favour of the latter, who was put up to oppose the Court party. The doctor had for some weeks attended the noted Joe Weatherby, landlord of the Ben Jonson's Head, in Russell-street, who had come emaciated by a nervous fever. During Dr. Barrowby's visits, the patient's wife, not knowing the doctor's political attachment, had fre-

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quently expressed her uneasiness that her dear Joey could not get up, and vote for *her* good friend Lord Trentham. Towards the end of the election, when very uncommon means were used on both sides to obtain the suffrages of the people, the doctor, calling one morning on his patient, to his great astonishment, found him up and almost dressed.—"Hey-dey! what's the cause of this?" exclaimed Barrowby. "Dear Doctor," said poor Joe, in broken accents, "I am going to poll."—"To poll!" replied the doctor, with much warmth, supposing him of the same opinion with his wife, "going to the d—l, you mean!—why, do you know the cold air may kill you. Get to bed, get to bed, man, as fast as you can, or immediate death may ensue!"—"Oh! if that is the case, sir," returned the patient in a feeble voice, "to be sure I must act as you advise me; but I love my country, sir, and thought, while my wife was out, to seize this opportunity to go to Covent-garden church, and vote for Sir G. Vandeput."—"How, Joe! for Sir George?"—"Yes, sir, I wish him heartily well."—"Do you?" said the medical politician. "Hold, nurse! don't pull off his stockings again; let me feel his pulse. Hey! very well—a good, firm stroke—Egad! this will do. You took the pills I ordered last night?"—"Yes, doctor, but they made me very sick."—"Ay, so much the better. How did your master sleep, nurse?"—"O charmingly, sir."—"Did he! Well, if his mind is really uneasy about this election, he must be indulged; diseases of the mind greatly affect those of the body. Come, come, throw a great coat or blanket about him. It is a fine day; but the sooner he goes the better—the sun will be down early. Here, here, lift him up; a ride will do him good; he shall go with me to the hustings in my chariot." The doctor was directly obeyed; and poor Joe Weatherby was conveyed in the carriage to the hustings, where he gave his vote according to his conscience, amidst the acclamations of the people; and two hours after his politico-medical adviser had left him at his own house, Joe departed this life, loaded with the reproaches of his beloved wife, and her friends of the Court party. SWAINE.

A Warning to Critics.—Zoilus, the critic, was called the rhetorical dog: rhetorical, as his style was elegant, and dog, from his practice of snarling.—Vitruvius tells us, that when he visited Alexandria, he recited his writings against the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer to King Ptolemy, which gave the king such offence, that he would take no notice of him; and afterwards, when, urged by indigence, he solicited charity, Ptolemy pulsed him with this contemptuous reflection, that if Homer, who had been dead one thousand years, could by his works give maintenance to many thousand people, a writer so much his superior might surely maintain himself. P. T. W.

Some years since, an eccentric gentleman built himself a villa upon the brow of one of the loftiest of the Surrey hills, to avoid annoyance from the curious; but the odd situation of his residence drew scores of visiters. This reminds us of some lines by Cowley—

> I should have then this only fear,
> Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
> Should hither throng to live like me,
> And so make a city here.

Imperial Ignorance.—Alexius Comnenus, Emperor of Constantinople, was an arrant dunce: Fuller says, "he hated a booke more than a monster did a looking-glasse; and when his tutor endeavoured to play him into scholarship, by presenting pleasant authors unto him, he returned, that learning was beneath the greatnesse of a prince, who, if wanting it, might borrow it from his subjects, being better stor'd; *for* (saith hee) *if they will not lend me their braines, I'll take away their heads!*"

Party Spirit.—Fuller did not think party madness; for, he says such men as will side with neither party "hope, though the great vessel of the state be wrecked, in a private fly-boat of neutrality, to waft their own private adventure safe to the shore. But who ever saw dancers on ropes so equally poise themselves, that at last they fall not down and break their necks?"

A Court Jester.—Fuller thus describes one: "Of this fellow, his body, downwards, was a fool, his head a knave, who did carefully note, and cunningly vent, by the privileges of his coat, many state-passages, uttering them, in a *wary twilight*, betwixt sport and earnest."

An Excellent Courtier.—Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of Queen Elizabeth, when sixty years of age, "riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph,—sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angell, sometime playing like Orpheus."

A Lock-et.—Mark Scaliot, blacksmith, in the 20th of Queen Elizabeth, made a lock of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, with a pipe key, and golden chain of forty-three links, which were hung round the neck of a flea.—The animal, together with this burthen, weighed only one grain and a half.

Oil.—Both rape-oil and olive-oil were used in ancient cookery, as appears from the provision bought for Archbishop Warham's dinner.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 578.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1832. [Price 2*d*.

TANFIELD ARCH, DURHAM.

Tanfield is a considerable village, situated seven miles from Gateshead, in the county of Durham, and eight miles in a south-west direction from Newcastle-on-Tyne. The above arch is about a mile from the village, and crosses a deep dell, called Causey Burne, down which an insignificant streamlet finds its sinuous course. The site possesses some picturesque beauty, though its silvan pride be

> After a season gay and brief,
> Condemn'd to fade and flee.

It has much of the poet's "bosky bourne," and beside

> The huddling brooklet's secret brim,

his pensive mind may feed upon the natural glories of the scene; while, attuned to melancholy,

> In hollow music sighing through the glade,
> The breeze of autumn strikes the startled ear,
> And fancy, pacing through the woodland shade,
> Hears in the gust the requiem of the year.
>
> Kirke White's *Early Poems*.

The Arch was an architectural wonder of the last century. It was built in the year 1729, as a passage for the wagon-way, or rail-road for the conveyance of coals from collieries in the vicinity of Tanfield, which were the property of an association called "the Great Allies." It is a magnificent stone structure, one hundred and thirty feet in the span, springing from abutments nine feet high, to the height of sixty feet: a dial is placed on the top with a suitable inscription. The expense of its construction is stated to have amounted to 12,000*l*.; the masonry is reputed to be extremely good, and the arch itself is nearly perfect, though it is now only known as a foot-way, the collieries for the use of which it was built, being no longer worked: previously it was but a private road-way. In Cooke's *Topography* we find it stated, (though it is not mentioned upon what authority,) that the architect built a former arch which fell, and that the apprehension of the second experiencing the same fate induced him to commit suicide.

Before the building of the New London Bridge, the arch at Tanfield is said to have been the largest stone arch in existence. The span of the central arch of the bridge is 152 feet; and that of the arches on each side of the centre, 140 feet: the span of the arches of Waterloo Bridge is 120 feet; so that the reader may form a tolerably correct estimate of the arch at Tanfield.

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THE RESTING-PLACE.

Where shall this wounded, aching breast,
Find a couch of soothing rest—
A respite from its woes?
Friend! mark'st thou that grassy bed,
The cold, clay dwelling of the dead—
There, there is sure repose.

When shall this soul, so long borne down
By Fate's despite and with'ring frown,
A rescue know from care?
Friend! when that dark home is thine,
Never more thy heart shall pine—
Grim sorrow comes not there.

When thy name is of that number,
Sound and sweet will be thy slumber;—
All earthly pangs and troubles cease,
Nor dare invade that house of peace.
On that pillow, ozier drest,
The worn, the "weary are at rest."
Thy broken heart shall cease to sigh,
And tears forsake that sunken eye;—
No dreams distract that holy sleep—
No tempests break that calm so deep.
Come, then!—forsaken, wearied, come!
Here is for thee a peaceful home.

Sorum. COLBOURNE.

THE HORSE "ECLIPSE."

A WARM-HEARTED Correspondent, "W. C." of *Milton* (who is anxious for our accuracy on all points), wishes us to correct an error or two in the account of *Eclipse*, at p. 362, vol. xix. of *The Mirror*. It is there stated that Mr. Wildman sold the moiety of Eclipse to Colonel O'Kelly, for 650 guineas; and that O'Kelly subsequently bought the other moiety for 1,100 guineas. But, our Correspondent, who was for many years intimate with both the above gentlemen, assures us that "the Colonel gave to Mr. Wildman 2,000*l.* for a moiety of *Eclipse*, and subsequently 2,000*l.* for the other moiety—making the whole purchase-money 4,000*l.*"

In the page wherein the above mis-statement appears is another error, respecting the speed of *Childers*—"over the round course at Newmarket, 3 miles, 6 furlongs, and 93 yards, in 6 minutes and 40 seconds; to perform which, he must have moved 82½ feet in a second of time, or at the rate of nearly one mile in a minute." We have referred to the work whence the above was quoted (*Hist. Epsom*, p. 103), and find it to correspond with our reprint. The calculation is evidently incorrect: for Childers would thus appear scarcely to have exceeded half a mile a minute.

The Naturalist.

POISON OF THE HORNED VIPER.

(Cerastes Coluber.)

MR. MADDEN, whilst in Thebes, killed one of these animals, for the purpose of extracting its poison, which he found in a small membrane in the front of the jaw under the two hollow teeth. Having collected the venom carefully on a piece of glass, he examined it with a microscope, and found it to consist of sharp, saline spiculæ, of a reticular appearance, extremely minute. "Half of this I gave to a dog, in a piece of meat—it produced no sensible effect; I then diluted the remainder, smeared the point of a lancet with it, and wounded the dog in the shoulder: this application he only survived three hours." —*Madden's Travels.* MEDICUS.

FISH BATTLE.

CAPTAIN CROW, in a work published a short time since, relates the following as having occurred on a voyage to Memel:—"One morning during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at three o'clock, to witness a battle between several of the fish called thrashers and some sword-fish on one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water, the thrashers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their rancour, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their tails, the sound of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The sword-fish, in their turn, attacked the distressed whale, stabbing him from below;—and thus beset on all sides, and wounded, when the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood. In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him; and I have no doubt they, in the end, accomplished his destruction." W. G. C.

Notes of a Reader.

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY.

"Should the body sue the mind before a court of judicature, for damages, it would be found that the mind would prove to have been a ruinous tenant to its landlord.—*Plutarch.*

[WE abridge these interesting facts from "An Inquiry into the Influence of the Mind and Passions on the Body, in the production of Disease"—in No. 11 of the *London Medical and Surgical Journal.** The whole paper is written in as clear, concise, and popular a style as the subject will allow, and its importance demands the attention of the reader; although we have not thought it to our purpose to follow the writer to the main object—or how these causes operate in the *production of disease.*]

Descartes observes, that the soul is so

* A cleverly conducted work containing more popular information on Medicine, Surgery, and what are termed the collateral sciences, than we are accustomed to find in a "professional" journal.

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much influenced by the constitution of our bodily organs, that if it were possible to find out a method of increasing our penetration, it should certainly be sought for in medicine, the connexion between the body and mind, is, in fact, so strong, that it is difficult to conceive how one of them should act, and the other not be sensible, in a greater or less degree, of that action. The organs of sense, by which we acquire all our ideas of external objects, when acted upon, convey the subject of thought to the nervous fibres of the brain; and while the mind is employed in thinking, the part of the brain is in a greater or less degree of motion; a large quantity of blood is transmitted to the brain, the action of the arteries become increased, and the nervous system sensibly affected.

Plato has remarked, with reference to the influence of the mind on the corporeal frame, "Where the action of the soul is too powerful, it attacks the body so powerfully that it throws it into a consuming state; if the soul exerts itself in a peculiar manner on certain occasions, the body is made sensible of it, for it becomes heated and debilitated." An Italian physician also observes on this subject, that the union of the soul with the body is so intimate, that they reciprocally share the good or evil which happens to either of them. The mind cannot put forth its powers when the body is tired with inordinate exercise, and too close application to study destroys the body by dissipating the animal spirits which are necessary to recruit it.*

The knowledge of the influence of the passions of the mind over the bodily functions, is of ancient date. Plato, in his "*Timæus*," states it as his firm conviction, that the spirit exerted a marked influence in producing disease. This opinion was afterwards revived by Helmont, Hesper Doloeus, and Stahl; the latter plainly says, that the rational soul presides over and directs the animal functions. In this doctrine he was followed by Nichols, in his "*Anima Medica*." According to the doctrines of Stahl, the disorders of the body proceed principally from the mind; and, according as it is variously affected, it produces different effects (diseases.) Hence, when the mind, which animates the most robust and best organized body, is violently agitated by fright, rage, grief, vehement desire, or any other passion, whether sudden, or attended by long and painful sensations, the body manifestly suffers, and a variety of diseases, as apoplexy, palsy, madness, fever, and hysterics, may be the consequence. If this be true, an attention to the regulations of the mind is of much more importance than physicians seem disposed to admit. The poet of health justly says,

" 'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind."

† Rammazini.

In the course of this vitally important and deeply-interesting subject of inquiry, it is not my intention to enter into any metaphysical discussion respecting the inscrutable and mysterious union existing between matter and mind, or to endeavour to point out the manner in which the body influences the mind, and the mind the body. Such subjects we do not think to be legitimate objects of inquiry. The medical philosopher is engaged in less obscure and less uncertain researches; he does not attempt to solve the question regarding the intimate union subsisting between the natural and intellectual portions of our nature, but he wisely confines himself to an attentive examination of the phenomena which result from that union. Man is compounded of a soul and body, so closely united, not *identified*, that they frequently struggle and occasionally overpower each other. Sometimes the mind ascends the throne and subdues, in a moment, the physical energies of the most powerful of her subjects. At other times the body gains the ascendency, and lays prostrate before her the mightiest of human intellects. Instances illustrative of both propositions are of daily occurrence. It has been said of Sophocles, that being desirous of proving that at an advanced age he was in full possession of his intellectual faculties, he composed a tragedy, was crowned, and died through joy. The same thing happened to Philippides, the comic writer. M. Juventius Thalma, on being told that a triumph had been decreed to him for having subdued Corsica, fell down dead before the altar at which he was offering up his thanksgiving. Zimmerman, in his work on Experience in Physic, has related the circumstance of a worthy family in Holland being reduced to indigence; the elder brother passed over to the East Indies, acquired considerable fortune there, and returning home presented his sister with the richest jewel: the young woman, at this unexpected change of fortune became motionless and died. The famous Forquet died on being told that Louis XIV. had restored him to his liberty. It is also related of Diodorus Chronos, who was considered as the most subtle logician of the time of Ptolemy Soter, that Stilbo one day in the presence of the king, proposed a question to him, to which he was unable to reply. The king, willing to cover him with shame, pronounced only one part of his name, and called him *ovos*, ass, instead of Chronos. Diodorus was so much affected at this as to die soon afterwards.

Perhaps there is not a more remarkable instance on record showing, in a melancholy though forcible light, the dominion of mind over the material frame, than the circumstances which attended the death of John Hunter. This distinguished surgeon and physiologist died in a fit of enraged passion;

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and, what is somewhat extraordinary, he had often predicted that such excitement would prove fatal to him. He died at St. George's Hospital, Oct. 16, 1793, under these circumstances: being there in the exercise of his official duty as surgeon, he had a warm dispute with Dr. Pearson, on a professional subject; upon which he said, "I must retire, for I feel an agitation which will be fatal to me if I increase it. He immediately withdrew into an adjoining room; but Dr. Pearson, not being willing to give up his argument, followed him, which so annoyed Hunter, that he vehemently exclaimed, "You have followed me on purpose to be the death of me! You have murdered me!" and instantly fell and expired! Mrs. Byron, the mother of the noble bard, is said to have died in a fit of passion. Mr. Moore, in his life of Lord Byron, in speaking of Mrs. Byron's illness, says,—"At the end of July her illness took a new and fatal turn; and so sadly characteristic was the close of the poor lady's life, that a fit of ague, brought on, it is said, by reading the upholsterer's bills, was the ultimate cause of her death." A somewhat similar circumstance is recorded of Malbranche. The only interview that Bishop Berkley and Malbranche had was in the latter philosopher's cell, when the conversation turned upon the non-existence of matter, and Malbranche is said to have exerted himself so much in the discussion that he died in consequence. Sanctorius relates an instance of a famous orator, who so far exerted his mind in delivering an oration that he became, in a few hours, quite insane.

The effect of a too close application of mind to study on the bodily health has long been a matter of common observation. The Roman orator, Cicero, points out forcibly the dangers arising from inordinate exertion of mind; and he has laid down some rules for guarding against the effects of study. M. Van Swieten, in alluding to this subject, relates the case of a man whose health was severely injured, by what he calls "literary watchings." Whenever he listened with any attention to any story, or trifling tale, he was seized with giddiness; he was in violent agonies whenever he wanted to recollect any thing which had slipped his memory; he oftentimes fainted away gradually, and experienced a disagreeable sensation of lassitude. Rousseau has very justly remarked, that excessive application of mind "makes men tender, weakens their constitutions, and when once the body has lost its powers, those of the soul are not easily preserved. Application wears out the machine, exhausts the spirits, destroys the strength, enervates the mind, makes us pusillanimous, unable either to bear fatigue, or to keep our passions under."*

Shakspeare appears to have formed a just conception of the great injury which the corporeal frame experiences from a too close application of mind. The immortal bard observes,—

"—— Universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller."
Love's Labour Lost.

In the consultations of Wesper we find related the history of a young man of family 22 years of age, who, having applied himself incessantly to intense mental, exertion, was seized with a fit of insanity, in which fit he wounded several persons and killed his keeper. Catalepsy has been known to have been produced by great mental application. Fomelius gives us a remarkable instance of it. A man (says he) who passed whole nights in writing and studying, was suddenly attacked with a fit of catalepsy: all his limbs stiffened in the attitude he was in when the disease first seized him. He remained upon his seat, holding the pen in his hand, and with his eyes fixed on his paper, so that he was considered to be still at his studies, till being called to, and then shaken, he was found to be without motion or sensation.†

Many extraordinary instances are on record, of remarkable changes having been produced in birds by an affection of the animal passions. The following fact is related by Mr. Young, in the Edinburgh Geographical Journal. A blackbird had been frightened in her cage by a cat; when it was relieved, it was found lying on its back, quite wet with perspiration. The feathers fell off, and were renewed, but the new ones were perfectly white.

A similar phenomenon has been observed in the human species, who have been exposed to the effects of inordinate passion. Borrelli relates the case of a French gentleman, who was thrown into prison, and on whom fear operated so powerfully as to change his hair completely grey in the course of one night. Dr. Darwin ascribes this phenomenon to the torpor of the vessels, which circulates the fluids destined to nourish the hair. Nothing will, perhaps, demonstrate more fully the effects of moral causes in producing disease than the structural alterations discoverable in the bodies of those who have died whilst labouring under nostalgia, or the Swiss malady. This disease is considered peculiar to the Swiss, and is occasioned by a desire of revisiting their own country, and of witnessing again the scenes of their youth. This desire begins with melancholy sadness, love of solitude, silence, bodily weakness, &c. and is only cured by returning to their native country. Avenbrugger says, that in dissecting the bodies of those who have died in consequence of this disease, organic lesions of the

* Preface de Narcisse Œuvres, Diverses, t. 1. v. 172.

† Pathol. lib. 3. cap. 2. Oper. Omm. p. 406.

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heart generally are detected. A particular musical composition, supposed to be expressive of the happiness of the people, is in great vogue in Switzerland. If this tune or piece of music is played among the Swiss in any foreign country, it tends strongly to recall their affections for their native soil, and their desire of returning, and to induce the desire called nostalgia consequent on their disappointment. The effects of this musical composition is so powerful, that it is forbidden to be repeated in the French camp on pain of death, it having at one period had the effect of producing a mutiny among the Swiss soldiers, at that time in the employ of the French king.

Predictions of death, whether supposed to be supernatural, or emanating from human authority, have often, in consequence of the poisonous effects of fear, been punctually fulfilled. The anecdote is well attested, of the licentious Lord Littleton, that he expired at the exact stroke of the clock, which in a dream or vision, he had been forewarned would be the signal of his departure. In Lesanky's voyage round the world, there is an account of a religious sect in the Sandwich Islands, who arrogate to themselves the power of praying people to death. Whoever incurs their displeasure, receives notice that the homicide litany is about to begin, and such are the effects of the imagination, that the very notice is frequently sufficient with these people to produce the effect.

Thousands of other instances might be cited, illustrative of the fatal effects of inordinate indulgence in passion.

Retrospective Gleanings.

ANCIENT BRIDEWELL.*

The following curious facts, respecting the state of the metropolis during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are extracted from the weekly reports made by William Fletewood, Recorder of London, to Lord Burghley:—

"My singuler good Lord, uppon Thursdaye, at even, her Majistie, in her coache, nere Islyngton, taking of the air, her Highnes was environed with a nosmber of roogs. One Mr. Stone, a foteman, cam in all hast to my Lord Maior, and after to me, and told us of the same. I dyd the same nyght send warrants owt into the seyd quarters, and into Westminster and the Duchie; and in the morning I went abrood my selff, and I tooke that daye lxxiiij. roogs, whereof some were blynde, and yet great usurers, and very rich; and the same daye, towards nyght, I sent Mr. Harrys and Mr. Smithe, the Governors of Bridwell, and tooke all the names of the roogs; and then sent theym from the Sessions Hall into Bridwell, where they remayned that nyght. Uppon Twelff daye, in the forenoone, the Master of the Rolls, my selff, and others, receyved a charge before my Lords of the Counsell, as towching roogs and masterles men, and to have a pryvie searche. The same daye, at after dyner (for I dyned at the Rolls), I mett the Governors of Bridwell, and so that after nowne wee examined all the seyd roogs, and gave them substanciall payment. And the stronger wee bestowed on the myine and the lighters; the rest wee dismyssed, with the promise of a dooble paye if we met with theym agayne. Uppon Soundaye, being crastino of the Twelffth daye, I dyned with Mr. Deane, of Westminster, where I conferred with hym touching Westminster and the Duchie; and then I tooke order for Sowthwarke, Lambeth, and Newyngton, from whence I receyved a shool of xl. roogs, men and women, and above. I bestowed theym in Bridwell. I dyd the same after nowne peruse Pooles (St. Paul's), where I tooke about xxii. cloked roogs, that there used to kepe standing. I placed theym also in Bridwell. The next mornyng, being Mundaye, the Mr of the Rolls and the reste tooke order with the constables for a pryvie searche agaynst Thursdaye, at nyght, and to have the offenders brought to the Sessions Hall uppon Frydaye, in the mornyng, where wee the Justices shold mete. And agaynst the same tyme, my Lo. Maior and I dyd the lyke in London and Sowthwarke. The same after nowne, the Masters of Bridwell and I mett; and after every man had been examined, eche one receyved his payment according to his deserts; at whiche tyme the strongest were put to worke, and the others dismissed into theyre countries. The same daye the Mr of the Savoye was with us, and sayd he was sworne to lodge 'claudicantes, egrotantes, et peregrinantes;' and the next morning I sent the constables of the Duchie to the Hospitall, and they brought unto me at Bridwell, vj. tall fellowes, that were draymen unto bruers, and were neither 'claudicantes, egrotantes, nor peregrinantes.' The constables, if they might have had theyre owen wills, would have browght us many moor. The master dyd wryte a very curtese letter unto us to produce theym; and although he wrott charitably unto us, yet were they all soundly paydd, and sent home to theyre masters. All Tewsdaye, Weddensdaye, and Thursdaye, there cam in nosmbers of roogs: they were rewarded all according to theyre deserts.—Uppon Frydaye mornyng, at the Justice Hall, there were brought in above a C. lewd people taken in the pryvie searche. The Mrs of Bridwell receyved theym, and immediately gave theym punishment. This Saterdaye, after causes of consciens, herd by my Lord Maior and me, I dyned and went to

* See the Engraving, vol. xviii. p. 337 of *The Mirror*.

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Pölls (St. Paul's) and in other places, as well within the libertes as elsewhere. I founde not one rooge styuyng. Emongst all these thynges, I dyd note that wee had not of London, Westm., nor Sowthwarke, nor yett Midd., nor Surr., above twelve, and those we have taken order for. The resedew for the most were of Wales, Salop, Cestr., Somerset, Barks, Oxforde, and Essex; and that few or none of theym had been about London above iij. or iiij. mownthes. I did note also that wee mett not agayne with any, in all our searches, that had receyved punishment. The chieff nurserie of all these evill people is the Savoye, and the brick-kilnes near Islyngton. As for the brick-kilnes, we will take suche order that they shall be reformed; and I trust, by yr. good Lordship's help, the Savoye shall be amended; for surelie, as by experiens I fynd it, the same place, as it is used, is not converted to a good use or purpose. And this shall suffice for roogs."—W. G. C.

POVERTY OF KINGS, AND THE BRITISH CROWN PAWNED.

As to increasing wealth by war, that has never yet happened to this nation; and, I believe, rarely to any country. Our former kings most engaged in war were always poor, and sometimes excessively so. Edward III. pawned his jewels to pay foreign forces; and *magnam coronam Angliæ*, his imperial crown, three several times—once abroad, and twice to Sir John Wosenham, his banker, in whose custody the crown remained no less than eight years. The Black Prince, as Walsingham informs us, was constrained to pledge his plate. Henry V., with all his conquests, pawned his crown, and the table and stools of silver which he had from Spain. Queen Elizabeth is known to have sold her very jewels. G. K.

HEAD-DRESS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, IN ENGLAND.

In Wickliffe's *Commentaries upon the Ten Commandments*, in the midst of a moral exhortation, he manages, by a few bold touches, to give us a picture of the fashionable head-dress of his day:—

"And let each woman beware, that neither by countenance, nor by array of body nor of head, she stir any to covet her to sin. Not crooking (curling) her hair, neither laying it up on high, nor the head arrayed about with gold and precious stones; not seeking curious clothing, nor of nice shape, showing herself to be seemly to fools. For all such arrays of women St. Peter and St. Paul, by the Holy Ghost's teaching, openly forbid." D. P.

SALADS.

Oil for salads is mentioned in the Paston Letters, in 1466, in which year Sir John Paston writes to his mother, that he has sent her "ii. potts off oyl for salady's, whyche oyl was goode a myght be when he delyv'yd yt, and schuld be goode at the reseyving yff itt was not mishandled nor miscarryd." This indicates that vegetables for the table were then cultivated in England, although the common opinion is, that most of our fruit and garden productions were destroyed during the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster. A good salad, however, had become so scarce some years afterwards, that Katherine, the queen of Henry VIII., is said, on a particular occasion, to have sent to the continent to procure one. D. P.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE OPENING OF THE LONDON COFFEE HOUSE, UPWARDS OF A CENTURY AGO.

"*May*, 1731.

"Whereas it is customary for Coffee Houses and other Public Houses to take 8*s*. for a quart of Arrack, and 6*s*. for a quart of Brandy or Rum, made into Punch;

This is to give Notice,

That James Ashley has opened, on Ludgate Hill, the London Coffee House, Punch House, Dorchester Beer and Welsh Ale Warehouse, where the finest and best old Arrack, Rum, and French Brandy is made into Punch, with the other of the finest ingredients—viz.:

"A quart of Arrack made into Punch for six shillings; and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quartern for fourpence halfpenny.

"A quart of Rum or Brandy made into Punch for four shillings; and so in proportion to the smallest quantity, which is half-a-quartern for threepence; and Gentlemen may have it as soon made as a gill of wine can be drawn." G. K.

SIR WILLIAM JONES'S PLAN OF STUDY.

Some idea of the acquirements of the resolute industry with which Jones pursued his studies may be formed from the following memorandum:—

"Resolved to learn no more *rudiments* of any kind, but to perfect myself in—first, twelve languages, as the *means* of acquiring accurate knowledge of

I. History.
1. Man. 2. Nature.

II. Arts.
1. Rhetoric. 2. Poetry. 3. Painting. 4. Music.

III. Sciences.
1. Law. 2. Mathematics. 3. Dialectics.

"N. B. Every species of human knowledge may be reduced to one or other of these divisions. Even *law* belongs partly to the history of man, partly as a science to dialectics. The twelve languages are Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Turkish, German, English.—1780."

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Spirit of Discovery.

SAILING UP THE ESSEQUIBO.

By Captain J. E. Alexander, H. P., late 16th Lancers, M. R. G. S., &c.

My purpose was now to proceed up the noble Essequibo river towards the El Dorado of Sir Walter Raleigh, and view the mighty forests of the interior, and the varied and beautiful tribes by which they are inhabited. Our residence on the island of Wakenaam had been truly a tropical one. During the night, the tree frogs, crickets, razor-grinders, reptiles, and insects of every kind, kept up a continued concert. At sunrise, when the flowers unfolded themselves, the humming birds, with the metallic lustre glittering on their wings, passed rapidly from blossom to blossom. The bright yellow and black mocking-birds flew from their pendant nests, accompanied by their neighbours, the wild bees, which construct their earthen hives on the same tree. The continued rains had driven the snakes from their holes, and on the path were seen the bush-master (cona-couchi) unrivalled for its brilliant colours, and the deadly nature of its poison; and the labari equally poisonous, which erects its scales in a frightful manner when irritated. The rattlesnake was also to be met with, and harmless tree snakes of many species. Under the river's bank lay enormous caymen or alligators,—one lately killed measured twenty-two feet. Wild deer and the peccari hog were seen in the glades in the centre of the island; and the jaguar and cougour (the American leopard and lion) occasionally swam over from the main land.

We sailed up the Essequibo for a hundred miles in a small schooner of thirty tons, and occasionally took to canoes or coorials to visit the creeks. We then went up a part of the Mazaroony river, and saw also the unexplored Coioony: these three rivers join their waters about one hundred miles from the mouth of the Essequibo. In sailing or paddling up the stream, the breadth is so great, and the wooded islands so numerous, that it appears as if we navigated a large lake. The Dutch in former times had cotton, indigo, and cocoa estates up the Essequibo, beyond their capital Kykoveral, on an island at the forks or junction of the three rivers. Now, beyond the islands at the mouth of the Essequibo there are no estates, and the mighty forest has obliterated all traces of former cultivation. Solitude and silence are on either hand, not a vestige of the dwellings of the Hollanders being to be seen; and only occasionally in struggling through the entangled brushwood one stumbles over a marble tombstone brought from the shores of the Zuyderzee.

At every turn of the river we discovered objects of great interest. The dense and nearly impenetrable forest itself occupied our chief attention; magnificent trees, altogether new to us, were anchored to the ground by bush-rope, convolvuli, and parasitical plants of every variety. The flowers of these cause the woods to appear as if hung with garlands. Pre-eminent above the others was the towering and majestic Mora, its trunk spread out into buttresses; on its top would be seen the king of the vultures expanding his immense wings to dry after the dews of night. The very peculiar and romantic cry of the bell-bird, or campanero, would be heard at intervals; it is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead, and the sound which it produces in the lone woods is like that of a convent-bell tolling.

A crash of the reeds and brushwood on the river's bank would be followed by a tapir, the western elephant, coming down to drink and to roll himself in the mud; and the manati or river-cow would lift its black head and small piercing eye above the water to graze on the leaves of the coridore tree. They are shot from a stage fixed in the water, with branches of their favourite food hanging from it; one of twenty-two cwt. was killed not long ago. High up the river, where the alluvium of the estuary is changed for white sandstone, with occasionally black oxide of manganese, the fish are of delicious flavour; among others, the pacoo, near the Falls or Rapids, which is flat, twenty inches long, and weighs four pounds; it feeds on the seed of the *arum arborescens*, in devouring which the Indians shoot it with their arrows: of similar genus are the cartuback, waboory, and amah.

The most remarkable fish of these rivers are, the *peri* or *omah*, two feet long; its teeth and jaws are so strong, that it cracks the shells of most nuts to feed on their kernels, and is most voracious; the Indians say that it snaps off the breasts of women, and emasculates men. Also the genus *silurus*, the young of which swim in a shoal of one hundred and fifty over the head of the mother, who, on the approach of danger, opens her mouth, and thus saves her progeny; with the *loricaria calicthys*, or *assa*, which constructs a nest on the surface of pools from the blades of grass floating about, and in this deposits its spawn which is hatched by the sun. In the dry season this remarkable fish has been dug out of the ground, for it burrows in the rains owing to the strength and power of the spine; in the gill-fin and body it is covered with strong plates, and far below the surface finds moisture to keep it alive. The *electric eel* is also an inhabitant of these waters, and has sometimes nearly proved fatal to the strongest swimmer. If sent to England in tubs, the wood and iron act as conductors, and keep the fish in a continued state of exhaustion, causing, eventually, death: an

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earthenware jar is the vessel in which to keep it in health.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Fine Arts.

CROSSES.*

We resume the illustration of these curious structures with two specimens of interesting architectural character, and memorable association with our early history. The first is

Neville's Cross,

at Beaurepaire (or Bear Park, as it is now called), about two miles north-west from Durham. Here David II., King of Scots, encamped with his army before the celebrated battle of Red Hills, or Neville's Cross, as it was afterwards termed, from the above elegant stone cross, erected to record the victory by Lord Ralph Neville. The English sovereign, Edward III., had just achieved the glorious conquest of Crecy; and the Scottish king judged this a fit opportunity for his invasion. However, "the great northern barons of England, Percy and Neville, Musgrave, Scope, and Hastings, assembled their forces in numbers sufficient to show that, though the conqueror of Crecy, with his victorious army, was absent in France, there were Englishmen enough left at home to protect the frontiers of his kingdom from violation. The Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the prelates of Durham, Carlisle, and Lincoln, sent their retainers, and attended the rendezvous in person, to add religious enthusiasm to the patriotic zeal of the barons. Ten thousand soldiers, who had been sent over to Calais to reinforce Edward III.'s army, were countermanded in this exigency, and added to the northern army.†"

The battle, which was fought October 17, 1346, lasted only three hours, but was uncommonly destructive. The English archers, who were in front, were at first thrown into confusion, and driven back; but being reinforced by a body of horse, repulsed their opponents, and the engagement soon became general. The Scottish army was entirely defeated, and the king himself made prisoner; though previous to the fight he is said to have regarded the English with contempt, and as a raw and undisciplined host, by no means competent to resist the power of his more hardy veterans.

"Amid repeated charges, and the most dispiriting slaughter by the continuous discharge of the English arrows, David showed that he had the courage, though not the talents, of his father (Robert Bruce). He was twice severely wounded with arrows, but continued to encourage to the last the few of his peers and officers who were still fighting around him."‡ He scorned to ask quarter, and was taken alive with difficulty. Rymer says, "The Scotch king, though he had two spears hanging in his body, his leg desperately wounded, and being disarmed, his sword having been beaten out of his hand, disdained captivity, and provoked the English by opprobrious language to kill him. When John Copeland, who was governor of Roxborough Castle, advised him to yield, he struck him on the face with his gauntlet so fiercely, that he knocked out two of his teeth. Copeland conveyed him out of the field as his prisoner. Upon Copeland's refusing to deliver up his royal captive to the queen (Philippa), who stayed at Newcastle during the battle, the king sent for him to Calais, where he excused his refusal so handsomely, that the king sent him back with a reward of 500*l.* a year in lands, where he himself should choose it, near his own dwelling, and made him a knight banneret."§

Hume states Philippa to have assembled a body of little more than 12,000 men, and to have rode through the ranks of her army, exhorting every man to do his duty, and to take revenge on these barbarous ravagers. "Nor could she be persuaded to leave the field till the armies were on the point of engaging. The Scots have often been unfortunate in the great pitched battles which they have fought with the English: even though they commonly declined such engagements where the

* See also pages 113 and 329 of the present volume.

† Hist. Scot. By Sir W. Scott, Bt., vol. i. p. 197.

‡ Ibid. p. 199.

§ Fœdera, tom. v. p. 542.

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superiority of numbers was not on their side; but never did they receive a more fatal blow than the present. They were broken and chased off the field: fifteen thousand of them, some historians say twenty thousand, were slain; among whom were Edward Keith, Earl Mareschal, and Sir Thomas Charteris, Chancellor: and the king himself was taken prisoner, with the Earls of Sutherland, Fife, Monteith, Carrick, Lord Douglas, and many other noblemen." The captive king was conveyed to London, and afterwards in solemn procession to the Tower, attended by a guard of 20,000 men, and all the city companies in complete pageantry; while "Philippa crossed the sea at Dover, and was received in the English camp before Calais, with all the triumph due to her rank, her merit, and her success." These indeed were bright days of chivalry and gallantry.

"The ground whereon the battle was fought," say the topographers of the county,* "is about one mile west from Durham; it is hilly, and in some parts very steep, particularly towards the river. Near it, in a deep vale, is a small mount, or hillock, called the *Maiden's Bower*, on which the holy Corporex Cloth, wherewith St. Cuthbert covered the chalice when he used to say mass, was displayed on the point of a spear, by the monks of Durham, who, when the victory was obtained, gave notice by signal to their brethren stationed on the great tower of the Cathedral, who immediately proclaimed it to the inhabitants of the city, by singing Te Deum. From that period the victory was annually commemorated in a similar manner by the choristers, till the occurrence of the Civil Wars, when the custom was discontinued; but again revived on the Restoration," and observed till nearly the close of the last century.

The site of the Cross is by the road-side: it was defaced and broken down in the year 1589. Its pristine beauty is thus minutely described in Davis's *Rights and Monuments*: "On the west side of the city of Durham, where two roads pass each other, a most famous and elegant cross of stone work was erected to the honour of God, &c. at the sole cost of Ralph, Lord Neville, which cross had seven steps about it, every way squared to the socket wherein the stalk of the cross stood, which socket was fastened to a large square stone; the sole, or bottom stone being of a great thickness, viz. a yard and a half every way: this stone was the eighth step. The stalk of the cross was in length three yards and a half up to the boss, having eight sides all of one piece; from the socket it was fixed into the boss above, into which boss the stalk was deeply soldered with lead. In the midst of the stalk, in every second square, was the Neville's cross; a saltire in a scutcheon, being Lord Neville's arms, finely cut; and, at every corner of the socket, was a picture of one of the four Evangelists, finely set forth and carved. The boss at the top of the stalk was an octangular stone, finely cut and bordered, and most curiously wrought; and in every square of the nether side thereof was Neville's Cross, in one square, and the bull's head in the next, so in the same reciprocal order about the boss. On the top of the boss was a stalk of stone, (being a cross a little higher than the rest,) whereon was cut, on both sides of the stalk, the picture of our Saviour Christ, crucified; the picture of the Blessed Virgin on one side, and St. John the Evangelist on the other; both standing on the top of the boss. All which pictures were most artificially wrought together, and finely carved out of one entire stone; some parts thereof, though carved work, both on the east and west sides, with a cover of stone likewise over their heads, being all most finely and curiously wrought together out of the same hollow stone, which cover had a covering of lead."

The second specimen *(see the Cut)* stands by the side of the highway over Hedgeley Moor, in the adjoining county of Northumberland. This Cross is a record of the War of the Roses. Here, in one of the skirmishes preliminary to the celebrated victory at Hexham (May 12, 1464), Sir Ralph Percy was slain, by Lord Montacute, or Montague, bro-

(Percy's Cross.)

* Messrs Britton and Brayley—Beauties of England and Wales, vol. v. p. 199.

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ther to the Earl of Warwick, and warden of the east marches between Scotland and England. His dying words are stated to have been, "I have saved the bird in my breast:" meaning his faith to his party. The memorial is a square stone pillar, embossed with the arms of Percy and Lucy: they are nearly effaced by time, though the personal valour of the hero is written in the less perishable page of history.

The Nevilles are distingnished personages in the pages of the historians of the North. In Durham they have left a lasting memorial of their magnificence in Raby Castle, the principal founder of which was John de Neville, Earl of Westmoreland; who, in 1379, obtained a license to castellate his manor of Raby; though a part of the structure appears to have been of more ancient date. Leland speaks of it in his time as "the largest castle of lodgings in all the north country." It remains to this day the most perfect castellated mansion, or, more strictly, castle, in the kingdom, and its "*hall*" eclipses even the chivalrous splendour of Windsor: here 700 knights, who held of the Nevilles, are said to have been entertained at one time. The whole establishment is maintained with much of the hospitable glories of the olden time by the present distinguished possessor of Raby, the Marquess of Cleveland.

WINTER EXHIBITION OF PICTURES, AT THE SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

(*Concluded from page* 231.)

144. Landscape and Figures. The first by *Gainsborough;* the latter by *Morland.*

145. The Body of Harold discovered by Swanachal and two Monks, the morning after the Battle of Hastings. *A. J. Woolmer.* A picture of some, and not undeserved, distinction in a previous exhibition.

150. Mr. King and Mrs. Jordan in the "Country Girl." *R. Smirke, R. A.* The drawing is easy and natural, but the colouring appears to us deficient in tone and breadth.

153. View of the River Severn near the New Passage House. *Nasmyth.* A delightful scene in what we may call the artist's best, or *crisp* style.

157. Puppy and Frog. *E. Landseer, R.A.* In the most vigorous style of our best animal painter.

163. A State Quarry. *De Loutherbourg.*

165—167. Portraits of Worlidge and Mortimer. Painted by themselves.

172. Villa of Mæcenas. One of *Wilson's* most celebrated compositions, of classic fame.

181. Master's Out, "The Disappointed Dinner Party." *R. W. Buss.* A scene of cockney mortification humorously treated.—An unlucky Londoner and his tawdrily-dressed wife, appeared to have toiled up the hill, with their family of four children, to a friend's cottage, the door of which is opened by an old housekeeper, with "Master's out," while the host himself is peeping over the parlour window-blind at the disappointment of his would-be visiters. The annoyance of the husband at the inhospitable answer, and the fatigue of his fine wife, are cleverly managed; while the mischievous pranks of the urchin family among the borders of the flower-garden remind us of the pleasant "Inconveniences of a Convenient Distance." The colouring is most objectionable; though the flowers and fine clothes are very abundant.

194. Falls of Niagara. *Wilson.* A sublime picture of this terrific wonder of the world.

196. Erzelin Bracciaferro musing over Meduna, slain by him for disloyalty during his absence in the Holy Land. *Fuseli.* A composition of touching melancholy, such as none but a master-mind could approach.

199. The late R. W. Elliston, Esq. One of *Harlow's* best portraits: the likeness is admirable, and the tone well accords with Elliston's unguent, supple expression.

204. Portrait of Dr. Wardrope. *Raeburn.* This is one of the artist's finest productions: it is clever, manly, and vigorous—painting to the life, without the flattering unction of varnished canvass. The fine, broad, bold features of the sitter were excellently adapted to the artist's peculiar powers.

205. Portrait of Thomson, the Poet. *Hogarth.* The well-known picture. How fond poets of the last century were of their *dishabille* in portraits: they had their day as well as nightcaps.

217. Johnny Gilpin. *Stothard.* This lively composition is well known, as it deserves to be; but it may not so well be remembered that the popularity of John Gilpin was founded by a clever lecturer, who recited the "tale in verse" as part of his entertainment. (*See page* 367.) What would an audience of the present day say to such puerility; though it would be certainly more rational than people listening to a French play, or an Italian or German opera, not a line of which they understand.

229. Portrait of R. B. Sheridan. The well-known picture, by *Reynolds*, whence is engraved the Frontispiece to Moore's Life of the Statesman and Dramatist. Here is the "man himsel," in the formal cut blue dress-coat and white waistcoat of the last century. The face may be accounted handsome: the cheeks are full, and, with the nose, are rubicund—*Bacchi tincti;* the eyes are black and brilliantly expressive;—and the visiter should remember that Sir Joshua Reynolds, in painting this portrait, is said to have affirmed that their pupils were larger than those of any human being he had ever met

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with. They retained their beauty to the last, though the face did not, and the body became bent. How much it is to be regretted that Sheridan with such fine eyes had so little foresight. There is in the gallery a younger portrait of him, in a stage or masquerade dress, which is unworthy of comparison with the preceding.

231. Scene in Covent Garden Market. One of the best views of the old place, by *Hogarth;* and one of the last sketches before the recent improvements, will be found in *The Mirror*, vol. xiii. p. 121. By the way, the pillar and ball, which stood in the centre of the square, and are seen in the present picture, were long in the garden of John Kemble, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

243. Portrait of the late Mr. Holcroft. *Dawe.* In this early performance of the artist, we in vain seek for the "best looks" of the sitter: such as the painter threw into his portraits of crowned heads.

248. The Happy Marriage. An *unfinished* picture by *Hogarth;* yet how beautifully is some of the distant grouping made out;—what life and reality too in the figures, and the whole composition, though seen, as it were, through a mist.

249. Study of a Head from Nature, painted by lamp-light. *Harlow.* A curious vagary of genius.

258. Daughter of Sir Peter Lely. *Lely.* We take this to be the oldest picture in the gallery. Lely has been dead upwards of a century and a half.

263. One of *Lawrence's* Portraits of himself.

286. Sir John Falstaff at Gad's Hill. *T. Stothard*, R.A. The figure has not the fleshy rotundity of the Falstaff of Shakspeare; he is like a half-stuffed actor in the part.

298. Portrait of the late King when Prince of Wales. *Lawrence.* The features at this period were remarkably handsome; and considering the influence of pre-eminence in birth, the expression is not over-tinged with *hauteur.* No persons have their portraits so frequently painted as princes; and the artist who has the fortune to paint them at all ages, as Lawrence did, must watch their personal changes with reflective interest, though he may confine them to the tablet of his memory. What an interval between the youthful vigour of the above portrait of the Prince and the artist's last, fine whole-length of the King, in dignified ease, on the sofa! Alas! lines increase in our faces as they do in the imperfect maps of a newly-discovered country.

313 and 228. Two Landscapes, by *Lawrence*, reminding us how strongly the artist's genius was fettered by public taste in Kneller's profitable glory of painting "the living."

In the *Water-colour Room* are many interesting productions, and some curiosities in their way. We have Paul Sandby and the quaintly precise Capon beside Glover and Landseer—so that the drawings are as motley as the paintings. Here also are Lawrence's inimitable chalk portraits of his present Majesty and the Duke of Wellington, which show us how much true genius can accomplish in a few lines.

SCHOOL OF PAINTING AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The present school of painting commenced on the 17th of September, and the students, as usual, have made numerous attempts to copy the inimitable examples of art which have been selected for their improvement. The selections consist of specimens from the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, and English schools, and afford ample variety, in style and subject, for the different tastes of the students. We are sorry to state, however, that only a very few copies can be selected as possessing a fair resemblance to the superb originals. We proceed to notice those who deserve the most praise:—

Gainsborough's Milk Girl is a most happy production of the pencil: the figure possesses great infantile beauty; and the landscape is rural, and in perfect harmony with the subject. This work has been cleverly copied by Messrs. Sargeant and Lilley in oil, and by Miss Fanny Corbaux in water-colour.

An Advocate in his Study—*Ostade:* an exquisitely finished cabinet picture. The expression in the advocate's face is excellent, and the various objects in his study are in proper keeping with his calling. The copy by Mr. Novice is excellent; and those of Messrs. Robson and Higham display great ability, though they are not sufficiently finished.

A Sea-shore, attributed to *Backhuysen,* has been studied by Mr. Dujardin.

Landscape—*Gaspar Poussin.* This great master admirably delineated the grandeur of Italian scenery, and invariably chose to represent it when the clouds forboded a storm, or when other accidental effects of nature added to the sublimity of the occasion. We generally experience a kind of awe while contemplating his works; and this feeling is excited by the *chef d'œuvre* before us. Several students have attempted it in oil; and Messrs. Musgrave, Burbank, and Taylor have copied it in water-colour.

Messrs. Marks, Sargeant, and Foster deserve notice for their studies from a Landscape with Figures, by *Waterloo;* and a charming picture by *Albert Cuyp*, representing a wide champaign country, with some well-executed figures in the foreground, has engaged the talents of Messrs. Hilder, Child, and Stanley.

Guido's Magdalen has been beautifully

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copied, on a small scale, by Mr. Emmerson; and St. Martin dividing his Garments, by *Rubens*, has met with successful imitators in the pencils of Messrs. Middleton and Buss. These gentlemen's copies, however, are considerably smaller than the original, which is of the dimensions of life.

The Water Mill, a brilliant little picture by *Ruysdael*, has employed the pencils of several students;—among the most successful of whom are Messrs. Stark, Lee, and Hilder.

View on the Grand Canal, Venice, by *Canaletti*: this is, perhaps, the *ne plus ultra* of the master, and is the property of that distinguished patron of the fine arts—Lord Farnborough. Miss Dujardin has produced the best copy: she has painted the buildings, boats, &c., with considerable accuracy, and has succeeded in imitating the transparency of the water. Miss Cook and Mr. Fowler have also copied this work.

Miss F. Corbaux (in water-colour), and Messrs. Sargeant, Robson, Simpson, and Lilley (in oil), have well copied the Cupid by *Sir J. Reynolds*; and Messrs. Fussel, Hilder, Sims, and Hoffland, deserve praise for their copies from a Dutch Village, by *Ruysdael*. A Corn Field, by the same master, appears to have been carefully studied by Messrs. Lee and Novice.

To conclude: A spirited series of small views in Venice, by *Guardi*, have been prettily imita'ed by Mr. Sargeant and Miss Dujardin. G. W. N.

The Public Journals.

SCRAPS FROM THE DIARY OF A TRAVELLER.

Rome.

If e'er you have seen an artist sketching
The purlieus of this ancient city,
I need not tell you how much stretching
There is of *truth*, to make things pretty;—
How trees are brought, perforce, together,
Where never tree was known to grow:
And founts condemned to trickle, whether
There's water for said founts or no;—
How ev'n the wonder of the Thane
In sketching all its wonder loses,
As woods *will* come to Dunsinane,
Or any where the sketcher chooses.

For instance, if an artist see,—
As at romantic Tivoli,—
A water-fall and ancient shrine,
Beautiful both, but not so plac'd
As that his pencil can combine
Their features in one *whole* with taste,—
What does he do? why, without scruple,
He whips the Temple up, as supple
As were those angels who (no doubt)
Carried the Virgin's House* about,—
And lands it plump upon the brink
Of the cascade, or whersoever
It suits his plaguy taste to think
'Twill look most picturesque and clever!

In short, there's no end to the treacheries
Of man or maid who once a sketcher is.
The livelier, too, their fancies are,
The more they'll falsify each spot;
As any dolt can give what's *there*,
But men of genius give what's *not*.

* The Santa Casa.

Then come your travellers, false as they,—
All Piranesis, in their way;
Eking out bits of truth with fallacies,
And turning pig-sty into palaces.
But, worst of all, that wordy tribe,
Who sit down, hang them, to *describe*;

Who, if they can but make things fine,
Have consciences by no means tender
In sinking all that will not shine,
All vulgar facts, that spoil their splendour:—
As Irish country squires they say,
Whene'er the Viceroy travels nigh,
Compound with beggars, on the way,
To be lock'd up, till he goes by;
And so send back his Lordship marvelling,
That Ireland should be deem'd so starveling.

This cant, for instance,—how profuse 'tis
Over the classic page of E——e!
Veiling the truth in such fine phrase,
That we for poetry might take it,
Were it not dull as prose, and praise,
And endless elegance can make it.—T. Moore.
Metropolitan.

ASMODEUS IN LONDON.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

I was alone with Sleep.

* * * * * *

I woke with a singular sense of feebleness and exhaustion, and turning my dizzy eyes—beheld the walls and furniture of my own chamber in London. Asmodeus was seated by my side reading a Sunday newspaper—his favourite reading.

"Ah!" said I, stretching myself with so great an earnestness, that I believed at first my stature had been increased by the malice of the Wizard, and that I stretched from one end of the room to the other—"Ah! dear Asmodeus, how pleasant it is to find myself on earth again! After all, these romantic wonders only do for a short time. Nothing like London when one has been absent from it upon a Syntax search after the Picturesque!"

"London is indeed a charming place,"—said the Devil—"all our fraternity are very fond of it—it is the custom for the Parisians to call it dull. What an instance of the vanity of patriotism—there is vice enough in it to make any reasonable man cheerful."

"Yes: the gaiety of Paris is really a delusion. How poor its shops—how paltry its equipages—how listless its crowds—compared with those of London! If it was only for the pain in walking their accursed stones, sloping down to a river in the middle of the street—all sense of idle enjoyment would be spoilt. But in London—'the hum, the stir, the din of men'—the activity and flush of life everywhere—the brilliant shops—the various equipages—the signs of luxury, wealth, restlessness, that meet you on all sides—give a much more healthful and vigorous bound to the spirits, than the indolent loungers of the Tuileries, spelling a thrice-read French paper which contains nothing, or sitting on chairs by the hour together, un-

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willing to stir because they have paid a penny for the seat—ever enjoy. O! if London would seem gay after Paris, how much more so after a visit to the interior of the Earth. And what is the news, my Asmodeus?"

"The Theatres have re-opened. Apropos of them—I will tell you a fine instance of the futility of human ambition. Mr. Monck Mason took the King's Theatre, saith report—(which is the creed of devils)—in order to bring out an opera of his own, which Mr. Laporte, with a very uncourteous discretion, had thought fit to refuse. The season passes—and Mr. Monck Mason has ruined himself without being able to bring out his opera after all! What a type of speculation. A speculator is one who puts a needle in a hay-stack, and then burns all his hay without finding the needle. It is hard to pay too dear for one's whistle—but still more hard if one never plays a tune on the whistle one pays for. Still the world has lost a grand pleasure in not seeing damned an Opera written by the Manager of the Opera-house,—it would have been such a consolation to all the rejected operatives,—it would have been the prettiest hardship entailed on a great man ever since the time of that speaker who was forced himself to put the question whether he had been guilty of bribery, and should be expelled the House, and had the pleasure of hearing the Ayes predominate. *Je me mêle* with the affairs of the Theatre—they are in my diabolic province, you know. But if the stage be the fosterer of vice, as you know it is said, vice just at this moment in England has very unattractive colours."

"Ah, wait till we break the monopoly. But even now have we not the 'Hunchback?"

"Yes; the incarnation of the golden mediocre: a stronger proof, by the hyperbolic praise it receives, of the decline of the drama than even the abundance of trash from which it gleams. Anything at all decent from a new dramatic author will obtain success far more easily than much higher merit in another line; literary rivalship not having yet been directed much towards the stage, there are not literary jealousies resolved and united against a dramatist's as against a poet's or a novelist's success. Every one can praise those pretensions, however humble, which do not interfere with his own."

"It is very true; there is never any very great merit, at least in a new author, when you don't hear the abuse louder than the admiration. And now, Asmodeus, with your leave, I will prepare for breakfast, and our morning's walk."

"Oh, dear, dear London, dear even in October! Regent-street, I salute you!—Bond-street, my good fellow, how are you? And you, O beloved Oxford-street! whom the 'Opium Eater' called 'stony-hearted,' and whom I, eating no opium, and speaking as I find, shall ever consider the most kindly and maternal of all streets—the street of the middle classes—busy without uproar, wealthy without ostentation. Ah, the pretty ancles that trip along thy pavement! Ah, the odd country cousin-bonnets that peer into thy windows, which are lined with cheap yellow shawls, price £1. 4*s*. marked in the corner! Ah, the brisk young lawyers flocking from their quarters at the back of Holborn! Ah, the quiet old ladies, living in Duchess-street, and visiting thee with their eldest daughters in the hope of a bargain! Ah, the bumpkins from Norfolk just disgorged by the Bull and Mouth—the soldiers—the milliners—the Frenchmen—the swindlers, the porters with four-post beds on their back, who add the excitement of danger to that of amusement! The various, shifting, motley group, that belong to Oxford-street, and Oxford-street alone. What thoroughfares equal thee in variety of human specimens! in the choice of objects—for remark—satire—admiration! Beside the other streets seem chalked out for a sect,—narrow-minded and devoted to a *coterie*. Thou alone art Catholic—all receiving. Regent-street belongs to foreigners, cigars, and ladies in red silk, whose characters are above scandal. Bond-street belongs to dandies and picture-buyers. St. James's to club-loungers, and young men in the Guards, with mustachios properly blackened by the *cire* of Mr. Delcroix; but thou, Oxford-street, what class can especially claim thee as its own? Thou mockest at oligarchies; thou knowest nothing of select orders! Thou art liberal as air—a chartered libertine! accepting the homage of all, and retaining the stamp of none. And to call *thee* stony-hearted!—certainly thou art so to beggars—to people who have not the WHEREWITHAL; but thou wouldst not be so respectable if thou wert not capable of a certain reserve to paupers. Thou art civil enough, in all conscience, to those who have a shilling in their pocket;—those who have not, why do they live at all?"

"That's not exactly what surprises me," said Asmodeus; "I don't wonder *why* they live, but *where* they live: for I perceive boards in every parish proclaiming that no vagrant—that is, no person who is too poor to pay for his lodging—will be permitted to stay there. Where then does he stay?—every parish unites against him—not a spot of ground is lawful for him to stand on. At length he is passed on to his own parish; the meaning of which is, that not finding a decent livelihood in one place, the laws prevent his seeking it at any other. By the way, it would not be a bad plan to substitute a vagrant for a fox, and, to hunt him regularly, you might hunt him with a pack of respectable persons belonging to the middle class, and eat him when he's caught. That

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would be the shortest way to get rid of the race. You might proclaim a reward for every vagrant's head: it would gain the King more honour with the rate-payers than clearing the country of wolves won to his predecessor. What wolf eats so much as a beggar? What wolf so troublesome, so famished, and so good for nothing? People are quite right in judging a man's virtue by his wealth; for when a man has not a shilling he soon grows a rogue. He must live on his wits, and a man's wits have no conscience when his stomach is empty. We are all very poor in Hell—very; if we were rich, Satan says, justly, that we should become idle."

I know not how it is, but my frame is one peculiarly susceptible to ennui. There's no man so instantaneously bored. What activity does this singular constitution in all cases produce! All who are sensitive to ennui do eight times the work of a sleek, contented man. Anything but a large chair by the fireside, and a family circle! Oh! the bore of going every day over the same exhausted subjects, to the same dull persons of respectability; yet that is the doom of all domesticity. Then *pleasure!* A wretched play—a hot opera, under the ghostly fathership of Mr. Monck Mason—a dinner of sixteen, with such silence or *such* conversation! —a water-party to Richmond, to catch cold and drink bad sauterne—a flirtation, which fills all your friends with alarm, and your writing-desk with love-letters you don't like to burn, and are afraid of being seen; nay, published, perhaps, one fine day, that you may go by some d——d pet name ever afterwards!—hunting in a thick mist—shooting in furze bushes, that "feelingly persuade you what you are"—"the bowl," as the poets call the bottles of claret that never warm you, but whose thin stream, like the immortal river,—

"Flows and as it flows, for ever may flow on;"

or the port that warms you indeed: yes, into a bilious headach and a low fever. Yet all these things are pleasures!—parts of social enjoyment! They fill out the corners of the grand world—they inspire the minor's dreams —they pour crowds into St. James's, Doctors' Commons, and Melton Mowbray—they—— Oh! confound them all!—it bores one even to write about them.

Only just returned to London, and, after so bright a panegyric on it, I already weary of the variety of its samenesses. Shall I not risk the fate of Faust, and fall in love—ponderously and *bonâ fide?* Or shall I go among the shades of the deceased, and amuse myself with chatting to Dido and Julius Cæsar? Verily, reader, I leave you for the present to guess my determination.

Domestic Hints.

WASTE OF BONES

Is at all times reprehensible, but more especially as they are employed as a manure for dry soils, with the very best effect. They are commonly ground and drilled in, in the form of powder, with turnip seed. Mr. Huskisson estimated the real value of bones annually imported, (principally from the Netherlands and Germany) for the purpose of being used as a manure, at 100,000*l.*; and he contended that it was not too much to suppose that an advance of between 100,000*l.* and 200,000*l.* expended on this article occasioned 500,000 additional quarters of corn to be brought to market.—*Loudon's Encycl. Agricult.*

GOOD FLOUR.

According to the assize acts, a sack of flour weighing 280 lbs. is supposed capable of being baked into 80 quartern loaves; one-fifth of the loaf being supposed to consist of water and salt, and four-fifths of flour. But the number of loaves that may be baked from a sack of flour *depends entirely* on its goodness. Good flour requires more water than bad flour, and old flour than new flour. Sometimes 82, 83, and even 86 loaves have been made from a sack of flour, and sometimes hardly 80.

LEGAL ADULTERATION OF BREAD.

Within the city of London, and in those places in the country where an assize is not set, it is lawful for the bakers to make and sell bread made of wheat, barley, rye, oats, buckwheat, Indian corn, peas, beans, rice, or potatoes, or any of them, along with common salt, pure water, eggs, milk, barm, leaven, potato or other yeast, and *mixed in such proportions as they shall think fit.* (3 Geo. IV. c. 106, and 1 and 2 Geo. IV. c. 50.

HIGH PRICE OF COALS IN LONDON.

Much has frequently been said of the monopoly of coal-owners; "but," observes Mr. Macculloch, "we are satisfied, after a pretty careful investigation of the circumstances, that no such monopoly has ever existed; and that the high price of coal in the metropolis is to be ascribed wholly to the various duties and charges that have been laid upon it, from the time that it has passed from the hands of the owner, to the time that it is lodged in the cellar of the consumer."—*Dict. Commerce, &c.* 1832.

ROASTING COFFEE.

Coffee in this country is rarely well roasted; and in this consists its chief excellence. Dr. Moseley long since observed—"The roasting of the berry to a proper degree requires great nicety: the virtue and agreeableness of the

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drink depend upon it; and both are often injured by the ordinary method. Bernier says, when he was at Cairo, where coffee is so much used, he was assured by the best judges, that there were only two people in that great city who understood how to prepare it in perfection. If it be underdone, its virtues will not be imparted, and, in use, it will load and oppress the stomach; if it be overdone, it will yield a flat, burnt, and bitter taste, its virtues will be destroyed, and, in use, it will heat the body, and act as an astringent." The desirable colour of roasted coffee is that of cinnamon. Coffee-berries readily imbibe exhalations from other bodies, and thereby acquire an adventitious and disagreeable flavour. Sugar placed near coffee will, in a short time, so impregnate the berries as to injure their flavour. Dr. Moseley mentions, that a few bags of pepper, on board a ship from India, spoiled a whole cargo of coffee.

The Gatherer.

History of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" and "The Witch of Edmonton."—Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, says, "There is a fable (says Norden) of one Peter Fabell, that lyeth in Edmonton church, who is said to have beguiled the devell by policie for money; but the devell is deceit itselfe, and hardly deceived."—"Belike (says Weever) he was some ingenious, conceited gentleman, who did use some sleightie tricks for his own disport. He lived and died in the reign of Henry the Seventh, says the book of his merry pranks." The book Weever refers to is a pamphlet, now very scarce, called *The Life and Death of the Merry Devil of Edmonton, with the Pleasant Pranks of Smug the Smith, &c.*" These pleasant pranks compose the greater part of the book, which informs us that Peter Fabell was born at Edmonton, and lived and died there in the reign of Henry VII. He is called "an excellent scholar, and well seene in the arte of magick." His story was worked up into a play, called "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," which has been falsely attributed to Shakspeare, but is now generally supposed to have been written by Michael Drayton. There are five editions of this play; the first came out in 1608; the scene is laid at Edmonton and Enfield. Edmonton has furnished the stage with another drama, called, "The Witch of Edmonton."

> "The town of Edmonton has lent the stage
> A Devil and a Witch, both in an age,"

says the prologue to this play, which is said to be founded on a known true story, and exhibits various witchcrafts practised upon the neighbourhood by one Mother Sawyer, whose portrait with that of her familiar (a dog, called Tom, which is one of the *dramatis personæ*,) is in the title-page. In the last act, Mrs. Sawyer is led out to execution. Thus far Lysons.—Many curious particulars relating to Mrs. Sawyer may be seen in a quarto pamphlet, published in 1621, under the title of *The wonderful discoverie of Elizabeth Sawyer, a witch, late of Edmonton; her conviction, her condemnation, and death; together with the relation of the Divel's accesse to her, and their conference together. Written by Henry Goodcole, Minister of the Word of God, and her continued visitor in the Goale of Newgate.* The play of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" was performed at the Globe, on the Bank-side. "The Witch of Edmonton" was often acted at the Cock-pit, in Drury-lane, and once at Court, with singular applause. It was never printed till the year 1658; and was composed by Rowley, Dekker, and Ford, as a tragi-comedy.

P. T. W.

Moody the Actor was an avaricious man. He once lent money to Mr. Brereton, the actor; Brereton did not return it immediately, and Moody waited with some degree of patience. At length, the first time Moody met him, he looked earnestly at him, and vented a kind of noise between a sigh and a groan. He repeated this interjection whenever he met Brereton, who at length was so annoyed, that he put his hand in his pocket and paid him. Moody took the money, and with a gentler aspect said, "Did I ask you for it, Billy?"——Speaking of Sheridan, Moody once said, "I have the highest respect for Mr. Sheridan; I honour his talents, and would do anything to show my friendship for him, but take his word."—*Taylor.*

A Cruel Physiognomist.—Quin said of Macklin, "If God writes a legible hand, that fellow is a villain." At another time, Quin had the hardihood to say to Macklin himself, "Mr. Macklin, by the *lines*—I beg your pardon, sir—by the *cordage* of your face, you should be hanged."

"*The Grand Pause.*"—Macklin had three pauses in his acting—the first, moderate; the second, twice as long; but his last, or "grand pause," as he styled it, was so long, that the prompter, on one occasion, thinking his memory failed, repeated the cue (as it is technically called) several times, and at last so loud as to be heard by the audience. At length Macklin rushed from the stage, and knocked him down, exclaiming, "The fellow interrupted me in my grand pause!"

John Gilpin.—Henderson, the actor, in his public readings, first brought into notice the humorous tale of John Gilpin, which he recited with such spirit and comic effect that it drew public attention to the poems of Cowper in general, which, excellent as they are, particularly *The Task*, were but little known at the time, though they are now justly in universal estimation.

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Bibb the Engraver.—Taylor relates: How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, insomuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of "Half-crown Bibb," by which appellation he was generally distinguished; and according to a rough, and, perhaps, fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2,000*l.* in half-crowns. I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the newspapers, and, expressing my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the doctor, when he again interrupted me with, "Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you such a thing as ninepence about you?" Luckily for him I had a little more.

Worst Leg.—Theophilus Cibber was by no means wanting in abilities or humour. He had ill-formed legs; and having projected one of them in company, which was noticed with a laugh, he offered to lay a wager that there was a worse in company; and it being accepted, he put forward his other leg, which was indeed more ill-shaped than the other.

A Painter's Gratitude.—Zoffani, the celebrated painter, who was born at Frankfort, 1735, came to England, as a painter of small portraits, when he was about the age of thirty years. He had the honour to be employed by his Majesty, and painted portraits of the royal family; and he was engaged by the Queen, to paint for her a view of the Tribune of the Gallery of Florence. He was somewhat of a humorist; and it is said of him, that whilst he was engaged painting in the Florentine Gallery, the Emperor of Germany visited the Grand Duke; and coming up to Zoffani, in the Gallery, was much pleased with his performance, and asked him his name; and on hearing it, inquired what countryman he was, when he answered, "An Englishman."—"Why," said the Emperor, "your name is German!"—"True," returned the painter, "I was born in Germany, that was accidental; *I call that my country where I have been protected!*" He was a member of the Royal Academy, and died in 1808.

P. T. W.

Watching for the Soul.—Margaret of Valois, Queen of Navarre, being present at the death-bed of one of her maids of honour, continued to fix her eyes on the dying person with uncommon eagerness and perseverance till she breathed her last. The ladies of the Court expressed their astonishment at this conduct, and requested to know what satisfaction her majesty could derive from so close an inspection of the agonies of death. Her answer marked a most daring and inquisitive mind. She said that having often heard the most learned doctors and ecclesiastics assert, that on the extinction of the body the immortal part was set at liberty and unloosed, she could not restrain her anxious curiosity to observe if such separation were visible or discernible; that none had she been able in any degree to discover. She was suspected of Hugonotism, and was so devout as to compose hymns.

Harvest-home.—This custom a Correspondent believes to be exclusively English; and its rapid disuse in many parts of England cannot be but a source of regret to those who study the moral enjoyment of the labouring classes of society. The social meal is now recompensed by a trifling sum of money, which is either the resource of drunkenness and debauchery, or at best is but comparatively ill-spent.

All things by Comparison.—Aristippus being reprehended of luxury by one that was not rich, for that he gave six crowns for a small fish, answered, "Why, what would you have given?" The other said, "Some twenty pence." Aristippus said again, "And six crowns is no more with me."

P. T. W.

Epitaphs.—At Castle Camps, in Cambridgeshire, is the following quaint epitaph on a former rector—

Mors mortis morti mortem n:si morte dedisset,
Æternæ Vitæ Janua clausa foret.

The translation is obviously, "unless the Death of Death (Christ) had given death to Death by his own death, the gate of eternal life had been closed." A poetic specimen of declension!

At Babraham, in Cambridgeshire, is this on Orazio Palovicini, who was the last deputed to this country to collect the Peterpence; but instead of returning to Rome, he divided the spoil with the Queen, and bought the estate at Babraham.—

Here lies Orazio Palovicin,
Who robb'd the Pope to pay the Queen.
He was a thief:—A thief? thou liest!
For why?—He robb'd but antichrist.
Him Death with besom swept from Babraham,
Unto the bosom of old Abraham;
Then came Hercules, with his club,
And knocked him down to Beelzebub.

INDAGATOR.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1833.

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Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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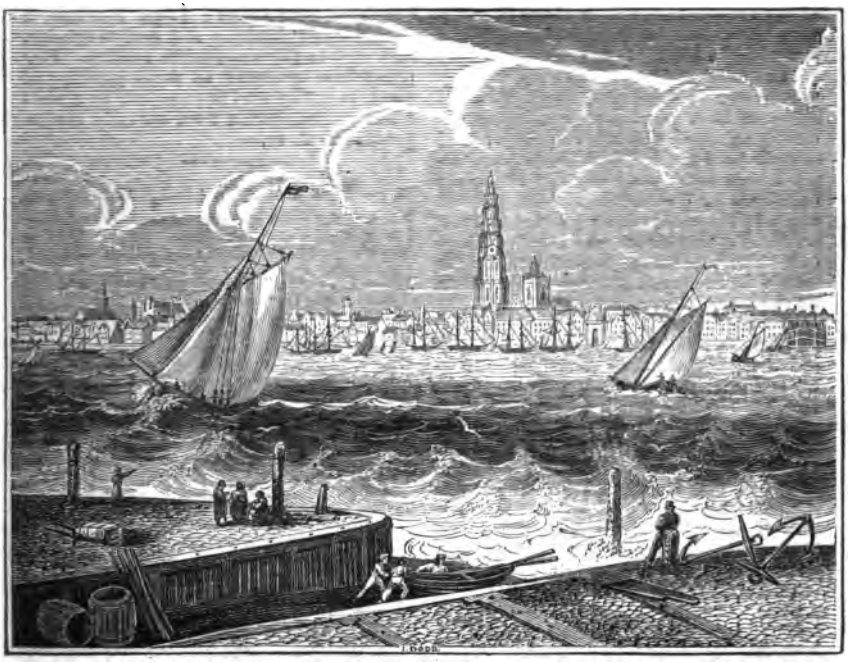
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 579.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



ANTWERP.

This Engraving may prove a welcome pictorial accompaniment to a score of plans of "the seat of war," in illustration of the leading topic of the day. The view may be relied on for accuracy; it being a transfer of the engraving in "Select Views of the Principal Cities of Europe, from Original Paintings, by Lieutenant Colonel Batty, F. R. S.*" We have so recently described the city, that our present notice must be confined to a brief outline.

Antwerp, one of the chief cities of the Netherlands, is situated on the river Scheldt, 22 miles north of Brussels, and 65 south of Amsterdam: longitude 4° 23′ East; latitude 51° 13′ North. It is called by Latin writers, *Antverpia*, or *Andoverpum*; by the Germans, *Antorf*; by the Spanish, *Anveres*; and by the French, *Anvers*.† The city is of great antiquity, and is supposed by some to have existed before the time of Cæsar. It was much enlarged by John, the first Duke of Brabant, in 1201; by John, the third, in 1314; and by the Emperor Charles V. in 1543: it has always been a place of commercial importance, and about twenty years after the last mentioned date, the trade is concluded to have been at its greatest height; the number of inhabitants was then computed at 200,000. A few years subsequently, Antwerp suffered much in the infamous war against religious freedom, projected by the detestable Philip II. (son of Charles V.) and executed by the sanguinary Duke of Alva, whose cruelty has scarcely a parallel in history. In this merciless crusade, Alva boasted that he had consigned 18,000 persons to the executioner; and with vanity as disgusting

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† The name of Antwerp, says an ingenious correspondent, at p. 287, vol. xiv. of *The Mirror*, is derived from *Hand-werpen*, or *Hand-thrown*: so called from a legend, which informs us that on the site of the present city once stood the castle of a giant, who was accustomed to amuse himself by cutting off and casting into the river the right hands of the unfortunate wights that fell into his power; but that being at last conquered himself, his own immense hand was disposed off, with poetical justice, in the same way. We quote this passage in a note, as it is only worthy of place *beneath* facts of sober history.

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as his cruelty, he placed a statue of himself in Antwerp, in which he was figured trampling on the necks of two statues, representing the two estates of the Low Countries. Before the termination of the war, not less than 600 houses in the city were burnt, and 6 or 7,000 of the inhabitants killed or drowned. Antwerp was retaken and repaired by the Prince of Parma, in 1585. It has since that time been captured and re-captured so frequently as to render its decreasing prosperity a sad lesson, if such proof were wanting, of the baleful scourge of war. The reader need scarcely be reminded that the last and severest blow to the prosperity of Antwerp was occasioned by the overthrow of Buonaparte, when, by the treaty of peace signed in 1814, her naval establishment was utterly destroyed.* The population has dwindled to little more than one-fourth of the original number, its present number scarcely exceeding 60,000.

The annexed view is taken from the *Tête de Flandre*, a fortified port on the left bank of the river Scheldt, immediately opposite to the city, and now in the possession of the Dutch. The river here is a broad and noble stream, and at high water navigable for vessels of large tonnage. A short distance below the town the banks are elevated, like part of Millbank, near Vauxhall Bridge; and the situation has much the same character. The river is here about twice the width of the Thames at London Bridge, and it flows with great rapidity.

Lieut.-Colonel Batty observes, "there is perhaps no city in the north of Europe which, on inspection, awakens greater interest" than Antwerp. It abounds in fine old buildings, which bear testimony to its former wealth and importance. The three most aspiring points in the View are—1. the Church of St. Paul, richly dight with pictures by Teniers, De Crayer, Quellyn, De Vos, Jordaens, &c.; 2. the Tower of the Hôtel de Ville, the whole façade of which is little short of 300 feet, a part of the front being cased with variegated marble, and ornamented with statues; 3. the lofty and richly-embellished Tower of the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, forming the most striking object from whichever side we view the city. The interior is enriched with valuable paintings by Flemish masters; the height of the spire is stated at 460 feet.†

The distance from the mouth of the Scheldt to Antwerp is usually reckoned to be sixty-two miles, allowing for the bending of the river. At Lillo, an important fortress, the appearance of the city of Antwerp becomes an interesting object, and the more imposing the nearer the traveller approaches along the last reach of the Scheldt.

Antwerp has been the birthplace of many learned men—as, Ortelius, an eminent mathematician and antiquary of the sixteenth century, and the friend of our Camden; Gorleus, a celebrated medallist, of the same period; Andrew Schott, a learned Jesuit, and the friend of Scaliger; Lewis Nounius, a distinguished physician and erudite scholar, born early in the seventeenth century. Few places have produced so many painters of merit, as will be seen at page 380, by a well-timed communication from our early correspondent P. T. W.

A MALTESE LEGEND.

HARK, in the bower of yonder tower,
What maiden so sweetly sings,
As the eagle flies through the sunny skies
He stayeth his golden wings;
And swiftly descends, and his proud neck bends,
And his eyes they stream with glare,
And gaze with delight, on her looks so bright,
As he motionless treads the air.
But his powerful wings, as she sweetly sings,
They droop to the briny wave,
And slowly he falls near the castle walls,
And sinks to his ocean grave.
Was it arrow unseen with glancing sheen,
The twang of the string unheard,
Sped from hunter's bow, that has laid him low,
And has pierced that kingly bird?
That has brought his flight, from the realms of light,
Where his hues in ether glow,
To float for awhile in the sun's last smile,
Then dim to the depths below?
No! the pow'rful spell, that had wrought too well,
Was sung by a maiden true,
And it breath'd and flow'd, to her love who row'd,
His path through the seas of blue.
As she saw his sail, by the gentle gale,
Slow borne to her lofty bower,
Her heart it beat, in her high retreat,
She sang by a spell-bound power:

"Zephyr winds, with gentlest motion
Urge his bark the blue waves o'er;
Cease your wild and deep commotion
Waft him safely to the shore.

"Lovely art thou crested billow,
On thy whiteness rests his eye,
Thou art to his bark a pillow,
Thou dost hear his ev'ry sigh.

"Would I were yon dolphin dancing
Round his fragile vessel's stern;
Ev'ry gaze my soul entrancing,
I would woo him though he spurn."

Here she rais'd her eyes, to the once bright skies,
For she heard the deep sea groan,
And her song it stopp'd, and her hands they drop'd,
Her face grew white as the foam;
For the lovely blue, was hid from her view,
By a black and mighty cloud!
She saw in each wave, a watery grave,
And again she sang aloud:

"But the clouds are rolling heavy,
Fitful gusts distend his sail;
See the whirlpool's foaming eddy,
Hear the seagull's mournful wail.

"Now his vessel greets the thunder,
Now she rests on ocean's bed,
Where in shrines of pearl and amber,
Youthful lovers, love, though dead.

"Gracious Heaven! in mercy spare him,
Shield him with thine arm of pow'r;
On thy wings, oh! Father, bear him
Through this dark and troubled hour.

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* See Antwerp described from a *Tour in South Holland* in the *Family Library*, at p. 109, vol. xviii. of *The Mirror*.

† See Antwerp Cathedral, *Mirror*, vol. xiv, p. 286.

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"In yon convent then to-morrow
Will I give to thee my days;
Flee this world of grief and sorrow,
Endless sing thee hymns of praise.

"But if thou hast bid us sever,
Till we reach the heavenly shore,
I will steer my bark, where never,
Waves nor death shall part us more.

"We will roam the plains of ocean,
Tread the sands where rubies shine,
Drink from starry founts the potion
Mortals taste, and grow divine.

"But his vessel's sinking slowly,
And mine hour of death is near;
Yet I shrink not,—sweet and holy
Is the end that knows no fear."

Scarce the words had died, and the crimson tide,
Flow'd calm in her heaving breast,
When she flew to the wave, to share his grave,
And taste of his final rest.
And the fishermen boast, who dwell on that coast,
That after the ev'ning bell
Has toll'd the hour, in sleet and in shower,
They float on a golden shell.
And all night they roam, where the breakers foam,
When the moonbeams streak the waves,
But when morn awakes and the twilight breaks,
They glide to their coral caves.

Leeds. T. W. H.

Manners and Customs.

EARLY INHABITANTS OF BRITAIN.

(To the Editor.)

In your Correspondent *Selim's* laudable endeavour to vindicate the ancient inhabitants of this island from the character of barbarians given them by Cæsar, he has made some errors, which, with your permission, I will attempt to rectify. First, I beg leave to dissent from the derivation of the word Druid, "Druidh," a wise man, as such a word is not to be found in the Welsh language. In one of your early volumes* there is a letter from a Correspondent, deriving the word (in the above language it is written Derwydd) from Dar and Gwydd, signifying chief in the presence, as the religious ceremonies of the Druids were considered to be performed in the presence of the Deity. This may seem far fetched; but, according to the genius of the language, any word commencing with *g*, and having another word prefixed, the sound of the *g* is always dropped: therefore, those words would be written Darwydd, only a difference of one letter from the proper word.

With regard to the statement of the Druids being "ever foremost in the battle strife," as your Correspondent has quoted Cæsar, I am surprised that he has overlooked this passage: "The Druids were exempt from all military payment, and excused from serving in the wars;" indeed, one of the main objects of Bardism was to maintain peace, and the use of arms was therefore prohibited to its members; though in later times it was one of the duties of the king's domestic bard, on the day of battle, to sing in front of the army the national song of "Unbennaeth Prydain" (the Monarchy of Britain,) for the purpose of animating the soldiers.

It is not possible that a people possessing the three orders of Druid, Bard, and Ovate, who, (leaving their poetry out of the question for the present,) were able to raise the immense piles of Abury and Stonehenge, could be the barbarians they are thought to be; and those who could raise such immense blocks of stone deserve at least credit for ingenuity. Now, it does not appear to me to require a great stretch of fancy to believe that the requisite knowledge was obtained of the architects of the Pyramids, Temples, and cities of Egypt and the east: and this is not improbable; as, according to the Triads, the Cymmry (or Welsh) came from the Gwlad yr Haf,* (the summer country) the present Taurida; and further, Herodotus says, that a nation called Cimmerians, (very much like their own name,) dwelt in that part of Europe and the neighbouring parts of Asia. Other historians are of similar opinion, and considering the numerous emigrations from Egypt, caused by religious persecutions and conquests, it is very likely that some of their priests or learned men were among those exiles, and that they communicated their knowledge to the same description of persons belonging to the nations with whom they sojourned. The founders of Athens and Thebes were exiles; and the Philistines, noted for their constant wars with the Jews, were originally expelled from Egypt. I have been informed that there has been found in the southern part of the United States, the remains of a building similar in its appearance to Stonehenge. Did a remnant of those Druids or Priests erect this and the Temples of Mexico, and leave behind them those implements of war and industry that have been found in the soil and in the mines of America? and to equal the manufacture of which, all the resources of modern art have proved inadequate. It appears that there existed at a most remote period, a sort of Freemasonry of priests, bards, and architects, who, and their successors extended themselves over the whole world; for, to whom else can be ascribed those stupendous structures, the ruins of which at the present day excite our admiration and wonder, and may be traced over Asia, Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, in Britain and America. That the ancients knew of America is not improbable, when we recollect the extent of the voyages of the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, and what has been said of the great Island of Atlantis; it is not likely that Prince Madog would have sailed in search of a distant land if he had not heard something of its existence. In the fifth century, a chieftain named Gafran ab Aeddan, went in search of some islands called Gwerddonau Llion, (Green Isles of the

* Vol. iv. p. 10 and 50.

* Welsh name of Somersetshire.

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Floods,) supposed to be the Canaries; but whether he succeeded in reaching them is not known, as he was never heard of after he left Britain. This is a proof that the Welsh at least, had heard of distant lands in the Atlantic Ocean: another curious fact is, that the worship of the sun was prevalent in all the countries in which those remains have been found. In conclusion, I beg leave to say that the people could not be very barbarous, who were in the habit of hearing such precepts as "the three ultimate objects of bardism—to reform *manners* and *customs*, to secure *peace*, and to extol every thing that is good."

Llundain. CYMMRO.

BATHING—ANCIENT AND MODERN BATHS.

PERHAPS neither of the exercises that are indispensable to the health and comfort of man has so kept pace with his progressive improvement as bathing; and though of late years this effectual promoter of cleanliness has not in some parts of the world been sufficiently attended to, yet the custom is by no means on the decrease; nor can any fear be entertained, with propriety, that so excellent and so natural an expedient should ever be suffered to decline, from want of consideration of its benefits and advantages. But it must be owned, that while bathing in many countries is resorted to as a matter-of-course affair among all classes, in England it is in a great measure disregarded by most of the middle classes, and almost entirely so by those in the lower station of life, who perhaps require this exercise more than their richer neighbours.

A medical writer of the present day observes, with some grounds for complaint, that while "in almost all countries, both in ancient and modern times, whether rude or civilized, bathing was a part of the necessary and everyday business of life, in this country alone, with all its refinements in the arts which contribute to the happiness or comfort of man, and with all its improvements in medical science and jurisprudence, this salutary and luxurious practice is almost entirely neglected."* But in many countries, particularly in the east, bathing is as much resorted to as ever; and its really powerful effects in revigorating the frame and promoting the porous secretions, (without which life itself cannot be long continued,) require only to be once known to be persevered in.

Among the ancients, bathing was far more generally practised than at the present day. In the city of Alexandria, there were 4,000 public baths; and the height of refinement in this luxury among the Romans is almost incredible. In addition to the private baths, with which almost every house was supplied, public baths were built, sometimes at the public cost, and often at the expense of private individuals, who nobly conceived their wealth to be laudably expended in giving each of their fellow-citizens the means of procuring, free of expense, bodily cleanliness and comfort. These baths were generally very extensive, and fitted up with every possible convenience;—the passages and apartments were paved with marbles of every hue, and the tesselated floors were adorned with representations of gladiatorial engagements, hunting, racing, and a variety of subjects from the mythology. In the *Thermæ* at Rome, ingenuity and magnificence seem exhausted; and the elegance of the architecture, and the vast range of rooms and porticos, create in the beholder surprise and admiration, mingled with feelings of regret for their neglected state. A quadrans (about a farthing) admitted any one; for the funds bequeathed by the emperors and others were amply sufficient to provide for the expensive establishments requisite, without taxing the people beyond their means. Agrippa gave his baths and gardens to the public, and even assigned estates for their maintenance. Some of the *Thermæ* were also provided with a variety of perfumed ointments and oils gratuitiously. The chief *Thermæ*† were those of Agrippa, Nero, Titus, Domitian, Caracalla, and Diocletian. Their main building consisted of rooms for swimming and bathing, in either hot or cold water; others for conversation; and some devoted to various exercises and athletic amusements. In some assembled large bodies to hear the lectures of philosophers, or perhaps a composition of some favourite poet; while the walls were surrounded with statues, paintings, and literary productions, to suit the diversified taste of the company.

Eustace describes these *Thermæ* at some length:—"Repassing the Aventine Hill, we came to the baths of Antoninus Caracalla, that occupy part of its declivity, and a considerable portion of the plain between it and Mons Cœliolus and Mons Cœlius. The length of the Thermæ was 1,840 feet; breadth, 1,476. At each end were two temples, one to Apollo and another to Esculapius, as the tutelary deities of a place sacred to the improvement of the mind, and the health of the body. In the principal building were, in the first place, a grand circular vestibule, with four halls on each side, for cold, tepid, warm, and steam baths;‡ in the centre was an immense square for exercise, when the weather was unfavourable to it in the open air; beyond it a great hall, where *one thousand six hundred seats of marble* were placed for the convenience of

* Culverwell on Bathing.

† *Θερμὰι*—hot springs.

‡ These baths, impregnated with medicinal herbs, and other preparations, are at the present day gaining great repute for the cure of cutaneous diseases, and other complaints.

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the bathers; at each end of this hall were libraries. The stucco and paintings, though faintly indeed, are yet in many places perceptible. Pillars have been dug up, and some still remain amidst the ruins; while the Farnesian Bull and the famous Hercules, found in one of these halls announce the multiplicity and beauty of the statues which once adorned the Thermæ of Caracalla."

Before they commenced bathing in the *Thermæ*, the Romans anointed themselves with oil, in a room especially appropriated to the purpose; and oil was again applied, with the addition of perfumes, on quitting the bath. In a painting which has been engraved from one of the walls in the baths of Titus, the room is represented filled with a number of vases, and somewhat resembles an apothecary's shop. These vases contained a variety of balsamic and oleaceous compositions for the anointment, which, when ultimately performed, prepared the bathers for the *sphæristerium*, in which various amusements and exercises were enjoyed. The subsequent operation of scraping the body with the strigil has given way to a mode of freeing the body from perspiration and all extraneous matter, by a sort of bag or glove of camel's hair, which is used in Turkey; while flannel and brushes are substituted in other parts.

The vapour-baths now used in Russia resemble very much those among the ancient Romans. These are generally rudely built of wood, over an oven, and the bathers receive the vapour at the requisite heat, reclining on wooden benches,—while, more powerfully to excite perspiration, they whip their bodies with birch boughs, and also use powerful friction. They then wash themselves; and, as these vapour-baths are often constructed on the banks of a river, throw themselves from the land into the water; or sometimes, by way of variety, plunge into snow, and roll themselves therein. This violent exercise and sudden transition of temperature is almost overpowering to persons unhabituated to the custom, and will oftentimes produce fainting,—though the patient, on recovering, finds himself refreshed, and experiences a delightful sense of mental, as well as bodily, vigour and energy. The enervating effects of the extreme luxury and refinement practised in the Greek and Roman baths are obviated in the Russian mode: to which may partly be ascribed the power which the latter people have in undergoing fatigue and the various hardships of their rigorous climate. Tooke says that without doubt the Russians owe their longevity, robust health, their little disposition to fatal complaints, and, above all, their happy and cheerful temper, mostly to these vapour-baths. Lewis and Clarke, in their voyage up the Missouri, have noticed the use of the vapour-bath in a somewhat similar contrivance to the Russians among the savage tribes of America;—so it appears that this effectual promoter of cleanliness is one of the most simple, original, and natural, that can be employed for that paramount duty.

C. R. S.

The Sketch-Book.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WANDERER.

An Incident on the Coast.

Towards the close of an afternoon in the dreary month of December, a small vessel was descried in the offing, from the pier of a romantic little hamlet on the coast of ———. The pier was this evening nearly deserted by those bold spirits, who, when sea and sky conspire to frown together, loved to resort there to while away their idle hours. Only a few "out-and-outers" were now to be seen at their accustomed station, defying the rough buffetings of the blast, which on more tender faces might have acted almost with the keenness of a razor. Though the evening certainly looked wild and stormy to an unpractised eye, still to those who "gauge the weather" it was unaccompanied with those unerring symptoms which usually usher in a gale. However, the appearance of the night was so uninviting, as to have induced the local craft to run some time before along shore for shelter; and the movements of the strange vessel were consequently a matter of speculation to those on land. There is something to our minds exceedingly interesting in a solitary vessel at sea—it is a point on which you may hinge your attention—a living thing on the desert-bosom of the main. For sometime her movements were apparently very undecided, but though the weather seemed to be looking up, she suddenly put about helm, and ran without further wavering right for the shelter held out at Lanport. In less than twenty minutes she was safe alongside the pier. She was one of the larger class of fishing vessels and was well manned. The attention of the bystanders was now directed to an individual who seemed to be a passenger, and who immediately landed after conversing for a short while with the master. The gentleman brought ashore an immoderately large carpet-bag, and forthwith marched for the chief street of Lanport. When we say chief, we, perhaps, ought to add that it was the only assemblage of buildings in the village, which by the comparative uniformity of their arrangement, could lay claim to such a title. On reaching the foot of the declivity, the traveller, who was evidently much jaded with his marine excursion, espied with symptoms of satisfaction, the antiquated sign-post of an "hostelrie" swinging before him in the breeze. Without further investigation, but with "wandering steps and slow," he

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decided on taking up his quarters at the "Mermaid Inn and Tavern, by Judith, (or Judy as she was called by some) Teague." This determination of the traveller would, however, have turned out to be "Hobson's choice" had his eyes wandered in quest of a rival establishment, for here Mrs. Judy Teague reigned supreme amongst "licensed victuallers," no rival having hitherto been found bold enough to enter the field against her. The leisurely advance of the traveller up the street, had given all the old gossips and that numerous class who esteem other people's business of infinitely greater consequence than their own, full opportunity to remark on his dress and appearance; in which as faithful chroniclers we have not gathered that there was anything remarkable —save and except the enormous carpet-bag aforesaid, about which its owner seemed as solicitous as the traveller in Rob Roy. A stranger was, at the period we are describing, a *rara avis in terris* indeed at Lanport; and it may be conceived that the news of this arrival was discussed round every hearth in the place within half an hour at the utmost. Mrs. Teague is recorded to have advanced to the door with unwonted rapidity (bearing in mind that she had halted a little since she was on the wrong side of forty, from a rheumatic affection,) to meet such an "iligant-looking guest;" and certain it is that he had not been two hours in the house, before it was evident that both parties were on an excellent footing together. The old lady was seen to come from the best—the parlour we mean to say—of the Mermaid, with very unusual symptoms of good humour on her countenance, considering (as Betsy the "maid of all work" whispered to "Jack Ostler,") that her visage had generally a "vinegar cruet" association; though we would not take upon ourselves to assert that brandy had not a greater share in its composition.

The strange gentleman continued in close occupation of the parlour during the entire evening. The mysterious carpet bag was secured in an upper room, and its owner chased away the damps and cold of the season by unusually liberal potations; in short, Mrs. Judith declared to the numerous party of customers who had assembled from chance or curiosity on her hearth, that he was the most liberal gentleman that had ever crossed her threshold in the way of business, since Julius O'Brien (commonly called the tippling exciseman,) had unexpectedly departed this life by mistaking the steep staircase of the Mermaid for a single step, one night when his brain was more than usually beclouded. The arrival of the stranger, however, had nearly caused a schism between the hostess and her leading customers; for the former had whilst he honoured the Mermaid with his presence, engaged the parlour for his exclusive accommodation—an arrangement contrary to all the rules of Lanport etiquette; and he might have experienced rather a rude reception had not Mrs. Judy given up her *sanctum sanctorum* for the temporary use of the "elect."

Next day, the morning had passed away, nay, the sun was fast nearing towards the western horizon, and yet the stranger exhibited no inclination to explore the locality of Lanport. Night at last set in, but still he remained in close quarters as before.

This appeared the more strange, as the situation of Lanport was singularly wild and interesting. The prospect from the wooded and rocky heights of the coast was of great and commanding beauty; and the inland view presented many scenes and objects highly calculated to invite the attention of the lover of nature or the curious traveller. It was evident that the stranger was deficient in both these points.

The history of the next day closely corresponded with that of the preceding. There he sat. That night there was again a strong muster around the capacious hearth of the Mermaid. If the stranger was deficient in that inherent passion of the human mind—curiosity—not so the villagers. But one sentiment seemed to pervade the assembled party, and that may be summed up in the words "Who *is* he?" An echo responded "Who *is* he?" Conjecture was literally at a fault. His very appearance was unknown to all except the fortunate few that had beheld him in his march from the pier; the fishing boat had put to sea before any one thought of making inquiry as to the freight it had delivered, but every one agreed that there was something of an extraordinary character about the said freight. Ever and anon the parlour door opened, and a lusty ring of the hand-bell summoned the hostess into that now mysterious room: and the volley of questions which assailed her on her return were enough to overturn the very moderate stock of patience which she possessed, had it been centupled. She declared that "the jintleman was like other jintlemen, and barring that he seemed the b'y for the brandy," she saw nothing amiss in him. In the midst of this excitement in walked the officer commanding the preventive service of the district. He was soon closeted in the *sanctum*, and after a due discussion of the singular proceedings of the stranger, on the part of each member of the Lanport smoking club, the worthy lieutenant declared "it was not only d——d odd, but very suspicious;" and that he would beard the foe who had so unceremoniously taken possession of their own proper apartment, face to face, even though he should turn out to be Beelzebub, in *propriâ personâ*. This determination was received with a vast and simultaneous puff of exultation from every pipe in the room, so that the

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cloud was for a short space so great as completely to envelope the ample proportions of Mrs. Judy Teague, who had been an unnoticed witness of this bold proposal. The lieutenant was striding onwards in full career towards the parlour, which lay at the opposite side of the intervening kitchen, when he somewhat roughly encountered the fair form of Mrs. Teague, which was extended halfway through the doorcase with a view to prevent his egress.

"Och! murder, Lafetennant ———, and is this the way you'd be sarving a lone woman, and she a widow these twelve year agon, since Michael Tague's (Heaven rest his sowl!) been laid aneath the turf!"

The lieutenant apologized for the rather unceremonious way in which he had run foul of Mrs. Teague.

"Och! Lafetennant," she responded, "its not that *agra!* (here she gave a twinge) that Judy Tague would ever spake of from the like of you—but its against your goin' and insulting the jintl'm in the parlour that I was spaking of—and a *rale* jintl'm he is, I'll be bail."

But it was all of no avail. After holding forth for several minutes, now at the top of her voice, now in a beseeching whine—the lieutenant again got under weigh, and soon reached the parlour door; which after giving a slight tap, he entered fully prepared to take its inmate by storm. But, lo! he had vanished! It appeared impossible that any portion of the previous conversation could have been wafted to his ears, but certain it was, that in place of a living occupant of flesh and blood, nothing but the wavering shadow of an ancient high-backed chair near the fire—which cast a faint and uncertain light through the apartment—met the eyes of the angry lieutenant. A heavy step overhead announced that he had just retired to his sleeping-room. Thus was the now greatly increased curiosity of the smoking club doomed to receive an unexpected check. The stranger was evidently no ordinary person—the conversation gradually sank away—and more than one individual of the company started in the course of the evening as the wind now wailed with a strange unearthly sound up the silent street, and now blew in violent gusts which made the old house creak and groan to its very foundations. Our gallant friend, the lieutenant, was perhaps the only individual absolutely unmoved in the party; and his proposal to retake possession of the parlour met with a general negative. Nettled at this, he declared that another sun should not go down over his head, without obtaining some satisfactory account of this mysterious visitant.

The third day came, and with it a partial change in the conduct of the stranger. He appeared to have in some measure shaken off his indolence, and sallied forth betimes in the morning, apparently to examine the beauties of the coast, towards the rocky wilds of which he was seen to wend his way. About noon he again returned to the Mermaid. This conduct partially disarmed the suspicion which had been excited; however it was agreed that though nothing had hitherto occurred which could authorize any direct interference with his movements, yet that a watch should be kept over them for the present.

The afternoon threatened to turn out stormy. Vast masses of clouds were continually driven across the sky: and the increasing agitation and deep furrows of the ocean foretold a night fraught with peril and disaster to the seaman. Drear December seemed about to assume his wildest garb. This day of the week always brought the county paper. A solitary copy of this journal was taken by Mrs. Teague, and it formed the sole channel (alas! for the march of intellect,) by which the smoking club and other worthies of Lanport were enlightened on the sayings and doings of the great world. It must not be inferred from this that the demon of politics was unknown in this retired spot; on the contrary, the arrival of the ——— Journal, was looked for with the utmost impatience from week to week; and as long as its tattered folio hung together, its contents formed a never ending subject of conversation. On the day of its arrival, therefore, the "club" invariably met many hours before their wonted time, to discuss politics and pigtail, revolutions and small beer.

This circumstance, and the state of the weather, had drawn a numerous party around the hearth at the Mermaid. The delay which took place in the arrival of the newspaper seemed unusual; the "spokesman" had cleared his throat, the pipes had long been lit, but still it was not forthcoming. Mrs. Teague at last announced that it was engaged by the "jintleman in the parlour." The patience of the party lasted half an hour longer, when the clamorous calls for news dictated the step of sending a message to the stranger. It met with an ungracious reception. At this moment some one came in with the intelligence that a suspicious looking craft was hovering off the coast, and that the lieutenant (whose absence was thus accounted for) was about to put off in his galley to bring her to and overhaul her.

A second and a third message to the parlour having met with the same success as the first, the ire of all began to rise, and after a clamorous discussion it was at last resolved, (it was now broad daylight,) that they should go in a body and storm the enemy's quarters. The room was situated at the other end of the house, and thither they proceeded, after a few preliminary difficulties had been arranged as to who should first lead the way. But if the lieutenant had been astonished at the

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disappearance of the stranger the preceding night, much greater was the surprise evinced on the present occasion on finding the room again tenantless. It had evidently only just been vacated; but what created the greatest sensation was the discovery of the smoking remains of the ——— Journal, on the hood of the fireplace! Every one crowded around, and presently intelligence was brought that the stranger, carrying his enormous carpet bag had been seen walking at a great speed towards Shorne Cove, a retired little spot within a short distance of the harbour. As is often the case on such occasions, several minutes elapsed before any plan was determined upon, but some one at last wisely suggested that if he was to be pursued, no time ought to be lost. The appearance of the strange vessel on the coast, and the day's occurrence, were connected together, as they hurried onwards in the pursuit; but when they arrived at the seashore, the mysterious man and his carpet bag were no longer visible, unless a large boat which was pulling out to sea as fast as wind and tide would permit, gave a clue to his invisibility. Every eye was now cast out for the strange sail.

About a mile from the pier-head, a large lugger under a press of canvass was seen coming down the wind, with the galley in close pursuit. From the freshness of the wind and the quantity of sail she was able to carry, it was evident that the king's boat had little chance with her. As the chase came careering along, dropping the galley rapidly astern, the interest hinged on the apparent connexion between her and the boat which had just left Shorne Cove with its unknown freight. From their relative situations it was evident she must bring to for a short space if she intended to pick up the fugitive; and this delay might possibly enable the galley to draw her. For a few minutes the scene was one of exciting interest. The lugger broached to as had been anticipated, and she had scarcely shipped the strange boat's crew, when the galley pitching bows under was close in her wake. But it was too late. The lugger had no sooner paid off, so as to get the wind again abaft the beam, than she rapidly got way on her, and the wind continuing to freshen, in half an hour she was all but hull down.

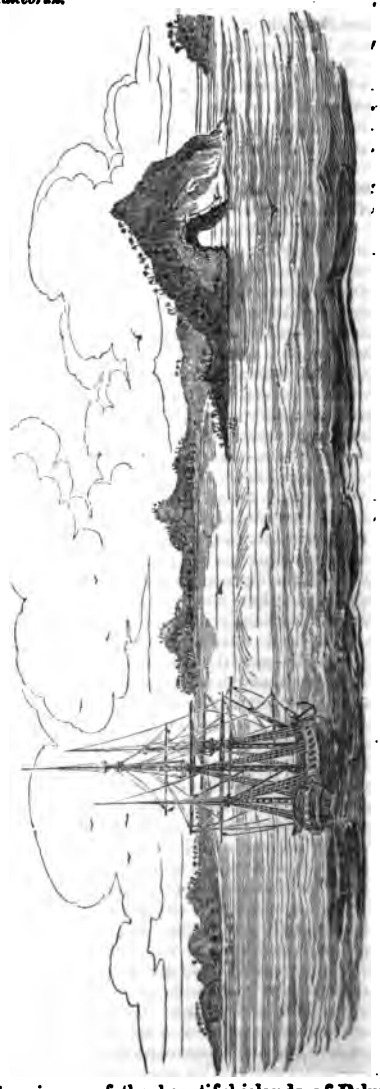
The night passed not over the heads of the good folks of Lanport, without numberless recriminations on the stupidity which had been displayed in not arresting the stranger before it was too late; and the ferment was not lessened on the arrival of another copy of the ——— Journal, which contained a paragraph headed with the glittering words, "One Thousand Pounds Reward."

VYVYAN.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE ISLAND OF ROTUMA.*

"A new Cythera emerges from the bosom of the enchanted wave. An amphitheatre of verdure rises to our view; tufted groves mingle their foliage with the brilliant enamel of meadows; an eternal spring, combining with an eternal autumn, displays the opening blossoms along with the ripened fruit.—*Malte-brun.*



This is one of the beautiful islands of Polynesia, in the South Pacific Ocean. It was

* From a drawing, obligingly furnished by Mr. George Bennett, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, &c.

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discovered in the year 1791, and has been since occasionally visited by English and American whalers, and a few other ships, for the purpose of procuring water and a supply of vegetable productions, with which it abounds. It is situated in latitude 12° 30′ south, and longitude 177° east, and is distant about 260 miles from the nearest island of the Fidji group. It is of a moderate height, densely wooded, and abounding in cocoa-nut trees, and is about from thirty to thirty-five miles in circumference. Its general appearance is beautifully picturesque, verdant hills gradually rising from the sandy beach, giving it a highly fertile appearance. It is surrounded by extensive reefs, on which at low water the natives may be seen busily engaged in procuring shell and other fish, which are abundantly produced on them, and constitute one of their articles of daily food. At night, they fish by torch-light, lighting fires on the beach, by which the fish are attracted to the reefs. The torches are formed of the dried spathe or fronds of the cocoa-nut tree, and enable them to see the fish, which they take with hand-nets. It is by these lights that the fish are attracted, but not so in the opinion of the natives, who say, "they come to the reef at night to eat, then sleep, and leave again in the morning."

[Mr. George Bennett, in his account of his recent visit, says:—]

We made this island on the 21st of February, 1830: it bore west by south-half-south, about twenty-five miles distant; at 11 A. M. when close in, standing for the anchorage, we were boarded by several natives, who came off in their canoes, and surprised us by their acquaintance with the English language; this it seems they had acquired from their occasional intercourse with shipping, but principally from the European seamen, who had deserted from their ships and were residing on the island in savage luxury and indolence. When at anchor, the extremes of the land bore from east by north to west by compass. An island rather high, quoin shaped, and inhabited, situated at a short distance from the main land, (between which there is a passage for a large ship,) was at some distance from our present anchorage, and bore west-half-north by compass; it was named Ouer by the natives. Close to us were two rather high islands, or islets, of small extent, planted with cocoa-nut trees, and almost connected together by rocks, and to the main land by a reef; they shelter the bay from easterly winds. Their bearings are as follow:—the first centre bore east-half-north; the second centre bore east-half-south, extreme of the main land east-south-east by compass. One of the chiefs, on our anchoring, addressing the Commander made the following very *humane* observation, "If Rótuma man steal, to make hang up immediately." Had this request been complied with, there would have been a great depopulation during our stay, and it is not improbable that a few chiefs might have felt its effects.

On a second visit to this island in March, 1830, we anchored in a fine picturesque bay, situated on the west side of the island, named Thor, in fourteen fathoms, sand and coral bottom, about three miles distant from the centre. A reef extends out some distance from the beach at this bay, almost dry at low water, and with much surf at the entrance, from which cause the procuring of wood and water is attended with more difficulty than at Onhaf Bay.

On landing, the beautiful appearance of the island was rather increased than diminished; vegetation appeared most luxuriant, and the trees and shrubs blooming with various tints, spread a gaiety around; the clean and neat native houses were intermingled with the waving plumes of the cocoa-nut, the broad spreading plantain, and other trees peculiar to tropical climes. That magnificent tree the callophyllum inophyllum, or fifau of the natives, was not less abundant, displaying its shining, dark, green foliage, contrasted by beautiful clusters of white flowers teeming with fragrance. This tree seemed a favourite with the natives, on account of its shade, fragrance, and ornamental appearance of the flowers. When I extended my rambles more inland, through narrow and sometimes rugged pathways, the luxuriance of vegetation did not decrease, but the lofty trees, overshadowing the road, defended the pedestrian from the effects of a fervent sun, rendering the walk under their umbrageous covering cool and pleasant. The gay flowers of the hibiscus tiliaceus, as well as the splendid huth or Barringtonia speciosa, covered with its beautiful flowers, the petals of which are white, and the edges of the stamina delicately tinged with pink, give to the trees when in full bloom a magnificent appearance; the hibiscus rosa-chinensis, or kowa of the natives also grows in luxuriance and beauty. The elegant flowers of these trees, with others of more humble and less beautiful tints, everywhere meet the eye near the paths, occasionally varied by plantations of the ahan or taro, arum esculentum, which, from a deficiency of irrigation, is generally of the mountain variety. Of the sugar-cane they possess several varieties, and it is eaten in the raw state; a small variety of yam, more commonly known by the name of the Rótuma potato, the ulé of the natives, is very abundant; the ulu or bread-fruit, pori or plantain and the vi, (spondias dulcis, Parkinson,) or, Brazilian plum, with numerous other kinds, sufficiently testify the fertility of the island. Occasionally the mournful toa or casuarina equisetifolia, planted in small clumps near

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the villages or surrounding the burial-places, added beauty to the landscape.

The native houses are very neat; they are formed of poles and logs, the roof being covered with the leaves of a species of sagus palm, named hoat by the natives, and highly valued by them for that purpose on account of their durability; the sides are covered with the plaited sections of the cocoa-nut branches, which form excellent coverings.

The natives are a fine-looking and well-formed people; they are of good dispositions, but are much addicted to thieving, which seems indeed to be a national propensity; they are of a light copper colour, and the men wear the hair long and stained at the extremities of a reddish brown colour; sometimes they tie the hair in a knot behind, but the most prevailing custom is to permit it to hang over the shoulders. The females may be termed handsome, of fine forms, and although possessing a modest demeanour, flocked on board in numbers on the ship's arrival. The women before marriage have the hair cut close and covered with the shoroi, which is burnt coral mixed with the gum of the bread-fruit tree; this is removed after marriage and their hair is permitted to grow long, but on the death of a chief or their parents it is cut close as a badge of mourning. Both sexes paint themselves with a mixture of the root of the turmeric plant (curcuma longa) and cocoa-nut oil, which frequently changed our clothes and persons of an icteroid hue, from *our* curiosity to mingle with them in the villages—*theirs* to come on board the ship.

On visiting the king, who resided at the village of Fangwot, we found him a well-formed and handsome man, apparently about thirty years of age; the upper part of his body was thickly covered with the Rang, or paint of turmeric and oil, which had been recently laid on in honour of the visit from the strangers. There was somewhat of novelty, but little of "regal magnificence" in our reception. In the open air, under the wide-spreading branches of their favourite Fifau, (Callophyllum Inophyllum) sat his Majesty squatted on the ground, and surrounded by a crowd of his subjects. The introduction was equally unostentatious; one of the natives who had accompanied us from the ship, pointing towards him, said, in tolerably pronounced English, "That the king." His Majesty not being himself acquainted with our language, one of his attendants, who spoke it with considerable fluency, acted as interpreter. After some common-place questions, such as where the ship came from, where bound to, what provisions we stood in need of, &c., we adjourned to the royal habitation, which differed in no respect from the other native houses. Yams, bread-fruit, and fish, wrapped in the plantain leaves in which they had been cooked, were here placed before us, with cocoa-nut water for our beverage; plantain leaves serving also as plates.

The chiefs are elected kings in rotation, and the royal office is held for six months, but by the consent of the other chiefs, it may be retained by the same chief for two or three years. The royal title is Sho: the king to whom we had been introduced, as a chief, is named Mora. We had an interview also with the former king, named Riemko; he is a chief of high rank, and a very intelligent man: he spoke the English language with much correctness. Being naturally of an inquisitive disposition, and possessing an exceedingly retentive memory, he had acquired much information; this he displayed by detailing to us many facts connected with the history of Napoleon Buonaparte, Wellington, &c., which had been related to him by various European visiters, and which he appeared to retain to the most minute particulars. He surprised us by inquiring if we resided in "Russell-square, London?"

An innate love of roaming seems to exist among these people; they set sail without any fixed purpose in one of their large canoes; few ever return, some probably perish, others drift on islands either uninhabited, or if inhabited, they mingle with the natives, and tend to produce those varieties of the human race which are so observable in the Polynesian Archipelago. I frequently asked those of Rótuma what object they had in leaving their fertile island to risk the perils of the deep? the reply invariably was, "Rótuma man want to see new land:" they thus run before the wind until they fall in with some island, or perish in a storm. Cook and others relate numerous instancs of this kind.

As an evidence of the great desire of the natives of both sexes to leave their native land, I may mention the offers which were made to the commander of the ship, of baskets of potatoes and hogs, as an inducement to be carried to the island of Erromanga, where our vessel was next bound to. Two hundred were taken on board for the purpose of cutting Sandal wood, but from the unhealthy state in which we found the island on our arrival, and the numerous deaths that had occurred among native gangs that had been brought by other vessels for a similar purpose, we returned to Rótuma and landed them all safely. The perfect apathy with which they leave parents and connexions, departing with strangers to a place respecting which they are in total ignorance, is quite surprising, placing an unbounded confidence in those differing in colour, language, and customs from themselves: the young, timid females, to whom a ship was a novelty, those who had never before seen a ship, were all anxious to visit foreign climes,—even, they said, London.

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Much wonder was excited, when I exhibited to the natives of this island coloured engravings of flowers, birds, butterflies, &c.; they imagined them to be the original plant or butterfly attached to the paper—no mean compliment to the artist. The engravings in Charles Bell's Anatomy of Expression always excited much interest when shown to the Polynesians; the plate representing Laughter never failed of exciting sympathy. A caricature representation of one of the fashionable belles of 1828 puzzled them exceedingly; some thought it "a bird," others that it was a nondescript of some kind, but when they were told that it was a Haina London, or English lady, they laughed, and said Parora, "you are in joke," so incredible did it seem to their unsophisticated minds.*

MOUNT ARARAT.

A short time since there were given in the *St. Petersburgh Academical Journal* some authentic particulars of Professor Parrot's journey to Mount Ararat. After being baffled in repeated attempts, he at length succeeded in overcoming the obstacles which beset him, and ascertained the positive elevation of its peak to be 16,200 French feet: it is, therefore, more than 1,500 feet loftier than Mount Blanc. He describes the summit as being a circular plane, about 160 feet in circumference, joined by a gentle descent, with a second and less elevated one towards the east. The whole of the upper region of the mountain, from the height of 12,750 English feet, being covered with perpetual snow and ice. He afterwards ascended what is termed "The Little Ararat," and reports it to be about 13,100 English feet high.—W. G. C.

SAILING UP THE ESSEQUIBO.

(Concluded from page 360.)

A family of Indians was seen crossing the river in their log canoe, and disappearing under the bushes on the opposite side; my companion and myself paddled after them, and we landed under some locust trees, and found an Indian settlement. The logies were sheds, open all round, and covered with the leaves of the trooly-palm, some of them twenty-four feet long; and suspended from the bamboo timbers of the roof were hammocks of net-work, in which the men were lazily swinging. One or two of those who were awake were fashioning arrow-heads out of hard wood. The men and children were entirely naked, with the exception of the blue *lap* or cloth for the loins; the women in their blue petticoat and braided hair were scraping the root of the cassava tree into a trough of bark; it was then put into a long press of matting, which expresses the poisonous juice; the dry farina is finally baked on an iron plate. The old women were weaving the square coëoo or *lap* of beads, which they sometimes wear without a petticoat; also armlets and ankle ornaments of beads. Some were fabricating earthen pots, and all the females seemed actively employed. They offered us a red liquor, called *cassereee*, prepared from the sweet potato; also *piwarry*, the intoxicating beverage made by chewing the cassava, and allowing it to ferment. At their *piwarry* feasts the Indians prepare a small canoe full of this liquor, beside which the entertainers and their guests roll together drunk for two [or three days. Their helpmates look after them, and keep them from being suffocated with the sand getting into their mouths: but *piwarry* is a harmless liquor, that is to say, it does not produce the disease and baneful effects of spirits, for after a sleep the Indians rise fresh and well, and only occasionally indulge in a debauch of this kind. Fish, which the men had shot with their arrows, and birds, were brought out of the canoe, and barbecoted or smoke-dried on a grating of bamboos over a fire; and we followed an old man with a cutlass to their small fields of cassava, cleared by girdling and burning a part of the forest behind the logies. These Indians were of the Arrawak nation; we afterwards saw Caribs, Accaways, &c.

The rivers and creeks, and the whole of the interior of British Guiana at a distance from the sea, are unknown and unexplored. October and November are the driest months in the year, and the best for expeditions into the interior. I was unable to go as far up the river as I wished, from the great freshes; the rain fell every day, yet I penetrated in all directions as far as I could, and I trust to be able, at some more favourable season, to return to that interesting country.

Two years ago, a Mr. Smith, a mercantile man from Caraccas, was joined at George Town by a Lieutenant Gullifer, R. N. They proceeded down the Pomeroon river, then up the Wyeepa creek, travelled across to the Coioony, sailed down it, and then went up the Essequibo to the Rio Negro, which, it appears, connects the Amazons and Oroonoco rivers. At Bara, on the Rio Negro, Mr. Smith, from sitting so long cramped up in coorials or canoes, became affected with dropsy; and allowing himself to be tapped by an ignorant quack, died after a fortnight's illness. Lieutenant Gullifer sailed down the Rio Negro to the Amazons, and remained at Para for some months, till he heard from England. From domestic details he received at Para, he fell into low spirits, and proceeded to Trinidad, where, one morning, he was found suspended to a beam under the steeple of the Protestant church! His papers, and Mr. Smith's, consisting of journals of their travels, were sent to a brother of Lieutenant Gullifer's, on the Marocco coast of Essequibo,

* Abridged from the *United Service Journal*.

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where I went and saw the papers, and was most anxious to obtain them for the Geographical Society; but Mr. Gullifer said that he must consult first with the other relatives.

Among other interesting details I found in the notes, I may mention the following:—High up the Essequibo they fell in with a nation of anthropophagi, of the Carib tribe. The chief received the travellers courteously, and placed before them fish with savoury sauce; which being removed, two human hands were brought in, and a steak of human flesh! The travellers thought that this might be part of a baboon of a new species; however, they declined the invitation to partake, saying that, in travelling, they were not allowed to eat animal food. The chief picked the bones of the hands with excellent appetite, and asked them how they had relished the fruit and the sauce. They replied that the fish was good and the sauce excellent. To which he answered, "Human flesh makes the best sauce for any food; these hands and the fish were all dressed together. You see these Macooshee men, our slaves; we lately captured these people in war, and their wives we eat from time to time." The travellers were horrified, but concealed their feelings, and before they retired for the night, they remarked that the Macooshee females were confined in a large logie, or shed, surrounded with a stockade of bamboos; so that, daily the fathers, husbands, and brothers of these unfortunate women, saw them brought out, knocked on the head, and devoured by the inhuman cannibals. Lieutenant Gullifer, who was *in bad condition*, got into his hammock and slept soundly; but Mr. Smith, being in excellent case, walked about all night, fearing that their landlord might take a fancy to a steak of white meat. They afterwards visited a cave, in which was a pool of water; the Indians requested them not to bathe in this, for if they did, they would die before the year was out. They laughed at their monitors and bathed; but sure enough were both "clods of the valley" before the twelvemonth had expired.—*Journal of the Geographical Society*, Part 2.

Fine Arts.

CELEBRATED PAINTERS BORN AT ANTWERP.

Alexander Adriansen, born 1625, excelled in Fruit, Flowers, Fish, and Still Life; John Asselyn, 1610, Landscapes and Battles; Jacques Backer, 1530, History; Francis Badens, 1571, History and Portraits; Hendrick Van Balen, 1560, History and Portraits; John Van Balen, 1611, History, Landscapes, and Boys; Cornelius Biskop, 1630, Portraits and History; John Francis Van Bloemen, called Orizzonte, 1656, Landscape; Peter Van Bloemen, Battles, Encampments, and Italian Markets; Norbert Van Bloemen, 1672, Portraits and Conversations; Balthasar Vanden Bosch, 1675, Conversations and Portraits; Peter Van Breda, 1630, Landscapes and Cattle; John Van Breda, 1683, History, Landscapes, and Conversations; Charles Breydel, called Cavalier, 1677, Landscapes; Francis Breydel, 1679, Portraits and Conversations; Paul Bril, 1554, Landscapes, large and small; Elias Vanden Broek, 1657, Flowers, Fruit, and Serpents; Abraham Brueghel, called the Neapolitan, 1692, Fruit and Flowers; Denis Calvart, 1555, History and Landscapes; Joseph, or Joas Van Cleef, History and Portraits; Henry and Martin Van Cleef, brothers, Henry painted Landscapes, and Martin History; Giles Corgnet, called Giles of Antwerp, 1530, History, grotesque; Egidius, or Gillies Coningsloo, or Conixlo, 1544, Landscapes; Gonzalo Coques, 1618, Portraits and Conversations; John Cosiers, 1603, History; Gasper de Crayer, 1585, History and Portraits; Jacques Denys, 1645, History and Portraits; William Derkye, History; John Baptist Van Deynum, 1620, Portraits in Miniature, and History in Water Colours; Peter Eykens, 1599, History; Francis Floris, called the Raphael of Flanders, 1520, History; James Fouquieres, 1580, Landscapes; Sebastian Franks, or Vranx, 1571, Conversations, History, Landscapes, and Battle Pieces; John Baptist Franks, or Vranx, 1600, History and Conversations; John Fytt, 1625, Live and Dead Animals, Birds, Fruit, Flowers, and Landscapes; William Gabron, Still Life; Abraham Genoels, 1640, Landscapes and Portraits; Sir Balthasar Gabier, 1592, Portrait in Miniature; Gillemans, 1672, Fruit and Still Life; Jacob Grimmer, 1510, Landscapes; Peter Hardime, Fruit and Flowers; Minderhout Hobbima, 1611, Landscapes; John Van Hoeck, 1600, History and Portraits; Robert Van Hoeck, 1609, Battles; Dirk, or Theodore Van Hoogeshaeten, 1596, Landscapes and Still Life; Cornelius Huysman, 1648, Landscapes and Animals; Abraham Janssens, 1569, History; John Van Kessel, 1626, Flowers, Portraits, Birds, Insects, and Reptiles; David De Koning, Animals, Birds, and Flowers; Balthasar Van Lemens, 1637, History; N. Leyssens, 1661, History; Peter Van Lint, 1609, History and Portraits; Godfrey Maes, 1660, History; Quintin Matsys, 1460, History and Portraits; John Matsys, son of the above, Portrait and History; Minderhout, 1637, Sea Ports and Landscapes; Peter Neefs, the old, 1570, Churches, Perspective, and Architecture; William Van Nieulant, 1584, Landscapes and Architecture; Adam Van Oort, 1557, History, Portraits, and Landscapes; Bonarentine, Peters, 1614, Sea Pieces, and particularly Storms; Erasmus Quellinus, 1607, History; Jacques de Roore, 1686, History and Conversations; Martin Ryckaert, 1591,

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Landscapes, with Architecture and Ruins; David Ryckaert, the younger, 1615, Conversations, and Apparitions to St. Anthony; Anthony Schoonjans, 1655, History and Portraits; Cornelius Schut, 1600, History; Peter Snayers, 1593, History, Battles, &c.; Francis Snyders, 1579, Animals, Fruit, Still Life, and Landscapes; David Teniers, 1582, Conversations; Sir Anthony Van Dyke, 1599, History and Portraits; Paul Vansomer, 1576, Portraits; Lucas Vanuden, 1595, Landscapes; Adrian Van Utrecht, 1599, Birds, Fruit, Flowers, and Dead Game; Gasper Peter Verbruggen, 1668, Flowers; Simon Verelst, 1664, Fruit, Flowers, and Portraits; Verendael, 1659, Fruit and Flowers; Tobias Verhaecht, 1566, Landscapes and Architecture; Martin de Vos, 1520, History, Landscape, and Portrait; Simon De Vos, 1603, History, Portraits, and Hunting; Lucas De Waal, 1591, Battles and Landscapes; Adam Willaerts, 1577, Storms, Calms, and Sea Ports; John Wildens, 1584, Landscapes and Figures.

Peter Paul Rubens was of a distinguished family at *Antwerp;* but his father being (says Pilkington) under the necessity of quitting his country, to avoid the calamities attendant on a civil war, retired for security to Cologne; and during his residence in that city Rubens was born, in 1577. The day of his nativity was the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul; and thence he received at the baptismal font the names of these apostles.

Having been absent from his native country eight years, he was summoned home by the repeated illness of his mother; but, though he hastened with all speed, he did not reach Antwerp in time to afford his beloved parent the consolations of his presence and affections. The loss of her affected him deeply; and he intended, when he had arranged his private affairs, to go and reside in Italy; but the Archduke Albert and the Infanta Isabella exerted their interest to retain him in Flanders, and in their service. He consequently established himself at Antwerp, where he married his first wife, Elizabeth Brants, and built a magnificent house, with a saloon in form of a rotunda, which he enriched with antique statues, busts, vases, and pictures, by the most celebrated masters; and here, surrounded by works of art, he carried, (says his biographer,) into execution those numberless productions of his prolific and rich invention, which once adorned his native country, but now are become the spoil of war, and the tokens of conquest and ambition, shining with equal lustre among supereminent productions of painting in the gallery of the Louvre.

The whole of the paintings, except two, which adorn the gallery of the Luxembourg, were executed at Antwerp, by Rubens, for Mary de Medici.

He died in the year 1640, at the age of 63; and was buried, with extraordinary pomp, in the church of St. James, at Antwerp, under the altar of his private chapel, which he had previously decorated with a very fine picture. P. T. W.

The Public Journals.

ADVENTURE WITH A SHARK.

(Abridged from Tom Cringle's Log, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

During the night we stood off and on under easy sail, and next morning, when the day broke, with a strong breeze and a fresh shower, we were about two miles of the Moro Castle, at the entrance of Santiago de Cuba.

The fresh green shores of this glorious island lay before us, fringed with white surf, as the everlasting ocean in its approach to it gradually changed its dark blue colour, as the water shoaled, into a bright, joyous green under the blazing sun, as if in sympathy with the genius of the fair land, before it tumbled at his feet its gently swelling billows, in shaking thunders on the reefs and rocky face of the coast, against which they were driven up in clouds, the incense of their sacrifice. The undulating hills in the vicinity were all either cleared, and covered with the greenest verdure that imagination can picture, over which strayed large herds of cattle, or with forests of gigantic trees, from amongst which, every now and then, peeped out some palm-thatched mountain settlement, with its small thread of blue smoke floating up into the calm, clear morning air, while the blue hills in the distance rose higher and higher, and more and more blue, and dreamy, and indistinct, until their rugged summits could not be distinguished from the clouds through the glimmering hot haze of the tropics.

A very melancholy accident happened to a poor boy on board, of about fifteen years of age, who had already become a great favourite of mine from his modest, quiet deportment, as well as of all the gunroom-officers, although he had not been above a fortnight in the ship. He had let himself down over the bows by the cable to bathe. There were several of his comrades standing on the forecastle looking at him, and he asked one of them to go out on the spritsail-yard, and look round to see if there were any sharks in the neighbourhood; but all around was deep, clear, green water. He kept hold of the cable, however, and seemed determined not to put himself in harm's way, until a little, wicked urchin, who used to wait on the warrant-officers' mess, a small meddling snipe of a creature, who got flogged in well behaved weeks *only* once, began to taunt my little mild favourite.

"Why, you chicken-heart, I'll wager a thimbleful of grog, that such a tailor as you

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are in the water can't for the life of you swim out to the buoy there."

"Never you mind, Pepperbottom," said the boy, giving the imp the name he had richly earned by repeated flagellations. "Never you mind. I am not ashamed to show my naked hide, you know. But it is against orders in these seas to go overboard, unless with a sail underfoot; so I sha'n't run the risk of being tatooed by the boatswain's mate, like some one I could tell of."

"Coward," muttered the little wasp, "you are afraid, sir;" and the other boys abetting the mischief-maker, the lad was goaded to leave his hold of the cable, and strike out for the buoy. He reached it, and then turned, and pulled towards the ship again, when he caught my eye.

"Who is that overboard? How dare you, sir, disobey the standing order of the ship? Come in, boy; come in."

My hailing the little fellow shoved him off his balance, and he lost his presence of mind for a moment or two, during which he, if any thing, widened his distance from the ship.

At this instant the lad on the spritsail-yard sung out quick and suddenly, "A shark, a shark!"

And the monster, like a silver pillar, suddenly shot up perpendicularly from out the dark green depths of the sleeping pool, with the waters sparkling and hissing around him, as if he had been a sea-demon rushing on his prey.

"Pull for the cable, Louis," shouted fifty voices at once—"pull for the cable."

The boy did so—we all ran forward. He reached the cable—grasped it with both hands, and hung on, but before he could swing himself out of the water, the fierce fish had turned. His whitish-green belly glanced in the sun—the poor little fellow gave a heart-splitting yell, which was shattered amongst the impending rocks into piercing echoes, and these again were reverberated from cavern to cavern, until they died away amongst the hollows in the distance, as if they had been the faint shrieks of the damned—yet he held fast for a second or two—the ravenous tyrant of the sea tug, tugging at him, till the stiff, taught cable shook again. At length he was torn from his hold, but did not disappear; the animal continuing on the surface crunching his prey with his teeth, and digging at him with his jaws, as if trying to gorge a morsel too large to be swallowed, and making the water flash up in foam over the boats in pursuit, by the powerful strokes of his tail, but without ever letting go his hold. The poor lad only cried once more—but such a cry—oh, God, I never shall forget it!—and, could it be possible, in his last shriek, his piercing expiring cry, his young voice seemed to pronounce my name—at least so I thought at the time, and others thought so too. The next moment he appeared quite dead. No less than three boats had been in the water alongside when the accident happend, and they were all on the spot by this time. And there was the bleeding and mangled boy, torn along the surface of the water by the shark, with the boats in pursuit, leaving a long stream of blood, mottled with white specks of fat and marrow in his wake. At length the man in the bow of the gig laid hold of him by the arm, another sailor caught the other arm, boat-hooks and oars were dug into and launched at the monster, who relinquished his prey at last, stripping off the flesh, however, from the upper part of the right thigh, until his teeth reached the knee, where he nipped the shank clean off, and made sail with the leg in his jaws.

Poor little Louis never once moved after we took him in.—I thought I heard a small, still, stern voice thrill along my nerves, as if an echo of the beating of my heart had become articulate. "Thomas, a fortnight ago, you impressed that poor boy, who *was*, and *now is not*, out of a Bristol ship." Alas, conscience spoke no more than the truth.

Our instructions were to lie at St. Jago, until three British ships, then loading, were ready for sea, and then to convey them through the Caicos, or windward passage. As our stay was therefore likely to be ten days or a fortnight at the shortest, the boats were hoisted out, and we made our little arrangements and preparations for taking all the recreation in our power, and our worthy skipper, taught and stiff as he was at sea, always encouraged all kinds of fun and larking, both amongst the men and the officers on occasions like the present. Amongst his other pleasant qualities, he was a great boat-racer, constantly building and altering gigs, and pulling-boats, at his own expense, and matching the men against each other for small prizes. He had just finished what the old carpenter considered his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a curious affair this same masterpiece was. In the first place it was forty-two feet long over all, and only three and a half feet beam—the planking was not much above an eighth of an inch in thickness, so that if one of the crew had slipped his foot off the stretcher, it must have gone through the bottom. There was a standing order that no man was to go into it with shoes on. She was to pull six oars, and her crew were the captains of the tops, the primest seamen in the ship, and the steersman no less a character than the skipper himself.

Her name, for I love to be particular, was the Dragon-fly; she was painted out and in of a bright red, amounting to a flame colour—oars red—the men wearing trousers and shirts of red flannel, and red net night caps—which common uniform the captain himself wore. I think I have said before, that he

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was a very handsome man, and when he had taken his seat, and the *gigs*, all fine men, were seated each with his oar held upright upon his knees ready to be dropped into the water at the same instant, the craft and her crew formed to my eye as pretty a plaything for grown children as ever was seen. "Give way, men," the oars dipped as clean as so many knives, without a sparkle, the gallant fellows stretched out, and away shot the Dragon-fly, like an arrow, the green water foaming into white smoke at the bows, and hissing away in her wake.

She disappeared in a twinkling round a reach of the canal where we were anchored, and we, that is the gunroom-officers, all except the second lieutenant, who had the watch, and the master, now got into our own gig also, rowed by ourselves, and away we all went in a covey; the purser and doctor, and three of the middies forward, Thomas Cringle, gent., pulling the stroke oar, with old Moses Yerk as coxswain;—and as the Dragon-flies were all red, so we were all sea-green, boat, oars, trousers, shirts, and night-caps. The strain was between the *Devil's Darning Needle* and our boat, the *Waterspite*, which was making capital play, for although we had not the *bottom* of the *top*men, yet we had more blood, so to speak, and we had already beaten them, in their last gig, all to sticks. But the Dragon-fly was a new boat, and now in the water for the first time. * * *

We were both of us so intent on our own match, that we lost sight of the Spaniard altogether, and the captain and the first lieutenant were bobbing in the sternsheets of their respective gigs like a couple of *souple Tams*, as intent on the game as if all our lives had depended on it, when in an instant the long, black, dirty prow of the canoe was thrust in between us, the old Don singing out, "*Dexa mi lugar, paysanos, dexa mi lugar, mis hijos.*"* We kept away right and left, to look at the miracle; and there lay the canoe, rumbling and splashing, with her crew walloping about, and grinning and yelling like incarnate fiends, and as naked as the day they were born, and the old Don himself, so staid and sedate, and drawley as he was a minute before, now all alive, shouting, "*Tira diablitos, tira,*"† flourishing a small paddle, with which he steered, about his head like a wheel, and dancing and jumping about in his seat, as if his bottom had been a *haggis* with quicksilver in it.

"Zounds," roared the skipper,—"why, topmen—why gentlemen, give way for the honour of the ship—Gentlemen, stretch out—Men, pull like devils; twenty pounds if you beat him."

It was now the evening, near night-fall. A splendid scene burst upon our view, on rounding a precipitous rock, from the crevices of which some magnificent trees shot up—their gnarled trunks and twisted branches overhanging the canal where we were pulling, and anticipating the fast falling darkness that was creeping over the fair face of nature; and there we floated, in the deep shadow of the cliff and trees—Dragon-flies and Water-sprites, motionless and silent, and the boats floating so lightly that they scarcely seemed to touch the water, the men resting on their oars, and all of us wrapped with the magnificence of the scenery around us, beneath us, and above us.

The left or western bank of the narrow entrance to the harbour, from which we were now debouching, ran out in all its precipitousness and beauty, (with its dark evergreen bushes overshadowing the deep blue waters, and its gigantic trees shooting forth high into the glowing western sky, their topmost branches gold-tipped in the flood of radiance shed by the rapidly sinking sun, while all below where we lay was grey cold shade,) until it joined the northern shore, when it sloped away gradually towards the east; the higher parts of the town sparkling in the evening sun, on this dun ridge, like a golden tower on the back of an elephant, while the houses that were in the shade covered the declivity, until it sank down to the water's edge. On the right hand the haven opened boldly out into a basin about four miles broad by seven long, in which the placid waters spread out beyond the shadow of the western bank into one vast sheet of molten gold, with the canoe tearing along the shining surface, her side glancing in the sun, and her paddles flashing back his rays, and leaving a long train of living fire sparkling in her wake.—It was now about six o'clock in the evening; the sun had set to us, as we pulled along under the frowning brow of the cliff, where the birds were fast settling on their nightly perches, with small happy twitterings, and the lizards and numberless other chirping things began to send forth their evening hymn to the great Being who made them and us, and a solitary white-sailing owl would every now and then flit spectrelike from one green tuft, across the bald face of the cliff, to another, and the small divers around us were breaking up the black surface of the waters into little sparkling circles as they fished for their suppers. All was becoming brown and indistinct near us; but the level beams of the setting sun still lingered with a golden radiance upon the lovely city, and the shipping at anchor before it, making their sails, where loosed to dry, glance like leaves of gold, and their spars, and masts, and rigging like wires of gold, and gilding their flags, which were waving majestically and slow from the peaks in the evening breeze; and the Moorish-looking

* "Leave me room, countrymen—leave me room, my children."

† Equivalent to "Pull, you devils, pull!"

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steeples of the churches were yet sparkling in the glorious blaze, which was gradually deepening into gorgeous crimson, while the large pillars of the cathedral, then building on the highest part of the ridge, stood out like brazen monuments, softening even as we looked into a Stonehenge of amethysts.

We had not pulled fifty yards, when we heard the distant rattle of the muskets of the sentries at the gangways, as they discharged them at sundown, and were remarking, as we were rowing leisurely along, upon the strange effect produced by the reports, as they were frittered away amongst the overhanging cliffs in chattering reverberations, when the captain suddenly sung out, "Oars!". All hands lay on them. "Look there," he continued—"There—between the gigs—saw you ever any thing like that, gentlemen?" We all leant over; and although the boats, from the *way* they had, were skimming along nearer seven than five knots—*there* lay a large shark; he must have been twelve feet long at the shortest, swimming right in the middle, and equidistant from both, and keeping *way* with us most accurately.

He was distinctly visible, from the strong and vivid phosphorescence excited by his rapid motion through the sleeping waters of the dark creek, which lit up his jaws, and head, and whole body; his eyes were especially luminous, while a long wake of sparkles streamed away astern of him from the lashing of his tail. As the boats lost their speed, the luminousness of his appearance faded gradually as he shortened sail also, until he disappeared altogether. He was then at rest, and suspended motionless in the water; and the only thing that indicated his proximity, was an occasional sparkle from the motion of a fin. We brought the boats nearer together, after pulling a stroke or two, but he seemed to sink as we closed, until at last we could merely distinguish an indistinct halo far down in the clear black profound. But as we separated, and resumed our original position, he again rose near the surface; and although the ripple and dip of the oars rendered him invisible while we were pulling, yet the moment we again rested on them, there was the monster, like a persecuting fiend, once more right between us, glaring on us, and apparently watching every motion. It was a terrible spectacle, and rendered still more striking by the melancholy occurrence of the forenoon.

"That's the very identical, damnable *baste* himself, as murthered poor little Louis this morning, yeer honour; I knows him from the torn flesh of him under his larboard blinker, sir—just where Wiggens's boat hook punished him," quoth the Irish captain of the mizzen-top.

"A water-kelpie," murmured another of the Captain's gigs, a Scotchman.

The men were evidently alarmed, "Stretch out, men: never mind the shark. He can't jump into the boat surely," said the skipper. "What the deuce are you afraid of?"

We arrived within pistol-shot of the ship.

As we approached, the sentry hailed, "Boat, ahoy!"

"Firebrand," sung out the skipper, in reply.

"Man the side—gangway lanterns there," quoth the officer on duty; and by the time we were close to, there were two sidesmen over the side with the manropes ready stuck out to our grasp, and two boys with lanterns above them. We got on deck.

The Gatherer.

The Emperor Adrian and the Architect Apollodorus.—When Apollodorus was conversing with Trajan on some plans of architecture, Adrian interfered, and gave an opinion, which the artist treated with contempt. "Go," says he, "and paint gourds" (an amusement which Adrian was fond of), "for you are very ignorant of the subject on which we are conversing." When Adrian became emperor, the affront was remembered, and it prevented Apollodorus from being employed. Nor was the opinion which Apollodorus gave with respect to the plans of a sumptuous temple of Venus forgotten: viz.—upon seeing the statues sitting, as they were, in the temple (which, it seems, wanted much of its due proportion in height), he said, "if the goddesses should ever attempt to stand upon their feet, they would assuredly break their heads against the ceiling." Adrian, meanly jealous and inexcusably revengeful, banished the architect, and having caused him to be accused of various crimes, put him to death.

P. T. W.

Juan Rufa said—"There are two classes of persons who are inconsolable, the rich on the point of death, and women on the departure of their beauty." He said, on another occasion, "that he who defined a compliment to be an agreeable falsehood, which serves as a net to catch dupes, was not far short of the truth, since the greater part of compliments are expressions directly at variance with internal conviction."

Dice are said to have been invented by Palamedes, at the siege of Troy, for the amusement of the soldiers.

ANNUALS FOR 1833.

The time requisite for the completion of a large and picturesque Engraving compels us to defer the Supplement, containing the Spirit of the Annuals, till our next Number.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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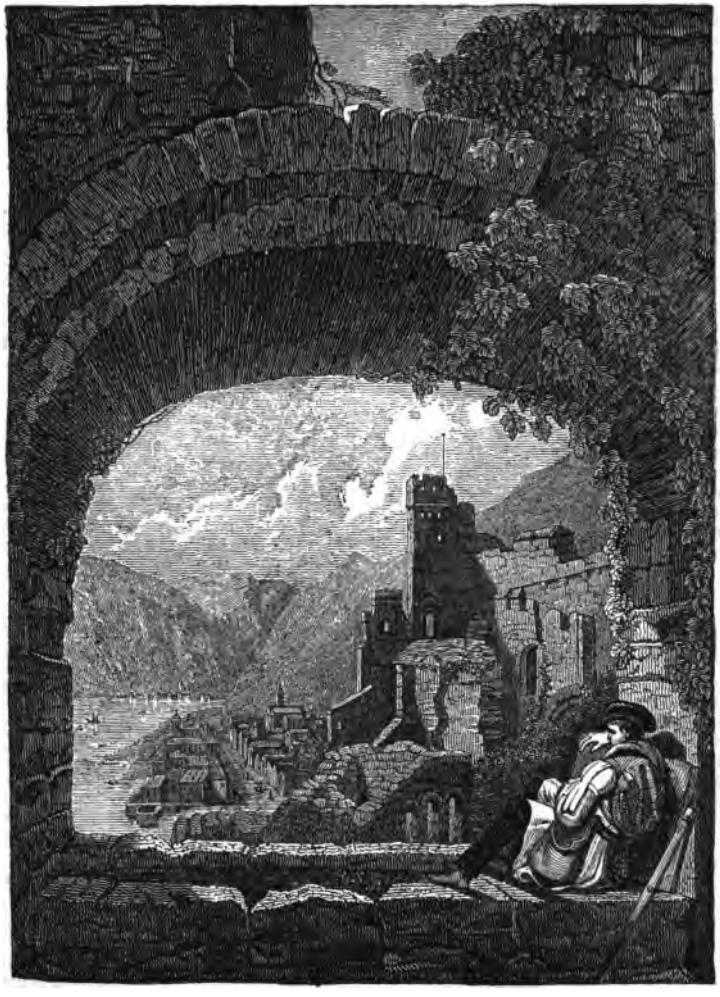
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 580.] SUPPLEMENTARY NUMBER. [Price 2*d*.

Spirit of the Annuals for 1833.



ST. GOAR, (*on the Rhine.*)

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The Picturesque Annual.

This is certainly one of the most splendid works of the kind ever produced in this or any other country. This is high but not unmerited praise; as the reader will believe when we tell him, that it contains twenty-six large plates, from drawings by Stanfield, engraved by first-rate artists, and superintended by Mr. Charles Heath. They are all, strictly speaking, PICTURESQUE scenes, chosen with great skill, and with right understanding of the Picturesque. The literary portion consists of Travelling Sketches on the Rhine, and in Belgium, and in Holland, by Mr. Leitch Ritchie. The plates are, of course, intended as illustrations to the letter-press; but it is too evident, that the latter has been *written to* the plates. However, that matters not, for the twenty-six engravings are amply worth twenty-one shillings, the cost of the volume. The author's share is lively and jaunty, and of the most here-and-there description. We only intend to quote the portion accompanying the Engraving on the annexed page.*

ST. GOAR, (*on the Rhine*).

"We now arrived at St. Goar, and the ruins of the castle of Rheinfels: but here the pen gives willing place to the pencil. In the view, the town and river are seen through an arch, in such a way as to convey a complete idea of what we call the Lakes of the Rhine. In entering St. Goar by the gate of the Rhine, a stranger of these every-day times thinks of nothing but being bothered about his passport. It was once very different. A traveller of any consideration, who visited the town for the first time, was asked by the functionary, 'Sir, My Lord, or Sir Knight'—as it happened — 'with what do you please to be baptized, wine or water?'—'With wine,' of course was the answer, if the respondent happened to be a man of any kind of good sense or virtuous habits; and, after being commanded to prepare himself for the ceremony, by giving alms to the poor, he was straightway led by his sponsors to the Fleur de Lys. In this ancient hostelrie, the neophyte was seated amidst the assembled brethren, a brazen crown placed on his head, and the rules of the Order of the Collar read to him. A huge goblet of silver was then presented to him, filled to the lip with wine, and this he was commanded to drain to the health of the Emperor; a second was emptied to the honour of the Landgrave of Hesse; and a third gurgled salutation to the company. The same ceremony was gone through by the sponsors; and the name of the baptized being duly entered in the register of the Order, a second collection was made for the poor, and he was permitted to continue his way into the town. If, instead of wine, the misguided individual desired baptism with water, he was justly punished for the immorality, by a bucket of the insipid element being tumbled over his head. This Order, it is said, had its origin in the reconciliation at St. Goar of the two sons of Charlemagne; which was doubtless accompanied by much out-pouring of wine, and in memory whereof they hung up at the gates a brazen collar."

This is the second volume of the *Picturesque Annual*. The Public are stated, in its preface, to have contributed from ten to twelve thousand guineas to the support of last year's volume; and we are inclined to think, that, in his next, the Editor will have the gratification of reporting still more munificent patronage: for, if guineas be somewhat less abundant than twelve months since, the disposition to foster British art, and a liberal appreciation of its merits, has been and is on the increase; and, though the proverb be somewhat musty, "Where there is a will," &c.

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The Book of Beauty.

[This is a title of no small pretension. It is in certain respects ill chosen, though it may, in some degree, denote the exquisite triumphs which art has here accomplished. The Illustrations consist of eighteen portraits of every order of beauty, of variety enough to realize Sir Philip Sidney's aphorism, that "whatsoever is liked, to the liker is beautiful." But here all must be liked; therefore all are beautiful. The very names would make out a sort of court-roll of Venus, and the book itself the enchanting effect of the goddess' embroidered girdle, which had the gift of inspiring love. This charm will doubtless ensure the volume hundreds of possessors. The names of a few of the galaxy will give the reader a faint idea of their charms, unless the reader accord with Juliet's somewhat peevish "What's in a name." Thus, we find Julia, the queen of sentimentality; Belinda, gay and sparkling; Madeline, the early prey of despair; Lolah, languishing amid Eastern magnificence; the Orphan, pencilled in the very simplicity of nature, and finely contrasted with the coquetry of art; Theresa, the very type of romance; Geraldine, Meditation, the Bride, and Lucy Ashton. But we must not omit the heroine of our extract—with tall, etherial form, raven ringlets, and pearly eyes—such charms as would attune the wise man to another Song of Beauty.

The letter-press of the volume is too in the type of beauty—from the chastely-elegant pen of Miss Landon. It consists of tales and sketches, lights and shadows, such as none but her accomplished pen could tell or harmonize. Here is probably the best illustration—]

THE ENCHANTRESS. (*By herself.*)

You see in me, "the only living descendant of those Eastern Magi to whom the stars

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revealed their mysteries, and spirits gave their power. Age after age did sages add to that knowledge which, by bequeathing to their posterity, they trusted would in time combat to conquer their mortality. But the glorious race perished from the earth, till only my father was left, and I his orphan child. Marvels and knowledge paid his life of fasting and study. All the spirits of the elements bowed down before him; but the future was still hidden from his eyes, and death was omnipotent. His power of working evil had no bounds, but his power of good was limited; and yet it was good that he desired. How dared he put in motion those mighty changes, which seemed to promise such happiness on earth, while he was ignorant of what their results might be? and of what avail was the joy he might pour out on life, over whose next hour the grave might close, and only make the parting breath more bitter from the blessings which it was leaving behind?"

I was no unworthy daughter of such a sire; I advanced in these divine studies even to his wish, and looked to the future with a hope which many years had deadened in himself, but from which I caught an omen of ultimate success. Alas! he mastered not his destiny: I have said before, his ashes are in yonder urn. A few unwholesome dews on a summer night were mightier than all his science. For a time I struggled not with despair; but youth is buoyant, and habit is strong. Again I pored over the mystic scroll —again I called on the spirits with spell and with sign. Many a mystery was revealed, many a wonder grew familiar; but still death remained at the end of all things, as before. One night I was on the terrace of my tower. Above me was the deep, blue sky, with its stars—worlds filled, perchance, with the intelligence which I sought. On the desert below was the phantasm of a great city. I looked on its small and miserable streets, where hunger and cold reigned paramount, and man was as wretched as if flung but yesterday on the earth, and there had been as yet no time for art to yield its assistance, or labour to bring forth its fruit. I gazed next on scenes of festivity, but they were not glad; for I looked from the wreath into the head it encircled, and from the carcanet of gems to the heart which beat beneath—and I saw envy, and hate, and repining, and remorse. I turned my last glance on the palace within its walls; but there the purple was spread as a pall, and the voice of sorrow and the cry of pain were loud on the air. I bade the shadows roll away upon the winds, and rose depressed and in sorrow. I was not alone: one of those glorious spirits, whose sphere was far beyond the power of our science, whose existence we rather surmised than knew, stood beside me.

From that hour a new existence opened before me. I loved, and I was beloved—love, to which imagination gave poetry, and mind gave strength, was the new element added to my being. Alas! how little do the miserable race to which I belong know of such a feeling. They blend a moment's vanity, a moment's gratification, into a temporary excitement, and they call it love. Such are the many, and the many make the wretchedness of earth. And yet your own heart, Leoni, and that of my gentle cousin, may witness for my words, there are such things as truth, and tenderness, and devotion in the world; and such redeem the darkness and degradation of its lot. Nay, more, if ever the mystery of our destiny be unravelled, and happiness be wrought out of wisdom, it will be the work of love.

It matters little to tell you of my blessedness; but my very heart was filled with the light of those radiant eyes, which were to me what the sun is to the world. Yet one dark shadow rested on my soul, beyond even their influence. Death had been the awful conqueror with whom my race had so often struggled, and to whom they had so often yielded. A mortal, I loved an immortal, and the fear of separation was ever before me; yet a long and happy time passed away before my fear found words.

It was one evening we were floating over the earth, and the crimson cloud on which we lay was the one where the sun's last look had rested. Its gleam fell on a small nook, while all around was fast melting into shade. Still it was a sad spot which was thus brightened—it was a new made grave. Over the others the long grass grew luxuriantly, and speckled, too, by many small and fragrant flowers; but on this, the dark-brown earth had been freshly turned up, and the red worm writhed restlessly about its disturbed habitation. Some roses had been scattered, but they were withered; their sweet leaves were already damp and discoloured. All wore the present and outward signs of our eternal doom —to perish in corruption.

The shadows of the evening fell, deepening the gloom into darkness—the one last, bright ray had long been past, when a youth came from the adjacent valley. That grave but yesterday received one who was to have been his bride—his betrothed from childhood, for whose sake he had been to far lands and gathered much wealth, but who had pined in his absence and died. He flung himself on the loathsome place, and the night-wind bore around the ravings of his despair. Wo for that selfishness which belonged to my mortality! I felt at that moment more of terror than of pity! I thought of myself: Thus must I, with all my power, my science, and loved by one into whose sphere death comes not, even thus must I perish! True,

the rich spices, the perfumed woods, the fragrant oils, which would feed the sacred fire of my funeral pyre, would save my mortal remains from that corruption which makes the disgust of death even worse than its dread. A few odoriferous ashes alone would be left for my urn. Yet not the less must I share the common doom of my race—I must die!

"Nay, my beautiful!" said the voice, which was to me as the fiat of life and of death, so utterly did it fill my existence: "why should we thus yield to a vague terror? Listen, my beloved! I know where the waters of the fountains of life roll their eternal waves—I know I can bear you thither and bid you drink from their source, and over lips so hallowed death hath no longer dominion. But, alas! I know not what may be the punishment. Like yourselves, the knowledge of our race goes on increasing, and our experience, like your own, hath its agonies. None have dared what I am about to dare, and the future of my deed is even to me a secret. But what may not be borne for that draught which makes my loved one as immortal as my love!"

I gazed on the glorious hope which lighted up his radiant brow, and I said to him, "Give me an immortality which must be thine." Worlds rolling on worlds lay beneath our feet when we stood beside the waters of life. A joyful pride swelled in my heart. I, the last and the weakest of my race, had won that prize which its heroes and its sages had found too mighty for their grasp. A sound, as of a storm rushing over ocean, startled me when I stooped to drink, the troubled waves rose into tumultuous eddies, their fiery billows parted, and from amid them appeared the dark and terrible Spirit of Necessity. The cloud of his awful face grew deeper as it turned on me. "Child of a sinful and a fallen kind!" said he, and he spoke the language most familiar to my ear, which yet sounded like that of another world, "who have ever measured by their own small wisdom that which is infinite—drink, and be immortal! Be immortal, without the wisdom or the power belonging unto immortality. Drink!"

I shrunk from the starry waters as they rose to my lip, but a power stronger than my will compelled me to their taste. The draught ran through my veins like ice. Slowly I turned to where my once-worshipped lover was leaning. The same change had passed over both. Our eyes met, and each looked into the other's heart, and there dwelt hate—bitter, loathing, and eternal hate. I had changed my nature; I was no longer the gentle, up-looking mortal he had loved. I had changed my nature; he was no longer to me the one glorious and adored being. We gazed on each other with fear and abhorrence. The dark power, whose awful brow was fixed upon us like Fate, again was shrouded in the kindling waters. By an impulse neither could control, the Spirit and I flung ourselves down the steep, blue air, but apart and each muttering, "Never! never!" And that word "never" told our destiny. Never could either feel again that sweet deceit of happiness, which, if it be a lie, is worth all truth. Never more could each heart be the world of the other.

Our feelings are as little in our power as the bodily structure they animate. My love had been sudden, uncontrollable, and born not of my own will—and such was my hate. As little could I master the sick shudder his image now called up, as I could the passionate beating of the heart it had once excited. I stood alone in my solitary hall—I gazed on the eternal fire burning over the tomb of my father, and I wished it were burning over mine. For the first time I felt the limitations of humanity. The desire of my race was in me accomplished—I was immortal! and what was this immortality? A dark and measureless future. Alas! we had mistaken life for felicity! What was my knowledge? it only served to show its own vanity; what was my power, when its exercise only served to work out the decrees of an inexorable necessity? I had parted myself from my kind, but I had not acquired the nature of a spirit. I had lost of humanity but its illusions, and they alone are what render it supportable. The mystic scrolls over which I had once pored with such intenseness, were now flung aside; what could they teach me? Time was to me but one great vacancy; how could I fill it up, who had neither labour nor excitement? I set me down mournfully, and thought of the past. Why, when love is perished, should its memory remain? I had said to myself, so long as I have life, one deep feeling must absorb my existence. A change—and that too of my own earnest seeking—had passed over my being; and the past, which had been so precious, was now as a frightful phantasm. The love which alters, in its inconstancy may set up a new idol, and worship again with a pleasant blindness; but the love which leaves the heart with a full knowledge of its own vanity and nothingness,—which saith, The object of my passion still remains, but it is worthless in my sight—never more can I renew my early feeling—I marvel how I ever could have loved—I loathe, I disdain the weakness of my former self;—ah, the end of such love is indeed despair!

"Do you mark yonder black marble slab, which is spread as over a tomb? It covers the most silvery fountain that ever mirrored the golden light of noon, or caught the fall of the evening dew, in an element bright as themselves. The radiant likeness of a spirit rests on those waters. I bade him give duration to the shadow he flung upon the wave, that I might gaze on it during his absence. The first act of my immortality was to shut it

from my sight. There must that black marble rest for ever."

[By the way, the ancients are excellent judges of beauty. Socrates calls beauty (we dare not use the contemptible *it*,) a short-lived tyranny: Xenophon says "Fire burns only when we are near it; but a beautiful face burns and inflames, though at a distance: Plato calls beauty a privilege of nature: Theophrastus (arch fellow,) a silent cheat: Theocritus, (cunning elf,) a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom, (which he doubtless would keep to himself): Domitian says that nothing is more grateful, (not even killing flies); Aristotle affirms that beauty is better than all the letters of recommendation in the world: Homer, that it is a glorious gift of nature; and Ovid calls beauty a favour bestowed by the gods, which this same Ovid shows the gods to have been jealous of among mortals. Certainly the moderns do not wage war for a beautiful woman, as did the ancients: we fear they would rather fight for an old castle.

To conclude, if, as Steele tells us, "to make happy is the true empire of beauty;" why, buy the Book of Beauty, to be sure.]

The Comic Offering.

[Miss Sheridan presents us with her third volume of ladye mirth, as heretofore, overflowing with fun and patter, and sprinkled with some sixty or seventy Cuts—many of them, to use a critical term, of "spirited design." Probably, the most humorous tale among the fifty is—]

THE FLYBEKINS, OR THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

The Flybekins were distant connexions of the great Lord B., living "genteelly" in the west of England: and Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin were the only adult members of the family at the period of the incident which gave rise to this anecdote. It happened once that these "country cousins" were possessed with an uncontrollable desire to enter within the hitherto unapproached circle of London fashion and gaiety in which their noble relatives moved with such distinction. Every thing was propitious in furtherance of the meditated scheme: the spring was approaching, London filling, the country emptying, and the children could all go to school. A few weeks "in Town, just to see what was going on," would be fully worth the journey, especially as it would afford an opportunity for them to commence an acquaintance with their magnificent relation. And as the boys were growing up, it might be serviceable to their interests to tighten the bonds of connexion a little, which had, from lapse of time, and want of intercourse, become somewhat loosened. There is an old saying—"where there is a will, there is always a way."—In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin, being bent on the measure, argued themselves into a belief of the projected visit being nothing short of an imperative moral duty.

When matters had gone thus far, a hint was dropped in the drawing-room, which immediately reached the "domestic department," and very soon spread through the village,—as the smallest stone falling into water creates successive circles around the spot where it fell, each increasing in circumference. Accordingly, the Flybekins were the centre of attraction on the following Sunday, after morning service. Hearty congratulations, and ardent wishes for a pleasant trip, with various commissions, pressed upon them. The newest fashions were promised to be brought down, and the village milliner looked forward to a glorious triumph over all her rivals in the trade about the country. The happy pair were on the pinnacle of provincial glory; *he* was expected to return with the true state of foreign affairs, and the nation, from the intercourse he would enjoy with the peer; *she* was expected to import news of operas, plays, music, novels, writers, balls, routs, drawing-rooms and dresses, from her intercourse with the peeress.

In all the pleasure to which they looked *forward* there was but one *draw-back*, viz. a most extraordinary dread of *London fires* at night: and this originated in the frequent occurrence in their county paper of paragraphs headed "*Another alarming conflagration: many lives lost!*"—put in either to aid the Insurance office, or fill the paper. As our rustic pair had never visited the metropolis, they did not know but Leadenhall Street and Hyde Park, Lambeth and Portland Place, might all be close neighbours; therefore, however distant the different fires might be, they fancied they all occurred nearly in the same place; and from the time Mr. and Mrs. Flybekins resolved to visit Town, scarcely a night passed in which they did not start in terror from their dreams, screaming "Fire, Fire!"

All was hurry and preparation at "the Lodge," until the anticipated arrival of the "Barnstaple Sociable," one morning at the door, summoned the ambitious pair, and on the *fourth* day of their departure from Devonshire, they were duly set down at the White Horse Cellar, for road-making had not then received the magic touch of Macadam. The next day was occupied in searching for, and entering, suitable lodgings; and the following day, having hired a carriage, which their unpractised eyes considered most elegant in style and equipment, they sallied forth, armed with a card-case, and a long list of commissions, the practised horses going at the full rate of six miles an hour.

A friendly and familiar visit over, to some Devonshire friends in Devonshire Place, they

essayed next to discharge the now almost dreaded call of state; for that which, contemplated at a distance, imparted joy and hope, when at hand possessed something of awe mingled with these feelings. Arrived in Grosvenor-square, after sidling along the gutter close by the foot pavement, the distance of two or three houses, and with a little preliminary tug of the reins, the coachman drew up opposite the door of No. —. Two powdered lackeys in rich livery were peering through the long narrow windows on each side of the door, and anticipated the intention of the diminutive, bandy footman, of knocking, (that is, if he could have reached the knocker.) To the question of "Lord and Lady B. at home?" a negative answer was delivered; they were gone to the country, but were expected back to dinner. A card was then handed in, inscribed in the neatest, spider-pattern handwriting of Mrs. Flybekin: and they drove off to pursue the agreeable pastime of shopping and going through part of the list of commissions, vivenda and agenda, with which they were provided.

As the Flybekins drove along the streets, the words "PATENT FIRE-ESCAPES," in large letters, upon the front of a tall house, attracted their attention, and roused all their latent fears of London fires, with accounts of which the newspapers so frequently teemed. A fire-escape would impart security to sleep, and might be taken down into the country. Accordingly the check string was pulled, the manufactory entered, the machines inspected, an economical one selected by each: and in an hour after their arrival at home to dinner, the fire-escapes were duly mounted in one of the front bed-room windows.

Their evening meal being finished at the barbarous hour of nine, the Flybekins began to yawn over the events of the past day, and the prospective engagements of the morrow. The excitements of the morning in the crowded London streets, had completely tired the rustic couple, who being susceptible of no farther excitement, sought repose at this early hour, and were both soon wrapt in deep sleep. Leaving them to enjoy their repose, we return to Grosvenor-square. The noble pair returned to a family dinner, and on entering the house, read, with strained eyeballs, the card deposited that morning by the Flybekins, and with some such an expression of countenance as one may be supposed to assume in discovering something in a drawer more than was anticipated. "Umph!" said the peer, "the Flybekins in town! what could have brought them up so far from the country?" "Something that will not detain them long, I hope;" dryly answered Lady B. "Yet we *must* take some notice of these country cousins," said the peer: "Let us invite them to a family dinner." "Well, if we *must*,"—said the Countess shrugging her shoulders—and with that the subject dropped for the time.

Now it is quite clear that however brilliant might have been the prospects of the Flybekins, the peer and his lady wished them any where but in London; and, rather than invite them to Grosvenor-square to dinner, the former would have been glad to be let off with a writership for one of the sons in India.

Their carriage was ordered at ten, to convey them to the Duchess of R.'s party, and Lord B. proposed to make a friendly call upon their relations before waiting on Her Grace. Accordingly thither they drove, accompanied by two footmen bearing flaming flambeaux, the custom of the great in those days, when the town was not so well lighted as in the present age. The signs of this custom are indeed still to be seen in the extinguishers attached to the railings in front of many houses, which served for the footmen to extinguish their lights.

Meantime the Flybekins slept on, not dreaming of the honour intended them, and were as sound asleep as Duncan in Macbeth's castle, when a long thundering rap at the door startled them amid their slumbers. The diminutive, bandy footman had gone home with the coachman and horses, the landlady and her family had followed the example of the lodgers; and before any one could rise to unbar and open the door, to ascertain the cause of such an unusual alarm, a second louder and longer rap had been made upon it, and which awoke the sleepers to an instinctive idea that the house was on fire; a notion confirmed by the strong glare of red light reflected against their windows, and illuminating the apartment, as the footmen impatiently shook thousands of sparks from the flambeaux.

As Bonaparte observed upon another occasion, "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but one step." So it was with the Flybekins. From the most sublime repose they hurried into the ridiculous fire-escapes, in the full conviction that the lower part of the house was on fire; and without waiting to dress, or inquire into the real state of affairs, they gave the signal-word "Now!" and both descended in all the freshness of their fears to the pavement before the door!

The wondering lord and lady, and still more wondering footmen, glared upon the apparition before them with the most inexplicable amazement, totally at a loss to conceive the cause of such a novel reception. The terrified pair were, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," when they found themselves, instead of being in the confusion of a fire, deposited beneath the windows of a magnificent carriage, attended by footmen with white torches, and a full dressed lady and gentleman inquiring after them, and the meaning of the extraordinary descent. A few

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minutes served to explain the mal à propos mistake; the detected pair sought refuge in the hall of the house, with some such feeling as our first parents experienced when they had tasted the fatal apple in the garden of Eden. The carriage rolled away with the tittering coachman and footmen, and the ill-suppressed mirth of their master and mistress, who quickly disseminated the story throughout the fashionable throng of the party whither they were bent, and which remained for the rest of the season a standing joke wherever Lord and Lady B. appeared.

Humbled and confused, the unhappy Flybekins could not retrieve the blunder they had committed, and prudently resigned all their ambitious schemes. So they returned to Devonshire with the unlucky fire-escapes, sincerely regretting they had ever been tempted to purchase them. But, although the disaster had got wind, and with various versions had reached even into Devonshire, they were much consoled by the following narration of it which appeared in the county paper, in a light most favourable to their interests and reputation, although totally devoid of truth in almost every particular.

The *flaming* paragraph ran thus:—"We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin of ——— in this county, while upon a visit to their noble relatives, Lord and Lady B. in London, narrowly escaped being burnt to death. The devouring element almost destroyed the lower part of the family mansion in Grosvenor-square, over which the lady and gentleman slept, who had retired early to bed, and who by the accidental return of Lord and Lady B. from a party, were awakened only just in time to effect their retreat by means of a fire-escape, fortunately attached to their bed-room window. We are informed that the fire occurred in consequence of the footmen, appointed to sit up for their master and mistress, having fallen asleep, leaving a lighted candle in the room. Mr. and Mrs. Flybekin escaped, with the loss of all their clothes but what they hurried on in the confusion, and were conveyed to a neighbouring hotel by their noble relatives, where they received succour for the night."

But unhappily for the Flybekins, the naked truth at length forced its way into Devonshire, and the true statement of the matter was circulated as above related, and now handed down to their posterity.

Thus, the best version of their story only placed them, "out of the fire into the frying pan," and the unlucky fire-escapes merely saved them from the fear of being *badly burnt*, in order that they might all the rest of their lives be *well roasted!*

There is considerable humour and ingenuity in the following lines, introducing the names of London booksellers, and their nominal fitness for publishing certain books:—

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Long hall! to *Longman*, and his longer Co.,
Pride of our city's Pater Noster Row;
Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,
And treat the world to something more *gigantic*.

Let *Underwood* all essays sell on *trees*,
On *shrubs*, or growth of *brushwood* if he please;
All works on *brewing* leave to Mr. *Porter*,—
To *Boosey—temperance*, for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend *Bull* all works on *horned cattle*,
While *Reid* will teach the youthful mind to *prattle*;
Give *Bohn—anatomy*; give *Mason sculpture*;
Gardiner's engrafted upon *horticulture*.

For valuation-tables on the price of land,
Why should we seek, since *Byfield* is at hand;
For works on draining either bog or fen,
In *Marsh* and *Moore* we have a choice of men.

Give *Sherwood* tales of merry men, who stood—
Firm to their robbing—around *Robin Hood*.
Ogle takes *optics*,—*Miller*, *works on grain*,—
Ridgway, on *railroads*,—*Surgery* with *Payne*.

Hall! Pic-a-dilly *Hatchard*, thy vocation
Should be prolific, for 'tis *incubation*;
Thy pious care brought *Egley* into *note*,
And still on *Gosling* some folks say you dote.

But to my plan.—To make the dull ones plod well,
Books for the use of *schools*, give Mr. *Rodwell*;
And works on *painting* should you ever lack,
You need but brush to either *Grey* or *Black*.

From *Cowie*, works on *vaccination* fetch,
Pedestrian tours from *Walker*, or from *Stretch*;
And if in search of *wonders* you should range,
Where can you seek them better than from *Strange*.

The suff'ring climbing boys our pity claim,
To aid their interest—*Suttaby*, I'd name;
And as they're oft of *churchyard-terrors* slaves,
Print works to cure them, O! *Moon*, *Boys*, and *Graves*.

For plans of bridges *Arch* would be the best;
For stairs and steps on *Banister* I'd rest;
All that relates to church or chapel holy,
I vote that such be *Elder's* business solely.

Sustenance on *diet* surely ought to treat;
Joy gives us *human happiness* complete:
Tilt will all works on *tournament* enhance,
The *law*—On! that of course I leave to *Chance*.

Priestley and *Chappell* may divide *theology*,
Hookham and *Roach* the angling and *ichthyology*;
And for *Phrenology*, what need of rumpus,
One for his *Nob* will do—so take it, *Bumpus!*

SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Fair Janet sits beside her wheel;
No maiden better knew
To pile upon the circling reel
An even thread and true;
But since for Rob she 'gan to pine,
She twists her flax in vain;
'Tis now too coarse,—and now too fine,—
And now—'tis snapt in twain!

Robin, a bachelor profest,
At love and lovers laughs,
And o'er the bowl with reckless jest,
His pretty spinster quaffs;
Then, whilst all sobbing, Janet cries
"She scorns the scornful swain!"
With angry haste her wheel she plies,
And—snaps the thread again!

[The Publishers have obligingly enabled us to present the reader with three of the *smartest* Cuts.

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(*Dandy Lion.*)

(*Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.*)

(*Bob in* for Eels.)

The fun of these Cuts requires neither note nor comment.

Altogether, we may recommend the *Offering* as a really comic companion.]

The Amulet

[Is decidedly an improvement upon former years, and, taken altogether, plates, prose, and poetry, is the best book of the present season. The Editor, Mr. Hall, has judiciously maintained the original feature of his plan—that of "considering attractive tales and beautiful poems, however, essential to the interest and variety of the volume, as secondary to that which conveyed information and led to improvement." He then proceeds to enumerate a few of the papers to which he particularly refers, which have appeared in former volumes of the *Amulet;* as Dr. Walsh's Essay on Coins and Medals, illustrating the progress of Christianity: accounts of the American Christians at Constantinople, and of the Chaldean Christians, and a visit to Nicæa, by the same author: the Rev. Robert Hall's Essay on Poetry and Philosophy: Mr. Coleridge's Travels in Germany: An Essay on French Oaths, by Miss Edgeworth: the Rev. W. S. Gilly's Narrative of the Albigenses: Mr. Ellis's Account of the Austral Islands: Dr. Walsh's Account of the Aborigines of Canada; and Mr. Macfarlane's Visit to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. These papers are entitled to special mention, and we think the Editor justified in his estimate of them. In the volume for the present year we have two contributions of this class;

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an Essay on Sneezing, a learned paper, by Dr. Walsh; and the following]

HISTORY OF THE HOLY CROSS.*

By Lord Mahon.

THE supposed discovery of a religious relic, and the miracles attending it, are events so common in Roman Catholic legends as to deserve but little attention, even on the ground of curiosity; but the real changes and vicissitudes of one of these relics, for twelve centuries after its discovery, may perhaps excite some interest, more especially as its singular adventures, very distant in time, and recorded by different writers, have never yet been brought together, and formed into one connected narrative.

In the reign of the Emperor Constantine the Great, his mother Helena, when almost an octogenarian, undertook a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Her pious zeal was particularly directed to the search of the holy sepulchre, and of the cross on which Jesus Christ had suffered; and, according to her own judgment at least, she was successful in both. A vision, or perhaps a dream, disclosed the place of the Holy Sepulchre; the three crosses were found buried near it, and that of the Saviour is said to have been distinguished from the others by its healing powers on the sick, and even restoring a corpse to life. This discovery caused great and general rejoicing throughout Christendom.† The spot was immediately consecrated by a church, called the New Jerusalem, and of such magnificence that the celebrated Eusebius is strongly inclined to look upon its building as the fulfilment of the prophecies in the Scriptures for a city of that name.‡ A verse of the sibyl was also remembered or composed, which, like all predictions after the event, tallied in a surprising manner with the holy object so happily revealed. The greater share of the Cross was left at Jerusalem, set in a case of silver, and the remainder was sent to Constantine, who, in hopes of securing the prosperity and duration of his empire, enclosed it within his own statue on the Byzantine Forum. The pilgrims also, who thronged to Jerusalem during a long course of years, were always eager, and often successful, in obtaining a small fragment of the cross for themselves; so that at length, according to the strong expression of St. Cyril, the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood. Even at present, there is scarcely a Roman Catholic cathedral which does not display some pretended pieces of this relic; and it has been computed, with some exaggeration, that were they all collected together, they might prove sufficient for building a ship of the line. To account for this extraordinary diffusion of so limited a quantity, the Catholic writers have been obliged to assert its preternatural growth and vegetation, which the saint already quoted ingeniously compares to the miracle of the loaves and fishes.§ That the guardians of this cross at Jerusalem should have had recourse to such evident and undoubted falsehood, should, I think, very much increase our doubts whether the Cross itself was genuine, and whether the old age and credulity of Helena, may not have been grossly imposed upon. Where we see one fraud, we may justly suspect another. From this period, however, the history of this fragment of wood may be clearly and accurately traced during the twelve succeeding centuries.

In spite of its frequent partitions, the Holy Cross, say the monkish writers, thus remained undiminished at Jerusalem, receiving the homage of innumerable pilgrims, until the year 614, when that city was besieged and taken by the Persians. Their barbarous fanaticism reduced to ruins or burnt to the ground nearly all the sacred buildings, and made a great slaughter of the Christians, in which they are said to have been actively assisted by the resident Jews.|| The bishop and the relic in question were removed into Persia, and continued in that country fourteen years, until the victories of the Emperor Heraclius led to an honourable peace, in which the restoration of this most precious treasure was expressly stipulated. During its captivity it had happily escaped the pollution of infidel hands; the case which contained it was brought back, unopened, to Jerusalem, and Heraclius himself undertook a journey in order to replace it in its former station on Mount Calvary. The prelude to this religious ceremony was a general massacre of the Jews, which the emperor had long withstood, but at length granted to the earnest and renewed entreaties of the monks of Alsik. The fact itself, and all its details, are so disgraceful to the parties concerned, that I would gladly reject it as false or overcharged, did it not rest on the authority of a patriarch of Alexandria.¶ Heraclius then, attended by a solemn procession, but laying aside his diadem and purple, bore the Cross on his own shoulders towards the holy sepulchre. An officer was appointed to its peculiar care, with the title of STAUROPHULAX;** and the anniversary of this event, the 14th September, is still

* Read before the Royal Society of Literature, but since altered by the author.

† For the discovery of the cross, compare Theodoret, lib. i. c. 18; Socrates, lib. i. c. 17; and Sozomen, lib. ii. c. 1, &c.

‡ De Vita Constant, lib. iii. c. 33.

§ St. Cyril ap. Baronium, Annal. Eccles. A.D. 326, No. 50. One whole epistle of St. Paulinus of Nola (the eleventh) is also devoted to this subject.

|| The participation of the Jews is positively asserted by Eutychius (Annal. vol. ii. p. 212,) but doubted by Theophanes (Chronograph. p. 252:) ως φασι τινες, are his words.

¶ Eutychius, Annal. vol. ii. p. 242—247.

** Ducange, Gloss. Med. Græc., p. 1437.

celebrated in the Greek Church as a festival, under the name of the Exaltation of the Cross.

The relic did not long continue in the place to which the valour and piety of Heraclius had restored it, but was doomed to undergo still further vicissitudes of fortune. Only eight years afterwards (A.D. 636,) an army of Arabs, the new and fervent proselytes of Mahomet, invaded Palestine. At the battle of Yermuck, the imperial forces were totally routed, and Heraclius, downcast and dismayed, returned to Constantinople, bearing with him, as a source of consolation, the invaluable fragment, whose alleged miraculous powers were never exerted for its own protection.* It is rarely that, when a sovereign despairs of success, his subjects have the courage (it would, perhaps, be termed the disloyal presumption) to prolong their resistance; but the inhabitants of Jerusalem were animated by religious zeal and local associations, and did not, till after a doubtful siege of several months, yield the holy city to the Saracens. The event soon justified the prudent foresight of Heraclius in removing the Cross from the danger of Mahometan masters. The Caliph of Omar experienced some difficulties in the construction of a mosque at Jerusalem: he immediately supposed those difficulties to be supernatural, and, by the advice of the Jews, destroyed a great number of the neighbouring crosses; so that it seems certain that the wood of the real crucifixion could still less have escaped the effects of his ignorant fanaticism.† At Constantinople, on the contrary, it was preserved with the utmost veneration in the metropolitan church of St. Sophia, and the honours paid to it are attested and described by the father of English historians.‡ Never, but on the three most solemn festivals of the year, was its costly case unclosed. On the first day, it received the adoration of the emperor and principal officers of state; on the next, the empress and chief ladies repeated the same ceremony; and the bishops and clergy were admitted on the third. While exposed to view on the altar, a grateful odour pervaded the whole church, and a fluid resembling oil distilled from the knots in the wood, of which the least drop was thought sufficient to cure the most inveterate disease. This precious fluid is also mentioned by Pope Gregory, the Great, in one of his letters to Leontius. "I have received your present," writes the Pope, "some oil of the Holy Cross and some wood of aloes, of which the one confers blessing by its very touch, and the other, when burnt, diffuses a pleasant perfume." §

In a period of several centuries, during which this relic remained at Constantinople, we find it occasionally mentioned in the annals of the time. It was on the Holy Cross that Heracleonas swore to cherish and defend his nephew;‖ it was to the same fragment that the son of Justinian the Second clung for protection, in the revolution which hurled his father from the throne;¶ and we might entertain more respect for the superstition of the Greeks, if the supposed sanctity of this relic had produced either the observance of the oath, or the safety of the suppliant. At length, in the year 1078, the object of this narrative recommenced its travels. A wealthy citizen of Amalfi, whose name is not recorded, had long felt a wish to exchange active life for the cloister, and had selected the monastery of Casinum as the place of his future retirement. Being present in the Eastern capital during the tumultuous deposition of Michael the Seventh, he perceived in the general confusion a favourable opportunity for appropriating this precious fragment to himself. His zeal did not forget at the same time to secure the golden case, richly embossed with jewels, which contained it, and both were laid as a welcome offering before the shrine of St. Benedict, at Casinum.** The good fathers must have felt no little pride when strangers beheld, in their secluded and obscure retreat, a relic which a long succession of the most illustrious princes had gloried in possessing.

The next place to which we can trace the Cross is Palestine, during the crusades, to which it had doubtless been conveyed for the purpose of restoring it to its more ancient and appropriate station at Jerusalem. In that country it was exposed to frequent hazards, as the crusaders appear to have been in the habit of bearing it in the van of their armies, when marching against the Mussulmans, hoping by its presence amongst them to secure the victory. One of their battles against the forces of Saladin by no means fulfilled their expectations, and in the course of it the sacred relic itself was unfortunately severed; one half of it being captured by the enemy, and most probably destroyed.†† This untoward accident, however, by no means impaired their veneration for the remaining fragment; and, at the commencement of the thirteenth century, it is again recorded as taking the field with the King of Hungary and the Duke of Austria.‡‡ From these it passed into the hands of their brother crusaders, the Latin sovereigns of Constantinople; and thus, by a singular train of circumstances,

* Theophanes, Chronograph. p. 280.
† Baronius, Annal. Eccles. A.D. 643. No. 1—4.
‡ Bede, Op. vol. iii. p. 370. Ed. Colon. Agripp. 1688.
§ Epist. lib. 7. indict. i. ep. 34.
‖ Nicephor. Constantinopolit. p. 20.
¶ Theophanes, Chronograph. p. 318.
** Chronicon Casinense, lib. iii. c. 55.
†† There is some account of its recovery by a Genoese, but it is clouded with miracles. He walked over the sea, as over dry land, &c. See Muratori, Dissert. 58. vol. v. p. 10, ed. 1741.
‡‡ See Raynaldus, Annal. Eccles. A.D. 1217, No. 39, and Pagi, Critic. A.D. 1187, No. 4.

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a change of dynasty restored this precious relic to the people which had so long enjoyed its possession. It does not, however, appear to have received the full measure of its ancient veneration, and a new Crown of Thorns, alleged to be that of the passion, held at this period a far higher rank with the public.

In the year 1238, the pressure of poverty and impending ruin compelled the Emperor Baldwin the Second, to sell what the piety of St. Louis, King of France, induced him as eagerly to purchase.* A very considerable sum was given in exchange for the holy wood, and on its arrival in Paris, it was deposited by King Louis in a chapel which he built on this occasion. There, the Cross remained for above three hundred years, until at length, on the 20th of May, 1575, it disappeared from its station. The most anxious researches failed in tracing the robber, or recovering the spoil, and the report which accused King Henry the Third of having secretly sold it to the Venetians may be considered as a proof of the popular animosity rather than of royal avarice.† To appease in some degree the loud and angry murmurs of his subjects, Henry, the next year, on Easter day, announced that a new Cross had been prepared for their consolation, of the same shape, size, and appearance as the stolen relic, and asserted, most probably with perfect truth, that in Divine powers, or claim to religious worship, it was but little inferior to its model. "The people of Paris," says Estoile, an eye-witness of this transaction, "being very devout, and easy of faith on such subjects" (he is speaking of the sixteenth century,) "gratefully hailed the restoration of some tangible and immediate object for their prayers. Of the original fragment I can discern no further authentic trace; and here, then, it seems to have ended its long and adventurous career.

Before I conclude, I ought, perhaps, to make some mention of the pretended nails of the passion, which were obtained by Constantine the Great at the same time with the cross. He melted a part of them into a helmet for himself; and the other part was converted into a bridle for his horse, in supposed obedience to a prophetic text of Zechariah: "In that day shall there be upon the bells (bridles) of the horses, holiness unto the Lord."‡ Yet, though the helmet alone might appear to have required all the nails which could possibly be employed in a crucifixion, it is not unusual in southern Europe to meet with fragments of old iron, for which the same sacred origin is claimed. Thus, for instance, at Catania, in Sicily, I have seen one of these nails, which is believed to possess miraculous powers, and exhibited only once a year with great solemnity. There is another in a private oratory of the Escurial; and I was surprised in observing in the same case a relic of Sir Thomas à Becket. All the nails, from the time of Constantine, are rejected as spurious by Cardinal Baronius;§ yet a former Pope had expressed his belief in their authenticity;‖ and the ingenious idea of miraculous vegetation might have been easily applied to them. But to trace the other parts of this real or fabulous history, and more especially their insertion in the Iron crown of Lombardy, would require, though scarcely deserve, a separate essay.

[To this class likewise belongs a Pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, from the accomplished pen of Contarini Fleming. The lighter papers are tinged with a high moral feeling; and we do not think that better evidence will be found than in the following of Mrs. Hall's contributions.]

THE TRIALS OF GRACE HUNTLEY.

[This tale occupies nearly fifty pages. It so teems with moral pathos and touching beauty, that we are at a loss to abridge it throughout so as to preserve that acquaintance with the finest feelings of our nature, which marks every page with sterling value. We, therefore, only adopt the conclusion, and attempt a leading thread of the story. Grace is the daughter of a village schoolmaster. She loves "not wisely, but too well," "Joseph Huntley, the handsomest youth in the retired village of Craythorpe." The father consents to their union. The real character of the husband appears early; his fond love soon dwindles to painful neglect: how truly does the writer observe, "the rapidity with which love may glide from the heart of man is a moral phenomenon for which it would puzzle philosophers to account. The brief space of a few months not unfrequently converts the devoted into the unkind, or to a delicate mind still worse—the neglectful husband." The wayward Huntley breaks off church-going; he refuses Grace his company, and we find her first solitary walk since her marriage thus touchingly referred to: "almost every tree certainly every stile she passed—was hallowed by some remembrance connected with the playmate of her childhood—the lover of her early youth—the husband of her affections. When, she looked on the dew dancing amid the delicate tracery of the field spider's web—when the joyous whistle of the gay blackbird broke upon her ear—gazing silently on all that was really fresh and beautiful in nature—

* See Dupleix, Historie de France, vol. ii. p. 257. ed. 1634. The original authority is Nangis (Annales de St. Louis, p. 174. ed. 1761.) Rigord, who speaks of the sale of this relic to Philip Augustus, appears to be guilty of a fable or anachronism, in which he was followed by Raynaldus, Annal. Eccles. A. D. 1205, No. 60.

† See L'Estoile, Journal de Henri III., vol. i. p. 125, 161, ed. 1744.

‡ Zech. ch. xiv. ver. 20.

§ Annal. Eccles. A. D. 326. No. 54.

‖ See a Letter from Innocent VI. ap. Raynald Annal. Eccles. A. D. 1354. No. 18.

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she felt that, instead of warming, it fell chilly upon her heart. And yet all was as usual—the bright sun, and the smiling landscape. Why, then, was she less cheerful? She was alone! No one she loved was by her side, to whom to say, "How beautiful!" Joseph gets into debt, and upon Grace offering to sacrifice a favourite article of dress to enable him to keep a "promise to pay," we find the following exquisite paragraph: "there is something so commanding, so holy, in virtue, that, though the wicked may not imitate, they cannot withhold from it their admiration. As Huntley looked upon his wife, he thought she never appeared so lovely. Some of the affection of earlier and purer years returned warmly to his heart; and as he kissed her, words of happier import broke from his lips—"God bless you, Grace! I am a sad scoundrel, and that's the truth." Joseph deserts her, and in less than eight years after their marriage, her little family are entirely dependent upon her for support. The husband returns, and sets the eldest boy to rob his mother; the villany of the father is reproved by Grace, meekly but firmly. Joseph takes the boy under his guidance, and becoming acquainted with "John and Sandy Smith, (two poachers,) who lived together in a wretched hut on the skirt of Crayton Common," he soon initiates the little fellow into crime. After a storming quarrel with his wife—]

That night, as latterly had been his custom, he sallied forth about eight o'clock, leaving his home and family without food or money. The children crowded round their mother's knee to repeat their simple prayers, and retired, cold and hungry, to bed. It was near midnight ere her task was finished; and then she stole softly into her chamber, having first looked upon and blessed her treasures. Her sleep was of that restless heavy kind which yields no refreshment. Once she was awakened by hearing her husband shut the cottage-door; again she slept, but started from a horrid dream—or was it indeed reality! and had her husband and her son Abel quitted the dwelling together? She sprang from her bed, and felt on the pallet—Gerald was there; again she felt—she called—she passed into the next room—"Abel, Abel, my child! as you value your mother's blessing speak!" There was no reply. A dizzy sickness almost overpowered her senses. Was her husband's horrid threat indeed fulfilled? and had he so soon taken their child as his participator in unequivocal sin? She opened the door, and looked out upon the night; it was cold and misty, and her sight could not penetrate the gloom. The chill fog rested upon her face like the damps of the grave. She attempted to call again upon her son, but her powers of utterance were palsied—her tongue quivered—her ips separated yet there came forth no voice, no sound to break the silence of oppressed nature. Her eyes moved mechanically towards the heavens—they were dark as the earth; had God deserted her?—would he deny one ray, one little ray of light, to lead her to her child? Why did the moon cease to shine, and the stars withhold their brightness? Should she never again behold her boy, her first-born? Her heart swelled, and beat within her bosom. She shivered with intense agony, and leaned her throbbing brow against the door-post, to which she had clung for support. Her husband's words rang in her ears—"One by one shall your children be taken from you to serve my purposes!" Through the dense fog she fancied that he glared upon her in bitter hatred—his deep-set eyes flashing with demoniac fire, and his smile, now extending, now contracting, into all the varied expressions of triumphant malignity! She pressed her hand on her eyes to shut out the horrid vision, and a prayer, a simple prayer, rose to her lips. Like oil upon the troubled waters, it soothed and composed her spirit. She could not arrange, or even remember, a form of words; but she repeated, again and again, the emphatic appeal, "Lord, save me, I perish!" until she felt sufficient strength to enable her to look again into the night. As if hope had set its beacon in the sky, calmly and brightly the moon was now shining upon her cottage. With the sudden change, at once the curse and blessing of our climate, a sharp east wind had set in, and was rolling the mist from the canopy of heaven. Numerous stars were visible, where, but five minutes before, all had been darkness and gloom. The shadow passed from her soul; she gazed steadily upwards; her mind regained its firmness; her resolve was taken. She returned to her bed-room, dressed, and, wrapping her cloak closely to her bosom, was quickly on her way to the Smiths' dwelling, on Craythorpe Common.

The solitary hut was more than two miles from the village; the path leading to it broken and interrupted by fragments of rocks, roots of furze, and stubbed underwood, and, at one particular point, intersected by a deep and brawling brook. Soon after Grace had crossed this stream, she came in view of the cottage, looking like a misshapen mound of earth; and, upon peering in at the window, which was only partially lined by a broken shutter, Covey, the lurcher, uttered, from the inside, a sharp muttering bark, something between reproof and recognition. There had certainly been a good fire, not long before, on the capacious hearth, for the burning ashes cast a lurid light upon an old table, and two or three dilapidated chairs. There was also a fowling-piece lying across the table; but it was evident none of the inmates were at home; and Grace walked slowly, yet disappointedly, round the dwelling, till she came to the other side, that rested against a huge mass of mingled

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rock and clay, overgrown with long tangled fern and heather. She climbed to the top, and had not been many minutes on the look-out ere she perceived three men rapidly approaching from the opposite path. As they drew nearer, she saw that one of them was her husband; but where was her son? Silently she lay among the heather, fearing she knew not what—yet knowing she had much to fear. The chimney that rose from the sheeling had, she thought, effectually concealed her from their view, but in this she was mistaken; for, while Huntley and one of the Smiths entered the abode, the other climbed up the mound. She saw his hat within a foot of where she rested, and fancied she could feel his breath upon her cheek as she crouched, like a frightened hare, more closely in her form. However, he surveyed the spot without ascending further, and then retreated muttering something about corbies and ravens, and, almost instantly, she heard the door of the hut close. Cautiously she crept down from her hiding-place; and, crawling along the ground with stealth and silence, knelt before the little window, so as to observe, through the broken shutter, the occupation of the inmates. The dog alone was conscious of her approach; but the men were too seriously engaged to heed his intimations of danger.

[She sees all that the three are about, is convinced that her son will be lost, and forms her resolution:]

"Then there is hope for my poor child!" she thought, "and I can—I *will* save him!" With this resolve, she stole away as softly and as quickly as her trembling limbs would permit. The depredators revelled in their fancied security. The old creaking table groaned under the weight of pheasant, hare, and ardent spirits; and the chorus of a wild drinking-song broke upon her ear as returning strength enabled her to hasten along the rude path leading to Craythorpe.

The first grey uncertain light of morning was visible through the old churchyard trees as she came within sight of her cottage. She entered quietly, and saw that Abel had not only returned, but was sleeping soundly by his brother's side.

Grace set her house in order—took the work she had finished to her employer—came back, and prepared breakfast, of which her husband, having by this time also returned, partook. Now he was neither the tyrant whose threat still rung in her ears, nor the reckless bravo of the common; he appeared that morning, at least so his wife fancied, more like the being she had loved so fondly, and so long.

"I will sleep, Grace," he said, when their meal was finished—"I will sleep for an hour; and to-morrow we shall have a better breakfast." He called his son into the bed-room, where a few words passed between them. Immediately after this Grace went into the little chamber to fetch her bonnet. She would not trust herself to look upon the sleeper, but her lips moved as if in prayer; and even her children still remember, that, as she passed out of the cottage-door, she had a flushed and agitated appearance.

"Good morning, Mrs. Huntley," said her old neighbour, Mrs. Craddock; "Have you heard the news? Ah! these are sad times—bad people going—"

"True, true!" replied poor Grace as she hurried onwards; "I know—I heard it all."

Mrs. Craddock looked after her, much surprised at her abruptness.

"I was coming down to you, Grace," said her father, standing so as to arrest her progress; "I wished to see if there was any chance of the child Abel's returning to his exercises. As this is a holiday, I thought—"

"Come with me," interrupted Grace, "come with me, father, and we will make a rare holiday."

She hurried the feeble old man along the road leading to the rectory, but returned no answer to his inquiries. The servant told her, when she arrived at her destination, that his master was engaged—particularly engaged—could not be disturbed—Sir Thomas Purcel was with him; and, as the man spoke, the study-door opened, and Sir Thomas crossed the hall.

"Come back with me, sir," exclaimed Grace Huntley, eagerly: "I can tell you all you want to know."

The Baronet shook off the hand she had laid upon his arm as if she were a maniac.

Grace appeared to read the expression of his countenance. "I am not mad, Sir Thomas Purcel," she continued, in a suppressed tremulous voice; "not mad, though I may be so soon. Keep back these people, and return with me. Mr. Glasscott knows I am not mad."

She passed into the study with a resolute step, and held the door for Sir Thomas to enter. Her father followed also, as a child traces its mother's footsteps, and looked around him, and at his daughter, with weak astonishment. One or two of the servants, who were loitering in the hall, moved as if they would have followed.

"Back, back, I say!" she repeated; "I need no witnesses—there will be enough of them soon. Mr. Glasscott," she continued, closing the door, "hear me, while I am able to bear testimony, lest weakness—woman's weakness—overcome me, and I falter in the truth. In the broom-sellers' cottage, across the common, on the left side of the chimney, concealed by a large flat stone, is a hole—a den; there much of the property taken from Sir Thomas Purcel's last night is concealed."

"I have long suspected these men—Smith, I think, they call themselves. Yet they are but two. Now, we have abundant proof, that *three* men absolutely entered the house."

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"There was a third," murmured Grace, almost inaudibly.

"Who?"

"My—my—my husband!" and, as she uttered the word, she leaned against the chimney-piece for support, and buried her face in her hands.

The clergyman groaned audibly;—he had known Grace from her childhood, and felt what the declaration must have cost her. Sir Thomas Purcel was cast in a sterner mould.

"We are put clearly on the track, Mr. Glasscott," he said, "and must follow it forthwith; yet there is something most repugnant to my feelings in finding a woman thus herald her husband to destruction."

"It was to save my children from sin!" exclaimed Grace, starting forward with an energy that appalled them all: "God in heaven, whom I call to witness, knows, that though I would sooner starve than taste of the fruits of his wickedness, yet I could not betray the husband of my bosom to—to—I dare not think what!—I tried, I laboured to give my offspring honest bread. I neither asked nor received charity; with my hands I laboured, and blessed the Power that enabled me to do so. If we are poor, we will be honest, was my maxim, and my boast. But he—my husband—returned; he taught my boy to lie—to steal! and when I remonstrated—when I prayed, with many tears, that he would cease to train our—ay, *our* child for destruction, he mocked—scorned—told me, that, one by one, I should be bereaved of my children if I thwarted his purposes; and that I might seek in vain for them through the world, until I saw their names recorded in the book of shame!—Gentlemen, this was no idle threat. Last night, Abel was taken from me——"

"I knew there must have been a fourth," interrupted Sir Thomas, coldly; "we must have the boy also secured."

The wretched mother, who had not imagined that any harm could result to her son, stood as if a thunderbolt had transfixed her; her hands clenched and extended—her features rigid and blanched—her frame perfectly erect, and motionless as a statue. The schoolmaster, during the whole of this scene, had been completely bewildered, until the idea of his grandchild's danger or disappearance, he knew not which, took possession of his mind; and, filled with the single thought his faculties had the power of grasping at a time, he came forward to the table at which Mr. Glasscott was seated, and respectfully uncovering his grey hairs, his simple countenance presenting a strong contrast to the agonized iron-bound features of his daughter, he addressed himself to the worthy magistrate: "I trust you will cause instant search to be made for the child Abel, whom your reverence used kindly to regard with especial favour."

He repeated this sentence at least half a dozen times, while the gentlemen were issuing orders to the persons assembled for the apprehension of the burglars, and some of the females of the family were endeavouring to restore Grace to animation. At last Sir Thomas Purcel turned suddenly round upon Abel Darley, and, in his stentorian tone, bawled out, "And who are you?"

"The schoolmaster of Craythorpe, so please you, sir—that young woman's father—and one whose heart is broken!"

So saying, he burst into tears; and his wail was very sad, like that of an afflicted child. Presently there was a stir among the little crowd, a murmur—and then two officers ushered in Joseph Huntley and his son.

He walked boldly up to the magistrate's table, and placed his hand upon it, before he perceived his wife, to whom consciousness had not yet returned. The moment he beheld her he started back, saying, "Whatever charge you may have against me, gentlemen, you can have none against that woman."

"Nor have we," replied Sir Thomas; "she is your accuser!"

The fine features of Joseph Huntley relaxed into an expression of scorn and unbelief. "She appear against me! Not—not if I were to attempt to murder her!" he answered firmly.

"Grace!" exclaimed her father joyfully, "here is the child Abel—he is found!" and seizing the trembling boy, with evident exultation, led him to her. The effect of this act of the poor simple-minded man was electrical. The mother instantly revived, but turned her face from her husband; and, entwining her son in her arms, pressed him closely to her side. The clergyman proceeded to interrogate the prisoner, but he answered nothing, keeping his eyes intently fixed upon his wife and child. In the mean time, the officers of justice had been prompt in the execution of their duty; the Smiths were apprehended in the village, and the greater portion of the property stolen from Sir Thomas Purcel was found in the hut where Grace had beheld it concealed.

When the preparations were sufficiently forward to conduct the unfortunate men to prison, Joseph Huntley advanced to his wife. The scornful as well as undaunted expression of his countenance had changed to one of painful intensity; he took her hand within his, and pressed it to his lips, without articulating a single syllable. Slowly she moved her face, so that their eyes encountered in one long mournful look. Ten years of continued suffering could not have exacted a heavier tribute from Grace Huntley's beauty. No language can express the withering effects of the few hours' agony. Her husband saw it.

"'Twas to save my children!" was the only sentence she uttered, or rather murmured; and it was the last coherent one she spoke for many weeks. Her fine reason seemed overwhelmed. It was a sight few could witness without tears.

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The old father, tending the couch of his afflicted daughter, would sit for hours by her bedside, clasping the child Abel's hand within his, and every now and then shaking his head when her ravings were loud or violent.

[We add the conclusion.]

It might be some fifteen years after these distressing events had agitated the little village of Craythorpe, that an elderly woman, of mild and cheerful aspect, sat calmly reading a large volume she supported against the railing of a noble vessel, that was steering its course from the shores of "merrie England" to some land far over the sea. Two gentlemen, who were lounging on the quarter-deck arm-in-arm, frequently passed her. The elder one, in a peculiarly kind tone of voice, said, "You bear the voyage well, dame."—"Thank God! yes, sir."—"Ah! you will wish yourself back in Old England before you are landed six weeks."—"I did not wish to leave it, sir; but my duty obliged me to do so."

The gentlemen walked on.

"Who is she?" inquired the younger.

"A very singular woman. Her information transported for life a husband whom she loved, notwithstanding his coldness and his crimes. She had at that time three children, and the eldest had already become contaminated by his father's example. She saw nothing but destruction for them in prospective, her warnings and intreaties being alike unregarded. So she made her election—sacrificed the husband and saved the children!"

"But what does she here?"

"Her eldest son is now established in a small business, and respected by all who know him. Her second boy, and a father, whom her misfortunes reduced to a deplorable state of wretchedness, are dead. Her daughter, a village belle and beauty, is married to my father's handsome new parish-clerk; and Mrs. Huntley having seen her children provided for, and by her virtues and industry made respectable in the Old World, is now on her voyage to the New, to see, if I may be permitted to use her own simple language, 'whether she can contribute to render the last days of her husband as happy as the first they passed together.' It is only justice to the criminal to say, that I believe him truly and perfectly reformed."

"And on this chance she leaves her children and her country?"

"She does. She argues, that as the will of Providence prevented her from discharging her duties *together*, she must endeavour to perform them *separately*. He was sentenced to die; but, by my father's exertions, his sentence was commuted to one of transportation for life; and I know she has quitted England without the hope of again beholding its white cliffs."

[Miss Landon has contributed a few poetical pieces of great merit; and the Editor, the "simple story" of an Emigrant in verse, full of truth and nature. The Author of the Corn Law Rhymes has two pieces.

The Illustrations are nearly unexceptionable. Seven of them are from pictures by Lawrence; Newton's Gentle Student has supplied the Frontispiece; and Wilkie's Theft of the Cap, one of the most pleasing of the well arranged selection.]

The Friendship's Offering,

Edited by a poet of no mean merit, has a golden flood of minor pieces in verse, many of them of great beauty and touching sweetness, and nearly all above the usual *calibre* of such contributions to *Annual* literature. The prose tales are by Miss Mitford, Mr. J. B. Fraser, Derwent Conway, and by Leitch Ritchie: that by the latter is perhaps the best in the volume; it has a serio-ludicrous interest which is very amasing.

The pieces number upwards of sixty; and as the prose are too lengthy for our columns, we take a slight sprinkling of the poetical flowers:—]

THE ARMADA,

A FRAGMENT,—BY T. B. MACAULAY.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise,
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

It was about the lovely close of a warm summer's day,
There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;
Her crew hath seen Castille's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers, before him sound the drums;
His yeomen, round the market-cross, make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the lion of the sea lifts up his ancien crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:

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So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flag-staff deep, sir knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously: ye breezes waft her wide:
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM,—the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea;—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day:
For swift to east and swift to west the warning radiance spread;
High on St. Michael's mount it shone, it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniards saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless rage, those twinkling points of fire:
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves;
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the Shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town;
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down.
The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond-hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires:
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires:
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer:
And from the furthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad stream of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street:
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in:
And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north.
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,
All night from tower to tower they sprang;—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light;
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlise.

THE TORNADO.

AN AFRICAN SKETCH,—BY THOMAS PRINGLE.

Dost thou love to list the rushing
Of the tempest in its might?
Dost thou joy to see the gushing
Of the torrent at its height?
Hasten forth ere yet the gloaming
Waneth wildly into night,
While the troubled sea is foaming
With a strange phosphoric light.

Lo, the sea-fowl, loudly screaming,
Seeks the shelter of the land;
And a signal light is gleaming
Where yon vesel nears the strand:
Just at sun-set she was lying
All-becalmed upon the main;
Now, with sails in tatters flying,
She to sea-ward beats—in vain!

* * * * *

Now the forest trees are shaking,
Like bullrushes in the gale;
And the folded flocks are quaking
'Neath the pelting of the hail.
From the jungle-cumbered river
Comes a growl along the ground;
And the cattle start and shiver,
For they know full well the sound.

'Tis the lion, gaunt with hunger,
Glaring down the darkening glen;
But a fiercer Power and stronger
Drives him back into his den:
For the fiend TORNADO rideth
Forth with FEAR, his maniac bride,
Who by shipwrecked shores abideth,
With the she-wolf by her side.

Heard ye not the Demon flapping
His exulting wings aloud?
And his mate her wild hands clapping
From yon scowling thunder-cloud?
By the fireflaucht's gleamy flashing
The doomed vessel ye may spy,
With the billows o'er her dashing—
Hark (Oh God!) that fearful cry!

Seven hundred human voices
In that shriek came on the blast!
Ha! the Tempest-Fiend rejoices—
For all earthly aid is past!
White as smoke the surge is showering
O'er the cliffs that sea-ward frown,
While the greedy gulph, devouring,
Like a dragon sucks them down.

The Plates are excellent: two or three fancy portraits beam with loveliness; Christ entering Jerusalem, engraved by E. J. Roberts, from Martin, is a sublime scene of "the glorious city of God;" and Corfu and the Bridge of Alva, from drawings by Purser, maintain the promising excellence of his pencil.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London, sold by O. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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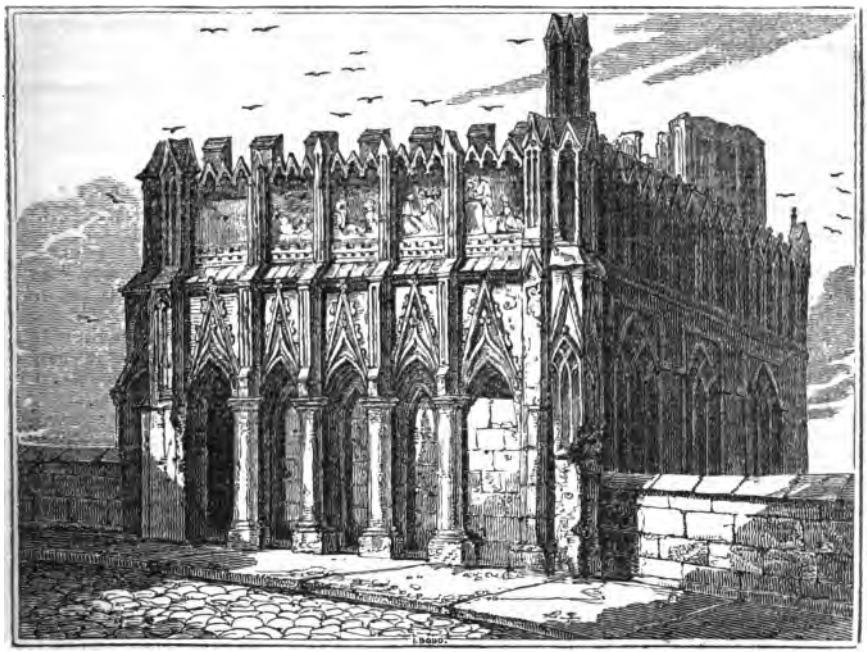
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 581.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1832. [Price 2d.



CHAPEL ON THE BRIDGE, WAKEFIELD.

Chapels on bridges are not so unfrequent in architectural history as the rarity of their remains would indicate. Among the early records of bridge-building we read that "the Romans built many bridges in the provinces; viz. in France, Spain, Germany, Britain, &c. some of which had arches or towers on them."* Plutarch derives the word *Pontifex*, (high priest,) from sacrifices made upon bridges, a ceremony of the highest antiquity. The priests are said to have been commissioned to keep the bridges in repair, as an indispensable part of their office. This we may conclude to have given rise to the annexation of chapels to almost all our bridges of note; and the offerings were of course for repairs: so that priests are considered to have been the olden surveyors of bridges, and chapels on them to have been displaced by the more secular establishment of toll-houses.†

The bridge, upon which stands the above chapel, crosses the Calder, at the south-east entrance into Wakefield, in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It was built in the reign of Edward III. and is a fine specimen of the masonry of that age. In the centre projecting from the eastern side, and resting partly on the sterlings, is the chapel, built in the richest style of Gothic architecture. It is

* Britton, Arch. Dict. art. Bridge. On the decline of the Roman Empire, travelling became dangerous, and robberies and murders were frequently committed. To check this system, and protect travellers, several religious persons associated in fraternities, and formed an order called "the Brothers of the Bridge." Their object was to build bridges, establish ferries, and receive and protect travellers in hospitals, raised near the passes over rivers. In like manner we account for the erection of many bridges in England. According to Stow, the monks of St. Mary Overie's were the first builders of London Bridge: and Peter of Colechurch, who founded the first *stone* bridge, also built a chapel on the eastern central pier, in which the architect was afterwards interred: his remains, as we first communicated to the public, were found as aforesaid during the recent removal of the old bridge; and "the lower jaw and three other bones of Peter of Colechurch" were sold by auction a few days since.

† At the old bridge at Droitwich, the high road passed through the midst of the chapel, the reading-desk and pulpit being on one side, and the congregation on the other. Other public buildings were not uncommon on bridges. In 1558 an alderman of Stamford built the Town Hall upon the bridge there; and on an old bridge at Bradford, Wilts, there is a sort of dungeon, or prison raised on one of the piers.

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about ten yards in length, and about eight in breadth. The east window, overhanging the river, is adorned with various and beautiful tracery, and the parapets are perforated. The windows on the north and south sides are equally rich. But the west front facing the passage over the bridge, (as shown in the Engraving,) exceeds all the rest in profusion of ornament; being divided by buttresses into compartments, forming recesses, with lofty pediments and pointed arches; whilst above is an entablature bearing five basso-relievos, the whole being crowned with battlements. The buttresses, finials, tracery, &c. form an assemblage of Gothic embellishments, which, for richness and delicacy can scarcely be equalled. This chapel was built by Edward IV. in memory of his father, Richard, Duke of York, and those of his party who fell in the battle of Wakefield.* It appears, however, that a chapel had been built on this bridge by Edward III., and dedicated to St. Mary; but it was undoubtedly rebuilt and embellished by Edward IV. who, on this account, may be regarded as the founder of the present structure.

The beautiful embellishments have received considerable injury; and, about twenty years since this superb relic of ecclesiastical architecture was used as a warehouse. As architectural renovation is becoming somewhat the taste of the day, it is to be hoped that the restoration of the chapel at Wakefield will not be overlooked.

THE BROTHER OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(To the Editor.)

As I was personally acquainted with Charles Goldsmith, the younger brother of Oliver, the Poet, I am enabled to furnish a few particulars in addition to those of *Philo*, contained in No. 573 of *The Mirror*. Charles, on his coming to this country, from the West Indies, had with him two daughters, and one son named Henry; all under 14 years of age. He purchased two houses in the Polygon, Somers Town, in one of which he resided: here, the elder of his girls died; I attended her funeral; she was buried in the churchyard of St. Pancras, near the grave of Mary Wolstonecroft Godwin. Henry was my fellow pupil; but not liking the profession of engraving, after a short trial, he returned to the West Indies. At the peace of Amiens, Charles Goldsmith sold his houses, and, with his wife and daughter, and a son born in England, christened Oliver, he went to reside in France, where his daughter married. In consequence of the orders of Buonaparte for detaining British subjects, Charles again returned home by way of Holland, much reduced in circumstances, and died, about 25 years since at humble lodgings in Ossulston Street, Somers Town. After his death, his wife, who was a native of the West Indies, and her son Oliver, returned thither. Charles Goldsmith had in his possession a copy, from Sir Joshua Reynolds's portrait of his brother; and I can vouch his resemblance to the picture was most striking. Charles, like the poet, was a performer on the German flute, and, to use his own words, found it in the hour of adversity his best friend. He only once, I have heard him say, saw Oliver in England, which was during his prosperity. R. Roffe.

* Camden. Tindal's Notes on Rapin.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE COLONEL MOLESWORTH PHILLIPS.

(From a Correspondent.)

Colonel Phillips was the last surviving person who accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage of discovery to ascertain the practicability of a passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, along the northern coast of America. I was an inmate of his residence in Lambeth in the summer of 1828, for some few weeks, and during that period received many commissioned attentions, for he ever avoided meeting or seeing strangers. He was invariably his own cook; slept but little, and seldom retired regularly to bed, but rested on a sofa, or chairs, as accident might dictate. His employment chiefly consisted in turning fanciful devices at his lathe, but he seldom completed his designs: however, I saw the model of a mausoleum dedicated to Napoleon, which evinced much taste and ingenuity. His workshop at once intimated that its occupant was not abundantly gifted with the organ of order. Plates, dishes, knives, forks, candlesticks, coats, hats, books, and mathematical instruments, lay in one confused mass, each enveloped with its portion of dust. To attempt any thing like arrangement, was at once sacrilege in the estimation of the Colonel. To summon his attendant he usually approached the stairs, and rang a small hand bell, accompanying it with his deep-toned voice with the words: "Ahoy! ahoy! all hands ahoy!" His liquors, and tankards of ale he always drew up from the window of his room, to avoid intrusion, and in returning the empty pewters he would frequently take too sure an aim at the potboy's head. Then came a concert of "curses" and every association but amity. The close of the scene was generally modified with something in the shape of a shilling, and the parties separated, mutually satisfied. Colonel Phillips, during his residence in Ireland, was possessed of considerable property, but from what circumstance he suffered a reverse of fortune I am not informed; indeed, so unwilling was he to connect himself with bygone days that it was impos-

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sible to gather from him a clue to the active services he had given to the world.

Thus lived Colonel Molesworth Phillips, glorying in most of the eccentricities of human nature. It is astonishing, considering the active part he took in society, that he should, towards the close of life, have secluded himself so entirely from the world, and those with whom he must have from circumstances have been associated. Colonel Phillips might probably have survived some years longer, had he not fallen a victim to cholera.

APOLOGUES.—(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE VINE.

On the day of the Creation, the trees exultingly extolled themselves one towards another, every one about itself. "The Lord, by whom I was planted," said the lofty Cedar, "has united in me firmness, fragrance, duration, and strength." "Jehovah's affection has rendered me blessed," said the widely-spreading Palm-tree; "in me has He conjoined utility and beauteousness." "Like a bridegroom among the youths," said the Apple-tree, "I parade among the trees of Paradise." "Like the rose among the thorns," said the Myrtle, "I stand among my sisterhood, the lowly shrubs." So all extolled themselves, the Olive, the Fig, and the Pine. The Vine alone was silent, and drooped to the ground. "To me," said he to himself, "appears everything to be denied—trunk, branches, blossoms, and fruit; but such as I am, I will yet hope and wait." He then sank down, and his tendrils wept. He had not long waited and wept, before the friendly man, the godhead of the earth, stepped up to him. He saw that a feeble plant, the sport of the breezes, had sunk, and required help; he compassionately raised him up, and twined the tender tree to his bower. More gladly now the breezes played with his tendrils; the glow of the sun penetrated their hard, greenish buds, preparing in them the sweet juice, the drink for gods and men. Adorned with rich clusters, the Vine soon bowed himself down to his master, and he tasted the enlivening juice, and named him his friend. The proud trees now envied the feeble shoot, for many of them already stood without fruit; but he was glad of his slender form and of his steadfast hope. The juice, therefore, even now gladdens the heart of man, and lifts upwards the courage of the dejected, and refreshes the afflicted. Despair not, forsaken one, and abide enduring. In the unsightly cane springs the sweetest juice, and the feeble tendril brings forth inspiration and rapture.

TEARS.

As Hillel and his disciple Sadi wandered, on a moon and starlight night, among the gardens of the Mount of Olives, "See," said Sadi, "the man yonder, in the ray of the moon; what does he there?"—"It is Zadok," answered Hillel, "he sits at the grave of his son and weeps."—"Cannot he moderate his mourning?" said the youth, "for the people term him the just and wise."—"Shall he therefore," answered Hillel, "not experience pain?"—"But," asked Sadi, "what preference then has the wise man before the fool?" Then answered the teacher, "See, the bitter tear of his eye sinks to the earth, but his countenance is turned up to heaven." W. G. C.

The Sketch-Book.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

I HAVE often occasion to pass through a village on the St. Alban's road, at one end of which there is so tidy and convenient a public-house, that I always give my horse his bait there, if I happen to be travelling in my gig. I had frequently observed an old soldier, who having lost an eye, a leg, and an arm in the service of his country, had pretty well earned the privilege of idling away the rest of his life in a manner particularly congenial with the habits of one of his calling. He would sit on a bench, outside the door of this inn, with a pipe in his mouth, and a can of beer by his side; and thus he would pass all the fine months of the year. In winter, he merely changed his seat. He was constant to his pipe and his can; he took both with him to the warm chimney-corner: and thus he enjoyed his out-pension. During the hour of baiting, I have often talked with this old man. He had served last in the early part of the war on the Peninsula. He was loquacious enough on other subjects; but if one questioned him concerning these last military services, he became on the instant morose and uncommunicative, and one could not but perceive, that the topic was disagreeable and painful to him.

What most interested me about this man was his love for young children. He was generally surrounded by a parcel of curly-headed urchins; and often have I seen the mistress of the little inn consign her infant to the protection of his one arm, when, by an arrival, she has been called upon to attend to the business of the house. The old fellow never appeared so contented as when thus employed. His pipe was laid aside, his beer forgotten, and he would only think of amusing and caressing his charge, or of lulling it to sleep. The bigger children would cluster round him, clamber over him, empty his pipe, upset his can, take all sorts of liberties with him, yet never meet with a rebuke. At times, however, he would appear lost in uneasy thought; gazing with earnestness upon the features of the sleeping infant,

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while tears would course each other down his cheeks.

As I drove one morning up to the door of the inn, and passed the bench on which the old soldier was, as usual, sitting, with his little flock of children playing round him, one of them, a very young one, suddenly backed into the road, and in another moment more would have been crushed: but the old man sprang forward; with a vigorous and wonderful effort he seized the child with his only arm, and threw it several feet out of the way of danger; he fell with the exertion, and was among my horse's feet. In suddenly drawing up, I had unwittingly done my very worst by the poor fellow; for I had caused the animal to trample upon him a second time, and a wheel had likewise passed over his body.

He was taken up insensible. We carried him to a bed, and after a little time he recovered his recollection. But he was so severely injured, that we feared every moment would be his last.

The first words he uttered were, "The child! the child!" We assured him that the child was safe; but he would not believe us, and it became necessary to send into the village to search for the little creature, who had been hurried home with the others upon the confusion that the accident had occasioned. He continued to call for the child, and was in the greatest distress of mind till we had found it, and had taken it to him as he lay. His delight at seeing it alive and unhurt was intense; he wept, he laughed, he hugged it to his bosom, and it was not till he grew very faint and weary that he would suffer us to remove it.

A surgeon arrived, and pronounced that the poor man was so much hurt, inwardly as well as outwardly, that nothing could be done to save him; and desired us merely to give him cordials or cooling drink, as he should appear to wish for either. He lingered for a few days.

I had been the cause, although innocently, of the poor fellow's death: of course I took care that all was done that could alleviate his sufferings; and, as long as he lasted, I went every day to pass a few hours by his bed-side. The rescued child, too, was brought to him each day by his own desire. From the moment he had first ascertained that it was unhurt, he had been calm and contented. He knew he was dying, but he could part with life without regret; and the cloud which I had so often observed upon his weather-beaten countenance before the accident never after returned.

The day before he died, as I was watching alone by his side, he asked me for a cordial. Soon after he had swallowed it, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said,—"Sir, if you will not think it too great a trouble to listen to an old man's talk, I think it will ease my mind to say a few words to you."

He was of course encouraged to proceed.

"I die contented," he continued; "happier than I have for some years lived. I have had a load upon my heart, which is not quite removed, but it is a great deal lightened. I have been the means, under Providence, of saving a young child's life. If I have strength to tell you what I wish, sir, you will understand the joy that blessed thought has brought to my heart."

I gave him another cordial, and he spoke as follows:—

"It was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

"We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of a commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

"Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"'Vino! vino!' was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for anything but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

"'Vino! quiero vino!' said I, to a poor half-starved and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak;—'Vino! you beggarly scoundrel! give me vino!' said I.

"'Vino no tengo!' he cried, as he broke

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from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

"I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleeter; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I suppose the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

"'Vino! quiero vino!' said I again; 'give me vino!'.

"'Nada, nada tengo!' he repeated.

"I had already drawn my bayonet.—I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor.—As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, 'Vino!'

"'Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!'—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness, that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine skin, I should have believed him.

"'Lying rascal!' said I, 'so you won't give me the liquor? then the dry earth shall drink it!' and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

"Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart!—The poor Spaniard opened his cloak—he pointed to his wounded child—and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done,—'Monster! are you satisfied!'

"I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my knees beside the infant, and I tried to staunch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw, and he accepted my anguish—and we joined our efforts to save the little victim.—Oh! it was too late!

"The little boy had fastened his small clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands, would give the gasping father a short vain ray of hope.

"You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp-hospital after a hot engagement—must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor, wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant, that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child!—It was by mistake, by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears!—The father's agony will follow me to the grave!"—*Legends of the Lib. at Lilies*

The Public Journals.

THE CITADEL OF ANTWERP.

(*From personal inspection, by a Contributor to the United Service Journal.*)

This spot, on which the eye of all Europe is at present concentrated, lies at the southern extremity of Antwerp, and forms one continued line with its defences along the banks of the Scheldt. It is a regular pentagon in shape, protected by bastions ranging at progressive elevations, and connecting themselves with curtains of proportionate height. In advance of these defences are a further series of spacious bastions, immediately connected with the preceding, but of later construction. The one were erected by Paciotti and Cerbolini, two Italian engineers, by order of the tyrant Alba, 1568, and the others according to Vauban's principles in 1701. Every side of this citadel is equally formidable for its strength; that towards the town is furnished with a raveline; and this is also the case with the front which faces the river, and opens upon a paved line of road, from which all communication with Antwerp itself has latterly been cut off. Two of the sides of this fastness front towards the adjacent country, and are likewise supplied with ravelines; the centre bastion in this direction bears Paciotto's name, which has been denaturalized in that of Paniotto in the French elevations. The defences of the town terminate in the centre of the fifth side, which circumstance has left it unprovided with a raveline. On the summit (or capital) of the two bastions on the land side, two large lunettes have been thrown forward, one being called Fort Kiel, from the adjacent suburb, and the other, which stands more away from the town, Fort St. Laurent. Internally the citadel of Antwerp contains

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every provision for the safe housing of its defenders, and possesses more than the requisite accommodation under ground for its supplies. All the barracks, exposed to the enemy's fire, are so placed, that the strength of the garrison may be readily collected at the point endangered; the kind of defence to be brought into action is plain and obvious; and the *matériel* for standing a siege has been as liberally provided as the means of subsistence for preserving the *morale* of the besieged from being deteriorated. The garrison consists of picked troops, who place unlimited confidence in their commandant. The citadel is encompassed by a ditch, which has eighteen feet of water in every part of its circuit, and is protected by ramparts of adequate elevation, and strength in proportion. With such elements of defence as these its capture cannot be effected without a sacrifice of human lives, which none but the flint-hearted can contemplate or foresee without deprecation and horror.

In the year 1792, when it was carried by the revolutionary forces of France, they took the direction of the city walls as their line of attack, and mounted the bastion which bears Paciotto's name; this, at that time of day, formed indisputably the most advantageous point of assault; but its increased strength in this quarter would, at the present moment, render any attack an act of temerity. An esplanade of the average width of four hundred paces, which was laid out as a handsome promenade, before the bombardment in 1830, separates the citadel from the town: but the effect of that bombardment has been to throw a wide area of fifteen hundred paces open to the very marge of the Scheldt; and to disconnect the fortress still more completely from the inhabited portion of Antwerp. Lamentable as may be the prospect, Antwerp, the mistress of the finest naval station and commercial port in Europe, is doomed to destruction, if a single gun be directed against its citadel. It is not possible for its commandant, as a soldier and a subject, to avoid any and every means of annoying a besieger; and amongst these, none so ready and effectual, present themselves, as that of preventing the town from becoming the covert for an assilant. We have witnessed the deplorable havoc which a few mortars brought upon it in 1830; but how frightful will be the issue when rockets and red-hot shot come to be poured upon the devoted city. Nay, more,—by opening the dykes along the Scheldt, a large portion of the western provinces of Belgium is capable of being inundated; and if this fresh calamity ensue, as a second resource on the part of the besieged, from the adoption of which the recognised laws of warfare cannot absolve them, not only Antwerp will have ceased to exist, but her citadel will rear its head, a frowning islet, amidst a waste of waters. As to the blockade of the Scheldt, it will be impotent with regard to distressing the citadel; for the windings of that stream, as well as of the Maas, at their mouths, preclude the possibility of effectually staying the Dutch from communication with it.

THE PLAINT OF CERTAIN CORAL BEADS.

Spoiler of forbidden wealth,
Guarded by the hoary waves!
When we mourn thy cruel stealth,
Sorrowing for our quiet caves.
Doth it calm our wistful pining
That the chains we hate are shining?
Boast we beauty's gauds to be?
Can the state such bondage shares,
Thoughtless liking, loveless cares,
Sudden angers, wilful airs,
Sooth us like the mighty sea?

Though, in hours when suitors press
Near the shrine of star-bright eyes,
Mysteries, some would die to guess,
Our familiar touch describes;
When a startled throb or tremble,
Woman's craft would fain dissemble,
Through our light embraces swells;—
Fruitless secrets—vainly taught,—
Bliss unheeded—trust unsought—
Can they quench the constant thought
Of our dreamy ocean-cells?

Though the glowing bands we form,
Oft by redder lips be pressed,
And a slumber, soft and warm,
Fold us on a dove-like breast,—
Not to love, but love's bestowing
Gentle care and kiss are owing:—
Is the passion changed or cloyed,
Doth the giver's light grow less?
Banished from the sweet recess,
Sportive pressure, fond caress,
See our mimic worth destroyed!

Then in close and narrow keep,
Pent, with scorned and faded toys,
Mourn we for the glassy deep,
Sigh we for our early joys!
What has earth like ocean's treasures?
More than craving avarice measures,
More than Fancy's dream enchants,
Deck the booming caves below,
Where green waters ever flow
Under groves of pearl, that grow
In the mermaid's glimmering haunts.

Under spar-enchased bowers,
Bending on their twisted stems,
Glow the myriad ocean-flowers,
Fadeless—rich as orient gems.
Hung with seaweed's tasselled fringes,
Dyed with all the rainbow's tinges,
Rise the Triton's palace walls.
Pallid silver's wandering veins
Stream, like frostwork, o'er the stains;
Pavements thick, with golden grains,
Twinkle through their crystal halls.

And a music wild and low
Ever, o'er the curved shells,
Wanders with a fitful flow
As the billow sinks or swells.
Now, to faintest whispers hushing,
Now, in louder cadence gushing,
Wakens from their pleasant sleep
All the tuneful Nereid-throng,
Till their notes of wreathed song
Float in magic streams along,
Chanting joyaunce through the deep.

Chance or change,—the clouds of time—
Sorrow,—winter storm, or blight,
Comes not near our peaceful clime;
Nor the strife of day with night.

Death, who walks the earth in riot,
Stirs not our primeval quiet:
Scarce his distant rage we know
From the dreary things of clay,
Slain, alas! in ocean's play,
Whom the sea-maids shroud and lay
In the silent caves below.

Fond! to deem we count it pride
Thus to deck the fair of earth!
We, whose beauty-peopled tide
Gave the foam-born goddess birth!
Her, whose glory's radiant fulness,
All too bright for mortal dulness,
Sparkles in a lovelier star!
Are not Ocean's shady places
Rich in kindred forms and faces,
Choral bands of sister-Graces
Circling Amphitrite's car?

Toiling o'er the shallow page,
Vainly pedants seek the lore
Taught us by that prophet sage,
Whom our azure Thetis bore.
Wiser Eld his solemn numbers,
Listening, stole from Ocean's slumbers,
Signs of coming doom to learn.
Poor were all your labours reap,
To the gifted seers that keep
Mysteries of the ancient deep,
Drawn from Nereus' sacred urn.

Let us find our old retreat,
Yield us to the kissing wave,
From the daylight's parching heat
In its cool profound to lave.
If ye needs must rob for beauty,
Earth's abysses teem with booty,
Gems, that love the blaze of day:—
We are tired of glittering shows,
And the strife of man's display;
Let us sink to sweet repose
Where the lulling water flows;
Give us to our native bay!

Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHELLEY.

[We find the clever and curious sketches of Shelley, in the *New Monthly Magazine*, concluded with the following interesting anacdote.]

That Shelley gave freely, when the needy scholar asked, or in silent, hopeless poverty seemed to ask, his aid, will be demonstrated most clearly by relating shortly one example of his generosity, where the applicant had no pretensions to literary renown, and no claim whatever, except perhaps honest penury. It is delightful to attempt to delineate from various points of view a creature of infinite moral beauty,—but one instance must suffice; an ample volume might be composed of such tales, but one may be selected, because it contains a large admixture of that ingredient which is essential to the conversion of alms-giving into the genuine virtue of charity—self-denial. On returning to town after the long vacation, at the end of October, I found Shelley at one of the hotels in Covent Garden. Having some business in hand he was passing a few days there alone. We had taken some mutton chops hastily at a dark place in one of the minute courts of the city, at an early hour, and we went forth to walk; for to walk at all times, and especially in the evening, was his supreme delight. The aspect of the fields to the north of Somers-Town, between that beggarly suburb and Kentish-Town, has been totally changed of late. Although this district could never be accounted pretty, nor deserving a high place even amongst suburban scenes, yet the air, or often the wind, seemed pure and fresh to captives emerging from the smoke of London; there were certain old elms, much very green grass, quiet cattle feeding, and groups of noisy children playing with something of the freedom of the village green. There was, oh, blessed thing! an entire absence of carriages and of blood-horses; of the dust and dress and affectation and fashion of the parks: there were, moreover, old and quaint edifices and objects which gave character to the scene. Whenever Shelley was imprisoned in London,—for to a poet a close and crowded city must be a dreary gaol,—his steps would take that direction, unless his residence was too remote, or he was accompanied by one who chose to guide his walk. On this occasion I was led thither, as indeed I had anticipated: the weather was fine, but the autumn was already advanced; we had not sauntered long in these fields when the dusky evening closed in, and the darkness gradually thickened. "How black those trees are," said Shelley, stopping short, and pointing to a row of elms; "it is so dark the trees might well be houses, and the turf, pavement,—the eye would sustain no loss; it is useless therefore to remain here, let us return." He proposed tea at his hotel, I assented; and hastily buttoning his coat, he seized my arm, and set off at his great pace, striding with bent knees over the fields and through the narrow streets. We were crossing the New Road, when he said shortly, "I must call for a moment, but it will not be out of the way at all," and then dragged me suddenly towards the left. I inquired whither we were bound, and, I believe, I suggested the postponement of the intended call till the morrow. He answered, it was not at all out of our way. I was hurried along rapidly towards the left; we soon fell into an animated discussion respecting the nature of the virtue of the Romans, which in some measure beguiled the weary way. Whilst he was talking with much vehemence and a total disregard of the people who thronged the streets, he suddenly wheeled about and pushed me through a narrow door; to my infinite surprise I found myself in a pawnbroker's shop! It was in the neighbourhood of Newgate Street; for he had no idea whatever in practice either of time or space, nor did he in any degree regard method in the conduct of business. There were several women in the shop in brown and grey cloaks with squalling children: some of them were attempting to persuade the children to be quiet, or at least to scream with

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moderation; the others were enlarging upon and pointing out the beauties of certain coarse and dirty sheets that lay before them to a man on the other side of the counter. I bore this substitute for our proposed tea some minutes with tolerable patience, but as the call did not promise to terminate speedily, I said to Shelley, in a whisper, "Is not this almost as bad as the Roman virtue?" Upon this he approached the pawnbroker: it was long before he could obtain a hearing, and he did not find civility. The man was unwilling to part with a valuable pledge so soon, or perhaps he hoped to retain it eventually; or it might be, that the obliquity of his nature disqualified him for respectful behaviour. A pawnbroker is frequently an important witness in criminal proceedings: it has happened to me, therefore, afterwards to see many specimens of this kind of banker; they sometimes appeared not less respectable than other tradesmen, and sometimes I have been forcibly reminded of the first I ever met with, by an equally ill conditioned fellow. I was so little pleased with the introduction, that I stood aloof in the shop, and did not hear what passed between him and Shelley. On our way to Covent-Garden, I expressed my surprise and dissatisfaction at our strange visit, and I learned that when he came to London before, in the course of the summer, some old man had related to him a tale of distress,—of a calamity which could only be alleviated by the timely application of ten pounds; five of them he drew at once from his pocket, and to raise the other five he had pawned his beautiful solar microscope! He related this act of beneficence simply and briefly, as if it were a matter of course, and such indeed it was to him. I was ashamed of my impatience, and we strode along in silence.

It was past ten when we reached the hotel; some excellent tea and a liberal supply of hot muffins in the coffee-room, now quiet and solitary, were the more grateful after the wearisome delay and vast deviation. Shelley often turned his head, and cast eager glances towards the door; and whenever the waiter replenished our teapot, or approached our box, he was interrogated whether any one had yet called. At last the desired summons was brought: Shelley drew forth some bank notes, hurried to the bar, and returned as hastily, bearing in triumph under his arm a mahogany box, followed by the officious waiter, with whose assistance he placed it upon the bench by his side. He viewed it often with evident satisfaction, and sometimes patted it affectionately in the course of calm conversation. The solar microscope was always a favourite plaything or instrument of scientific inquiry; whenever he entered a house his first care was to choose some window of a southern aspect, and, if permission could be obtained by prayer or by purchase, straightway to cut a hole through the shutter to receive it. His regard for his solar microscope was as lasting as it was strong; for he retained it several years after this adventure, and long after he had parted with all the rest of his philosophical apparatus.

Such is the story of the microscope, and no rightly judging person who hears it will require the further accumulation of proofs of a benevolent heart; nor can I, perhaps, better close these sketches than with that impression of the pure and genial beauty of Shelley's nature which this simple anecdote will bequeath.

[In parting with this very ingenious series of papers, we beg to concur in the well-expressed wish of the Editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, "that their author could be tempted to give the world a complete history of one whose peculiar and subtle nature he so well comprehends."

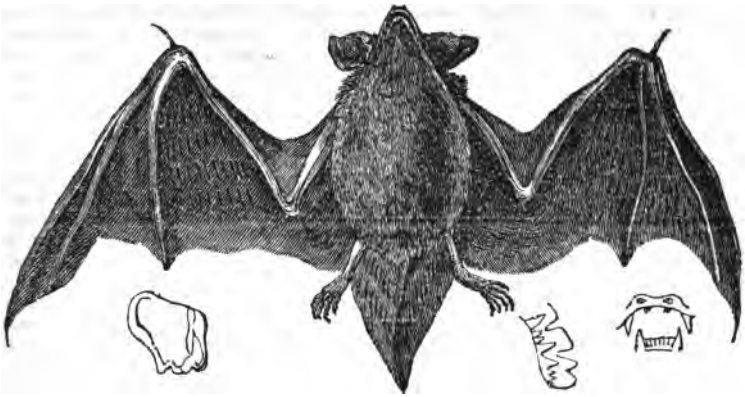
The Naturalist.

NEW SPECIES OF BAT.—(VESPERTILIO AUDUBONI.)

(By Richard Harlan, M.D.)

Of the numerous creatures which attract our admiration, or excite our fears, the greater part display their appetites, or develope their instincts, during the day time only; especially—with few exceptions—all those remarkable for beauty of plumage, and vocal melody. Predacious animals are chiefly distinguished for their nocturnal habits; and ideas of rapine, terror and blood, are ever associated with the tiger, the hyena, and the wolf. Among the feathered tribes, the *owl* and the *bat*, also companions of darkness, are shunned by many, as horrible objects, and full of ill-omen. Haunted castles, ruined battlements, and noisome caverns, are the chosen abodes of these nocturnal maurauders, and it is to such associations that these animals are indebted for the unamiable character they have obtained. The prejudices conceived against that portion of these animals, with which we are familiar, are founded entirely upon these their habits; for small quadrupeds, reptiles and fish, constitute the food of the first, whilst insects and fruit suffice for the other. It is at the close of the day, when the hum of nature is beginning to subside, that the patient *bat* steals from his dark retreat, and spreads his leathery wings in search of his food.

The new species of this little flying quadruped, which we are now about to notice, belongs to a very large and respectable family. In the days of Linnæus, they all—from their appearance at twilight—went by the family name of *Vespertilio*. They further belong to the order *Carnivora*, their teeth being constructed for masticating flesh; though some—and in this they resemble ourselves—are



also fond of fruit. In one important point, the whole race has a common character, in their organ of flight. The bones of the fingers are extremely elongated, and united by a membrane, which is continued down the side of the body; and extending on the leg as far as the tarsus, also unites the legs and tail. Agreeing so universally in this particular, they form a very natural family, under the appropriate term, Cheiroptera, constructed from two Greek words, signifying *hand and wing*.

The vespertilio are again divided into Genera and *Species*,—divisions which are grounded on certain peculiarities of dental structure, and various developements of the brachial, digital, and interfemoral appendages, with other modifications of the organs of progression. These genera include species which are discovered in every habitable part of the globe, of various magnitudes, from the size of a half grown cat, to that of a half grown mouse.

Of this numerous family only three genera, of modern authors, inhabit the United States, viz. Rhinopoma, Vespertilio, and Taphozous. Seven species, exclusive of the present, are all that have been hitherto discovered in North America.

We propose to dedicate this new species, to our valuable friend the justly celebrated naturalist J. J. Audubon, as a small tribute of respect to his eminent talents, and the highly important services he has rendered science. The drawing which accompanies this paper, is from his inimitable pencil.

This species was first observed, during the summer of 1829, when an individual female flew into the apartment of the late Dr. Hammersly, then one of the resident physicians of the Pennsylvania hospital: on the subsequent evening a male individual, of the same species, was also taken in the same manner. In August 1830, a very fine specimen was brought to the Academy of Natural Sciences, and Mr. Audubon informs me that the species has very recently been observed in New York.

The natural characters of the species are—General colour black, sprinkled with gray above and beneath; ears black and naked; auriculum, short and broad or obtusely triangular; interfemoral membrane, sparsely hairy; last joint of the tail free: two incisors, with notched crowns, on each side of the canine teeth of the upper jaw, with a broad intervening space without teeth.

The dimensions are.—Total length 3 inches 7 tenths; tail 1.7; length of ear 0.5. breadth of ear 0.4; length of leg 1.7; spread of wings 10.7. inhabit Pennsylvania and New York, and probably the southern states.—*Cab. of Acad. Nat. Sc. Philad.* (Abridged from Featherstonhaugh's *Monthly American Journal of Geology and Natural Science.)*

Fine Arts.

MOSAIC PAVEMENT.

The chief object of curiosty at Palestrina, (ancient Prænestе,) is the castle or palace of the prince, in the highest part of the city, to which there is an ascent by an excellent coach-road to the right, by the Capucin Convent, without entering the narrow street. Before it is a level space of considerable length; which formed the highest platform of the Temple of Fortune. Two flights of steps lead to an amphitheatre, or semicular staircase, in excellent preservation, which is the same that led to the sanctuary of the temple, on the foundation of which the palace is built: in the middle of the semicircle is a well; each step is about a foot and a half high, like the ancient steps of the capitol which led to the church of Ara Cœli, at Rome. Another short flight conducts to the hall of entrance, where there is a double staircase, and a recess closed by iron grates, which contains the celebrated antique pavement, of which Pliny speaks in the following

terms, "The fine mosaic of small stones, placed by Sylla as a pavement in the Temple of Fortune at Prænestè, was the first thing of the kind seen in Italy." There does not seem to be the smallest room to doubt of this being the genuine mosaic he mentions; it is in excellent preservation, and appears to be about twenty feet by sixteen. It was found in the same cellar of the seminary, where is still the altar of Fortune, and may be considered as one of the most interesting relics of antiquity. Towards the upper part of it are mountains, with negro savages hunting wild beasts; animals of different sorts, with their names in Greek written below them, such as the rhinoceros, crocodile, and lynx. Lower down are seen houses of various forms, temples, vessels of different constructions, particularly a galley of 32 oars, manned with armed blacks, and commanded by a white man; a tent with soldiers, a palm tree, flowers, a collation in an arbour, an altar of Anubis; in short, almost every circumstance imaginable in life. The scene apparently lies in Egypt. The figures are well drawn, the light and shadows happily disposed, and the colouring harmonious. The stones which compose this very curious pavement are remarkably small which renders the effect peculiarly pleasing, from the neatness of its appearance.

W. G. C.

PANORAMA OF STIRLING.

STIRLING, or Strivelin, and its storied environs have furnished Mr. Burford with a new Panorama, of more than usual interest in its details. The town is fraught with historical association, and the surrounding country is of picturesque and poetical character. A Scottish poet describes its attractions in these enthusiastic lines:

O! grander far than Windsor's brow!
And sweeter to the vale below!
Whar Forth's unrivalled windings flow
Through varied grain,
Brightening, I ween wi' glittering glow,
Strevlina's plain!
There, raptured trace, (enthroned on hie)
The landscape stretching on the ee,
Frae Grampian hills down to the sea—
A dazzling view—
Corn, meadow, mansion, water, tree,
In varying hue.
There, seated, mark, wi' ardour keen,
The Skellock bright 'mang corn sae green,
The purple pea, and speckled bean,
A fragrant store—
And vessels sailing, morn and een,
To Stirling's shore.
And Shaw park, gilt wi' e'ening's ray:
And Embro' castle, distant grey;
Wi' Alva screened near Achil brae,
'Mang grove and bower!
And rich Clackmannan rising gay
Wi' woods and tower.

Hector Macneill.

Stirling is seated on the river Forth, upon a precipitous basaltic rock, about one hundred feet from the level of the plain. Upon the rock stands the Castle, from the outer court of which the present Panorama was sketched. The town, in external appearance, bears a miniature resemblance to Edinburgh, being situate like the old town of that city, on the sloping ridge of a rock, running from east to west, the precipitous end of which is occupied by the Castle. But, of the town itself, little is seen in the Panorama. The view, as we have stated, is from the Castle, and is generally allowed to be one of the finest in Scotland. Its scenery has many sublime and picturesque features, and has moreover been the site of some of the most stirring incidents in Scottish history; no less than twelve fields of battle, including three important ones fought by the first and second Edwards, being distinctly visible. Beginning with the Castle, we find, from its situation commanding the passes and fords between the north and south of Scotland, it was in early times styled the Key, as Dumbarton was the Lock, to the Highlands. Its first fortification is referred to the time of Agricola; the Picts had a strong fortress here, which was totally destroyed in the ninth century by the Scots, under Kenneth II. Stirling formed part of the ransom of his brother and successor, who had been taken prisoner by the Northumbrians; they rebuilt the Castle, but subsequently restored the place to the Scots. In the twelfth century, it was considered one of the strongest forts in Scotland. It was often visited by the Scottish monarchs, but it did not become a royal residence until the accession of the Stuarts. Here was born James II., and in an apartment now forming part of the deputy-governor's lodging, this king perpetrated the murder of Earl Douglas. James III. made it his chief residence, erected the parliament-house, and a richly-endowed chapel, since destroyed. James V. was crowned here, and erected the palace. Mary was crowned here, as was James VI. when thirteenth months old; he was educated here by the celebrated Buchanan. During the regency of Mary of Lorraine, a strong battery was erected here; and in the reign of Queen Anne, the fortifications were strengthened and enlarged. In 1806, the rocky ground in front was converted into an esplanade; since which the towers have been repaired and castellated, it being one of the Scottish forts, which, by the articles of the Union, are always to be kept in repair. It mounts about 36 guns; but if regularly invested in modern warfare, it could not hold out many hours. To enumerate its sieges, dismantlings, and repairs would occupy too much space. Among the most memorable of its stormy annals, is its siege by Edward II. in 1301, for three months, when it was battered with stones of two hundred pounds weight each, thrown by engines, in the formation of which was used all the lead from the monastery of St. Andrew's. It

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was last besieged in 1746 by the Highlanders under Prince Charles. The chief parts of the building seen in the Panorama are the additions by Queen Anne, the parliament-house, (though not the unsightly, modern roof,) and the palace, a stately and curious structure of hewn stone, and embellished with grotesque sculpture. The latter building forms a quadrangle, the central court of which is called the lion's den, from the king's lions being formerly kept there. The whole is now used as barracks From the Castle, looking over the town, towards the east, is a vast plain, nearly 40 miles in extent, called the Carse of Stirling, through which the Firth in meandering, forms a number of peninsulas, in places approximating so closely as to have an isthmus of only a few yards, the effect of which in the picture, reminded us of the contrived intricacies of a child's puzzle; in this direction is seen Alla, or Alloa, a thriving seaport town, with a Gothic church, and celebrated for its excellent ale; Clackmannan, a miserable town, where in a tower lived King Robert Bruce, and where an old Jacobite lady knighted Burns with a sword which belonged to Bruce, observing that she had a better right to do so than *some folk;* Falkirk, known for its *trysts*, or markets, where the country-people point out a battle-field, and a stream called the Red Burn, from its running with blood on the day of the conflict; Bruce lived near this spot, the view from which he said was not surpassed by any he had seen in his travels: next lies the Firth of Forth, and the country as far as Edinburgh and the Pentland Hills. Towards the south stands the ancient village of St. Ninian's, and Bannockburn, the battle-ground of the most celebrated and important contest that ever took place between English and Scots; the Torwood, where till lately stood a tree said to have sheltered Wallace; and the Carron, bounded by the green hills of Campsie. Towards the west are the plains of Menteith, a district, says Chambers, distinguished almost above all the rest of Scotland, for the singular series of beautiful and romantic scenes which it presents to the view of the traveller, and bounded by the majestic Grampians. On the north are the famous ruins of Cambuskenneth, and the precipitous Abbey Craig, beyond which lies the richly-cultivated vale of Devon; the moor on which the battle of Dumblain was fought; and Ochill Hills, clothed with blooming heath, and overtopped by the summits of Perthshire. Such is the artist's outline of the prospect: our task shall be to select a few of its most entertaining details.

To return to the Panoramic arrangement: next the castle is Gowlan Hill, the ordinary place of execution in times of wicked bloodshed, and thus apostrophized by Douglas, in the *Lady of the Lake:*

> And thou O sad and fatal mound!
> That oft hast heard the death-axe sound,
> As on the noblest of the land,
> Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand.

The hill has, however, less terrible association; it being after called Hurly Hacket, from James V. and his nobles there playing at that game, which consisted in sliding down the steep banks on an inverted cutty stool. This was, at least, more rational than cutting off heads. Next is Abbey Craig, a rock upon which Wallace defeated the English; Dollava, a village on a gloomy rock, almost insulated by two streams, whose Celtic names signify the glens of care and the burns of sorrow; Tillabody, the birthplace and property of Sir Ralph Abercrombie; the crumbling walls and bell tower of Cambuskenneth Abbey, wherein several parliaments were held, and at whose high altar the clergy and nobles swore fealty to Robert and David Bruce; Edinburgh, with its castle, thirty-eight miles from Stirling, whence it is discernable in clear weather; the Carron Iron-works; and the Carron, of more classic celebrity in Ossian, and the battles of the Romans and the Scots and Picts; the dome-shaped hill of Tinto, in Lanarkshire, 60 miles from Stirling, and 2,336 feet in height; Arthur's Hill, a circular mound of earth, surrounded by seats of turf in the royal gardens, sometimes called the king's knot, where the court held fêtes, and where James used to amuse himself with the pastime called the Knights of the Round Table; Ben Lomond, 3,240 feet above the lake, which is 32 feet above the level of the sea; Ben Venue, and Ben Ledy, or the hill of God, in Perthshire, 3,009 feet in height, so called from the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, in former times, meeting on its summit at the summer solstice, three days and nights for the purpose of devotion. These three mountains, with their vicinities are enshrined in Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake;* and the village of Balquidder, at the foot of Ben Ledy, is the burialplace of Rob Roy. We have just described the circle: over the garden wall of the Castle, at a considerable distance, is the well-wooded estate and mansion of Craig Forth, said to have once belonged to a blacksmith of Stirling: this man having placed the iron bars (which still remain to the windows of the palace), and done other work for James VI. when that monarch came to the throne of England, made a demand of one thousand pounds Scots,—but by some error, the accounts being paid in stirling money, he with it purchased the estate and built the house of Craig Forth. Next, to the right is Blair Drummond, formerly the residence of the accomplished Lord Kaimes; and beyond are the celebrated ruins of Doune Castle; not the least interesting incident of its annals was the imprisonment there in 1745, of John Home, (the author of Douglas,)

who has left a narrative of his clambering escape over the high walls.

It is time to speak of the Panorama as a work of art; for hitherto we have rather considered its intellectual interest. The Castle and Palace we take to be finely painted, with admirable picturesque effect: the huge gateway, flanked with two towers, the battlemented walls, and battery, are in fine bold relief, as is the clinging vegetation about the building; nor must we omit the grotesque figures or corbelled pedestals, and the identical window bars, the work of the wily Scot of Craig Forth; the latter especially, are clever. A portion of the esplanade otherwise devoid of interest, is peopled with a meeting of the Highland Society celebrating the feats of the ancient Caledonians, the object of the Society being to preserve their language, costume, music, gymnastic sports, and martial games. This introduction happily fills up what would otherwise have been the only void in the scene, so thickly is it studed and storied with objects and recollections. Altogether, we have rarely seen a topographical panorama of such diversified character: it has reminiscences of history and poetry to lead us through the retrospect of chivalrous ages, princely contests for crowns that rarely sat lightly on their wearers, and the last flickering hopes of defeated ambition and ill-starred fortune. Yet, how powerfully, not to say painfully, are these pages in the chronicles of human actions, when contrasted with the broad volume of nature, as spread before us in this picture. Alas! what is the majesty of the mightiest of the kings that dwelt in its palace in comparison with the sublimities of Tinto, Ben Lomond, Venue, or Ledy; or what the peace of their halls amidst the smiling expanse of the Carse of Stirling in all its quiet luxuriance. They and their houses have become dust or crumbling ruin, and death has with a little pin bored through their castle walls—while Nature has been flourishing from year to year, and reading man an epitome of existence in the succession of her changes.

It has been stated that Mr. Burford, the successful painter of Stirling, is engaged on a Panorama of the Falls of Niagara. All admirers of this style of painting must be anxious for his success.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Mr. Parker has issued in addition to the Medal already noticed in our pages, a *Medallion* of the lamented Poet and Novelist, from Chantrey's bust. It is, we think, the obverse of the Medal, with bronzed circular frame work bearing the motto suggested by Sir Walter. Though handsome, it is an economical memorial of one whose amiable talents must endear him to every fireside in the kingdom.

New Books.

POMPEII.

[The second and concluding volume of the descriptive history of Pompeii, in the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, is still more attractive than its predecessor. It contains the very domestic economy of the ancient inhabitants—chapters on domestic architecture, paintings and mosaics, streets and fountains, private houses, villas, and tombs; and, moreover, on the art of baking, and the forms of domestic utensils. We are, therefore, led through hall, parlour, bath, kitchen, and shop, with amusing minuteness; and, in the account of furniture and domestic implements, it is curious to observe, how far we are indebted to the ancients for the forms of similar contrivances now in use. One of the best passages in this portion of the work is the following, on the]

Lamps and Candelabra.

No articles of ancient manufacture are more common than lamps. They are found in every variety of form and size, in clay and in metal, from the most cheap to the most costly description. We have the testimony of the celebrated antiquary Winkelmann to the interest of this subject: "I place among the most curious utensils, found at Herculaneum, the lamps, in which the ancients sought to display elegance, and even magnificence. Lamps of every sort will be found in the museum at Portici, both in clay and bronze, but especially the latter; and as the ornaments of the ancients have generally some reference to some particular things, we often meet with rather remarkable subjects." A considerable number of these articles will be found in the British Museum, but they are chiefly of the commoner sort. All the works, however, descriptive of Herculaneum and Pompeii, present us with specimens of the richer and more remarkable class, which attract admiration both by the beauty of the workmanship, and the whimsical variety of their designs. We may enumerate a few which occur in a work now before us, "Antiquités d'Herculanum," in which we find a Silenus, with the usual peculiarities of figure ascribed to the jolly god rather exaggerated, and an owl sitting upon his head between two huge horns, which support stands for lamps. Another represents a flower-stalk, growing out of a circular plinth, with snail-shells hanging from it by small chains, which held the oil and wick. The trunk of a tree, with lamps suspended between the branches. Another, a naked boy, beautifully wrought, with a lamp hanging from one hand, and an instrument for trimming it from the other, the lamp itself representing a theatrical mask. Beside him is a twisted column, surmounted by the head of a Faun, or Bacchanal, which has a lid in its crown, and seems in-

tended as a reservoir of oil. The boy and pillar are both placed on a square plateau, raised upon lions' claws. But, beautiful as those lamps are, the light which they gave must have been weak and unsteady, and little superior to that of common street-lamps, with which indeed they are identical in principle. The wick was merely a few twisted threads, drawn through a hole in the upper surface of the oil-vessel; and there was no glass to steady the light, and prevent its varying with every breeze that blew.

Still, though the Romans had not advanced so far in art as to apply glass-chimneys and hollow circular wicks to their lamps, they had experienced the inconvenience of going home at night through a city ill-paved, ill-watched, and ill-lighted, and, accordingly, soon invented lanterns to meet the want. These we learn from Martial, who has several epigrams upon this subject, were made of horn or bladder;—no mention, we believe, occurs, of glass being thus employed. The rich were preceded by a slave bearing their lantern. This, Cicero mentions, as being the habit of Catiline upon his midnight expeditions; and when M. Antony was accused of a disgraceful intrigue, his lantern-bearer was tortured, to extort a confession whither he had conducted his master.* One of these machines, of considerable ingenuity and beauty of workmanship, was found in Herculaneum in 1760, and another, almost exactly the same, at Pompeii, a few years after.

One of the most elegant articles of furniture in ancient use was the candelabrum, by which we mean those tall and slender stands which served to support a lamp, but were independent of and unconnected with it. These, in their original and simple form, were probably mere reeds, or straight sticks, fixed upon a foot by peasants, to raise their light to a convenient height; at least, such a theory of their origin is agreeable to what we are told of the rustic manners of the early Romans, and it is in some degree countenanced by the fashion in which many of the ancient candelabra are made. Sometimes the stem is represented as throwing out buds; sometimes it is a stick, the side branches of which have been roughly lopped, leaving projections where they grew; sometimes it is in the likeness of a reed or cane, the stalk being divided into joints. Most of those which have been found in the buried cities are of bronze; some few of iron. In their general plan and appearance there is a great resemblance, though the details of the ornaments admit of infinite variety. All stand on three feet, usually griffins', or lions' claws, which support a light shaft, plain or fluted according to the fancy of the maker. The whole supports either a plinth large enough for a lamp to stand on, or a socket to receive a wax-candle, which the Romans used sometimes instead of oil in lighting their rooms. Some of them have a sliding shaft, like that of a music-stand, by which the light might be raised or lowered at pleasure.

* Val. Max. vi. 8.

We may here say a few words on the art of inlaying one metal with another, in which, as in all ornamental branches of the working of metals, the ancient Italians possessed great skill. In the time of Seneca, ornaments of silver were seldom seen, unless their price was enhanced by being inlaid with solid gold. The art of uniting one metal to another was called by the general term *ferruminare*. Inlaid work was of two sorts; in the one, the inlaid work projected above the surface, and was called *emblemata*, as the art itself was called, from the Greek, *embletice*. It is inferred, from the inspection of numerous embossed vases in the Neapolitan Museum, that this embossed work was formed, either by plating with a thin leaf of metal figures already raised upon the surface of the article, or by letting the solid figures into the substance of the vessel, and finishing them with delicate tools after they were attached. In the second sort, the inlaid work was even with the surface, and was called *crusta*, and the art was called, from the Greek, *empæstice*. This is the same as the damask work so fashionable in the armour of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which is often seen beautifully inlaid with gold. It was executed by engraving the pattern upon the surface of the metal, and filling up the lines with fine plates of a different metal; the two were then united with the assistance of heat, and the whole burnished. Pliny has preserved a receipt for solder, which probably was used in these works. It is called santerna; and the principal ingredients are borax, nitre, and copperas, pounded, with a small quantity of gold and silver, in a copper mortar.

[The volume is enriched with four steel-plate engravings, and 154 cuts, of clever execution.]

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

STRONG climber of the mountain's side,
Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
The stormy gloom is rolled;
The moorland hath not yet put on
His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling* spreads his wing,
Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sunflower† of the spring
Burns bright in morning's beam.
To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun
Here coils, in light, the snake;
And here the fire-tuft‡ hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.

* The hedge-sparrow.
† The dandelion.
‡ The golden-crested wren.

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Oh! then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth, secure,
Look here, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature:
A world not scorned by Him who made
E'en weakness by his might;
But solemn in his depth of shade,
And splendid in his light.
Light!—not alone on clouds afar,
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star,
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look—
Which insects understand!
And here, O light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here!
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heaven in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?
Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!—
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom-high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these gray stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan,
While fate, perchance, o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruined realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impelled by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atom's cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The works of nature's might,
Spurned by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we?—
Poor insects sparked with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into naught!
But should'st thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thy hand
Thy little one will sleep.

Amulet.

Retrospective Gleanings.

POVERTY.

Owen Feltham says—"The poverty of a poor man is the least part of his misery. In all the storms of fortune, he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual sentinels, watching in the depth of night against the incessant assaults of want; while the rich lie strowd in secure reposes, and compassed with a large abundance. If the land be ruffetted with a bloodless famine, are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to hunger? If war thunders in the trembling country's lap, are not the poor those that are exposed to the enemy's sword and outrage? If the plague, like a loaded sponge, flies, sprinkling poison through a populous kingdom, the poor are the fruit that are shaken from the burdened tree; while the rich, furnished with the helps of fortune, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad indurances on the poor, that cannot avoid them. Like salt-marshes, that lie low, they are sure, whenever the sea of this world rages, to be first under, and embarrened with a fretting care. Who like the poor are harrowed with oppression, ever subject to the imperious taxes, and the gripes of mightiness? Continual care checks the spirit; continual labour checks the body; and continual insultation both. He is like one rolled in a vessel full of pikes—which way soever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet, besides all these, there is another transcendent misery—and this is, that maketh men contemptible. As if the poor man were but fortune's dwarf, made lower than the rest of men, to be laughed at. The philosopher (though he were the same mind and the same man), in his squalid rags, could not find admission, when better robes procured both an open door and reverence. Though outward things can add nothing to our essential worth, yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others' outward senses, they much conduce to our value or disesteem. A diamond set in brass would be taken for a crystal, though it be not so; whereas a crystal set in gold will by many be thought a diamond. A poor man wise shall be thought a fool, though he have nothing to condemn him but his being poor. Poverty is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed;—it is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest virtue. Certainly, extreme poverty is worse than abundance. We may be good in plenty, if we will; in biting penury we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is casual; in the other, it is necessitating. The best is that which partakes of both, and consists of neither. He that hath too little wants feathers to fly withal; he that hath too much, is but cumbered with too large a tail. If a flood of wealth could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a sea; but it can neither lengthen our lives, nor inrich us after the end. There is not in the world such another object of pity as the pinched state; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the tyrant's braves and contempt.

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Questionless, I will rather with charity help him that is miserable, as I may be, than despise him that is poor, as I would not be. They have flinty and steeled hearts that can add calamities to him that is already but one entire mass." W. G. C.

ACCOUNT OF THE IRISH MANTLE.

EDMUND SPENCER (the English poet) in his *View of the State of Ireland*, says—"First the outlaw, being for his many crimes and villanies banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places, far from danger of law, maketh his *mantle* his house, and under it covereth himself from the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house; when it bloweth, it is his tent; when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle. In summer he can wear it loose; in winter he can wrap it close; at all times he can use it—never heavy, never cumbersome. Likewise for a rebel it is as serviceable; for in his warre that he maketh, (if at least it deserve the name of warre), when he still flyeth from his foe, and lurketh in the thick woods and strait passages, waiting for advantages, it is his bed, yea, and almost his household stuff; for the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in. Therein he wrappeth himselfe round, and coucheth himself strongly against the gnats, which in that country doe more annoye the naked rebells, whilst they keepe the woods, and doe more sharply wound them than all their enemies' swords, or spears, which can seldome come nigh them; yea, and oftentimes their mantle serveth them, when they are neare driven, being wrapped about their left arme, instead of a target, for it is hard to cut through with a sword; besides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Lastly, for a thiefe it is so handsome, as it may seem it was first invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handsomely in his way, and when he goeth abroad in the night freebooting, it is his best and surest friend; for lying, as they often doe, two or three nights together abroad, to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily shroud themselves under a bush, or bankside, till they may conveniently do their errand; and when all is over, he can, in his mantle, passe through any town or company, being close hooded over his head, as he useth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Besides this, he, or any man els that is disposed to mischiefe or villany, may under his mantle goe privily armed, without suspicion of any, carry his head-piece, his skean, or pistol, if he please, to be always in readinesse."

Spencer traces these mantles from the Scythians. He says—"The Irish have from the Scythians *mantles* and long *glibs*, which is a thick curled bush of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monstrously disguising theme."

This curious *View of the State of Ireland* remained in manuscript till it was printed, in 1633, by Sir James Ware, denominated "the Camden of Ireland." P. T. W.

Domestic Hints.

CONSUMPTION OF FISH.

THERE is but little fish consumed in the interior of Great Britain; and even in most seaport towns the consumption is not very great. In London, indeed, immense quantities of fish are annually made use of; and there can be little doubt that the consumption would be much greater, were it not for the abuses in the trade, which render the supply comparatively scarce, and, in most instances, exceedingly dear. All fish brought to London is sold in Billingsgate market; and, in consequence of this restriction, the salesmen of that market have succeeded in establishing what is really equivalent to a monopoly, and are in a great measure enabled to regulate both the supply and the price.—*Macculloch.*

This inconsiderable consumption of fish will be a matter of surprise, when we see that the supply of fish in the seas round Britain is most abundant, or rather quite inexhaustible. "The coasts of Great Britain," says Sir John Boroughs, "doe yield such a continued harvest of gain and benefit to all those that with diligence doe labour in the same, that no time or season of the yeare passeth away without some apparent meanes of profitable employment, especially to such as apply themselves to fishing; which, from the beginning of the year unto the latter end, continueth upon some part or other of our coastes; and there in such infinite shoals and multitudes of fishes are offered to the takers as may justly cause admiration, not only to strangers, but to those that daily are employed amongst them."—"That this harvest," says Mr. Barrow, "ripe for gathering at all seasons of the year,—without the labour of tillage—without expense of seed or manure—without the payment of rent or taxes—is inexhaustible, the extraordinary fecundity of the most valuable kinds of fish would alone afford abundant proof. To enumerate the thousands, and even millions of eggs which are impregnated in the herring, the cod, the ling, and, indeed, in almost the whole of the esculent fish, would give but an inadequate idea of the prodigious multitudes in which they flock to our shores. The shoals themselves must be seen, in order to convey to the mind any just notice of their aggregate mass." Mr. Macculloch, however, observes,

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that "notwithstanding this immense abundance of fish, and notwithstanding the bounties that have been given by the legislature to the individuals engaged in the fishery, it has not been profitable to those by whom it has been carried on, nor has it made that progress which might have been expected."

NANKEEN.

NANKEEN, or Nanking, takes its name from Nanking in China, where the reddish-yellow thread of which the stuff is made was originally spun. In England, we erroneously apply the term Nankeen to one colour; though, in the East Indies, vast quantities of white, pink, and yellow nankeens are made.

WHITE PEPPER.

THE relative value of black and white pepper is but imperfectly understood. The former is decidedly the best. It grows in long, small clusters of from 20 to 50 grains. When ripe, it is of a bright red colour. After being gathered, it is spread on mats in the sun, when it loses its red colour, and becomes black and shrivelled as we see it. White pepper is of two sorts, common and genuine. The former is made by blanching the grains of the common black pepper, by steeping them for a while in water, and then gently rubbing them, so as to remove the dark outer coat. It is milder than the other, and much prized by the Chinese, but very little is imported into England. *Genuine* white pepper is merely the blighted or imperfect grains picked from among the heaps of black pepper. It is, of course, very inferior.

From the Singapore Chronicle we learn, that the average annual quantity of pepper obtained from different countries is 46,066,666 lbs, avoirdupois.

The Gatherer.

How to acquire Knowledge.—Edmund Stone, the celebrated mathematician, was a native of Scotland, and the son of the Duke of Argyle's gardener. Before he attained the age of eighteen years, he had acquired a knowledge of geometry, &c., without a master. When he was asked by the Duke of Argyle how he had gained this knowledge, he replied, "I first learned to read; and the masons being at work on your house, I saw that the architect used a rule and compasses, and that he made calculations. Upon inquiring into the uses of these things, I was informed there was a science named arithmetic. I purchased a book of arithmetic, and I learned it. I was told there was another science called geometry, and I learned that also. Finding that there were good books on these two sciences in Latin, I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I also understood there were good books of the same kind in French, and I learned French. This, my lord, is what I have done; and it seems to me that we may learn anything when we know the twenty-four letters of the alphabet." The Duke, pleased with this simple answer, drew Stone out of obscurity, and provided for him an employment which allowed of his favourite pursuit. P. T. W.

Duelling.—The students of the Berlin University lately introduced a new mode of duelling. In order that chances might be equal on both sides, the combatants went to the bed of a man attacked with cholera, and kissed him. Neither of the parties having experienced the least symptom of the epidemic during the next twenty-four hours, the seconds declared that the two adversaries had satisfied the laws of honour, and the affair was consequently settled.—SWAINE. (We take this piece of irony to be well applied.)

Popes.—His Highness Leo. XII., the present Pope's predecessor, was, according to the usual mode of reckoning, the two hundred and fifty-second since Peter the Apostle. Of these 208 were natives of Italy, 14 were Frenchmen, 11 Greeks, 8 Syrians and Dalmatians, 5 Germans, 3 Spaniards, 2 North Africans, and 1 Englishman. W. G. C.

In the churchyard of Arthuret, a village in Cumberland, are interred, the remains of poor Archy Armstrong, jester or fool to Charles I.; and by an accident suitable to his profession, the day of his funeral was the first of April. SWAINE.

Imperial Extravagance.—Asses' milk is said to be a great beautifier and preserver of the skin. Poppæa, wife of the Emperor Nero, used it for that purpose, having four or five hundred asses constantly in her retinue, to furnish her every morning with a fresh bath.

ANNUALS FOR 1833.

With the present Number, a SUPPLEMENT, CONTAINING THE

Spirit of the Annuals for 1833:

With a large Engraving, and Three Comic Cuts.

St. Goar	*Picturesque Annual.*
The Enchantress	*Book of Beauty.*
The Flybekins	*Comic Offering.*
What's in a Name?	*Ditto ditto.*
Song, by Miss Mitford	*Ditto ditto.*
History of the Holy Cross, by Lord Mahon	*Amulet.*
Trials of Grace Huntley, by Mrs. S. C. Hall	*Ditto.*
The Armada	*Friendship's Offering.*
The Tornado	*Ditto ditto.*

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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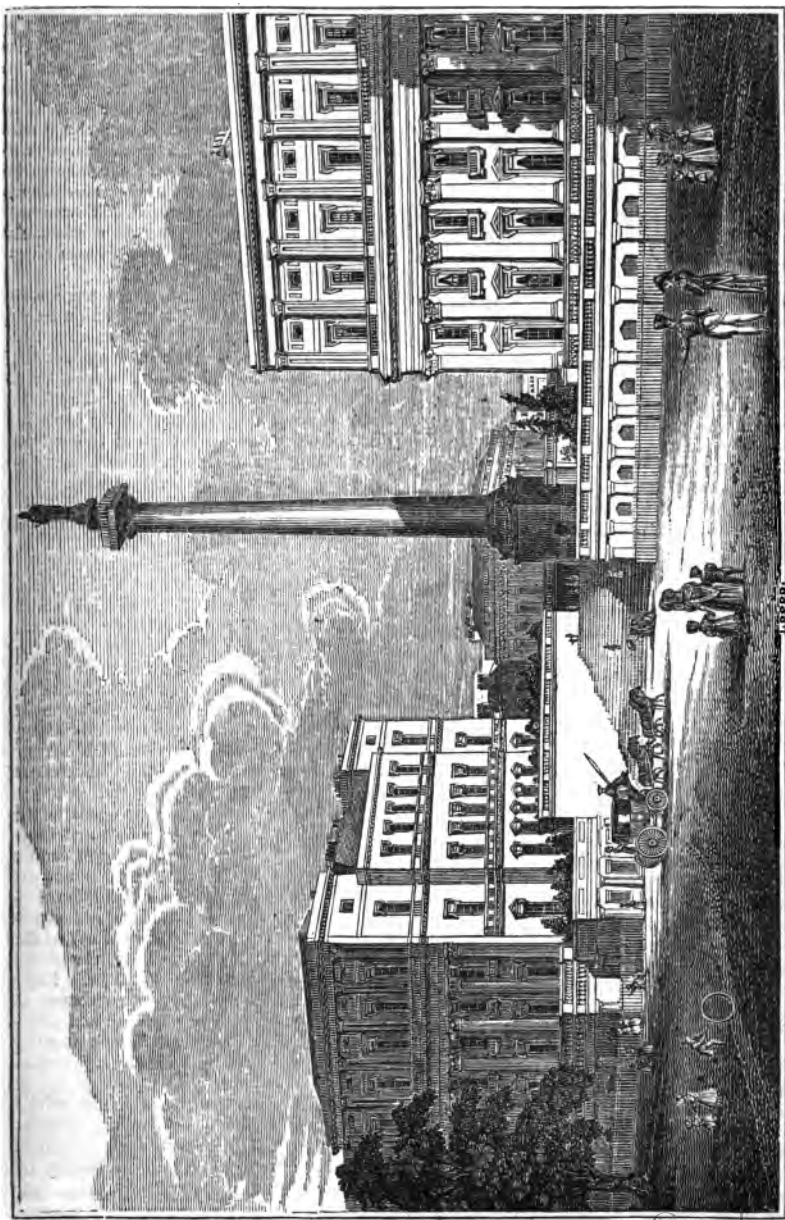
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 582.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



THE YORK COLUMN (*from St. James's Park.*)

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THE YORK COLUMN.

Five years have now elapsed since the improvements in St. James's Park were commenced, by order of Government, for the gratification of the people. We were early in our congratulation, as well as illustration, of the prospective advantages of these plans for the public enjoyment, as will be seen on reference to our tenth volume; and, with respect to the re-disposal of St. James's Park, we believe the feeling of satisfaction has been nearly universal.

At the period to which we have just alluded, the removal of Carlton House, (for it scarcely deserved the name of Palace,) had been decided on. The walls were dismantled of their decorative finery, and their demolition commenced; the grounds were, to use a somewhat grandiloquent phrase, disafforested; and the upper end of "the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall" marked out for public instead of Royal occupation. Thus, within a century has risen and disappeared from this spot the splendid abode and its appurtenances; for, it was in the year 1732 that Frederic, Prince of Wales, first purchased the property from the Earl of Burlington; though it was not until 1788 that the erection of Carlton House was commenced for the late King, then Prince of Wales; so that the existence of the Palace must be restricted within forty years—a term reminding us of the duration of a pavilion, rather than of a kingly mansion.

Upon the precise site of the courtyard and part of Carlton House have been erected two mansions, of splendid character, appropriated to the United Service and Athenæum Clubs: the first built from the designs of Mr. Nash, and the latter from those of Mr. Decimus Burton. They front Pall Mall West, or may be considered to terminate Waterloo Place.

The site of Carlton House Gardens is now occupied by palatial houses, which are disposed in two ranges, and front St. James's Park. The substructure, containing the kitchens and domestic offices, forms a terrace about 50 feet wide, adorned with pillars of the Pæstum Doric Order, surmounted with a balustrade. The superstructure consists of three stories, ornamented with Corinthian columns. The houses at each extremity have elevated attics. Only small portions of these superb elevations are shown in the Engraving, with the Athenæum Club House in the distance.

In the space between the two ranges, it was proposed to erect a fountain, formed of the eight colums of the portico of Carlton House, (which was in elaborate imitation of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, at Rome,*) to which eight on the same model were to be added. The balustraded terrace had been continued fronting the Park with a view to this embellishment. It however occurred to some guardian of the public weal, that the above space presented an eligible opportunity for a grand public entrance from Pall Mall into the Park. The idea was mooted in Parliament; but some difficulties arose, from the leases already granted to the builders of the houses on the terrace, who had calculated on the *exclusive* appropriation of the latter. The anxiety of the public for the improvement at length reached the present King; and it was the first popular act of his patriotic reign to command a grand triumphal † entrance to be formed, with all possible speed; the difficulties being then easily removed. The necessary portion of the terrace was accordingly removed, and the magnificent approach formed, as shown in the Engraving.

While these improvements were in progress, a monumental memorial had been projected by the British Army to their late commander-in-chief, the Duke of York; an expression of grateful sympathy which must be recorded to the honour of truly British hearts. The funds for this tribute were augmented by each individual of the above branch of the service contributing one day's pay. The design was furnished by Mr. Benjamin Wyatt, the architect of the superb mansion built for the Duke of York; and, after the execution was somewhat advanced, it was resolved to set up the tribute in the place it now occupies.

The monument consists of a plain Doric column, surmounted with a colossal statue of the Duke of York. The pedestal and shaft are of fine granite. The plinth, or base of the pedestal, is 22 feet square, and the pedestal 18 feet; the circumference of the shaft is 11 feet 6 inches, decreasing to 10 feet 2 inches at the top; the abacus is 13 feet 6 inches square. The interior of the column may be ascended by a winding staircase of 169 steps, lit by narrow loop-holes.

From the top stair a doorway opens to the exterior of the abacus, which will be enclosed with a massive iron railing, so as to form a prospect gallery. The iron-work is not yet completed; but, as we have enjoyed the view from two sides of the square, we can vouch for its commanding a fine *coup d'œil* of the whole metropolis, and certainly the finest view of its most embellished quarter. From this spot alone can the magnificence of Regent-street be duly appreciated, and above all the skill of the architect in effecting the junction of the lines by the classical introduction of the Quadrant.

That part of the structure which is, strictly speaking, upon the abacus of the column, has a domed roof, upon which will be placed the colossal statue, executed in bronze, by

* The above columns, with those of the handsome Ionic calonnade which screened the Palace from Pall Mall, are, we believe, the only remains of the building.

† The entrance deserves this epithet on more than one account.

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Mr. Westmacott. The Duke is represented in a flowing robe, with a sword in his right hand, and in the left, one of the insignia of the Order of the Garter. The height of the figure is 13 feet 6 inches. The total height of the column, exclusive of the statue, is 124 feet. The masonry, (executed by Mr. Nowell, of Pimlico,) deserves especial notice. Its neatness and finish are truly astonishing, and the solidity and massiveness of the material appear calculated "for all time."

We should mention that the embellishment about the upper part of the pedestal (as seen in the cut,) has not yet been placed on the original; nor has the statue yet been raised to the summit of the column.

Manners and Customs.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CHRISTMAS.

"ANCIENTLY there was in the king's house," says Stow, "wheresoever he lodged, at the feast of Christmas, a 'Lord of Misrule, or Master of Merry Disports;' and the like also was there in the house of every nobleman of honour or good worship, whether spiritual or temporal. Among these, the Mayor and Sheriffs of London had their several Lords of Misrule, ever contending, without quarrel or offence, who should make the rarest pastime to divert the beholders. These Lords began their rule, or rather misrule, on All Hallow's-eve, and continued the same until Candlemas-day, in which space there were fine and subtle disguisings, masques, and mummeries, with playing at cards for counters, nails, and points, in every house, more for pastime than for gain. Against this feast, the parish churches and every man's house were decked with holm, ivy, bay, and whatsoever the season of the year afforded that was green; and the conduits and standards in the streets were likewise garnished." W. G. C.

Kent.

At Ramsgate they commence their Christmas festivities by the following ceremony:—A party of the youthful portion of the community having procured the head of a horse, it is affixed to a pole, about four feet in length; a string is attached to the lower jaw, a horse-cloth is tied round the extreme part of the head, beneath which one of the party is concealed, who, by repeated pulling and loosening the string, causes the jaw to rise and fall, and thus produces, by bringing the teeth in contact, a snapping noise, as he moves along; the rest of the party following in procession, grotesquely habited, and ringing hand-bells. In this order they proceed from house to house, singing carols and ringing their bells, and are generally remunerated for the amusement they occasion by a largess of money, or beer and cake. This ceremony is called "a hoodening." The figure which we have described is designated "a hooden," or wooden horse. The ceremony prevails in many parts of the Isle of Thanet, and may probably be traced as the relic of some religious ceremony practised in the early ages by our Saxon ancestors.

Norfolk.

The following account of a pageant which took place at Christmas, 1440, is from the records of Norwich:—"John Hadman, a wealthy citizen, made disport with his neighbours and friends, and was crowned King of Christmas. He rode in state through the city, dressed forth in silks and tinsel, and preceded by twelve persons habited as the twelve months of the year, their costumes varying to represent the different seasons of the year. After King Christmas followed Lent, clothed in white garments trimmed with herring skins, on horseback, the horse being decorated with trappings of oyster-shells, being indicative that sadness and a holy time should follow Christmas revelling. In this way they rode through the city, accompanied by numbers in various grotesque dresses, making disport and merriment,—some clothed in armour, carrying staves, and occasionally engaging in martial combat; others, dressed as devils, chased the people, and sorely affrighted the women and children; others, wearing skin-dresses, and counterfeiting bears, wolves, lions, and other animals, and endeavouring to imitate the animals they represented, in roaring and raving, alarming the cowardly and appalling the stoutest hearts."

Dalmatia.

At Selenico, in Dalmatia, according to Fortis, they elect a king at Christmas, whose reign lasts only a fortnight; but notwithstanding the short duration of his authority, he enjoys several prerogatives of sovereignty: such, for example, as that of keeping the keys of the town, of having a distinguished place in the cathedral, and of deciding upon all the difficulties or disputes which arise among those who compose his court. The town is obliged to provide him with a house suitable to the dignity of his elevated situation. When he leaves his house, he is always compelled to wear a crown of wheat-ears, and he cannot appear in public without a robe of purple or scarlet cloth, and surrounded by a great number of officers. The governor, the bishops, and other dignitaries, are obliged to give him a feast; and all who meet him must salute him with respect. When the fortnight is at an end, the king quits his palace, strips off his crown and purple, dismisses his court, and returns to his hovel. For a length of time this pantomimical king was chosen from amongst the nobles, but at present it has devolved on the lowest of the people.

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New Books.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR, FOR 1833,

[Is, in our estimation, a splendid failure. It lacks the variety which the *Annual* should possess for a family of readers; and its sameness is, moreover, of the saddest character in the whole region of romance. The stories are long, and lazily told; and they overflow with the most lugubrious monotony. There is scarcely a relief throughout the volume, from Wordsworth's "majestic sonnet" on Sir Walter Scott, to Autumn Flowers, by Agnes Strickland: we travel from one end to the other, and all is lead and leaden—dull, heavy, and sad, as old Burton could wish; and full of moping melancholy, unenlivened by quaintness, or humour of any cast. Not that we mean to condemn the pieces individually; but, collectively, they are too much in the same vein: the Editor has studied too closely his text-motto:

> "Fairy tale to lull the heir,
> Goblin grim the maids to scare."

It is all shade, without a gleam of sunshine, if we except two or three of the most trifling of the papers. The best tale in the volume is the Marsh Maiden, by Leigh Ritchie; next is the Jacobite Exile and his Hound: Retrospections of Secundus Parnell, are an infliction upon the reader; and these, with two *mediocre* tales, and a sketch or two, make up the prose contents. The poetry has greater merit, though almost in one unvaried strain. Mr. Watts has contributed but one lyric, and Mrs. Watts a stirring ballad of Spanish revenge: Mary Howitt has contributed a fairy ballad, pretty enough; and the Sin of Earl Walter, a tale of olden popish times in England, of some 60 or 70 verses. We quote two specimens from the poetry:]

SONNET ON SIR WALTER SCOTT'S QUITTING ABBOTSFORD FOR NAPLES.

By William Wordsworth.

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of Power assembled there complain
For kindred Power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true
Ye winds of ocean and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

THE SKELETON DANCE.

After the German of Goethe.

THE warder looked out at the mid-hour of night,
Where the grave-hills all silently lay;
The moon-beams above gave so brilliant a light,
That the churchyard was clear as by day:
First one, then another, to open began;
Here came out a woman—there came out a man,—
Each clad in a shroud long and white.

And then for amusement—perchance it was cold—
In a circle they seemed to advance;
The poor and the rich, and the young and the old,—
But the grave-clothes impeded the dance:
And as no person thought about modesty there,
They flung off their garments, and stripped themselves bare,
And a shroud lay on each heap of mould.

They kicked up their heels, and they rattled their bones,
And the horrible din that they made
Went clickety-clackety—just like the tones
Of a castanet noisily played.
And the warder he laughed as he witnessed the cheer,
And he heard the Betrayer speak soft in his ear,
"Go and steal away one of their shrouds."

Swift as thought it was done—in an instant he fled
Behind the church portal to hide;
And brighter and brighter the moon-beam was shed,
As the dance they still shudderingly plied;—
But at last they began to grow tired of their fun,
And they put on their shrouds, and slipped off, one by one,
Beneath, to the homes of the dead.

But tapping at every grave-hill, there staid
One skeleton, tripping behind;
Though not by his comrades the trick had been played—
Now its odour he snuffed in the wind:
He rushed to the door—but fell back with a shock;
For well for the wight of the bell and the clock,
The sign of the cross it displayed.

But the shroud he must have—not a moment he stays;
Ere a man had begun but to think,
On the Gothic-work his fingers quickly he lays,
And climbs up its chain, link by link.
Now woe to the warder—for sure he must die—
To see, like a long-legged spider, draw nigh
The skeleton's clattering form:

And pale was his visage, and thick came his breath;
The garb, alas! why did he touch?
How sick grew his soul as the garment of death
The skeleton caught in his clutch—
The moon disappeared, and the skies changed to dun,
And louder than thunder the church-bell tolled one—
The spectre fell tumbling to bits!

[and one of the prose tales, abridged:]

BEATRICE ADONY AND JULIUS ALVINZI.

THERE is not in all Germany a more pleasant station for a regiment of horse than the city of Salzburgh, capital of the province of that name, in the dominions of the House of Austria. Here, during the summer and autumn of 1795, lay the third regiment of Hungarian hussars. This corps had sustained a heavy loss during the campaign of the year previous in Flanders, and was sent into garrison to be recruited and organized anew. Count Zichy, who commanded it, was a noble of the highest rank, of princely fortune, and of lavish expenditure; and being of a cheerful and social turn of mind, he promoted all the amusements of the place, and encouraged the gaiety of his officers.

The scenery around is grand and alpine. The narrow defiles and picturesque valleys are watered by mountain rivers; and, at an easy distance from the city, is the lone lake of Berchtolsgaden, lying beneath a lofty, inac-

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cessible alp, of the most stern and majestic aspect. Need it be told how sweet upon that placid lake sounded the mellow horns of the Hungarian band; and may it not be left to fancy to image out, how these parties, these scenes, and these sensations, gave birth to some abiding, and to very many passing loves.

Among the fair women of Salzburgh, the palm of beauty was yielded readily by all to Beatrice Adony, the only daughter of a respected statesman, long favoured at court, and then resident upon a private estate in the neighbourhood. He had retired from public affairs a few years before, when under deep affliction from the loss of a beloved wife; and lived a life of fond parental devotion with this lovely Beatrice, who was the image of her departed mother. He had directed all her studies; and with such judgment, that he had imparted to her character a masculine strength, which elevated her above all the common dangers of that season of life when woman passes forth into society.

The Count Zichy was a relation of Count Adony, and a constant and welcome guest at his mansion; and Beatrice, therefore, attended many and most of the entertainments which the Count and his officers gave to the society of Salzburgh during their stay. As she smiled no encouragement upon the attentions which the Count seemed at first disposed to pay her, and as he was a cheerful, manly-hearted creature, and though made of penetrable stuff, by no means a person to lose either appetite, society, or life, for love, he bestowed his gallantries elsewhere. She liked him for this all the better; and gave him, in return, that free-hearted, sisterly friendship, which might be innocently suffered to grow out of their connexion and intimacy.

All the regular, conceited male coquettes were abashed and perplexed by manners so natural, that they could make nothing of her; while those more dangerous, but much to be blamed admirers, who stand apart with sighs and gazes, were baffled and made sad by the silent dignity of eyes serenely bright, that never looked upon their flattering worship with one ray of favour. Such was Beatrice Adony; all the fair girls were fond of her, and proud of her—because she was no one's rival. They looked on her as a being of a higher order; one whose thoughts were chaste as the unsunned Alps. She was admired by them, meditated upon—but never envied.

Most true it was, Beatrice was of another and a higher order. She was "among them, not of them." She took part in those amusements which belong to the customs of her country; and filled that place, and performed those customs, which her station in society demanded, with unaffected ease and grace. But while the trifles and pleasures of the passing day were to her companions everything, they were to her little and unsatisfying. For the last few years of her mother's life, whose habits were meditative and devotional, she had daily listened to the gracious lessons of divine truth, and the closet of Beatrice Adony was hallowed by the Eye that seeth in secret, and that often saw her there upon her knees.

It was on a fine day, in the early spring of 1796, that orders reached Salzburgh for the march of these Hungarian hussars. They were to traverse the Tyrol, and to join the army of Italy. They were to march at sunrise on the following morning; and Count Adony, collecting all the acquaintances of the corps in the town and neighbourhood, gave the Hungarian officers a farewell banquet and ball; preparations for which, in anticipation of their early departure, Beatrice had already directed.

Beatrice was the radiant queen of this fair festival; and it was strange to think, that from the presence of such a being so many men were going to part without one lover's pang. Amiable, affable, natural, and full of grace, she presided over this little court of love—serene, unmoved, herself. Yet any thoughtful and suspicious observer would have said, that her heart was not quite at ease; for every now and then, as the night wore on, her eyes gave less attention to those who spoke with her, and her thoughts were evidently turning inwards with trouble. The supper was over—the tastefully decorated table was deserted—and the guests were again assembled in the ball-room. Fond partners that might never dance with each other again, stood side by side—hand locked in hand—and waited for the rising swell of the tender music, to which they were to dance their last waltz. Beatrice stood up with her cousin Count Zichy, and deadly pale she looked. The Count and all others thought she had a headach, and would have had her sit down; but she persisted, with a faint smile, in doing the last honours.

Just at this very moment a manly young officer, whose dress denoted that he had been on duty, and was ready again to mount and go forward, came in to make a report to the colonel.

As the first bars of the music were heard, he stood aside, his cap in his hand, and looked on. Already, however, a young brother officer had run from his partner's side, to renew to him, with all extravagance of gratitude, his thanks for having, by an exchange of duty, enabled him to enjoy a last, long parting with the girl he loved. The dance went forward, and Julius Alvinzi leaned cheerfully upon his sabre. Suddenly Count Zichy and his fair cousin broke out from the large circle, and setting to him, he was led off to the waltz movement before he had time to ungird his sword. This, however, even as he danced, he gracefully effected; and afterwards for one tour of waltzing, Beatrice Adony was the partner of Julius Alvinzi, quitting for the time her own.

This is a custom, in Germany, so common,

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and seemed so natural and so kind a courtesy to Julius, under the particular circumstances of his late and short appearance at the ball, that neither himself, nor any one in the room, attached to it any other character than that of a pretty and gentle compliment. But if the ear of Julius had been quickened by the faintest spark of sympathy, he might have heard the very heart of Beatrice beat.

"You are tired," said Julius, as the music suddenly ceased.

"Rather so," she replied.

He led her, faint, pale, and trembling, to a seat. Some colour returned to her cheek as she sat down; and, with an open and cheerful air, she put out her hand to him, and said, "Farewell, Captain Alvinzi; all honour, and all happiness go with you."

As he took her hand, he observed, for the first time, that pale-changing of the cheek which is so eloquent of love; and, looking into her eyes, he felt his heart sink with a sweeter emotion than he had ever known before.

Thus silently they parted; and Julius went out from her presence sad, but happy. "Il est si doux aimer, et d'etre aimé." He felt that he was beloved. In half an hour, the noble gateway at Salzburgh, cut through the solid rock, rang to the loud echo of trampling hoofs; and Julius was riding under it with an advanced guard, and a few troop-sergeants, to prepare the quarters of the regiment, then mustering for their march.

In all the camps of Europe, a finer youth, or a nobler spirit, could no where have been found than Julius Alvinzi. Five years of military service—three of which had been spent in the toils, the watchings, and the combats of warfare—had accomplished and perfected him in all points, as the zealous and enterprising leader of a squadron. Glory was his idol—war his passion. His day-dreams overleaped the long interval of years which, of necessity, separated him from high command; and, as he built up the castle of his future fame, many were the victories which he won "in the name of God, and the Kaiser!" With this, the gallant war-cry of Austria, he had already, in some few charges, led on his bold and bitter Hungarians; and two or three dashing affairs of outposts—a daring and important reconnoissance, most skilfully conducted—and the surprise and capture of a French picquet—had already given him an established name for intelligence and enterprise. There was a manliness about him superior to low, sensual enjoyment; and the imagery and language of vulgar voluptuousness found no cell in a well-stored, well-principled, and masculine mind, to receive or retain them. He was a happy, handsome, hardy soldier; knowing his duty, loving it, and always performing it with honour. Such was the man whom Beatrice Adony, with a quick perception of true nobility of character, had silently observed during the stay of the Hungarians at Salzburgh, and her love for him was a secret—

The only jewel of her speechless thoughts.

It was thus in the full lustihood of life, and in all the bloom of high hope and promise, that in one of those severe actions, which took place in the summer of 1796 on the plains of Mantua, Julius Alvinzi led his brave squadron into battle. The brigade to which he belonged was brought forward by the veteran Wurmser at a very anxious moment, and, by their devoted courage, saved a column of Austrian infantry from being enveloped and cut off by the French. The Hungarians charged with such vigour and success, that they not only overthrew the body of horse opposed to them, but they possessed themselves of a battery of field-pieces which endeavoured to cover their retreat, and which continued to vomit forth grape with a deadly fury till the horses' heads of the leading squadron, under Alvinzi, reached the very muzzles of the cannon.

The Austrians were, however, compelled finally to retreat, that same evening, from the ground which they had so resolutely contested:—the movement was made in fine order, and they carried off all their wounded in safety. Upon a crowded wagon lay Julius Alvinzi; living, indeed, but a living wreck, and his recovery despaired of. He had been wounded in six places, and lay motionless and insensible; his servant walking by his side in silent trouble. As the remains of his regiment marched slowly back upon Mantua, and passed the convoy of the wounded close to the gates, you might have heard the name of Alvinzi singled out by the men for more deep and particular lamentation. He had been their friend, their pride, their example; and their eyes were turned upon the wagon on which he lay with an expression of sadness too stern and severe for tears.

The news of this disastrous battle was communicated to Count Adony at Salzburgh in a letter from his cousin the Count Zichy. Beatrice and her father were sitting in his library after night-fall, each occupied with a book, under the calm, soft light of a lamp which hung a little above them, when this letter was brought in. He read it eagerly and rapidly to himself; and then, with a grateful exclamation for the safety of Zichy, and those officers with whom he was more especially acquainted, he again read it aloud to Beatrice. It ran as follows:—

"My dear and honoured Cousin,

"We are all doing our best; but, I am sorry to say, we are losing everything except our honour. Fortune is with these Frenchmen. Of six hundred swords, with which I marched from Salzburgh ten weeks ago, only two hundred and twenty remain to me. We lost, in

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the battle of yesterday, nearly three hundred killed and wounded. I never saw our men fight better: the enemy opposed to us were fairly beaten at the sword's point; and we took a battery of twelve guns, which tried to cover their discomfiture; but we conquered only to retire. I have not a word to say against old Wurmser: he is a clear headed, tough-hearted veteran, but these French generals are too young for him. I am quite well, but had a narrow escape; two horses were killed under me, and a grape shot passed through my cap.

"Tell dear Beatrice, I have got that engraving of the Madonna del Rosario of Domenichino which she wanted. I picked it up at Verona; thanks to poor Alvinzi, by the way. Though you, neither of you, saw nor knew much of this youth, you have so often heard me speak of his worth, that you will be sorry for me when I tell you that I have lost him; and, in him, my best and most zealous officer. He is covered with wounds, and cannot live through the night;—the noble fellow was struck down within a yard of the enemy's guns. Of others, whom you may remember, Kreiner, Zetter, and Hartmann, are killed; and several are wounded: Kalmann and Hettinger very severely.—You shall hear from me again soon; but matters look very unpromising.

"Your faithful and loving cousin,
CASIMIR ZICHY."

"Read the letter again, father," said Beatrice, with a tone such as he had never heard from her before; "read it again," she cried, "pray read it again!—'my best and most zealous officer,'—is it not so?—'covered with wounds, and cannot live through the night,'—is it not so?—Father, I loved this Alvinzi.—Ah! yes, I loved him well—now better than ever;—but I knew it would be thus the very day on which I first saw him:—read it again,—pray do?"—and, with a still-bewilderment of eye, she took it from her trembling father, and read it slowly to herself. "Give me this letter, father;" and she put it in her bosom: and there it lay,—there it lay through a long and nervous illness, which mercifully terminated in her death.

For a long time she was enabled to govern and controul her feelings, and was silent, and, to outward seeming, resigned. She often remarked to her father, that she could, and did, say daily upon her knees, "Thy will be done,"—but that tears always followed that sincere, but mournful, exercise. However her frame at last gave way—she sunk into great weakness of body, and her mind became affected.

Her father watched her with unceasing solicitude throughout her sufferings; but he was often driven from her chamber by the agony of his emotions, as she read over the fatal letter, or sung, which she did continually, that mournful song of Thecla.

The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call Thy child away—
I've lived and loved; and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

Such was the early and melancholy close of a young life of the loveliest promise. The severe and sudden horror struck hard upon her fine mind, and drove it mournfully astray. Her heart was so broken that she could not live on. But Julius Alvinzi did not then or so perish: for seventeen weeks he lay upon a hospital bed in Mantua, helpless as an infant; and finally recovered so much of health as gave him again the common promise of life. He was afterwards sent to pass the long period of his convalescence at Venice; but the Julius Alvinzi, who rode forth from Salzburgh, was no longer to be recognised: crippled in his limbs—his fine countenance disfigured by deep and unsightly scars—his complexion pale—his hair turned grey with suffering. He had already stepped on twenty years in as many weeks, and he was already, to the eye, a worn and broken-down officer of veterans. He could not stir a pace without crutches; and his hip had been so shattered and distorted that it was painful to see him move. It was well that Beatrice was in her grave. No doubt she would have exhibited the noble constancy of a pure, angelic, and true love;—but she was spared that longer and heavier trial.

Alvinzi, like a stricken deer, betook himself, with decayed hopes and an aching bosom, to a retired valley near Burgersdorf, about ten miles from Vienna. Here he took a small fishing cottage, near a lone and lovely stream, which flowed across a few velvet meadows, amid deep dells and still woods; and here he threw himself on the beautiful bosom of nature as on that of a mother. Here, for the first time, he was made acquainted, by a letter and a packet from the aged and desolate Adony, of the melancholy end of the lovely Beatrice. The packet contained a small cross which she had always worn, her miniature, and her psalter.

The traveller who may now wander into the little valley, near Burgersdorf, where Alvinzi dwelt, will find the cypress, planted upon his grave the day after his funeral, only three years' growth; and if he go and sit under the tree, beneath which Alvinzi reposed his withered and broken frame for thirty summers, will perhaps agree with the narrator of this mournful story, that mercy was mingled in his bitter cup, and that

Society is all but rude,
To that delicious solitude.

The peasants of that valley tell, with a superstitious awe, that Alvinzi was wont to discourse for hours together with departed spirits; and that they have stolen near his tree at sunset, and in the gloom of the evening, and by moonlight, and have distinctly heard

him talking with some one whom he called "Beatrice."

[The Embellishments of the *Souvenir* are nearly on a par with those of previous years, with a light sprinkling of originality in the subjects.]

Fine Arts.

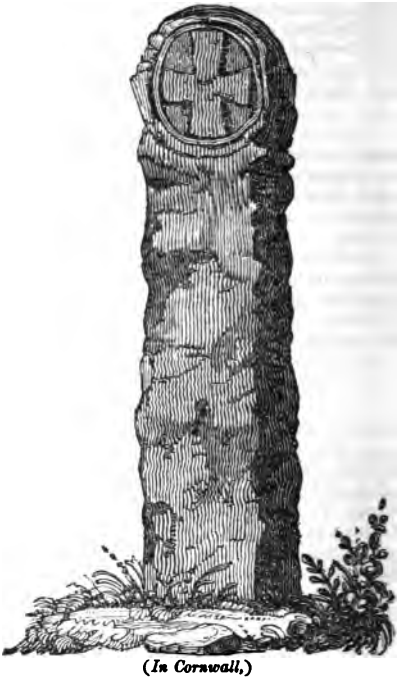
CROSSES.*

THE subjoined are two specimens of rude workmanship, in comparison with the ingenuity displayed in the Crosses already illustrated in our pages. They are engraved from a drawing made by Mr. Britton, about thirty years since. The first was

(*In Devonshire,*)

at the village of Alphington, about one mile west of Exeter, on the side of the road leading from that city to Plymouth. It represents the Calvary cross of heraldry, and consists of a block of granite, which has been cut in an octagon shape, and fixed in a large base.

The second cross stood



(*In Cornwall,*)

on the wide waste of Caraton Down. It consists of one block with a rounded head, bearing the couped cross. This solitary pillar, evidently a Christian monument, is situate near a Druidical temple called "the Hurlers." Crosses of this shape abound in Cornwall. One has been found in Burian churchyard, and another in Callington churchyard, bearing rude sculptures of the crucifixion; others have been found in the county with holes perforated near the top, and some with various ornaments on the shafts.

Domestic Hints.

OLIVE OIL.

FEW articles differ more in quality than olive oil; not that the different kinds are produced from different fruit, but in the different stages of the pressure of the olives. Thus, by means of gentle pressure, the best or *virgin* oil flows first; a second, and afterwards a third quality of oil is obtained, by moistening the residuum, breaking the kernels, &c. and increasing the pressure. When the fruit is not sufficiently ripe, the recent oil has a bitterish taste; and when too ripe it is fatty. After the oil has been drawn, it deposits a white, fibrous, and albuminous matter; but when this deposition has taken place, if it be put into clean flasks,

* We thank "an old Subscriber and a native of Holbeach" for his testimony to the accuracy of our Engraving of Holbeach Cross, at page 329 of the present volume. We shall feel further obliged to him for the view of Holbeach Church.

We may here remark that the Cross described at page 115, at Wheston, is now in the courtyard of Wheston Hall. Probably our Correspondent *E. T. B. A.* will oblige us with a drawing of that interesting structure.

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it undergoes no further alteration. The common oil cannot, however, be preserved in casks above a year and a half or two years. The consumption of olive oil as food is not surprising if we remember, that it is the lightest and most delicate of all the fixed oils.

CARDS.

Some misconception has arisen respecting the legality of *Second-hand Cards*. It appears, however, that they may be sold by any person, if sold without the wrapper of a licensed maker; and in packs containing not more than 52 cards, including an ace of spades duly stamped, and enclosed in a wrapper with the words "Second-hand Cards" printed or written in distinct characters on the outside: penalty for selling Second-hand Cards in any other manner, 20*l*.

CINNAMON AND CASSIA.

Cassia bark resembles Cinnamon in appearance, smell, and taste, and is very often substituted for it; but it may be readily distinguished: it is thicker in substance, less quilled, breaks shorter, and is more pungent. It should be chosen in thin pieces: the best being that which approaches nearest to Cinnamon in flavour; but that which is small and broken should be rejected.

COLOURING CHEESE.

The fine, bright, red colour of some Gloucester cheese has been fraudulently produced by red lead, which, we need scarcely observe, is a violent poison. The ingredient now employed for this purpose, (to the exclusion of every thing else) in Cheshire and Gloucestershire, is annatto, a dye prepared from the seeds of a tree of South America. It is perfectly harmless in the proportion in which it is used; an ounce of genuine annatto being sufficient to colour a hundred weight of cheese. It may, however, be questioned whether annatto is not sometimes adulterated with red lead.

Gouda cheese, the best made in Holland, is prized for its soundness, which is referable to muriatic acid being used in curdling the milk instead of rennet. This renders it pungent, and preserves it from mites. Parmesan cheese, so called from Parma in Italy, where it is manufactured, and highly prized, is merely a skim-milk cheese, which owes its rich flavour to the fine herbage of the meadows along the Po, where the cows feed.

BASKET SALT.

The finer salt sold under this denomination is made by placing the salt, after evaporation, in conical baskets, and passing through it a saturated solution of salt, which dissolves, and carries off the muriate of magnesia or lime. Pure salt should not become moist by exposure to the air.

PETIT-OR.

The imitation of gold sold with this taking name is nothing more than the alloy formerly called Pinchbeck, and made by melting zinc, in a certain proportion, with copper and brass, so as in colour to approach that of gold.

The Public Journals.

CHIPS OF TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

[Our old friend Tom Cringle (of Blackwood,) occasionally spins or splits his *Log* too small The incidents are weakened in the drawing out, or exaggerated in the telling; but they are sometimes relieved by brilliant descriptive touches, such as the following, introduced to set off the fate of one of Tom's heroes at Santiago.]

The Butterfly, Chameleon, and Serpent.

Glancing bright in the sunshine, a most beautiful butterfly fluttered in the air, in the very middle of the open window. When we first saw it, it was flitting gaily and happily amongst the plants and flowers that were blooming in the balcony, but it gradually became more and more slow on the wing, and at last poised itself unusually steadily for an insect of its class. Below it, on the window sill, near the wall, with head erect, and its little basilisk eyes upturned towards the lovely fly, crouched a chameleon lizard, its beautiful body, when I first looked at it, was a bright sea-green. It moved into the sunshine, a little away from the shade of the laurel bush, which grew on the side it first appeared on, and suddenly the back became transparent amber, the legs and belly continuing green. From its breast under the chin, it every now and then shot out a semicircular film of a bright scarlet colour, like a leaf of a tulip, stretched vertically, or the pectoral fin of a fish.

This was evidently a decoy, and the poor fly was gradually drawn down towards it, either under the impression of its being in reality a flower, or impelled by some impulse which it could not resist. It gradually fluttered nearer and more near, the reptile remaining all the while steady as a stone, until it made a sudden spring, and in the next moment the small mealy wings were quivering on each side of the chameleon's tiny jaws. While in the act of gorging its prey, a little fork, like a wire, was projected from the opposite corner of the window; presently a small round black snout, with a pair of little, fiery, blasting eyes, appeared, and a thin, black neck, glancing in the sun. The lizard saw it. I could fancy it trembled. Its body became of a dark blue, then ashy pale; the imitation of the flower, the gaudy fin was withdrawn, it appeared to shrink back as far as it could, but it was nailed or fascinated to

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the window sill, for its feet did not move. The head of the snake approached, with its long, forked tongue shooting out, and shortening, and with a low hissing noise. By this time about two feet of its body was visible, lying with its white belly on the wooden beam, moving forward with a small horizontal wavy motion, the head and six inches of the neck being a little raised. I shrunk back from the serpent, but no one else seemed to have any dread of it; indeed, I afterwards learned, that this kind being good mousers, and otherwise quite harmless, were, if any thing, encouraged about houses in the country. I looked again; its open mouth was now within an inch of the lizard, which by this time seemed utterly paralyzed and motionless; the next instant its head was drawn into the snake's mouth, and gradually the whole body disappeared, as the reptile gorged it, and I could perceive from the lump which gradually moved down the snake's neck, that it had been sucked into its stomach. Involuntary I raised my hand, when the whole suddenly disappeared.

[One of Tom's *land-storms* is still more graphic.]

A heavy cloud that had been overhanging the small valley the whole morning, had by this time spread out and covered the entire face of nature like a sable pall; the birds of the air flew low, and seemed to be perfectly gorged with the superabundance of flies, which were thickly betaking themselves for shelter under the evergreen leaves of the bushes. All the winged creation, great and small, were fast betaking themselves to the shelter of the leaves and branches of the trees. The cattle were speeding to the hollows under the impending rocks; negroes, men, women, and children, were hurrying with their hoes on their shoulders past the windows to their huts. Several large bloodhounds had ventured into the hall, and were crouching with a low whine at our feet. The large carrion crows were the only living things which seemed to brave the approaching *chubasco*, and were soaring high up in the heavens, appearing to touch the black, agitated fringe of the lowering thunder clouds. All other kinds of winged creatures, parrots, and pigeons, and cranes, had vanished by this time under the thickest trees, and into the deepest coverts, and the wild ducks were shooting past in long lines, piercing the thick air with outstretched neck and clanging wing.

Suddenly the wind fell, and the sound of the waterfall increased, and grew rough and loud, and the undefinable rushing noise that precedes a heavy fall of rain in the tropics, the voice of the wilderness, moaned through the high woods, until at length the clouds sank upon the valley in boiling mists, rolling halfway down the surrounding hills; and the water of the stream, whose scanty rill but an instant before hissed over the precipice in a small, transparent ribbon of clear grass-green, sprinkled with white foam, and then threaded its way round the large rocks in its capacious channel, like a silver eel twisting through a desert, now changed in a moment to a dark turgid chocolate colour; and even as we stood and looked, lo! a column of water from the mountains, pitched in thunder over the face of the precipice, making the earth tremble, and driving up from the rugged face of the everlasting rocks in smoke, and forcing the air into eddies and sudden blasts which tossed the branches of the trees that overhung it, as they were dimly seen through clouds of drizzle, as if they had been shaken by a tempest, although there was not a breath stirring elsewhere out of heaven; while little, wavering, spiral wreaths of mist rose up thick from the surface of the boiling pool at the bottom of the cataract, like miniature waterspouts, until they were dispersed by the agitation of the air above.

At length the swollen torrent rolled roaring down the narrow valley, filling the whole water-course, about fifty yards wide, and advancing with a solid front a fathom *high*—a fathom *deep* does not convey the idea—like a stream of lava, or as one may conceive of the Red Sea, when, at the stretching forth of the hand of the prophet of the Lord, its mighty waters rolled back and stood heaped up as a wall to the host of Israel.

The channel of the stream, which but a minute before I could have leaped across, was the next instant filled and utterly impassable.

And the rain now began pattering in large drops, like scattering shots preceding an engagement, on the wooden shingles with which the house was roofed, gradually increasing to a loud rushing noise, which, as the rooms were not ceiled, prevented a word being heard.

At length the weather cleared, and the shutters having been opened, and with a suddenness which no one can comprehend who has not lived in these climates, the sun now shone brightly on the flowers and garden plants which grew in a range of pots on the balcony.

THE DUCHESSE DE BERRI.

(From the New Monthly Magazine.)

We have much pleasure in inserting these very curious anecdotes of an unfortunate Princess, though they come to us from one devoted to her cause, as well as sympathizing with her misfortunes.

Few heroines of ancient days have displayed more courage, self-devotion, and firmness, than has this high-souled and heroic woman. It is not generally known in this

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country, that in an action in La Vendée, where the partizans of the Duchess were opposed to the regular troops, she headed her forces, and led the charges repeatedly. She had a horse shot dead under her, and having been disarmed in the fall, seized the arms of a fallen soldier next her, and again cheered on her followers. She was eleven hours in action, and escaped unhurt, with the exception of some contusions from the fall; and, when the battle was over, was seen administering to the wants of those around her, dressing their wounds with her own delicate hands; and whilst surrounded by the dead and dying, she appeared wholly regardless of self, though overcome by a fatigue and anxiety that few, even of the other sex, could have borne so well.

On another occasion, the Duchesse de Berri had, with much difficulty, procured a horse, and was mounted behind a faithful but humble adherent, pursuing her route to a distant quarter, when her guide was accosted by a peasant with whom he conversed some time in the patois of the country. On quitting the peasant, he observed to the Duchess, that the man was charged with a secret mission to a place at some distance, and was so fatigued that he feared he could not reach it. She instantly sprang from her seat, called after the peasant, and insisted on his taking the horse, declaring that she could reach her destination on foot. After walking for many hours, she arrived at a mountain stream that was swollen by the recent rain, and having learned that her enemies were in pursuit of her, she determined to cross it. Her guide, assisted by her, fastened a large branch of a tree to his person, and, being an expert swimmer, told her to hold by it, and that he hoped to get her over. They had advanced to the deepest part of the stream when the bough broke, and her guide gave her up for lost, when, to his surprise and joy, he saw her boldly clearing the water by his side, and they soon reached the bank in safety. During her visits to Dieppe, the Duchess had acquired a proficiency in swimming, and it has since frequently saved her in the hour of need. Overpowered by fatigue and hunger, and chilled by the cold of her dripping garments, this courageous woman felt that her physical powers were no longer capable of obeying her wishes, and that further exertion was impossible. Seeing a house at a distance, she declared her intention of throwing herself on the generosity of its owner, when her guide warned her of the danger of such a proceeding, as the owner of the house was a Liberal, and violently opposed to her party. All his representations were made in vain. She boldly entered the house, and, addressing the master of it, exclaimed—"You see before you the unhappy mother of your king; proscribed and pursued, half dead with fatigue, cold, wet, and hungry, you will not refuse her a morsel of your bread, a corner at your fire, and a bed to rest her weary limbs on." The master of the house threw himself at her feet, and, with tears streaming from his eyes, declared that his house, and all that was his, were at her service; and for some days, while the pursuit after her was the hottest, she remained unsuspected in this asylum, the politics of the master placing him out of suspicion; and when she left it, she was followed by the tears and prayers of the whole of the family and their dependents.

This heroic woman, nurtured in courts, and accustomed to all the luxury that such an exalted station as hers can give, has thought herself fortunate, during many a night of the last year, when she could have the shelter of the poorest hovel, with some brown bread and milk for food, and has partaken, at the same humble board, the frugal repast of the peasants who sheltered her. Her general attire has been the most common dress, of a materiel called buse, made of worsted, and worn by the poorest of the peasantry. A mantle of the same coarse stuff, with a hood, completed her costume.

When one of the friends, who had seen her the pride and ornament of the gilded saloons in the Tuileries, expressed his grief at the dreadful hardships to which she was exposed, she pointed to a furze bush on the heath where they were conversing, and said—"I shall sleep on that spot to-night; and many nights I have had no better shelter than were afforded by a few wild shrubs or trees, and I never slept better at Rosny. If my mantle was long enough to allow of its covering my feet when I slept, I should have nothing to complain of, but then it might impede my flight, so I must be content.

The Naturalist.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.

As to the bottom of the basin of the sea, it seems to have inequalities similar to those which the surface of continents exhibits; if it were dried up, it would present mountains, valleys, and plains. It is inhabited almost throughout its whole extent by an immense quantity of testaceous animals, or covered with sand and gravel. It was thus that Donati found the bottom of the Adriatic sea; the bed of testaceous animals there, according to him, is several hundred feet in thickness. The celebrated diver Pescecola, whom the emperor Frederick II. employed to descend the strait of Messina, saw there with horror, enormous polypi attached to the rocks, the arms of which, being several yards long, were more than sufficient to strangle a man. In a great many places, the madrepores form a kind of petrified forest fixed at the bottom

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of the sea, and frequently, too, this bottom plainly presents different layers of rock and earth.

The granite rises up in sharp-pointed masses. Near Marseilles, marble is dug up from a submarine quarry. There are also bituminous springs, and even springs of fresh water, that spout up from the depths of the ocean; and in the Gulf of Spezia, a great spout or fountain of fresh water is seen to rise like a liquid hill. Similar springs furnish the inhabitants of the town of Aradus with their ordinary beverage.

On the southern coast of Cuba, to the southwest of the port of Batabano, in the bay of Xagua, at two or three miles from the land, springs of fresh water gush up with such force in the midst of the salt, that small boats cannot approach them with safety; the deeper you draw the water, the fresher you find it. It has been observed, that in the neighbourhood of steep coasts, the bottom of the sea also sinks down suddenly to a considerable depth; whilst near a low coast, and one of gentle declivity, it is only gradually that the sea deepens. There are some places in the sea where no bottom has yet been found. But we must not conclude that the sea is really bottomless; an idea, which, if not absurd, is, at least, by no means conformable to the analogies of natural science. The mountains of continents seem to correspond with what are called the abysses of the sea; but now, the highest mountains do not rise to 20,000 feet. It is true that they have wasted down and lessened by the action of the elements; it may, therefore, be reasonably concluded, that the sea is not beyond 30,000 feet in depth; but it is impossible to find the bottom even at one-third of this depth, with our little instruments. The greatest depth that has been tried to be measured, is that found in the northern ocean by Lord Mulgrave; he heaved a very heavy sounding lead, and gave out with it cable rope to the length of 4,680 feet, without finding bottom.—*Blake's Encyclopedia.*

Notes of a Reader.

CHARACTER OF CROMWELL.

(From the Buccaneer.—By Mrs. S. C. Hall.)

There are two things that to a marvellous degree bring people under subjection—moral and corporeal fear. The most dissolute are held in restraint by the influence of moral worth, and there are few who would engage in a quarrel if they were certain that defeat or death would be the consequence. Cromwell obtained, and we may add, maintained his ascendancy over the people of England, by his earnest and continually directed efforts towards these two important ends. His court was a rare example of irreproachable conduct, from which all debauchery and immorality were banished; while such was his deep and intimate though mysterious acquaintance with every occurrence throughout the commonwealth, its subjects had the certainty of knowing that, sooner or later, whatever crimes they committed would of a surety reach the ear of the protector. His natural abilities must always have been of the highest order, though in the early part of his career he discovered none of those extraordinary talents that afterwards gained him so much applause, and worked so upon the affections of the hearers and standers-by. His mind may be compared to one of those valuable manuscripts that had long been rolled up and kept hidden from vulgar eyes, but which exhibits some new proof of wisdom at each unfolding. It has been well said by a philosopher, whose equal the world has not known since his day, "that a place sheweth the man." Of a certainty Cromwell had no sooner possessed the opportunity so to do, than he showed to the whole world that he was destined to govern. "Some men achieve greatness, some men are born to greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." With Cromwell greatness was achieved. He was the architect of his own fortunes, owing little to what is called "chance," less to patronage, and still less to crime, if we except the one sad blot upon the page of his own history, as connected with that of his country. There appears in his character but a small portion of that which is evil, blended with much that is undoubtedly good. Although his public speeches were, for the most part, ambiguous—leaving others to pick out his meaning—or more frequently still, having no meaning to pick out, being words, words, words—strung of mouldy sentences, scriptural phrases, foolish exclamations, and such-like: yet when necessary, he showed that he could sufficiently command his style, delivering himself with so much energy, pith, propriety, and strength of expression, that it was commonly said of him under such circumstances, "every word he spoke was a thing." But the strongest indication of his vast abilities was, the extraordinary tact with which he entered into, dissected, and scrutinized the nature of human kind. No man ever dived into the manners and minds of those around him with greater penetration, or more rapidly discovered their natural talents and tempers. If he chanced to hear of a person fit for his purpose, whether as a minister, a soldier, an artisan, a preacher, or a spy, no matter how previously obscure, he sent for him forthwith, and employed him in the way in which he could be made most useful, and answer best the purpose of his employer. Upon this most admirable system (a system in which, unhappily, he has had but few imitators among modern statesmen,) depended in a great degree his success. His

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devotion has been sneered at; but it has never been proved to have been insincere. With how much more show of justice may we consider it to have been founded upon a solid and upright basis, when we recollect that his whole outward deportment spoke its truth! Those who decry him as a fanatic, ought to bethink themselves that religion was the chivalry of the age in which he lived. Had Cromwell been born a few centuries earlier, he would have headed the crusades, with as much bravery, and far better results than our noble-hearted, but wrong-headed Cœur de Lion. It was no great compliment that was passed on him by the French minister, when he called the protector "the first captain of the age." His courage and conduct in the field were undoubtedly admirable: he had a dignity of soul which the greatest dangers and difficulties rather animated than discouraged, and his discipline and government of the army, in all respects, was the wonder of the world. It was no diminution of this part of his character, that he was wary in his conduct, and that, after he was declared protector, he wore a coat of mail concealed beneath his dress. Less caution than he made use of, in the place he held, and surrounded as he was by secret and open enemies, would have deserved the name of negligence. As to his political sincerity, which many think had nothing to do with his religious opinions, he was, to the full, as honest as the first or second Charles. Of a truth, that same sincerity, it would appear, is no kingly virtue! Cromwell loved justice as he loved his own life, and wherever he was compelled to be arbitrary, it was only where his authority was controverted, which, as things then were, it was not only right to establish for his own sake, but for the peace and security of the country over whose proud destinies he had been called to govern. "The dignity of the crown," to quote his own words, "was upon the account of the nation, of which the king was only the representative head, and therefore, the nation being still the same, he would have the same respect paid to his ministers as if he had been a king." England ought to write the name of Cromwell in letters of gold, when she remembers that, within a space of four or five years, he avenged all the insults that had been lavishly flung upon her by every country in Europe throughout a long, disastrous, and most perplexing civil war. Gloriously did he retrieve the credit that had been mouldering and decaying during two weak and discreditable reigns of nearly fifty years' continuance—gloriously did he establish and extend his country's authority and influence in remote nations—gloriously acquire the real mastery of the British Channel—gloriously send forth fleets that went and conquered, and never sullied the union flag by an act of dishonour or dissimulation. Not a single Briton, during the protectorate, but could demand and receive either reparation or revenge for injury, whether it came from France, from Spain, from any open foe or treacherous ally; not an oppressed foreigner claimed his protection but it was immediately and effectually granted. Were things to be compared to this in the reign of either Charles? England may blush at the remembrance of the insults she sustained during the reigns of the first most amiable, yet most weak—of the second most admired, yet most contemptible—of these legal kings. What must she think of the treatment of the elector palatine, though he was son-in-law to king James? And let her ask herself how the Duke of Rohan was assisted in the Protestant war at Rochelle, notwithstanding the solemn engagement of king Charles under his own hand! But we are treading too fearlessly upon ground on which, in our humble capacity, we have scarcely the right to enter. Alas! alas! the page of history is but a sad one; and the Stuarts and the Cromwells, the roundheads and the cavaliers, the pennons and the drums, are but part and parcel of the same dust—the dust we, who are made of dust animated for a time by a living spirit, now tread upon! Their words, that wrestled with the winds and mounted on the air, have left no trace along that air whereon they sported:—the clouds in all their beauty cap our isle with their magnificence, as in those by-gone days; the rivers are as blue, the seas as salt; the flowers, those sweet things! remain fresh within our fields, as when God called them into existence in Paradise, and are bright as ever. But the change is over us, as it has been over them: we, too, are passing. O England! what should this teach? Even three things—wisdom, justice, and mercy. Wisdom to watch ourselves, and then our rulers, so that we neither do nor suffer wrong; justice to the memory of the mighty dead, whether born to thrones or footstools; mercy, inasmuch as we shall deeply need it from our successors.

THE "WHY AND BECAUSE" OF CHRISTMAS.

[We can vouch for the abridgement and collation of the following facts, connected with this joyous season of old. Probably a few of the notes may have been discussed in the course of our twenty-volume career; but to omit such notices on the present occasion, would be to drop a link in the little chain:]

Why is the evening before Christmas-day celebrated?

Because Christmas-day, in the primitive Church, was always observed as the Sabbath-day, and, like it, preceded by an eve, or vigil. —*Brand.*

It was once believed, that if we were to go into a cow-house, at twelve o'clock at night,

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all the cattle would be found kneeling. Many also firmly believed that bees sung in their hives on Christmas-eve, to welcome the approaching day.

Why is Christmas-day so called?

Because of its derivation from *Christi Missa*, the mass of Christ; and thence the Roman Catholic Liturgy is termed their *Missal*, or *Mass-book*. About the year 500 the observation of this day became general in the Catholic Church.

Why was the word *Yule* formerly used to signify Christmas?

Because of its derivation from the word *ol*, ale, which was much used in the festivities and merry meetings of this period; and the *I* in *Iol*, *icol*. Cimb. as the *ze* and *zi* in *zehol*, *zeol*, *ziol*, Sax. are premised only as intensives, to add a little to the signification, and make it more emphatical. *Ol*, or *Ale*, did not only signify the liquor then made use of, but gave denomination to the greatest festivals, as that of *zehol*, or *Yule*, at Midwinter; and as is yet plainly to be discovered in that custom of the Whitsun ale at the other great festival.

Why are certain initials affixed to crucifixes?

Because of their signifying the titular tributes paid to the Saviour of the world. Thus, I.N.R.I. are universally agreed to be the initials of the Latin words *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*; i.e. Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, a title which Pilot wrote and affixed to the cross.—See John, ch. xix. The initials I.H.C., appended to other crosses, are said to imply, *Jesus Humanitatis Consolator*, Jesus the Consoler of Mankind; and the I.H.S. imply *Jesus Hominum Salvator*, Jesus the Saviour of Men. The first-mentioned initials are, however, found on the most ancient crosses.

Why is a certain song called a carol?

Because of its derivation from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy.—*Bourne.*

Bishop Taylor observes that the "Gloria in excelsis," the well-known hymn sung by the angels to the shepherds at our Lord's nativity, was the earliest Christmas carol. Bourne cites Durand to prove that in the earlier ages of the churches, the bishops were accustomed, on Christmas-day, to sing carols among their clergy. Fosbroke says—"It was usual, in ancient feasts, to single out a person, and place him in the midst, to sing a song to God." And Mr. Davies Gilbert, late President of the Royal Society, in a volume which he has edited on the subject, states, that till lately, in the West of England, on Christmas-eve, about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, festivities were commenced, and "the singing of carols begun, and continued late into the night. On Christmas-day, these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish-clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners."

Mr. Hone observes, in his work on "Ancient Mysteries," that "the custom of singing carols at Christmas prevails in Ireland to the present time. In Scotland, where no church fasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England: at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year; but at this time they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight, on Christmas-eve, service is performed in the churches, followed by singing carols to the harp. Whilst the Christmas holidays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses; and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visiters before they enter. *Llyfr Carolan*, or the Book of Carols, contains sixty-six for Christmas, and five summer carols. *Blodengerdd Cymrii*, or the Anthology of Wales, contains forty-eight Christmas carols, nine summer carols, three May carols, one winter carol, one nightingale carol, and a carol to Cupid. On the Continent, the custom of carolling at Christmas is almost universal. During the last days of Advent, Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street, saluting the shrines of the Virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of charming her labour pains on the approaching Christmas."

Why do the Christmas carols of the present day differ from the carols of earlier times?

Because the present carols were substituted, by those enemies of innocent mirth, the Puritans, for the original carols, which were festal chansons for enlivening the merriment of the Christmas celebrity; and not such religious songs as are current at this day, with the common people, under the same title.

Dr. Johnson, in a note on *Hamlet*, tells us, that the pious chansons, a kind of Christmas carol, containing some Scripture history, thrown into loose rhymes, were sung about the streets by the common people, when they went at that season to beg alms.—*Brand.*

Why is laurel used with other evergreens to deck houses at Christmas?

Because of its use among the ancient Romans, as the emblem of peace, joy, and victory. In the Christian sense, it may be applied to the victory gained over the powers of darkness by the coming of Christ.—*Bourne.*

Why is the mistletoe so called?

Because its seeds are said to be dropped by the mistle-thrush, which feeds on its berries.

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Why was the mistletoe held sacred by the Druids?

Because they had an extraordinary reverence for the number *three*, and not only the berries, but the leaves of the mistletoe, grow in clusters of three united on one stalk. Its growing upon the oak, their sacred tree, was doubtless another cause of its veneration.

We read of a celebrated oak at Norwood near London, which bore mistletoe, "which some people cut for the gain of selling it to the apothecaries of London, leaving a branch of it to sprout out; but they proved unfortunate after it, for one of them fell lame, and others lost an eye. At length, in the year 1678, a certain man, notwithstanding he was warned against it, upon the account of what the others had suffered, adventured to cut the tree down, and he soon after broke his leg." —*Camden.*

Mr. Brand, however, thinks that mistletoe was never put up in churches but by mistake or ignorance of the sextons: it being a heathenish and profane plant, and therefore assigned to the kitchen. Mr. Brand made many diligent inquiries after the truth of this point. He learnt at Bath that it never came into churches there. An old Sexton at Teddington told him that mistletoe was once put up in the church there, but was by the clergyman immediately ordered to be taken away.

Why was the boar's head formerly a prime dish at Christmas?

Because fresh meats were then seldom eaten, and brawn was considered a great delicacy. Holinshed says, that "in the year 1170, upon the day of the young prince's coronation, King Henry I. served his sonne at table as server, bringing up the boar's head with trumpets before it, according to the manner." For this ceremony there was a special carol. Dugdale also tells us, that "at the inns of court, during Christmas, the usual dish at the first course at dinner was a large *bore's head*, upon a silver platter, with minstralsaye." In one of the carols we read that the boar's head is "the rarest dish in all the londe, and that it has been provided in honour of the king of bliss."

THE RIVER SCHELDT.

In all former times, and centuries before the labour of Napoleon had added so immensely to its importance, the Scheldt had been the centre of the most important preparations for the invasion of England, and the spot on which military genius always fixed from whence to prepare a descent on this island. An immense expedition, rendered futile by the weakness and vacillation of the French monarch, was assembled in it in the fourteenth century; and sixty thousand men on the shore of the Scheldt awaited only the signal of Charles VI. to set sail for the shore of Kent. The greatest naval victory ever gained by the English arms was that at Sluys, 1340, when Philip of France lost 30,000 men and 230 ships of war in an engagement off the Flemish coast with Edward III., a triumph greater, though less noticed in history, than either that of Cressy or Poictiers. When the great Duke of Parma was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain to take steps for the invasion of England, he assembled the forces of the Low Countries at Antwerp; and the Spanish armada, had it proved successful, was to have wafted over that great commander from the banks of the Scheldt to the opposite shore of Essex, at the head of the veterans who had been trained in the Dutch war. In an evil hour, Charles II., bought by French gold and seduced by French mistresses, entered into alliance with Louis XIV. for the coercion of Holland; the Lillies and the Leopards, the navies of France and England, assembled together at Spithead, and made sail for the French coast, while the armies of the Grande Monarque advanced across the Rhine into the heart of the United Provinces; and the consequence was, such a prodigious addition to the power of France, as it took all the blood and treasure expended in the war of the Succession and all the victories of Marlborough, to reduce to a scale at all commensurate with the independence of the other European states.

The Gatherer.

Fleurus is a village in France, in the department of the Sombre and Meuse, where the Austrians and the French fought a battle in the year 1794, in which the former were defeated. This victory is ascribed to the information obtained in consequence of reconnoitering the army of the enemy by the elevation of a balloon. The balloon employed on this occasion was called the *Entreprenent;* and it was under the direction of M. Coutel, the captain of the aeronauts at Meudon, accompanied by an adjutant and a general. He ascended twice in the same day, to the height of 220 fathoms, for the purpose of observing the position and manœuvres of the enemy. He continued each time four hours in the air, and corresponded with General Jourdan, who commanded the French army, by means of pre-concerted signals. The enterprise was discovered by the enemy; and a battery opened its fire against the ascending aeronauts, but they soon gained an elevation which was beyond the reach of their fire. This balloon was prepared under the direction of the Aerostatic Institute, for the use of the army of the north; as were also another, called *Céleste*, for the army of the Sombre and Meuse; and the *Hercule* and *Intrepide*, for the army of the Rhine and

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Moselle. Another, thirty feet in circumference, and weighing 160 lbs., was destined for the army of Italy. A new machine, invented by M. Coutel, the director of the Aerostatic Institute, was designed to aid the aeronauts in communicating intelligence, and denominated the *Aerostatic Telegraph*.
P. T. W.

Muscular Strength.—It is asserted by travellers, that a Turkish porter will run along carrying a weight of 600 lbs. Milo, of Crotona, is said to have lifted an ox, weighing upwards of 1,000 lbs. Haller mentions that he saw an instance of a man, whose finger being caught in a chain at the bottom of a mine, by keeping it forcibly bent, supported by that means the weight of his whole body, 150 lbs., till he was drawn up to the surface, a height of 600 feet. Augustus II., king of Poland, could with his fingers roll up a silver dish like a sheet of paper, and twist the strongest horse-shoe asunder. An account is given in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 310, of a lion who left the impression of his teeth upon a solid piece of iron. The most prodigious power of the muscles is exhibited by fish:—A whale moves with a velocity through the dense medium of water that would carry him, if he continued at the same rate, round the world in little more than a fortnight; and a sword-fish has been known to strike his weapon quite through the oak plank of a ship. W. G. C.

Beauties of Chatsworth.—Marshal Tallard, who was entertained a few days at this place by the Duke of Devonshire, on leaving, made this declaration—"When I return," said he, "into my own country, and reckon up the days of my captivity, I shall leave out those which I spent at Chatsworth." And Quin once said that he had nearly broken his neck in coming to it, and he should break his heart on his return. SWAINE.

Origin of the Discovery of Peru.—Balboa, the famous Spanish adventurer, in one of his expeditions, met with a young cazique, who expressed his astonishment at the high value which was set upon the gold, which the Spaniards were weighing and distributing. "Why do you quarrel," said he, "about such a trifle? If you are so passionately fond of gold as to abandon your own country, and to disturb the tranquillity of distant nations, for its sake, I will conduct you to a region where the metal, which seems to be the chief object of your admiration and desire, is so common, that the meanest utensils are formed of it." Transported with the intelligence, Balboa eagerly inquired where this happy country lay, and how they might arrive at it. The cazique informed them, that at the distance of six suns, or six days' journey to the south, they would discover another ocean, near which this wealthy kingdom was situated; but if they intended to attack it, they must assemble forces far superior in number and strength to those which now attended them. —This was the first information which the Spaniards received concerning the great southern continent, known afterwards by the name of Peru. P. T. W.

Cholera Morbus.—Dr. James Johnson, in his interesting book entitled, *Change of Air, or Pursuits of Health*, &c., says—"The cholera morbus ought to be denominated the high-police of scavengers. It has cleared away more filth, in Europe and England, than all the municipal edicts that ever issued from the constituted authorities. On this, and on some other accounts, it *will* save more lives than it *has* destroyed."

Patriotism.—When the Chancellor d'Aguesseau, who constantly resisted the encroachments of Louis XIV. on the liberties of the people, was sent for to Versailles by that monarch, he was thus encouraged by his amiable wife: "Go," said she, "forget in the king's presence your wife and your children,—sacrifice everything except your honour." SWAINE.

His late Majesty, when Prince of Wales, was looking out of a window with Tom Sheridan, when the "Dart," with four grey horses passed by. "Is not that a handsome coach, Tom?" observed the Prince. "Yes, your highness," replied Tom, who was suffering under a headach from the champagne of the previous night, and was rather in a sombre and meditative humour, "it certainly is; but," continued he, pointing to a hearse going by at the same time, "that's the coach *after all*."

A Knowing Seaman.—A rough-hewn seaman being brought before a wise justice for some misdemeanour, was by him ordered to be sent to prison, and was refractory after he heard his doom, insomuch as he would not stir a foot from the place where he stood, saying it was better to stand where he was than go to a worse place.—*Bacon.* P. T. W.

Expensive Fishing.—In 1609, the Dutch were compelled to pay a tribute for fishing on our coast; in 1683, they paid 30,000*l.* for liberty to fish. Welwood, in his answer to Grotius, says, "that the Scots obliged the Dutch, by treaty, to keep eighty miles from shore in fishing, and to pay a tribute at the port of Aberdeen, where a tower was erected for that and other purposes; and the Dutch paid the tribute, even in the memory of our forefathers." THOMAS GILL.

Printed and published by J. LIMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House,) London; sold by G. G. BENNIS, 55, Rue Neuve, St. Augustin, Paris; CHARLES JUGEL, Francfort; and by all Newsmen and Booksellers.

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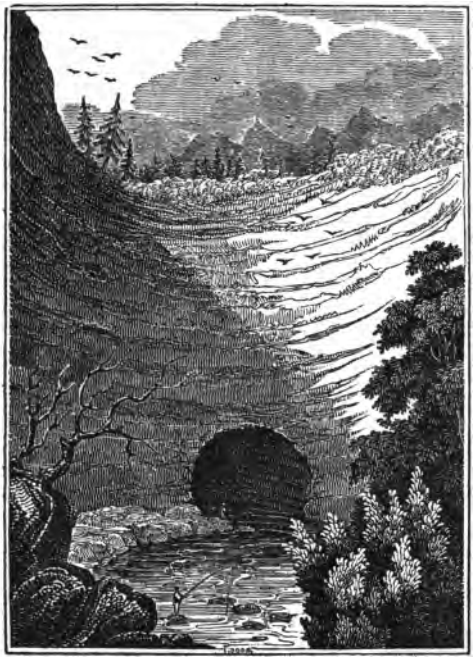
The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 583.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1832. [Price 2*d*.



NATURAL TUNNEL, IN VIRGINIA.

Rock Bridges occupy the same pre-eminence amongst the sublimities of nature, that artificial bridges maintain amidst the labours of man. Both alike inspire us with admiration, though we are enabled to obtain but unequal results as to their respective origins. The bridge, built by human hands, is, indeed, a triumph of the perfection of skilful contrivance; the strength and beauty of the arch are among the most simple yet exquisite results of science, wonderful as they may appear to the untaught beholder: but how shall we explain the formation of stupendous rock-arches across deep ravines and rolling torrents, in countries where none but the wild and picturesque forms of nature rise to gladden the eye and heart of the inquiring traveller? Of the latter description are the natural bridges which abound in the State of Virginia; as Rockbridge, which gives name to the county in which it is situated, and the wild and fantastic bridges of Icognozo; all of which are more extensively recognised among the wonders of creation than the specimen here presented to the reader.

This Tunnel is in Scott county, Virginia; but was so little known beyond its immediate neighbourhood, as to induce Lieut.-Col. Long, (U. S. Army,) to communicate its description to Mr. Featherstonhaugh's *American Journal of Geology and Natural Science;* and the following narrative of the Colonel's Excursion will be read with interest:—

"During the past summer, I visited a remarkable natural bridge in Scott county, Virginia, to which I have given the name of Natural Tunnel, on account of its striking resemblance to artificial structures of that kind

"The immediate locality of this tunnel is upon a small stream called Buck-eye, or Stock Creek. This last name owes its origin to its valley having been resorted to by the herdsmen of the country, for the attainment of a *good range*, or choice pasture-ground, for their cattle. The creek rises in Powell's mountain, and is tributary to Clinch river, which it enters at the distance of between two and three miles below the tunnel. The aspect of the surrounding country, and especially of that to the

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northward of the tunnel, and constituting the southerly slope of the mountain just mentioned, is exceedingly diversified, and broken by elevated spurs and ridges, separated from each other by deep chasms, walled with cliffs and mural precipices, often presenting exceedingly narrow passes, but occasionally widening into meadows or bottoms of considerable extent. The mural precipices just mentioned occur very frequently, bounding the valleys of the streams generally in this part of the country, and opposing ramparts of formidable height, and in many places utterly insurmountable. Such are the features peculiarly characteristic of *Wild Cat Valley*, the *Valley of Copper Creek*, of Powell's and Clinch rivers, and of numerous other streams of less note, all of which are situated within a few miles of the Natural Tunnel.

"To form an adequate idea of this remarkable and truly sublime object, we have only to imagine the creek to which it gives a passage, meandering through a deep, narrow valley, here and there bounded on both sides by walls, or *revetements*, of the character above intimated, and rising to the height of two or three hundred feet above the stream; and that a portion of one of these chasms, instead of presenting an open, *thorough cut* from the summit to the base of the high grounds, is intercepted by a continuous unbroken ridge, more than three hundred feet high, extending entirely across the valley, and perforated transversely at its base, after the manner of an artificial tunnel, and thus affording a spacious subterranean channel for the passage of the stream.

"The entrance to the Natural Tunnel on the upper side of the ridge is imposing and picturesque in a high degree; but on the lower side the grandeur of the scene is greatly heightened by the superior magnitude of the cliffs, which exceed in loftiness, and which rise perpendicularly—and, in some instances, in an impending manner—two or three hundred feet; and by which the entrance on this side is almost environed, as it were, by an amphitheatre of rude and frightful precipices.

"The observer, standing on the brink of the stream, at the distance of about one hundred yards below the debouchure of the Natural Tunnel, has, in front, a view of its arched entrance, rising seventy or eighty feet above the water, and surmounted by horizontal stratifications of yellowish, white, and grey rocks, in depth nearly twice the height of the arch. On his left, a view of the same mural precipice, deflected from the springing of the arch in a manner to pass thence in a continuous curve quite to his rear, and towering in a very impressive manner above his head. On his right, a sapling growth of buck-eye, poplar, linden, &c., skirting the margin of the creek, and extending obliquely to the right, and upward, through a narrow, abrupt ravine, to the summit of the ridge, which is here and elsewhere crowned with a timber-growth of pines, cedars, oaks, and shrubbery of various kinds. On his extreme right is a gigantic cliff, lifting itself up, perpendicularly from the water's edge, to the height of about three hundred feet, and accompanied by an insulated cliff, called the Chimney, of about the same altitude, rising, in the form of a turret, at least sixty feet above its basement, which is a portion of the imposing cliff just before mentioned.

"Desirous of illustrating this paper by a front view of the Natural Tunnel where the creek issues from it, I have, with the assistance of a particular friend in this city—to whom I am indebted for the accompanying drawing*—been enabled to furnish a sketch which very faithfully represents some of the appearances I have described. The embellishments last mentioned, however, viz. the chimney and its accompaniments, could not be comprised in the landscape.

"The following passages are from my own private journal:—

"Saturday, Aug. 13, 1831. Having ascended Cove ridge, we turned aside from our route to visit the natural bridge, or tunnel, situated on Buck-eye, or Stock creek, about a mile below the Sycamore camp,† and about one and a half miles from a place called Rye cove, which occupies a spacious recess between two prominent spurs of Powell's mountain, the site of the natural tunnel being included within a spur of Cove ridge, which is one of the mountain spurs just alluded to. Here is presented one of the most remarkable and attractive curiosities of its kind, to be witnessed in this or any other country. The creek, which is about seven yards wide, and has a general course about S. 15 W., here passes through a hill elevated from two to three hundred feet above the surface of the stream, winding its way through a huge subterraneous cavern, or grotto, whose roof is vaulted in a peculiar manner, and rises from thirty to seventy or eighty feet above its floor. The sides of this gigantic cavern rise perpendicularly in some places to the height of fifteen or twenty feet, and, in others, are formed, by the springing of its vaulted roof immediately from its floor. The width of the tunnel varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet. Its course is that of a continuous curve, resembling the letter S; first winding to the right as we enter on the upper side, then to the left, again to the right, and then again to the left on arriving at the entrance on the lower side. Such is its peculiar form, that an observer, standing at a point

* See the Cut.

† This designation has been given to a spot in the valley of the creek, where formerly stood a hollow sycamore (*platanus occidentalis*) tree of an enormous size, the remains of which are still to be seen, and in the cavity of which, whilst it stood, fifteen persons are said to have encamped at the same time together.

about midway of its subterranean course, is completely excluded from a view of either entrance, and is left to grope in the dark through a distance of about twenty yards, occupying an intermediate portion of the tunnel. When the sun is near the meridian, and his rays fall upon both entrances, the light reflected from both extremities of the tunnel contributes to mollify the darkness of this interior portion into a dusky twilight.

"The extent of the tunnel, from its upper to its lower extremity, following its meanders, is about 150 yards; in which distance the stream falls about ten feet, emitting, in its passage over a rocky bed, an agreeable murmur, which is rendered more grateful by its reverberations upon the roof and sides of the grotto. The discharge of a musket produces a crash-like report, succeeded by a roar in the tunnel, which has a deafening effect upon the ear.

"The hill through which this singular perforation leads, descends in a direction from east to west, across the line of the creek, and affords a very convenient passage for a road which traverses it at this place, having a descent in the direction just mentioned of about four degrees.

"The rocks found in this part of the country are principally sandstone and limestone, in stratifications nearly horizontal, with occasional beds of clay slate. A mixture of the two former frequently occurs among the alternations presented by these rocks. A variety of rock resembling the French burr occurs in abundance on Butcher's-fork of Powell's river, about twenty miles northwardly of the Natural Tunnel. Fossils are more or less abundant in these and other rocks. Fossil bones, of an interesting character, have been found in several places. Saltpetre caves are numerous. Coves, sinks, and subterranean caverns, are strikingly characteristic, not only of the country circumjacent to the Natural Tunnel, but of the region generally situated between the Cumberland mountain, and the Blue ridge or Apalachian mountain. Bituminous coal, with its usual accompaniments, abounds in the northerly parts of this region; and in the intermediate and southerly portions, iron, variously combined, often magnetic, together with talcose rocks, &c. &c. are to be met with in great abundance.

"The mountains in this vicinity—long. 82° to 84° W. from Greenwich, lat. 35° to 36° N. —are among the most lofty of the Allegheny range. Several knobs* in this part of the range, among which may be enumerated the Roan, the Unaka, the Bald, the Black, and Powell's mountains, rise to the height of at least four thousand five hundred feet above tide."

Mr. Featherstonhaugh remarks, that the Natural Tunnel has not been worn through the rock by the long-continued action of running water is evident, not from the cavernous structure alone of the general country, but from the form of Powell's mountain, in a spur of which the Tunnel passes transversely.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh further concludes the Tunnel to be a natural cavity in the rock, for, if such had not been the case, "it is evident that the stream would have been deflected from its line; would have followed the base of the hill, and have turned the extreme point."

Little is known of the geology of the country in which this Tunnel is situate, notwithstanding the popularity of the natural bridges of the State. The rock before us would appear to belong to that class which geologists commonly term Perforated Mountains, which some suppose to have been bored through, in part, at least, by the persevering industry of man. "Such phenomena," observes Maltebrun, "are, however, mere eccentricities of nature, and differ from caverns only from the circumstance of having a passage entirely through them. The Pierre-Pertuise in Mount Jura, and Pausilippo, near Naples, are instances of this kind. The Torghat, in Norway, is pierced by an opening 150 feet high, and 3,000 long. At certain seasons of the year, the sun can be seen darting its rays from one extremity to the other of this vault. Near New Zealand is a rocky arch through which the waves of the sea pass at high water."* The latter, one of the Piercy Islands, will be found engraved and described in *The Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 145.

* Out-liers of any particular ridge.

* Physical Geography, book viii.

THE LATE SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(From the Note Book of a Tourist.)

In the summer of 1829, I made a Tour of the Borders. On the 16th of August, I arrived in Melrose. I came on the top of the coach from Jedburgh, in company with two intelligent fellows, a young Englishman of fortune (apparently,) and a Russian nobleman. We put up at the George, where we found about five tourists, redolent of sketch and note books, drinking toddy and lying in wait to catch a sight of the lion of the neighbourhood, Sir Walter. The voracity with which they devoured any anecdotes of him was amusing. In the evening it came on a peppering storm. I had foreseen this on our route from *Jeddart*. The Eildons had mounted their misty cap, always a sure prognostic of rain; in fact they are the barometer of the district. I then prevailed on my two companions to forego their visit to the Abbey that night. We therefore had in old Davidson, the landlord of the Inn, and my companions submitted him to an interrogatory of three long hours' duration. One little anecdote of fresh occurrence struck me as pos-

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sessing some interest. I will record it. About a month before, a poor maniac presented herself at the gates of Abbotsford. She desired to see Sir Walter. The servant denied her admittance, but such was the earnestness of the poor creature, that *auld Saunders*, on her pressing application, went and informed his master, "that a puir demented lassie was at the gett (gate) greetin' like a bairn." Sir Walter had the kindest of hearts; "O admit her puir thing," he said. The woman no sooner entered than she fell on her knees in reverential awe before Sir Walter. Her story was simply this. She belonged to Aberdeen; she was married to a young farmer in that neighbourhood and had not long before given birth to a beautiful infant, the first pledge of their loves. The pains of birth had injured her mental equanimity, and eluding the vigilance of her keepers she set forward one evening in search of the great enchanter, whose works had in happier hours beguiled her with their beauty. She travelled for a week; the distance from Aberdeen to Abbotsford was about a hundred and fifty miles. She had walked every step. Sir Walter did what he could to soothe her distracted mind, and get her wasted frame recruited. But after some time he deemed it advisable to exercise his judicial power and put her in a place of security, until definite intelligence could be procured of her friends and relations. Jedburgh is the county town of Roxburgh; and thither all wanderers of this and a less gentle race are sent. A post-chaise was sent for from old Davidson, of the George, and when it was at the door of Abbotsford, Sir Walter induced the poor girl to enter it, promising to accompany her "out a ridin'." She entered—looking for him to follow. The door was instantly closed, and the post-boy lashing and spurring his horses, darted off in a second. She gave a piercing shriek, looked wildly round her, and abandoned herself to the most agonizing despair; exclaiming in a tone of the utmost pathos, "ah! deceitfu' man, hae ye beguiled me too!"—and then she sunk back in the carriage, and buried herself in the deepest silence. * *

18th August. Set out to view the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey. Called on Capt. (now Sir David) Erskine, from whom I received the politest attention. His housekeeper acted as my cicerone, and conducted me over the venerable pile. These time-worn ruins stand on the north bank of the Tweed, by which they are almost surrounded, and are backed by hills covered with wood, of the richest foliage. The abbey as well as the modern mansion house of the proprietor, is completely embosomed in wood. Around this sylvan spot the Tweed winds in a beautiful crescent form, and the scene is extremely interesting, embracing both wood and water, mountain and rock scenery. The whole gives rise to sentiments of the most pleasing, devotional tranquillity. The place, however, at which I paused, was St. Mary's Aisle: "here," I said to myself, "will the mighty minstrel sleep, when his harp shall be silent!"—and here I offered the votive tribute in anticipation, which thousands will follow me in, now that he is, too truly, alas! no more. At the little iron palisading I stood, and said, "here Scott will sleep:" in this, fate has not deceived me. He rests there now. Peace to his manes!

August 20. Down at the Abbey this night. It would be absolute folly to note down what I saw or thought of this most remarkable monastic structure. Every album possesses it, in all the beauty of its fairy architecture; its tabernacles, its niches and canopies, and statues, pinnacles, pediments, spires, and the tracery of its vaultings.

The decorated work is most exquisitely executed. The mouldings are still so sharp, that they seem as lately from the chisel of the mason. The south transept window and door are the most perfect of the ruins. The day light of the window is twenty-four feet by sixteen, divided by four mullions. The tracery and cuspings are all of the decorated style of the Gothic. It is furnished with crotchets and creeping foliage. There are a number of niches, canopies, and tabernacles, on the south transept; and the corbels that support the statues, are carved with grotesque figures; some representing monks with cowls upon their heads, others musicians playing upon different kinds of instruments; some are most hideous to look at. Sir Walter procured casts of many of these grotesque figures, which on a visit to Abbotsford, I observed placed in the ceiling of the hall. He has clothed them in a new dress, more suited to the social scene of their present locality. But, I always ramble into the *shop*, when I get on architecture. Let me narrate the occurrence of this night. As I was pacing the great aisle of the abbey, a carriage drove up to the gate. "Sir Walter Scott!" said the keeper, brushing past me to receive him. A lady alighted. I heard "good night!" responded by a person in the carriage, who drove off with it. Who can this be, thought I to myself. It was dusk—the lady advanced with a stately step. I moved aside. "In these deep solitudes and awful cells!" methought I heard her say. She ascended to the bell-tower. "Who is that lady?" said I to the keeper when he entered. "That, sir," said he, "is Mistress Hemmins, the poet writer, wha is on a visit to Maistre Lockhart, and she cam just noo in Sir Walter's carriage, and she wants to be alane, sir, by hersel." I took the hint, and made for the George and my glass of toddy, unwilling to deprive the world of those lays, which Melrose, the rush of the Tweed, and midnight would, no doubt, inspire in the fair authoress.

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August 23. At Galashiels, a semi-rural demi-manufacturing town on the banks of the "braw, braw Gala water." Not having the good fortune to get to Abbotsford from Melrose, I started over the hill which looks down on Galashiels, towards that destination. Abbotsford I need not render an account of. But my approach to it was not deficient in interest.

On arriving at the summit of the hill overlooking the Tweed, it burst upon my sight. I looked down on the grounds in which it is settled, as on a map. The skill and industry of Sir Walter is not more remarkable in his literary than in his rural works. The house stands in a bare, barren corner of Selkirkshire, (I think) but by admirable management, he has enclosed it with fine, hardy young wood, and quite altered its appearance.

At the bottom of the hill I took the boat at the ferry, and resting in the middle of the stream, the Tweed, and looked around me. I saw a person on the opposite bank appearing and disappearing in the wood which comes down to the water's edge. I drew near. He was dressed in a short, green coat and cap, and was amusing himself with the antics of a large dog. The place—the time—the air—the gait—every thing conspired: "Who's that, lassie?" said I to my little boat rower; "That, sir? that's *himsel*, that's the shirra" (sheriff.) Yes, it was the man—he himself—the pride of Scotland—her boast—the intellectual beacon of her hills—it was Sir Walter Scott!

Sept. 3. At Selkirk. At Mitchell's Inn, where I was introduced to the celebrated Jamie Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. He had come, I think, from a fair held at the Eildons. We got over a jug of toddy. Our conversation turned on the church service of the kirk of Scotland, and we rambled into poetry in conversing on the psalms. I pointed out to the shepherd, that a fair fame might be achieved by arranging the Psalms of David, and superseding the barbarities of Sternhold and Hopkins. James maintained that the present edition in use in Scotland, could *not* be improved. He said that the question had been agitated in the General Assembly, and Sir Walter Scott was applied to, to furnish an improved versification, but he answered, stating that it would be a more difficult matter to get the people to adopt them, than to furnish the same. Any alteration in this respect would be looked upon as little better than sacrilege, and he therefore advised that the present form should be continued in. "Watty's a sensible chap," said the shepherd, speaking familiarly of Sir Walter, "and if he laid a finger on o'or venerable psalmody, I wad pitch a louse at him, wha hae ever loved the man as my ain brether."

* * * * *

During the last years of Sir Walter's life, he visited in the counties of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirk, the various scenes which his graphic pen has delineated and incorporated in his minstrelsy and romance. The summer when the preceding notes were made, I happened to be in Kelso, and took ride one day to visit the worthy minister of a neighbouring parish, in which the celebrated border *keep* Smailholme tower is situated, the scene of the fearful legend embodied in the poem "The Eve of St. John."

We rode over to it: it is situated on a crag or ridge of rock, high in the north range of hills, the Lammer-muir, which spring from the splendid vale of Teviot and Tweed, commanding an unbounded prospect on the east and west; the south is terminated by the Cheviots and the English border.

We found the Tower in possession of a party, and the Rev. Mr. C— rode forward to report, in case we should be deemed intruders. He came back shortly, and it was no other than Sir Walter himself, with several members of his family, who had accompanied him to bid a final farewell to *Smaillum keep*. As I afterwards heard, he was in the highest spirits, and repeated the poem for the gratification of his party, in that impressive manner for which he was remarkable, in giving the necessary effect to his own compositions. The party brought a cold collation with them: before leaving, Sir Walter surveyed the beautiful prospect at his feet, the Tweed and Teviot meeting in sisterly loveliness, and joining their waters in the valley, with the golden fields of England in the distance; when filling a glass of wine he drank with fervour, in which all joined him, "baith sides of the Tweed." I.

OLD ENGLISH ARMOUR.

(From a Correspondent.)

PREVIOUS to the time of Edward I., the body-armour may be distinguished by the appellations of *trelliced, ringed, rustred, mascled, scalad, tegulated, single-mailed,* and *banded.* The *trelliced* method has not been properly ascertained: it probably consisted of leather thongs, crossed, and so disposed as to form large squares placed angularly, with a round knob or stud in the centre of each. The *ringed* consisted of flat rings of steel, placed contiguous to each other, on quilted linen. The *rustred* was nothing more than one row of flat rings, about double the size of those before used, laid half over the other, so that two in the upper partially covered one below. *Mascled;* the hauberk composed of several folds of linen, covered with diamond-shaped pieces of steel touching each other, and perforated: so called from their resemblance to the *meshes* of a net. *Scaled;* formed of

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small pieces of steel like the scales of fish, partially overlaying each other. This species was used only during the reigns of Henry II. and Richard I. The *tegulated* consisted of little square plates, partly covering one another, like tiles.

Single Mail was composed of rings set edgeways on quilted linen. It came into use about the close of John's reign, and continued to be partially worn till that of Edward I. At the commencement of Henry III.'s reign, it covered not only the head, but hands, legs, and feet. It was very heavy, and likewise the rings were liable to be cut off by the blow of a sword; which latter circumstance, perhaps, introduced the contrivance of *banded* armour, which was composed of parallelogramic pieces of metal, sown on linen, so placed as to fold perpendicularly over each other, like palings, and kept in their places by *bands* or hoops of leather.

We now come to the *Double-chain Mail*, consisting of interlaced rings, which made its first appearance in the triumphant reign of Edward I. It is said to be of Asiatic invention, and was composed of four rings within a fifth, each of which was rivetted. *Single-chain* mail was worn by the Crusaders, in Henry III.'s time; and when the number of rings was doubled, it became double-chain mail. Its great advantages were compactness and pliability. Horses were now clothed in mail.

In the latter part of Edward III.'s reign, the double-chain mail became so covered with pieces of steel as to cause them in a little time to supersede it altogether. This, therefore, was termed *mixed*. The double-chain hauberk had been found, owing to its weight, to press injuriously upon the chest; to remedy which, a breastplate of steel was contrived, which being placed underneath, kept the mail from pressing upon the stomach. The throat was protected by a chain-covering that surrounded the neck, and hung down to the shoulders like a tippet.

We now come to *Plate Armour*. In Henry IV.'s reign, the adoption of the mixed armour soon pointed out, by experience, the inutility of retaining the ringed hauberk. The thighs and legs were no longer covered with double-chain mail, and the arms only partially. A back-plate was added, which, with the breast-plate, formed a cuirass.

During the use of mixed armour, the arms, thighs, knees, and legs were covered with plates of metal; and for the hands were invented gloves of plate, with fingers, called gauntlets.

From the Conquest to the time of Richard III., the fashion was to ride with the toes down; after which period, the heel was dropped, and the toe raised. Spurs were not screwed to the armour before the time of Henry V.

No higher degree of perfection was ever attained in armour than during the reign of Richard III. The outline of the suit was most elegant, the workmanship most elaborate, and the choice of ornaments full of taste.

Manners and Customs.

CHRISTMAS AT HEREFORD.

In the county of Hereford, some of the Romish and feudal ceremonies are yet practised. On the eve of Old Christmas-day, there are thirteen fires lighted in the cornfields of many of the farms, twelve of them in a circle, and one round a pole, much larger and higher than the rest, and in the centre. These fires are dignified with the names of the Virgin Mary and twelve Apostles, the lady being in the middle; and while they are burning, the labourers retire into some shed or outhouse, where they behold the brightness of the apostolic flame. In this shed they lead a cow, on whose horns a large plum-cake has been stuck, and having assembled round the animal, the oldest labourer takes a pail of cider, and addresses the following lines to the cow with great solemnity:

"Here's to thy pretty face, and thy white horn,
God send thy master a good crop of corn,
Both wheat, rye, and barley, and all sorts of grain,
And next year, if we live, we'll drink to thee again."

After which the verse is chanted in chorus by all present.

They then dash the cider in the cow's face, when, by a violent toss of her head, she throws the plum-cake on the ground; and if it falls forward, it is an omen that the next harvest will be good; if backward, that it will be unfavourable. This is the commencement of the rural feast, which is generally prolonged till the following morning.

CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO.

"Christmas is in Guadalaxara," says Mr. Hardy, "a season of great diversion. The portales (colonades), which are much better than those of the city of Mexico, and infinitely more numerous, are all well lighted up with candles, surrounded by coloured paper shades, standing on little tables, which display a great assortment of sweetmeats and fruits. The ladies and gentlemen walk about, finely dressed, under the portale, and convert it into a fashionable promenade.—From seven till ten, there is not perhaps a single family in the whole town which has not taken a few turns in their gayest dresses, to witness the sweetmeat exhibition—to see and to be seen. It may be well to give the traveller a gentle hint with respect to the 25th of December: nothing borrowed on that day is ever returned. It is, in short, to the Mexicans, who call it 'La noche buena,'

what April fool-day is to us. Therefore, traveller, beware! It is the occasion of much frolic and amusement." W. G. C.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

The custom of New-year's Gifts is very ancient, and was formerly carried to a great extent. The sovereign used to accept gifts from his courtiers and principal favourites, and was also in the habit of making presents to certain individuals; the prince, however, always taking care that the presents he received greatly exceeded in value those which he gave. It is recorded of Bishop Latimer, that on one occasion he presented to his master, Henry VIII., instead of a sum in gold for a New-year's Gift, a New Testament, with the leaf folded down at Hebrews, ch. xiii., v. 4.—on reference to which the king found a text well suited as an admonition to himself. Queen Elizabeth supplied herself with wardrobe and jewels principally from new year's gifts. Dr. Drake has given a list of some of these presents;—amongst the items we find the following: "Most of the peers and peeresses of the realm, the bishops, the chief officers of state, her majesty's household, even as low as the master of the pantry and head cook, all gave her majesty a Christmas-box,—consisting either of a sum of money, jewels, trinkets, or wearing apparel. The Archbishop of Canterbury usually gave 40*l.*, the Archbishop of York 30*l.*, and the other prelates from 10*l.* to 20*l.* The peers gave in the same proportion;—whilst the peeresses presented rich gowns petticoats, shifts, stockings, garters, &c. Her physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; and from her apothecary she received a box of ginger-candy and a box of green ginger. Ambroise Lupo gave her a box of lute-strings; and Smith, the royal dustman, presented her majesty with two bolts of cambric." W. G. C.

SUMPTUARY LAWS.

These laws were made to restrain excess in apparel, costly furniture, eating, &c.

Zaleucus, the ancient philosopher and legislator of Greece, ordained that no woman should go attended with more than one maid in the street, except she was drunk. He prohibited the use of wine, otherwise than as a medicine, &c.

Among the Romans there were sumptuary laws to restrain the number of guests at feasts;—not only the master of the feast, but all the guests too, were liable to the penalty. It was also enacted, that more than ten asses should not be spent at any ordinary feast. Ten asses was the price of a sheep.

Luxury was restricted in England in 1337; wherein the prelates and nobility were confined to two courses every meal, and two kinds of food in every course, except on great festivals. All who did not enjoy a fee estate of 100*l.* per annum were also prohibited from wearing furs, skins, or silk; and the use of foreign cloth was confined to the royal family alone—to all others it was prohibited. An edict was issued by Charles VI. of France, which says, "Let no one presume to treat with more than a soup and two dishes," 1340.

Sumptuary laws were made in England, in former times, against picked shoes, short doublets, and long coats. The dandies of ancient days wore the beaks or points of their shoes so long, that they encumbered themselves in their walking, and were forced to tie them up to their knees; the *fine gentlemen* fastened theirs with chains of silver, or silver gilt, and others with laces. This ridiculous custom was in vogue from the year 1382; but was prohibited, on the forfeiture of 20*s.* and the pain of cursing by the clergy, 1467.

In the reign of King Henry IV., Camden says—Pride was got so much into the foot, that it was proclaimed that no man should wear shoes above *six inches broad at the toes;* and other garments were so short, that it was enacted, under Edward IV., that no person under the condition of a lord wear any mantle or gown, unless of such length.

P. T. W.

MARRIAGE CUSTOM.

The following singular, though highly *useful* custom, formerly existed in England: viz.—"There was usually carried before the mayde, when she shoulde be married, and came to dwell in hir husbande's house, *a distaffe, charged with flaxe, and a spyndle hanging at it,* to the intente shee might bee myndeful to lyve by hir labour." The foregoing is extracted from "A Treatise wherein dicing dauncing, vaine plays, or enterludes; with other idle pastimes, commonly used on the Sabbath-day, are proved by the authoritie of the word of God, and ancient writers; by John Northbrook, minister and preacher of the word of God." Juvenis.

NATIONAL CAPRICES.

The Persian, it is said, will endure suffocation before he will blow the fire with his breath; the Indian places supreme perfection in besmearing himself with cow-dung; the Mussulman believes himself purified from all his sins by the ablution of his head and arms: the only question with him is, "whether the ceremony ought to begin at the elbow or at the points of his fingers;" but so great is the difference of opinion on this head, that if two Mahometans meet on a journey, and accost each other with brotherly affection, by the one beginning his ablution

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at his fingers' ends, and the other at his elbow, they instantly separate and become mortal enemies.

WALTER E. C.

Retrospective Gleanings.

THE POST OFFICE.

IN the year 1635, Charles I. directed his postmaster to open a communication between London and Edinburgh, &c. &c. In 1653-4, the revenues of the Post-office were farmed by the Council of State and Protector, at 10,000*l.* per annum. Some idea of their progressive increase may be gained by the perusal of the following:—

1664	£21,000	1715	£145,227
1674	43,000	1744	235,492
1685	65,000	1775	345,331
1688	76,318	1785	463,753
1697	90,505	1793	607,268
1710	111,467	1814	2,005,987

Since 1814, Mr. Macculloch considers the revenue of the Post-office to have been about stationary. ANTIQUARIUS.

BEDE'S CHAIR.

THIS curious relic is preserved in the vestry of the ancient church of Jarrow, two miles from South Shields, in the county of Durham. It is a large chair of oak, traditionally said to have been the seat of the VENERABLE BEDE, the pre-eminent boast of the monastery, a portion only of the church of which establishment remains at Jarrow. The chair is very rudely formed, and, with the exception of the back, is of great age. To have been possessed by Bede, it must be eleven hundred years old; but there is no precisely authentic testimony of its belonging to that learned writer. The Danes and Normans are said to have plundered the monastery of all its valuables; though it is reasonable to suppose, that the monks would preserve the seat of their principal with more reverential care, and attach to it more importance, than they would to any other article of furniture. Mr. Fosbroke, the diligent antiquarian, refers to it as Bede's Chair in accredited manner; that is, as taken for granted, or without note or comment of doubt.

Venerable Bede was born at Wearmouth, A. D. 672, only a few years after the introduction of Christianity into Northumberland. When seven years of age, he was received into the monastery of his native place, where his infant mind acquired the rudiments of that knowledge which has rendered his memory immortal. When only nineteen, he was ordained deacon; and, even at that early age, was regarded as exemplary for his piety and studious life: he was subsequently removed to the new foundation at Jarrow, where he continued to study throughout a long life. The results of his monastic seclusion furnish a bright page even in these dark ages. "Such was the authority of his writings, that, though only a humble monk in the most remote, barbarous, and recently converted of the Saxon principalities, he attained (what was even then) the singular honour of being the most celebrated writer of Christendom for more centuries than one."* His great work is entitled, an "Ecclesiastical History," detailing ecclesiastical with civil events; which was, indeed, inevitable, when the ecclesiastics were the only men of knowledge. Bede believed in miraculous interpositions, and honestly related them; nevertheless, our obligations to his industry are invaluable. To him we owe all our knowledge of English history, from the landing of the Saxons in Kent to his time, (nearly three centuries,) and all our certain information respecting the various tribes who then inhabited the island: from him it is apparent that the work called the Saxon Chronicle copies long passages. Bede also translated St. John's Gospel into English; and it is said, that a copy of some of St. Paul's Epistles, in Bede's handwriting, is still preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. His works, published at Basle, extend to eight folio volumes.

Bede died May 26, 735, in the sixty-third year of his age. He was first buried in his own monastery, but his remains were afterwards removed, and interred in Durham cathedral; and, being subsequently canonized, he was enrolled in the Romish calendar of saints. His character is thus drawn by William of Malmsbury:—"He was a man, that, although born

* Sir James Mackintosh.

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in the extreme corner of the world, yet the light of his learning spread over all parts of the earth. All the hours which he had to spare from the monastic exercises of prayer, and singing in the choirs by day and night, (in which he was constant, and very devout,) he most diligently spent in study, and divided his whole time between that and his devotions."

The Chair is not the only memorial of Bede preserved in this neighbourhood. About one mile west of Jarrow is a *Well*, still called *St. Bede's*, to which it was customary, almost as late as the middle of the last century, to convey diseased children, and, after dropping in a crooked pin, to dip them for the recovery of their health: round the Well, also, on every Midsummer Eve, was a great resort of the neighbouring people, with bonfires, music, and dancing. The mystical properties of the Well are not of difficult solution: since it was reasonable enough to associate the restorative effects of cold bathing with sanctity; and the rejoicings at the spring were indicative of the gladness of the people, in connexion with a name endeared to them, by the wisdom, virtue, and benevolence, of its possessor.

GOLD-BEATING.

Early in the 17th century, great surprise was excited upon the promulgation of the fact, that the Parisian gold-beaters could produce 1,600 leaves, or 105 square feet, from one ounce of gold; but the surprise of the public was redoubled, when, upon the discovery of the fine skin now in use, they found that 147 square feet could be produced from the same quantity. Antiquares.

MONUMENT OF A CRUSADER.

In the great north aisle of Winchester Cathedral, in a dark nook immediately adjoining the wall of the choir, is the mutilated effigies of a Crusader, recumbent on an oblong stone. The figure is armed cap-a-pee, in a hauberk,* with sword and shield, the latter of which bears, quarterly, two bulls passant, gorged with collars and bells, and three garbs, being the armorial bearings of the noble family of De Foix, of which was the Captal de Buck, one of the first Knights of the Garter, at the commencement of the Order. On a slab, placed perpendicularly against the adjoining wall of the choir, are several shields, emblazoned with the arms of the royal families of England, France, Castile, Leon, &c. There is no inscription remaining to point out for whom this figure was intended; but Gall, in his "Antiquities of Winchester," gives the following inscription as having existed on the monument:—"*Hic jacet Willielmus comes de insula Vana, alias Wincall;*" the parish of that name lies on the river Itchin, and might formerly have been insulated. The verger of Winchester Cathedral, in reply to an inquiry made by the editor of the "Antiquarian and Topographical Cabinet," said, it was a knight of the name of *Fox*, evidently meaning *De Foix*. This figure suffered severely from the iconoclasts, at the time of Cromwell's taking possession of Winchester. Amongst other mutilations, they have entirely hacked away the right leg, leaving only the foot connected with the lion couchant, against which the figure rests.

This Engraving will be received by the attentive inquirer, as an interesting specimen of the sepulchral architecture of olden times; and, judging from the mutilated remains, its original beauty would have reminded us of the remark of an antiquarian writer,—that he never saw a fine monument out of England.

* A tunick, or frock of armour, with wide sleeves, reaching a little below the elbow, terminating with a broad, gilt border, and having a hood, not separate. Its first introduction in armour is referred to the time of William II.

(Monument of a Crusader, in Winchester Cathedral.)

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The Public Journals.

CHOICE APHORISMS.

(*From* 144, *in Fraser's Magazine.*)

It is perfectly possible to make champagne from gooseberries, equal to that yielded by the grape. *Exempli gratiâ:* Lord Haddington, who is a first-rate judge of wines, had a bottle of mock and one of real champagne set before him, and was requested to say which was which. He mistook the product of the gooseberry for the genuine article; and many persons, reputed good judges, have done the same thing.

By putting a piece of lump-sugar, the size of a walnut, into the tea-pot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time. This fact is well known to bag-men and stage-coach travellers.

Members of dilletanti societies are generally especial asses: their eternal talk about the fine arts, drawing, colouring, harmony, composition, chiaro-scuro, fore-shortening, design, and so forth, is enough to turn the stomach of a horse. The thing is the more insufferable, because they absolutely know nothing of the subject, and have about as much real appreciation of works of genius as a pig possesses for the inventions of Watt or Dædalus.

While prigs of the above description are eternally chattering about such topics, men who are really eminent in the fine arts never say a word on the subject. Goldsmith describes this matter well in his account of Sir Joshua Reynolds:—

"To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill he was still hard of hearing;
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

When I see a man who affects to doubt everything he hears, I never hesitate about writing him down an ass. A great doubter is a solemn and self-conceited prig. How amusing is it to see the blockhead shake his empty pate, compress his lips into a sneer, and turn up his absurd unmeaning eyes in dubious disbelief, when he hears aught which he thinks it would imply sagacity to discredit! Such persons imagine, that to be a great doubter implies wisdom; whereas, in their case, it has its origin in constitutional phlegm and stupidity.

Arguers and spouters are invariably asses.

If you wish to make yourself agreeable to any one, talk as much as you please about his or her affairs, and as little as possible about your own. People are such downright egotists themselves, that they cannot tolerate egotism in others.

A person who cannot relish absurdity and wit, and must, moreover, have a satisfactory reason for whatever is said or done, is a philosophical blockhead.

The best tooth-powder in the world is Armenian bole, a pennyworth of which will serve a man for six months.

If a man pronounces you a liar, it is very absurd to call him out for the same. This ceremony does not prove that you are *not a liar;* it only shows, that you possess sufficient courage to stand at the distance of twelve paces, while a pistol—probably a leadless one—is fired at you.

Snuff-taking in a woman is abominable, unless she be very aged—say eighty, or upwards—when it is rather becoming than otherwise.

Young girls, of from fourteen to seventeen, are fond of aping the woman in their dress, and are partial to long shawls, which give the young things a matronly appearance. When they become women in reality, they are rather too apt to go upon the opposite tack, and to assume the dress and airs of the girl.

A well-made man always looks shorter than he is; ditto a well-made woman.

A story-teller, or dealer in anecdote, is an abomination that ought to be expelled from all well-regulated societies. A man of an original and truly powerful mind never deals in anecdotes, unless it be for the purpose of illustrating some general principle. Women and weak men are all addicted to the vice. If a person of this description begins to annoy a company with his or her twaddle, the only cure for it is to affect deafness—a very convenient infirmity at times.

A hint to Cooks.—Roasted chestnuts, grated or sliced, make an excellent addition to the stuffing for turkeys or geese.

Another hint.—In boiling salmon, split the fish from head to tail; if you do not do this, but boil it entire, or cut horizontally through the middle, it is impossible to cook it thoroughly, the thickness of the back and shoulders being such, that, if the outside be properly done, the inside must needs be little better than parboiled. On the Tweed, and other salmon districts, the latter system is held in abomination.

A clever servant is almost invariably quick tempered. The reason is obvious: superior talent is always accompanied by pride, which must meet with many petty annoyances in the menial state.

Never praise or talk of your children to other people; for, depend upon it, no person except yourself cares a single farthing about them.

Sea-gull eggs, when boiled hard and eaten cold, with pepper, salt, vinegar, and mustard, make a delightful breakfast dish. Many persons have an antipathy to such eggs; but it is from eating them in the soft state, when

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they have always a fishy taste. Try them as above, and they will change their opinions upon the subject.

If a person has a great knack at finding out feats of legerdemain, you may pronounce him a blockhead. I never knew a clever man who was worth a farthing at detecting such tricks.

I have a profound veneration for great liars of a certain class. On this account Baron Munchausen, Major Longbow, and Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, are my especial favourites. Men of this description are invariably good-tempered, benevolent, and generous; and will, any day, treat you to a bottle of wine, provided you do them the favour of listening to their adventures.

Important to Drunkards.—If, an hour before sitting down to drink, you take a grain or two of opium, you will be able to withstand a much greater quantity than otherwise of liquor. This fact has escaped the observation of Macnish.

Some stupid people suppose that imagination and philosophy are incompatible. Blockheads! Was not Bacon, the greatest of philosophers, one of the most imaginative of men? There is more true philosophy in the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, and Scott, than in those of all the metaphysicians that ever existed.

An accomplished woman, in common parlance, means one who sings and dances well, knows a little French, a little Italian, a little drawing, a little embroidery, and not much of any thing, excepting fashionable novels; in which she is a great adept.

A lady's album is generally worth looking at, as a psychological curiosity, indicative, to a considerable extent, of the taste and feelings of its owner.

If a man borrows a shilling from you, and on being dunned pretends to have forgotten it, you may with considerable safety set him down for a liar.

When a man finds it convenient to tell a lie, he should sport a good thumping one when he is about it. If a great lie serves his purpose better than a little one, why hesitate between the two, when the sin is equally great in both cases? The former has this advantage, that, when detected, its enormity may be so great as to enable the person to pass it off as a piece of quizzery, which can never be done with the latter.

Heroic liars, such as the Baron or Major, are a godly race; but those who practise the sin in a small way, and keep fibbing about trifles are a despicable crew, and should be held by the heels, and soused head downmost in a firkin of small beer.

Men who are, or who fancy themselves to be good singers, are great bores. The airs which they assume in company are most insufferable. If asked for a song, they affect, with an aspect of the most hypocritical humility, that really they cannot sing—that their voice is out of order—that they are hoarse, and so forth; the fellows all the while being most anxious to show forth, only wanting to be pressed, in order to enhance their own importance, and stimulate the curiosity of the company. Nor is this the worst of the case; for no sooner do they perpetrate one song, than they volunteer a dozen, interlarding the intervals between their performances with pedantic disquisitions on music, and flooring every man who ventures to hazard an opinion on the subject. These people, whether amateur or professional, must be extinguished; and the best way to accomplish their overthrow, and reduce them to their native insignificance, is, in the first instance, to take them at their word, and not urge them to sing. By so doing, they immediately take the pet, and sport mum for the rest of the evening. The same remarks apply to musical people in general, whether in the shape of fiddlers, fluters, horn blowers, thumpers on the pianoforte, &c. These individuals can think of nothing else but their favourite pursuit, and imagine all the world to be equally interested in it. Take a musician off music, and he is the most ignorant of animals. A good story in illustration of this is told about Madame Catalani. Being at a large party in Vienna, where Goethe was present, she was much surprised at the great respect with which that illustrious man was treated. On inquiring his name, she was informed it was the celebrated Goethe. "Celebrated!" said the siren; "what music did he ever compose? Why, I never heard of him!"

An absurd prejudice prevails among many people against the skate. If this fish is hung up and dried for a day or two, then cut in slices, done on the gridiron, and eaten with butter, it is most delicious.

N. B. The female skate is more delicate than the male.

Persons who indulge in conundrums, charades &c. are invariably poor creatures; as are those who have a knack at finding out such trifles. The same remark applies to punsters. It is difficult for a man of sterling talent to perpetrate a pun, or to solve an enigma. On the latter account, Œdipus must have been an ass.

A fact.—Nine-tenths of the catsup which is sold in the shops is a vile compound of liver and the roan of fish, seasoned with vinegar, pepper, and other condiments. If you wish the article genuine, you must procure mushrooms, and make it yourself.

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FERDINAND VII. OF SPAIN.

THERE is no court in Europe about which so little is known as that of Madrid, and certainly no European sovereign whose character and habits have been so studiously misrepresented as those of Ferdinand. The first time we beheld this monarch, we could scarcely credit the evidence of our senses. Walking in the gardens of the Retiro, at the time crowded with company, we encountered a portly old gentleman, quite unattended, habited in a plain, blue coat and nankeen trousers. This was Ferdinand, *El Rey absoluto*, whom, in our mind's eye, we had long sketched with the dark pencil of a Murillo. On a countenance that we expected to have seen marked by all the dark and fiery passions of a Cæsar Borgia, we beheld an expression of *bonhomie*—a total absence of hauteur, still less of ferocity; in fact, so totally different was he in appearance from all that we had preconceived, that it was with some difficulty we could persuade ourselves that our cicerone was not practising upon our credulity. So much, then, for the notion, that he never trusts himself out of his palace without being surrounded by a formidable guard. Perhaps no monarch is oftener seen without, or evinces less fear for his personal safety, than the tyrant Ferdinand.

By men of all parties, at Madrid, he is spoken of as a man not naturally vicious, but equally prone to good or evil, according to the direction impressed upon him towards either of these two ends, arising from a wily indolence of character, that, conscious of its own inability, throws itself on another. Leave him, say they, but the name of king, his secretaries, his valets, and his favourite amusements,—give him his Havanna cigars, (a lot of which he sends daily to the officer of the guard,)—and he would willingly consent to any change that might be proposed to him. The faults or the vices of Ferdinand are owing to his neglected and defective education; no care was taken to prepare him for his high station.

It was in the spirit of party that he embroidered a petticoat for the Holy Virgin, solely with the view of pleasing and cajoling the clergy; for, in his heart, Ferdinand is rather a devotee to pleasure than religion. In his habits he is remarkably domesticated; he rises at an early hour, and passes the greater part of the day in his wife's apartment, of whom he is passionately fond. The queen unites to a very graceful figure an interesting expression of countenance, that sometimes wears an appearance of sadness. Such is Ferdinand of Spain, whose actual demise will disclose scenes that at present almost set political calculation at defiance.

Ferdinand has been married four times:—1st, To Marie Antoinette, daughter of the King of the Two Sicilies; 2ndly, To his neice, the Infanta of Portugal, Maria Isabella; 3rdly, To the Princess Maria Josepha-Amelia, daughter of Prince Maximilian of Saxony; and, lastly, to his present queen, Maria Carletta, daughter of the late King of Naples.—*Metropolitan.*

Notes of a Reader.

ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATION TO BRITISH AMERICA.

ONE of the disadvantages of emigration is the separation of friends for ever. Time and distance no doubt gradually obliterate from our mind the most endearing recollections; but, under untoward circumstances, which will at times cross the path of every mortal in the most favourable situations, the emigrant's, and particularly the female emigrant's, breast must be "stung with the thoughts of home," on comparing the many conveniences and comforts, and society, which they enjoyed in their fatherland, and which cannot be within their reach in their newly adopted country for many years to come, and perhaps not within the period of their lives. Unavailing wishes that they were back to their own country have been expressed by many, who looked with dread on the hardships they had to encounter at their first settlement. The labour required to clear a forest of gigantic trees is appaling to a man who has nothing to depend on but the physical strength of his own body; and if its powers have been impaired by low living, arising from a want of employment previous to the period of his emigration, and if he have a wife and large family depending on him for support, that labour must be exercised at the outset to a painful degree. All the shelter he can expect in the first winter of his sojourn is in a house of trees piled together, and his wooden furniture must consist of the rudest construction, blocked out of the timber which he himself has cut down. Though the air is clear and bracing, the intensity of the cold in winter is far beyond what he can conceive, and the heat in summer is so great for a short period as to blister the skin, if left exposed to the influence of the sun's rays. The diversity of temperature in the seasons causes an additional expense in the provision of clothes for the winter. Musquitoes swarm on every new settlement, and annoy every one by their stinging and raising inflamed spots over the body. Rubbing strong vinegar over the parts is said to alleviate the pain. Fires of wet chips, lighted at the doors of the cabins, will prevent the ingress of these troublesome insects. When a clearance has been made the musquitoes are not so troublesome. They dwell chiefly in the woods, and in the vicinity of swamps, and come out in hot weather. A small, black fly annoys also very much, by settling among the hair in the morning and evening. Sleep is completely driven away

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when they make an attack, and they produce the most uneasy sensation.

The state of the roads prevents a constant or rapid communication between places; and in a new country, where coin as the circulating medium is scarce, and barter exists as the medium of exchange, difficulties are often encountered in disposing of the suplus stock of agricultural produce. The intrusion of wild animals is an evil which ought not to be overlooked as affecting a new settler. If the cattle and sheep are not penned up at night, they may be partly destroyed by the ferocity of the bears. Bears, however, are not numerous. But squirrels and racoons, of which there are plenty, may destroy the corn crops materially, particularly in any season that is unfavourable to the formation of beech masts and nuts. Mice and rats eat the seed of the Indian corn after it is in the ground, so that two or three successive sowings are sometimes necessary.

The advantages, on the other hand, which emigrants may enjoy in our American colonies are numerous and important. The first and great advantage is constant employment, whether labour be required for the improvement of their own land, or that of an employer. Constant employment bestows vigour on the bodily frame, and contentment to the mind. Labour, it is true, is not so high priced in Canada as it was when labourers were scarcer, but still an able-bodied agricultural labourer can get 2*s*. 6*d*. a-day, and skilful mechanics as much as 5*s*. and their victuals. The soil being quite new and fresh, it is naturally fertile, and it will give a good return for the labour bestowed upon it, and, of course, the exercise of superior skill and industry will produce extraordinary results. The climate in summer, too, being so very superior to this country, that many products of the soil may be obtained there with little trouble, which cost much trouble and expense here. Not only the ordinary grains can be grown to perfection, but maize, garden vegetable produce, and fruits of all kinds, grow luxuriantly. It is found, however, that the grafted trees from this country thrive much better, and produce more and better fruits, than the natural trees of the country. Abundance of provisions, then, for the largest families may be always obtained in our American colonies during the whole year. This assurance of abundance not only produces contentment of mind, but endues that spirit of independence which forms a valuable ingredient in a manly character. All accounts agree in the happy and contented state in which the emigrants are found, even in the midst of toil. Ample future provision for the family soothes the mind of the emigrant in the hour of dissolution. Not a trifling advantage consists in the absence of all vexatious imposts or burdens. There are no stamp-duties. Taxes there must be in all civilized communities, but there they are "trifles light as air." One dollar per hundred acres of land is about the annual amount of taxation to an emigrant. Besides all that, he may make his own malt, brew his own beer, make his own candles and sugar, raise his own tobacco, and tan his own leather, without dread of being exchequered. And last, though not least, of these advantages, is the almost unlimited space which lies open for settlements. For many generations yet unborn, good land and constant employment will await the arrival of the emigrant in the forest lands of our American colonies. These advantages counterbalance the evils of a new country, but, combining the former with the latter, emigrants should check the ardour of enthusiam. They must consider that perseverance alone will insure success. They must make up their mind to work ere they can prosper. If they wish to possess land of their own, they must take money with them to give in exchange for that land. Having obtained the land which they desired to possess, they must consent to endure hardships before they can obtain even a shelter, and they must wait with patience the returning seasons before they can reap the fruits of their industry. All these considerations cannot be too strongly urged on the mind of the emigrant, for if they are not expected and guarded against, disappointment and vexation will assuredly ensue. "It is a matter of the first importance," says Mr. M'Gregor, "for a man living in the United Kingdom, to consider, before he determines on expatriation, whether he can, by industry and integrity, obtain a tolerably comfortable livelihood in the country of his nativity; whether, in order to secure to his family the certain means of subsistence, he can willingly part with his friends, and leave scenes that must have been dear to his heart from childhood; and whether, in order to attain to independence, he can reconcile himself to suffer the inconveniency of a sea voyage, and the fatigue of removing with his family from the port where he disembarks in America, to the spot of ground in the forest on which he may fix for the theatre of his future operations; whether he can reconcile himself for two or three years, to endure many privations to which he had hitherto been unaccustomed, and to the hard labour of levelling and burning the forest, and raising crops from a soil with natural obstructions, which require much industry to remove. If, after making up his mind to all these considerations, he resolves on emigrating, he will not be disappointed in realizing in America any reasonable prospect he may have entertained in Europe. These difficulties are, indeed, such as would often stagger the resolution of most emigrants, if they had not before them, in every part of America, examples of men

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who must have encountered and have overcome equally, if not more disheartening hardships, before they attained a state of comfortable affluence."—*Quart. Journ. Agr.*

THE SILK MANUFACTURE.

The principal branches of this manufacture consist in the dyeing, winding, warping, throwing, and weaving. The first needs no explanation; the winding is the process between the throwing and the weaving. After the silk is thrown it is dyed, and then wound off preparatory to the loom. The warping is stretching the parallel threads on the loom, preparatory to weaving.

Throwing silk, is twisting two threads into one for the purpose of weaving. The single thread, as wound off from the cocoon, is designated the raw silk.

There are two descriptions of thrown silk. One is called *tram*, and consists of two threads simply twisted together. This description of thrown silk is used in the shuttle or transverse threads of a piece of silk on the loom. The other variety of thrown silk is called *organzine*. In this, the single threads are first twisted up, previous to their being twisted together. This is used for the warp, or parallel threads upon the loom.

Throwing of silk was an important branch of manufacture in this country, until the duties were reduced in 1826. Since that period it has declined. The manufacture of thrown silk is chiefly carried on at Macclesfield, Congleton, and in the West of England. As silk can be thrown more cheaply in foreign countries than it can be in England, there has been a difference between the throwsters and the weavers of Coventry and Spitalfields, the latter having requested the protecting duty against foreign thrown silk to be reduced, to the manifest injury of the former.

It may be as well to explain to the reader the weights which are used in the silk trade. The weight of silk is estimated by *deniers*, an old Italian weight, of which twenty-four are equal to an ounce, used only in the silk trade, in the same manner as the weight called a *carat* is employed by those who deal in diamonds, and other precious stones. It is the custom to reel off, upon an engine established in the silk trade, a measure of four hundred ells of tram or organzine, (which are both double threads,) and the weight of this quantity establishes the fineness or coarseness of the silk. Four hundred ells of the finest Italian tram will weigh eighteen deniers; and although this silk will occasionally run so coarse as to weigh forty deniers, the qualities mostly in use vary in weight from eighteen to thirty deniers. The China and Bengal silk varies from thirty-five to eighty deniers in its weight. Turkey silk, the importation of which has lately much increased, and which is worked up in the single thread on account of the coarseness of the texture, varies from thirty to fifty deniers; which, as the others are weighed in the tram or double thread, will be in the proportion of sixty to one hundred deniers.

Silk is the staple manufacture of France, and has always received the fostering protection of the government. The raw material is the produce of the country; and, as the growers of silk are not permitted to export it, it is purchased by the manufacturers at a much cheaper rate than it can be procured by us. The value of the raw silk yearly produced in France is estimated at about three millions and a half sterling—the produce of manufacture at about two millions and a half; so that the silk trade of France is to be valued, on the whole, at about six millions sterling.

This is the estimate which is made by the acknowledgment of the French government; but there is every reason to suppose that it is much more considerable. This is certain;—that it is of the greatest value to that nation, and has received such protection, and, in consequence, is in that flourishing condition, that, at present, no other country can compete with it.—*Metropolitan.*

RECENT VISIT TO THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

Mr. Fergusson in his notes made during a Visit to the United States and Canada in 1831, says: after breakfast I took leave of my friend, and walked on for the Falls, leaving the stage, in which I had secured a place, to follow. The day was delightful, and as I ascended the steep hill from Queenston, I overtook a soldier of the 79th in charge of the baggage wagons, leaning on his musket, and wrapt in admiration of the surrounding scenery, "*It's mair like Scotland, sir, than ony thing I've seen sin' I left it,*" was the poor fellow's remark, and truly it was far from misapplied, making due allowance for difference of scale. The country from Queenston to the Falls is well settled, and finely diversified by farms, orchards and open forest. The soil is perhaps light, but in some places of a stronger description, and all apparently fertile, desirable land. A very beautiful property, originally laid out by the ill-fated Duke of Richmond, and subsequently possessed by Sir Peregrine Maitland, adjoins the Road. The house, which is in the cottage style, of wood, seems large and commodious. This estate is in a very favourable situation, and has been lately sold for 2,000*l.*; it contains about 450 acres of good, useful land. The distance from Queenston to Niagara is about seven miles, and I sauntered on the whole way, the coach not overtaking me. About four miles from the Falls, the sound came upon my ear like the murmur of Old Ocean on a rugged strand. In certain states of the atmosphere and the wind this

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is heard at a much greater distance. The noise gradually increased, and by and by the spray was seen rising in columns above the trees. A splendid and extensive establishment was soon after recognised as Forsyth's hotel, and, under feelings far more intense than common curiosity, I hurried forward to a point, where Niagara in all its glory came in view. From the increasing facility of migrating now-a-days even from one end of the world to another, Niagara has lost somewhat of that mysterious halo with which it was wont to be enveloped; but still it must ever be Niagara. The most eloquent descriptions, I should think, must prove inadequte to convey a just conception of the scene. Nor can the pencil, I imagine, ever do it justice. A cataract may be said, as regards the painter's art, to differ from all other objects in nature. The human face and figure, the rich and varied landscape, the animal and vegetable world, may with sufficient propriety be delineated *at rest*, but quiescence forms no feature here. The ceaseless roar, the spray mounting like clouds of smoke from the giant limekiln, and the enormous sheet of water which rolls into the abyss, can only be felt and understood by repeated visits to the scene. My attention was for a time distracted by the rapids which are extremely interesting, and with any other neighbour than the Falls would excite the highest admiration and wonder. After some time spent in contemplation, I proceeded to my friends, where a kind and comfortable home awaited me. Mr. C. possesses a residence which is certainly one of the most romantic domiciles in the world. The house stands on a small lawn upon a point overhanging the rapids, and about half a mile above the Horse-Shoe Fall. The garden is behind, washed by a fine branch of the river, which encircles a wild and thickly wooded island, and on every side new and interesting prospects appear. The river is a mile across, and of great depth, and, for the same distance above the Falls, is one sheet of foam. We sauntered down in the evening to the river side, and the rapids lost nothing by a closer inspection. My bedroom looked directly upon them; I could watch the smoke of the Fall, as I lay on my pillow; and with the wild roar of the cataract sounding in my ears, I closed my first day at Niagara. The following morning proved fine, and we devoted the forenoon, of course, to the Falls. Lake Erie had just broken up, and the icebergs came crushing down the rapids, in a way highly interesting. My friends being quite at home in all the mazes of the river side, conducted me by a wild and rugged route to the edge of the Table-rock, when, upon emerging from a tangled brake, I beheld the Horse-shoe or great British Fall, pouring down its volume of ice and water, at the distance of a few feet from where we stood. The rock felt to me as though it vibrated, and a large mass did in fact lately give way, soon after a party had retired from the precarious stance. It is limestone, full of ugly fissures and rents. A narrow wooden staircase conducts adventurous travellers to the bottom of the Fall, where a sort of entrance is generally effected to a short distance under the sheet, and for which performance a certificate in due form is served out. The stair was at this time under repair, and the accumulation of ice below perfectly reconciled me to wave pretensions to such slippery honours. At some distance below the Fall, and opposite to the American staircase, there is a ferry, to which a safe and most romantic carriage-road has been lately formed, out of the solid rock, at no small labour and expense. When a similar accommodation shall have been provided upon the American side, it is expected to prove a lucrative concern, but at the present foot-passengers only can be landed in the States. The little skiff had just put off, with a party from the Canada shores, and got involved in streams of ice, in a way somewhat hazardous, and which rendered it impossible for the boatmen to return. The scene from the ferry is indeed magnificent, the Horse-shoe, the American Fall, and Goat Island being all in view, with the great pool or basin eddying in fearful and endless turmoil. In the evening I walked up the river side towards the village of Chippeway, to visit a natural curiosity upon Mr. C.'s estate. A spring surcharged with sulphuretted hydrogen gas rises within a few paces of the river. A small building is erected over it, and when a candle is applied to a tube in a barrel, which encloses the spring, a brilliant and powerful light is evolved. Close adjoining are the remains of extensive mills burnt by the Americans during last war. The water privilege is great, and machinery to any extent might be kept in play.—*Quart. Journ. of Agriculture.*

The Gatherer.

Dramatis Personæ.—The stages and theatres of the Greeks and Romans were so immense, that the actors, to be heard, were obliged to have recourse to metallic masks, contrived with tremendous mouths, in order to augment the natural sound of the voice. This mask was called by the Latins *persona*, from *personare* (to sound through); and delineations of such masks as were used in each piece were generally prefixed to it, (as we now prefix the names of the characters in our modern plays), as appears from the *Vatican Terence.* Hence *dramatis personæ* (masks of the drama); which words, after masks ceased to be used, were understood to mean *persons of the drama.* J. E. J.

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Punctuality.—The late hospitable Colonel Beeville had his dinner on the table exactly two minutes before five o'clock, and no guest was admitted after that hour; for he was such a determined observer of punctuality, that when the clock struck five, his porter locked the street-door, and laid the key at the head of the dinner-table. The time kept by the clock in the kitchen, the parlour, and the drawing-room, and the watch of the master, were minutely the same. That the dinner was ready, was not announced to the guests in the usual way; but when the clock struck, this superlative time-keeper himself declared to his guests, "Dinner waits." Boileau, the French satirist, has a shrewd observation on this subject: "I have always been *punctual at the hour of dinner*," says the bard, "for I knew that all those whom I kept waiting at that provoking interval would employ those unpleasant moments to sum up all my faults."

THOMAS GILL.

Volcanoes.—According to Dr. Ure, there were, in 1830, 205 burning volcanoes on the globe. Of these, 107 occur in islands, and 98 on continents, but ranged mostly along their shores.

Former Junction of England and France.—From the correspondence pointed out by Mr. William Phillips, the geologist, between the strata of Dover and the hills west of Calais; and by M. de la Beche, between the strata of the coast of Dorset and Devon, and those of Normandy, it may be inferred that the English Channel is a submarine valley, which owes its origin in a great measure to diluvial excavation, the opposite sides having as much correspondence as those of ordinary valleys on the land.

Soldiers.—English soldiers were at one period distinguished by badges, like those worn by watermen. The general colour of their dresses appears to have been white; though, in 1544, a part of the forces of Henry VIII. were ordered to be dressed in blue coats, guarded with red, without badges, the right hose red, and the left blue. In 1584, Elizabeth ordered the cassocks of the soldiers sent to Ireland to be a sad green, or russet; though the cloaks of the cavalry were red. In 1693, the dresses of the soldiers were grey, and those of the drummers purple; but the red uniform was probably adopted when the House of Hanover acceded to the throne.

In the time of Cromwell and Charles II. ordinary hats were lined with iron plates, to prevent assassination.

Choristers.—The singing boys are, probably, the only officers of the Catholic Church retained to this day by the Royal Family; for at the Reformation, when masses, &c., had wholly ceased, Queen Elizabeth retained on her establishment four sets of singing-boys, attached to St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and that of the Royal Household. For the support of these bands, she issued out warrants, like the other English sovereigns, for taking up "suche apt and meete children as are fitt to be instructed and framed in the art and science of musicke and singing."

A Ha! ha! Fence.—Bridgman, a landscape gardener, early in the last century, is supposed to have introduced in the Royal Gardens at Richmond, the sunk fence for boundaries, instead of walls: an attempt considered so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha! has! to express their surprise at the sudden termination of their walk.

Sheridan's Funeral.—Mr. Moore has omitted one of the most touching and heart-stirring anecdotes connected with the funeral of Sheridan. The noble and select company had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to departed genius, and the coffin was about to be placed in the hearse, when an elegantly-dressed personage, who pretended to be distantly related to the deceased, entered the chamber of death. At his urgent entreaties to view the face of his friend, the coffin lid was unscrewed; and, to the horror and surprise of the bystanders, he pulled out a warrant, and arrested the body! Mr. Canning and Lord Sidmouth went into an adjoining room, and paid the debt, which (it is said) amounted to 500*l.*

THOMAS GILL.

Dr. Walcot, to Shield the Composer.—The following was sent to Shield, the ingenious composer, for his ivory ticket for admission to a concert, by his friend Peter Pindar:—

Son of the *string* (I do not mean Jack Ketch,
Though Jack, like *thee*, produceth *dying tones*;)
Oh! yield thy pity to a starving wretch,
And for to-morrow's *treat*, pray send thy *bones*.

THOMAS GILL.

Epitaph on Mr. Death, the Actor.

DEATH levels all, both high and low,
Without regard to stations;
Yet why complain,
If *we* are slain?
For here lies one, at least, to show
He kills his own relations.

J. E. J.

THE AUTHOR OF THE SKETCH-BOOK.

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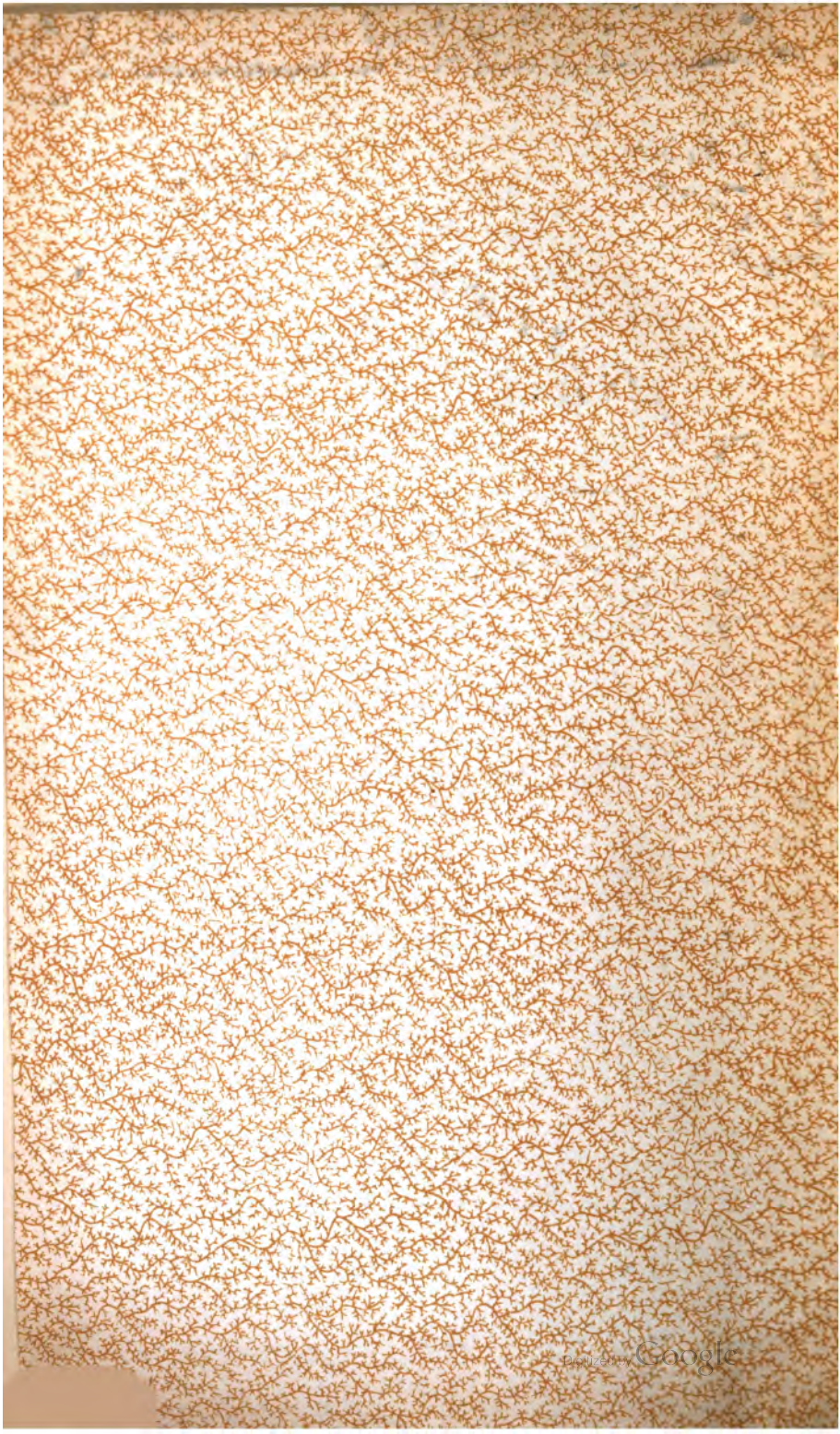
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